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LIVING AGE.

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E PLURIBUS UNUM.

"These publications of the day should from time to time be winnowed, the wheat carefully preserved, and the chaff thrown away."

"Made up of every creature's best."

"Various, that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged."

THIRD SERIES, VOLUME XXVI.

FROM THE BEGINNING, VOL. LXXXII.

JULY, AUGUST, SEPTEMBER,
1864.

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
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WASHINGTON IRVING.—OUR ORDERS.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

IN MEMORIAM.

"As that new grave was covered, the beauty of a sunset of extraordinary splendor was poured over it as a last farewell; and as the sun went down over the Rockland Hills, and the gold of the clouds faded into gray, and the glory of the rolling river died in the leaden dulness of the night, there were few of the thousands returning homeward from that day's pilgrimage whose hearts were not moved within them."—*Paper of the day.*

THEY have laid him at rest, and that sun-gilded hill,
At whose base his loved Hudson rolls sparkling and still,
Which his fancy has peopled, his footsteps have trod,

Is his monument now, and his pillow its sod,
And his beautiful grave tells his story;
As that river, his life-stream flowed tranquil and kind,
As bright as those sunbeams, the rays of his mind,
And as gentle, their heart-warming glory.

They have laid him at rest, and his spirit has fled,
And all that was mortal of IRVING is dead!
But the sail that first shadowed San Salvador's wave,

And the halo that rests around Washington's grave,

In the light of his genius shine o'er him;
Where the hearts he has lightened, the homes he endeared,

Which his brilliancy brightened, his sympathy cheered,

As a loved and a lost one, deplore him.

Bear o'er him no column, no vainly carved stone;
That river, those hills, are forever his own!
They are full of his presence, they echo his name,
In the scenes he has pictured is mirrored his fame—

They bloom in the beams of his glory;
While that river shall roll, while those hill-tops shall stand,

The ripples that break upon Sunnyside's strand
Shall scroll his loved name on his own native land,
And his beautiful grave tell his story.

C. W. L.

Irving's Birthday, April 5.

—*Knickerbocker.*

JENNY AND JAMIE.

JENNY in fine array;
Jamie so far away;
Jenny in silken attire;
Jamie in muck and mire;
Jenny full and with plenty to eat;
Jamie without a morsel of meat.

Jenny must needs have diamonds to wear,
Laces and feathers, and gems for her hair;
Jamie's clothes are tattered and torn,
His luckless boots so cut up and worn,
That he thinks with dismay,
On the fast-coming day,
When "upper" and "sole" will both give away,

Oh, Jenny! just think
That we're now on the brink
Of a struggle most mighty and fearful;
And that soon Jamie's head
May lie midst the dead,
On a field so pitifully dreadful.

Then give up your diamonds, your silks; and your laces,
Throw by all your follies and cease all your races
After fashion and dress;
And strive to think less
Of what you will buy;
And more, how you'll try
To bear your own share
In this sorrow and care
That darkens our nation, once blest;
And fervently pray
That bright peace soon may
Shine on Jamie and all of the rest.

G. G.

—*Philadelphia Press.*

OUR ORDERS.

WEAVE no more silks, ye Lyons looms,
To deck our girls for gay delights!
The crimson flower of battle blooms,
And solemn marches fill the nights.

Weave but the flags whose folds to-day
Droop heavy o'er our early dead,
And homely garments, coarse and gray,
For orphans that must earn their bread.

Keep back your tunes, ye viols sweet,
That pour delight from other lands!
Rouse there the dancer's restless feet;
The trumpet leads our warrior bands.

And ye that wage the war of words
With mystic fame and subtle power,
Go chatter to the idle birds,
Or teach the lesson of the hour!

Ye sibyl arts, in one stern knot
Be all your offices combined!
Stand close, while courage draws the lot,
The destiny of human kind!

From The Christian Remembrancer.
The Catastrophe of Santiago. The Weekly
 Register, February 13, 1864.

THE recent frightful calamity at Santiago has, from the first, refused to be classed among mere accidents,—among those visitations of God before which we must hold our peace in awed, uninquiring submission. Perhaps the mere vastness of the calamity accounts for this general sentiment. Perhaps it is simple human nature to trace to some cause, and to pursue to some end, any gigantic mischance, the consequence of human mistake or folly; but there are circumstances in this case which undoubtedly quicken and—as many say—justify this tendency; and which, from the first, asserted for it, alike in spectator and listener, a moral weight, as a thing full of teaching and of consequences. Not only were the two or three priests—who saw the flames spread with what must have seemed miraculous speed—and the lookers-on—who, in frenzied helplessness, had to endure an ordeal only less terrible than what was passing within those doomed walls—engaged in the very moment of agony in seeking a meaning, accounting for, making resolutions, deriving some lessons from the hideous scene enacting under their eyes; but the world of men to whom the news was brought received it in the same didactic attitude of mind, as a thing from which something was to be learnt, and (in direct opposition to the habit of thought belonging to our time) never for a moment entertained the idea merely as an inscrutable event, over which they could only sigh and wonder. By every one it has been received as something designed to convey a lesson; as something with a meaning, which it is given us to discover and to profit by. It has been assumed on every side that the lives of those two thousand victims cannot have been poured out in vain; they must effect some change in the world's mode of thinking and acting; there must be a purpose in this huge sacrifice,—in this concentration of human suffering. An event so startling and appalling must needs, through the agency of pity and terror, enforce some conviction on men's minds, and compel to consideration. We are aware that this natural train of thought is open to grave abuse; that it may, to many persons, on consideration, appear even unreasonable; but this is no argument that it ought to be sup-

pressed as wrong or unjust on the face of it; for we are constituted to look for a Providence in great events, using this word in marked distinction from a divine judgment.

This need of being accounted for led the priests, in the very sight of the conflagration, to attribute it to the direct favor and mercy of Heaven. Possibly apprehending that some might call it a judgment, they were driven to assert it a crowning and distinguishing grace; they were compelled to declare every sufferer a saint, and each death a martyrdom, and their country, which hitherto had wanted martyrs, an infinite gainer by this new army of intercessors. And we really do not see that there was anything else for them to say, not only to the miserable relatives, but to themselves. Such an event, happening on such a day, and in consequence of unparalleled exertions to do honor to that day's especial object of adoration, and befalling the particular class who had been most docile to their teaching,—who had lived in the dogmas then celebrated, with absolute submission and a very passion of enthusiasm,—and considering, too, that the object there exalted had been systematically set forth to these victims as a more intelligible Providence, a more intimate and familiar Guardian, tenderer and more indulgent to human infirmity than even the Redeemer of the world:—in such an event they ought, we repeat, to labor to trace the direct visible finger of Heaven, marking its approval. As honest men, they ought to receive it as a strong confirmation of their faith, or it ought to shake their belief to its centre. We do not say that indifferent persons, or members of other communions, would be led to see any particular or supernatural intervention in this event, or that they need regard the catastrophe on that particular day as other than a mere coincidence; but men who teach of the Blessed Virgin as perpetually manifesting herself on especial occasions and crises of men's fate, and working always in mercy of the most intelligible character, and who saw the multitudes whom they had trained in these ideas struck by death in the moment of prompt obedience and eagerest devotion, they must welcome it as a mark of, we will not vaguely say, Heaven's, but of the Virgin's, signal and distinguishing sanction and grace, and of the divine favor promised by her. This was on the one side a neces-

4 USE AND ABUSE OF FEMALE SENTIMENT IN RELIGION.

early interpretation of the event. The lay inference was as inevitable. If the men of Santiago had not devotion enough to be present at the magnificent celebration that had collected so vast a crowd of women, it is very certain that the sights and sounds of that terrific half-hour would not change indifference into belief; we may say, on the contrary, that coldness or contempt turned very naturally into fury toward all who were concerned in collecting that excited feminine gathering, whether by impassioned exhortation, or reckless splendor of decoration.

Some people have denounced the atheism of the enraged clamorers against priestcraft and "idolatry," as though this were the worst feature of the whole tragedy; but the impartial reader feels that such a spectacle could not be witnessed in utter forgetfulness of the occasion which had lit up the disastrous conflagration; nor could the carelessness of a few subordinate officials, or the want of "vomitories" for the imprisoned crowd, be reasonably expected to satisfy the cry for a reason and a cause, which the heart sends up under such terrible appeals. Thus, while the clergy were led by an inexorable logic to congratulate Chili on its new army of martyrs, the laity were led, by what they thought the logic of facts, to denounce fanaticism, and a blind obedience to fanatical teachers, as the very ground and source of their present anguish.

The British public, of course, has viewed the event as a warning against what it calls "mariolatry," which it sees written with fingers of flame, without nicely considering whether this instruction can be logically deduced from it. The tone of "enlightened public opinion," which would interfere with no one's creed, and leaves every soul to the free exercise of its religious convictions, spoke in the *Times*. But here, again, accident was not allowed free scope as an agent. The event was made a lesson against extravagance and want of moderation: whatever is immoderate entails disaster; whatever we do, whatever we believe, let us be reasonable. A dogma it was explained may even be true in itself, but if held without moderation, it ceases to be true, and sooner or later comes an explosion. It has not fallen in our way either to see or hear this calamity called a judgment: most people, indeed, carefully guard against this interpretation; for the

most unreasonable Protestant cannot say that the priests' scholars were more guilty in the matter than the priests themselves, and yet these were the victims, while the priests escaped. However, we are given to understand that, in certain obscure quarters, the event is made capital of as a judgment,—a judgment upon poor, ignorant women, maid-servants, and children.

The Christian Observer we see, in addition to the train of reflection obvious to a Protestant organ, uses the event as an occasion for (we suppose) backing Mr. Kingsley, without, however, falling into his snare—the snare fatal to rhetoricians—of proper names. It is not very easy to get at the exact truth in that confusion of horrors; but, choosing those reports which reflect most strongly on the priests, it declares its resolve not to be shaken by any counter-statement. It will believe no Roman Catholic priest in the world, even on his oath, in any matter affecting the interest of his church.

The English Roman Catholic press, in a natural dilemma, finds it an occasion for saying a great many things. Indirectly, the event gives an opportunity for the use of that copious and resounding vocabulary of abuse, which is its speciality. It is furious against every comment from without. Remarks which seem to us inevitable, they call blasphemous; and as, in all public excitements the second thought of everybody is the *Times*, they fly out into transports at that organ's comments; and, because the *Times* says that if the priests had wished to set the church on fire, they could not have laid their plans better, they assume that the *Times* charges the priests of Santiago with a deliberate plan for burning church and congregation together.

"It is hideous and horrible," says the *Tablet*; "it is revolting to the mind and degrading to our common nature, that a catastrophe so awful should have called forth such comments as the *Times* and many of the London newspapers have this week published. The *Times* of Monday, February 1st, refreshed and edified the English public with all the resources of its hideous blasphemy; according to the diabolical suggestion of the writer in that paper, the conflagration was more than an accident," etc. "Could the arch fiend himself insinuate better than this?" etc. Incidentally, this

event furnishes an occasion to mark the difference of tone so constantly observable between Roman Catholics of the old stock and the more zealous body of converts who must, one would think, not seldom disconcert their brothers older in the faith. Thus, in a letter signed "Robert Canon Smith," we find the Virgin's Post-office thus explained away:—

"Among other assertions of a Chilian writer, for the purpose of exciting hatred against the clergy, is one to the effect that there was a letter-box into which the superstitious women of Santiago were instructed by Father Ugarte to throw their letters to the Blessed Virgin. The Chilian who wrote this knew well, as the editor of the *Register* remarks, 'that he was giving a maliciously false version of a very simple circumstance, which all Catholics understand.' The editor gives a perfectly clear explanation; he says, 'We presume no Christian will deny the efficacy of prayer. We are told on divine authority that when two or three are gathered together in the name of the Lord, he is amongst them.'

"Catholics, it need not be said, believe in the communion and intercession of the saints. Novenas, in honor of particular saints in every country, and of the queen of all saints in all countries, are ordinary incidents of Catholic devotion.

"On these occasions it is a common practice for the faithful to intimate in writing, but anonymously, to one of the priests of the church, their desire that the prayers of the flock might be requested in favor of the "intention" (which is not expressed) of the writer, A. B., or C. D., or any other anonymer that the postulant may have chosen for the occasion; and before the commencement of divine service the officiating clergyman, whoever he may be, requests the prayers of the faithful for those unexpressed intentions accordingly.' This is the whole mystery of the 'Letter-box,' which has called forth so many vile calumnies and blasphemies, both here and in South America."—*Weekly Register*, February 13th, 1864, p. 106.

Yet in the same paper we have the "Post-office" itself defended, and almost enforced, under the well-known signature H. W. W in the following terms:—

"What is most remarkable in English Protestants, who write about Catholic countries, is, not their ignorance or their profaneness, but their narrow-minded bigotry. The writers before us are a remarkable example. For instance, a devoted priest, named Ugarte, had introduced in Santiago what the Protes-

tant writers call 'The Virgin Mary's Post-office.' The writer from the spot says that he would 'outstrip the Catholic world, and had invented a celestial post-office, by which direct communication in writing was obtained with the Virgin Mary.' This obviously points at something like that which Catholics well know to have existed in Europe. With regard to St. Aloysius, many of your readers must, like myself, have witnessed it at Rome, and some may remember an account of it published in the *Weekly Register* in June, 1862. It was at first a pious imitation of a remarkable act of St. Stanislas. This saint (who, as all the world knows, died in the Jesuit noviciate at Rome) had drawn by lot, according to the custom of the house, the name of St. Laurence as his patron for the last month of his life. He was in perfect health and in the dawn of opening youth. But his desire of death was so strong that he wrote to St. Laurence a letter, entreating him to ask for him that he might be removed before the then approaching festival of the Assumption. It is not for us to criticise the acts of a saint, even when they depart from the ordinary course, and the result seems to show that in this instance he acted under a special exceptional direction, by which his own desire was moved to ask that which was the will of God for him; for, contrary to all appearance of probability, the suit was granted. When some years later the *cultus* of St. Aloysius was sanctioned by the Church, and introduced with general joy and thankfulness in the Roman College in which that saint died, and in the church belonging to which his relics still repose, one of the Fathers suggested to the pupils that those who had favors to ask should write letters to St. Aloysius, as St. Stanislas wrote to St. Laurence. To a Catholic, at least, all this seems most natural and graceful. The idea was immediately taken up, and from the Roman College, in which it is still kept up, it has spread, I may say, to the whole world. Many days before the festival of St. Aloysius, letters to him arrive from all quarters of the globe; many, I was glad to hear, from England. I need not say from more Catholic countries. The mass of them are brought in on the eve of the feast. They are of all sorts; some mere ordinary-looking letters, some enclosed in embroidered cases like purses or reticules. There is in front of the altar, under which lie the mortal remains of the saint, a large opening which, when I saw it, was completely filled with such letters, brought in (in a sort of procession) and placed there on the eve of the feast. Others, especially those more richly ornamented, were hung about the altar. I need hardly add that none of these letters are ever opened. They are kept till the last day of the term,

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and then burned, unopened, by the youths of the college, who amuse themselves by guessing, as they see how the flames ascend, whether the saint means to obtain what the writers have asked. To any Catholic it will seem so natural as to be in no way surprising that a devotion so full of faith and love, and which so much brings the writers into connection with the unseen world, should be rewarded by marked answers to the prayers made: The only thing wonderful would be if it were not so. I heard many instances in which requests, conveyed in letters to St. Aloysius, had been obtained by him, contrary, as it seemed, to all hope and expectation. One instance, which I heard on good authority, I may repeat. The practice had been introduced in the Junior Seminary at Genoa, in which the late cardinal archbishop feared that it might lead to irreverence and superstition. He proposed to the Jesuit Father who had the charge to open some of the letters, on the ground that all letters written by the boys in the seminary, were, by the rule, to be read. The Father replied that this applied only to letters to people in this world. However, the archbishop took up one, the writer of which he knew by the hand, and saying, 'I am sure that this dear boy (who is one of my seminary) would wish me to read whatever he writes,' took upon him to break the seal. I never heard any other instance in which such a letter was opened. It ran something thus: 'Oh, dear saint, help me; I am in great perplexity. My father wants me to be a priest, and I am sure I have no vocation. But he has put me in the seminary, and what makes the matter worse is, that the cardinal archbishop has shown me special kindness and promises me a benefice. Oh, dear saint, do help me.'

"I do not profess to know, but from the manner in which the Protestant writer describes 'the Virgin Mary's Post-office,' I cannot doubt that the good priest, who is the object of his abuse, has introduced at Santiago the custom of writing to Our Blessed Lady such letters as have so long been written to St. Aloysius. Neither do I doubt that, like them, these letters are seen by no mortal eye. John Bull will, of course, ask what, then, is the use of them? This is what I mean by speaking of narrow-mindedness and bigotry."—*Ibid.* p. 106.

We infer, then, that the natural teaching to the convert from the terrible catastrophe at Santiago is not warning but example. It is clearly considered that this system of letters should be encouraged in England, and the man who carried it to an enormous pass at Santiago, is the "good priest," the "devoted priest." But we are not left to infer-

ence; the writer of this letter calls upon the Roman Catholics of England to follow the example of Santiago:—

"I may call attention to a fact which I have not seen noticed. The Feast of the Immaculate Conception concludes at Santiago 'the Month of Mary.' The same feeling which in our latitude has led to the devotion of the month of May to Our Blessed Mary, naturally induced pious people there to devote to her the month which begins on the 8th of November and closes December 8th, a season which corresponds to the last three weeks of May and the first week of June among us. How far this has been generally practised in the southern hemisphere I do not know. It would seem worthy of adoption, and has the additional advantage of combining the 'Month of Mary' with the great Festival of the Immaculate Conception."—*Ibid.*

Thus the lesson to be derived from this pregnant fact, according to the writer of this suggestion, is the expediency of doubling the period of time already devoted to the worship of the Blessed Virgin in our northern hemisphere: and whereas, at present, there is only one month called by her name, henceforward, let there be two. We write the word *worship* though we know we lay ourselves open to the testy remonstrance of another correspondent of the same paper, whom we take leave to suppose one born in the Church he defends, and who, in complaining of a sensational sermon preached to a Presbyterian congregation, says,—

"But 'Mr. Wood's logic is not the only thing at fault; for he (I beg his pardon for saying so, but I cannot help it) told a deliberate untruth—unless he chooses to shelter himself under the plea of the grossest ignorance—when he told his people that the 'celebration at Santiago had for its object the adoration of the Virgin;' 'that the Virgin was an object of worship in the Romish Church, and the idolatry of the Virgin was set forth in her liturgy.'"

For have we not authority for the word *worship*, when the *Tablet*, on a solemn occasion, translated the words in the Pope's Decree of Dec. 8th, 1854, urging all Catholics "*colere, invocare, exorare beatissimam Dei genitricem*,"—"Let all the children of the Catholic Church most dear to us, hear these our words, and with a most ardent zeal of piety and love, proceed to *worship*, invoke, and pray to the most Blessed Virgin Mary, Mother of God, conceived without original sin"—(*Tablet*, Jan. 27th, 1855),—and, besides,

can the writer of this remonstrance seriously maintain that that vast crowd of women, wrought up to such a pitch of devotion to the Virgin on that particular day, did not worship her with all their hearts unreservedly, and in the fullest belief that they ought to do so? In what light would these poor women and, we venture to add, Ugarte himself have regarded "Catholicus's disclaimer"? English Roman Catholic papers, in speaking of the occasion, call it an "act of religious homage to Almighty God," and write that the doomed congregation had "met for the last time on earth to worship God;" but would this language have described intelligibly to those women the nature of the service they were engaged in? We think not. They would have thought it applied to some other solemnity, not to that night's celebration. And here we are brought to the question which this deplorable loss of life has raised in our own minds, this sacrifice of *women*; and it is this,—how far it is justifiable to adapt a religious system especially to the nature and sensibilities of women? What sanction is there for making use of feminine impressionableness and, we may say, weakness? How far is it tolerable for men to force on a particular development, because it proves itself acceptable to minds both by training and nature slow to reason, eager for excitements, and ready to put implicit faith in what commends itself to their romance? This is a question which by no means confines itself to one creed or aspect of Christianity; wherever there is direct and exclusive appeal to the feelings, women respond most readily and implicitly; but in the present case the consideration is, certainly, the use made in the Roman Church of the Blessed Virgin's "deified" womanhood to quicken and inflame the devotional instinct of women as such, to secure them in their allegiance, and to strengthen by a feminine phalanx the Church's position toward the world. All we have learnt of South America for thirty or forty years past has shown that, exclusive of the priesthood and the religious orders, the body of the devout has consisted of women and the Indian population. The European blood itself is, we learn, pretty universally tintured with the native element, constituting a race which, while proud of the dignity of their male ancestors, unites with it some of the characteristics which distinguish the aborigines of

America. Of the Indians, it is hardly unfair, according to all accounts, to say that their original conversion was almost too easy a work. They seem to have at once accepted the adoration of saints as a substitute for their previous worship. It has been said that their Christianity is formed of the ruins of their mythology; and the reports of all travellers agree in raising a picture of a zealous but material form of religion amongst them,—an emotion that finds its most natural spontaneous expression in what appeals to the senses, in an object or objects short of the divine Essence. Throughout the whole of Spanish and Portuguese America this is the case. Through Mexico, Peru, Chili, Brazil, and Paraguay, the descriptions are given in identical language. We have a right to apply to any of these countries the words of a writer on Mexico:—

"But amongst the lower classes the worship is emphatically the worship of Her who herself predicted, 'From henceforth all generations shall call me blessed.' Before her shrines, and at all hours, thousands are kneeling. With faces expressive of the most intense love and devotion, and with words of the most passionate adoration, they address the mild image of the Mother of God. To the Son their feeling seems composed of respectful piety, of humble but more distant adoration; while to the Virgin they appear to give all their confidence, and to look up to her as a kind of bountiful queen, who, dressed in her magnificent robes and jewelled diadem, yet mourning in all the agony of her divine sorrows, has condescended to admit the poorest beggar to participate in her woe, whilst in her turn she shares in the afflictions of the lowly, feels for their privations, and grants them her all-powerful intercession."—"Life in Mexico." By Madame Calderon de la Barca.

This reverence for the Blessed Virgin's person has been, by *whole* populations, concentrated on certain favorite images,—party favorites and often rivals. Until lately, under the freer spread of European ideas, the men of South America were more wanting in devotion than in a certain sort of belief. When first stirred by the impulse of rebellion or of liberty, their idea was to engage these minor divinities on their side, not to disown them. Men educated up to the highest standard of their country, and taking leading parts in the important and stirring events of their day, thought it not incompat-

ble with Christianity to pit virgin against virgin,—the Virgin de los Remedios against our Lady of Guadalupe,—to believe that one supported Spanish interests, the other those of the liberal party; to dress up the *Gachupina*, the Spanish patroness, as a general; to cry, “Ferdinand and the Virgin forever!” under the teaching of the priest-soldier, Hidalgo; and when the opposite party prevailed, to strip the revered image of sash and orders, and sign her passport to Spain. Under any political excitement, and the intense interests involved in it, these men were rather led to domineer over the saints than to deny them a certain efficacy. Incredible transactions * show the terms on which the leaders

* It is not out of place here, as giving some idea of the character of this political religion,—this material view of spiritual agency,—to insert the “celebrated decree,” dictated by Rosas, entitled, the “Destitution of St. Martin,” and accomplished by his leading men. It need not be explained that the “Unitarians” were a political faction, or that the decree is to all appearances rank Erastianism.

“DESTITUTION OF ST. MARTIN.

“Viva la confederacion !

“BUENOS AYRES, 21st July, 1839, the 30th year of Liberty, 24th of Independence, and 10th of the Argentine Confederation.

“THE Government considering,—

“1st. That this town, placed, since its foundation, under the protection of the French saint, Martin, Bishop of Tours, has been hitherto unable to set itself free, either from periodical scarlet-fevers, or from continual droughts and epidemics, which have destroyed, on various occasions, our fields, our harvests, and our cattle, or from extraordinary risings of our river, which almost every year destroy a multitude of the works and buildings of the people along its banks,—that although the small-pox has disappeared, it is owing solely to the discovery of vaccination, and not to any efficacious or sensible diligence on the part of the patron saint to free us from the dreadful calamity.

“2d. That in the invasions of our frontier Indians, and in the civil and foreign wars by which we have been afflicted, we have been obliged to have recourse, in the first place, to our only Virgin of Lujau, and in the second place to the Virgin of Rosaico, and of Mercedes and to Santa Clara, also virgin, by whose help alone we have triumphed, whilst our French patron has remained quiet in heaven, without affording us the slightest protection, as was his duty.

“3d. That now, abandoned by him at a time when we are attacked by external and powerful enemies, when his protection in a military character would appear most proper, and when he should divest himself of all partiality for his own country, he has been careless of doing so in a marked manner; and it was therefore necessary that Saint Ignatius de Loyola—with that noble and chivalrous heroism which so distinguished him when he lived in the world, and in-

of parties stood with their heavenly patrons, and the sort of religion that may grow out of a dogma materially received, and materially treated, by people who have not the slightest doubt that they are good Christians. Twenty or more years of unrestricted intercourse with Europe have modified these ideas, and probably changed them in the male portion of the community, such as are of rank and education to be affected by this intercourse, into a conscious scepticism. All reports of travellers speak of churches deserted by the men, or at least the gentlemen, of the population; or if they enter them, it is, we are told, to observe and comment on the kneeling groups of women. As far as

influenced no less by his friendship for the soil which he, together with his brother, had such a share in conquering and colonizing, and where his followers have since founded several lucrative missions for his order, and by well-grounded hope of their speedy restoration—should go forth in his turn in our defence on two consecutive occasions, in company with the Virgin of Rosaico, thus facilitating for us the destruction of an English army of eleven thousand men on the 5th July, 1807, and stranding the French vessels forming part of the unjust blockade which we now suffer, as was the case last year, on the 31st July, the anniversary of his ascension to heaven.

“4th. That it is a duty of the government, with that might and majesty of the public power with which it is invested, and in virtue of the high patronage which it has reserved to itself in all the churches of the republic for these beneficial restorations alone to restore all matters, whether sacred or profane, civil or religious, for the benefit of the people, purifying the administration from evil foreign Unitarian servants, whether alive or dead, and rewarding the good services of the good servants of the holy and national cause of the confederation.

“5th. That the services which have been rendered to us in this order in the year just past, as well as those which we hope may be continued to us present by the celebrated Spanish warrior Saint Ignatius de Loyola, are so much the more meritorious that they have been voluntary, thus emulating those which were rendered by his illustrious brother Don Jose M. de Loyola in the conquest of Paraguay,—and that, besides all these merits and services, he is now established and naturalized with his own house and family in the republic, which quality does not exist in the foreign patron whom we have had hitherto.

“For all these considerations it is decided that—

“1st. The French Unitarian, Saint Martin, Bishop of Tour, who has been hitherto patron of this city, having forgotten us for his own countrymen, for the traitor Reverra, and for the rest of the Unitarian savages, and having lost the confidence of the people and Government, shall be discharged forever from his employment of Patron of Buenos Ayres, such arrangement corresponding to public security, and

we know, the real authority and influence of the Church of Rome in South America is recognized only by the poor of different castes and hues, and by the women of all classes; and we judge that the efforts of the priesthood are, whether in despair or not, confined to keeping those classes true to their allegiance, even to the point of indifference to the impression they may produce upon men who appeal to reason, and wish to share in the enlightenment of the age. The most sanguine advocate, for instance, can hardly expect, in the nineteenth century, to persuade a man of business—a man actively engaged in affairs—to write letters to the Virgin or the saints. He may even be devout; but there will be felt an incongruity between the man and the occupation, which must always have rendered it impossible to suggest such a measure to him. The practice altogether, wherever it obtains in our own day, is, we take it, a sign in the popular, working priesthood, of abandoning men to their fate, and centring effort and contrivance upon those who may be still called their clients. It is a sign of retreating upon the sensitive and the ignorant. Can H. W. W., who advocates the practice, suppose that the boys of the seminary he

to the better and more efficacious protection of our rights in the holy cause of the confederation.

"2d. Taking into consideration the length of his services, there shall be allowed him, for purposes of retirement and recreation, a yearly pension of four wax candles (one to the pound), and one mass, which shall be said on his own altar in the cathedral on his own day.

"3d. The naturalized citizen, Saint Ignatius de Loyola, shall be named Patron of the city, with the rank and honors of Brigadier-general and the use of the Federal motto.

"4th. The same device shall be borne in future by his followers, who are to enjoy in perpetuity the pension of eight hundred dollars per month, which is assigned to it.

"5th. The most excellent holy patron shall select yearly the same forty hours, with sermon, which were formerly celebrated by his predecessor, without prejudice to any that he may himself have previously celebrated.

"6th. There shall be every year, from the vigil until three days after his celebration, public illuminations, fireworks, climbing the pole, pea-shooting, and '*carne cuero*' in the square; and the negroes shall assist with their national dances of '*Camdomba*' and '*Malambo*.'

"7th. His installation shall be solemnized this present year in the Cathedral Church, at which the Government, represented by its Minister of Foreign Affairs, as well as all civil and military corporations, shall assist on such day as the Government shall appoint, according to the following ceremonial: On the eve and on the

mentions, those that write letters to St. Aloysius, or those that burn them, will retain any pious recollections of these exercises, should they once leave the society of priests and that atmosphere of surveillance and restraint in which they have been kept, to mix with men of the world? Indeed, we infer that the burners already treated the matter from an amused point of view. It is with women only that, in any country, and at any period, such a custom could really obtain in any seriousness; and we must assume, also, only among women held down by the trammels of race, training, and prejudice. We do not believe, in spite of H. W. W.'s assurances, that the custom is spreading over the whole world; that this sort of correspondence is really a common feature of Romanism. The enormous liability to abuse must confine it to semi-barbarous, or exceptionally fanatical societies; and in no society, whether barbarous or otherwise, will *women* be found in the trustful reliance he rests in, that their effusions will not be read by mortal eyes. What human hands write, they will fear that human eyes *may* read; and it is impossible, we boldly say, but that the correspondence will frequently be influenced by this persua-

day itself the streets between the Jesuits' house and the Cathedral shall be lined with troops, under the command of the Inspector-General of Arms. The Reverend Father Jesuits shall conduct the bust of His Excellency the holy Federal Saint on a bier, in solemn procession, from their house to the Cathedral, accompanied by the Reverend Diocesan Bishop, by the Senate and Clergy, and all the religious communities, the school-children with their masters, and by the African brotherhood of San Benito de Palermo. Four generals shall carry the bier, and the troops employed shall present arms as it passes, firing a general discharge at the entrance of the most excellent patron into his new church. The fortress and admiral shall also salute with reduced charges. My first *aide-de-camp* shall precede the bier, mounted on a horse caparisoned after the fashion of this country; the 'pillow,' surcingle, and other harness, to be of deep scarlet, and its head-gear of the same color.

"He is to carry the *baton* of Brigadier for the holy patron, and a morocco case with gilt ornaments, containing this decree, which shall first be laid at the feet of the saint, and then placed in the Baptistry. The *baton* shall be placed in his hand, and one of my chief officers, who shall represent the Minister of the Interior and of Worship, shall pronounce an oration from memory on the occasion.

"This is hereby published and communicated to all whom it may concern.

"Signed, J. M. ROSAS."

sion, and by the exciting consideration that the paper is committed to the custody of men to whom the inner mind of the writer is a subject of interest and possible curiosity. When he himself, in vouching for the sacred inviolability of these epistles, yet has to record an instance where the seal was broken, and the contents made public, we can only admire the prodigious capacity for believing conspicuous in some converts. His readers can hardly be convinced by a general argument so supported. Even taking the Virgin's Post-office to be what he asserts it to be, and no worse, they will infer, that if men of known worth and character open the letters of boys, whose contents can excite only the mildest of curiosity, surely, there is more probability of priests unknown, and their characters unvouched for, opening letters full of the inmost thoughts of female devotees and female penitents, whose condition of mind is important to the interests of their community. And this perfectly independent of the grosser abuses to which such a system positively invites persons of low and material tendencies.

We must consider, in spite of the defence and advocacy we have quoted, that the case of Santiago, as far as it has reached us, is extreme; the excitement in the women, and their passion for theatrical glitter somewhat barbarous; the conduct of the priests in working up this love of show into a frenzy, exceptional in its vulgar audacity; and even, in spite of what we know of St. Alfonso de Liguori's teaching, the concentration of religious zeal on the Blessed Virgin, local in its extravagance. But extreme cases often furnish the best illustrations, and whatever the superstitious excesses, as they appear to most people, of South American popular religion, these excesses have all their origin in the logical refinements of some speculative intellect. When exceedingly subtle minds put forth some intricate speculation, and call upon simple, ignorant people to work it out, and show it in action, the actual result upon the minds of the simple people must be something scarcely intelligible or recognizable to the subtle suggestor. Men cannot be made acute by having refinements and paradoxes put before them. They will treat the thing with such powers as they have, and see with undiscerning vision. A subtle mind may, for instance, persuade himself that it helps

to exalt our conception of the divine Nature, by placing steps and degrees between this infinite Greatness and Goodness and mere erring humanity. He expects men to reverence the Supreme Intercessor more profoundly, by constituting an army of intercessors, who derive their powers from him. If he places the Blessed Virgin above all the hierarchy of heaven, he assumes that men's apprehension of heights immeasurably beyond that height will be advanced and elevated. It is not our affair here as to what may be actually the case with his own mind, but with the ignorant disciple this graduated scale is pretty certain to fail of its purpose. The commonest type of human nature stops short of the highest where it can, and will not raise itself to what requires efforts of the nobler, painful faculties, if it be invited to rest midway. If an intermediate object of adoration is permitted, indolent minds will not occupy themselves with that which demands a strenuous and more abstract effort of thought and soul. By the mere fact of accepting a lower object of adoration, they are hindered from getting beyond. If they are to say their prayers primarily to the Virgin, the theory of her being but a medium has little practical weight. The rest is a mere question of theology for divines to settle. We fully believe, that with the mystical writers who have developed this doctrine, the great Source of all honor and all gifts is not and has not been forgotten. They can maintain a clear chain of ideas, and where their language seems to centre all thought on the creature, they yet hold in reserve the distinct perception of a Creator: they see the light of Infinity beyond. But they cannot communicate this safeguard by a mere reservation here and there. The object to which they give prominence, on which they exhaust the powers of language, which they invest with the perfection of clemency, and represent as at once powerful and yet divested of fear, will not fail to dazzle the unpractised mind till it cannot entertain, or but dimly, any other idea; till the whole soul is possessed by it, and it absorbs all the devotion. Need we wonder if many cannot gethig her than Her to whom they are encouraged to bring their troubles, to make their petitions,—her who is represented as more indulgent, more able to sympathize than her divine Son,—her to whom that Son can refuse no request? That with

them the Son is a name, the Virgin a fact; the Son an abstraction, the Virgin a reality!

Because minds of this class are incapable of wide and comprehensive thought, the lesser object occupies the whole space, obscuring the distance. Giving all they are called upon to give to the Blessed Virgin, they have no more to give; their reservoir is dry. There is, we fully believe, no more sure way of raising a dense superstition than setting speculative minds—minds absorbed in mysteries and separate from the business of life—to teach the ignorant. The conclusions, without the processes that have led to them,—if they take effect upon ignorance at all,—are pretty sure to be apprehended with a material grossness in proportion to the fantastic subtlety of the train of argument that led to them. Thus an imaginative ascetic spiritualizes the concerns of this life and the habits and manners of mortals, and transfers them to his dealings with angels and departed saints. By an infinite elaboration, he connects himself with the unseen world; through a vast chain of intelligence, he supposes himself able to communicate with the departed. A letter to St. Stanislas is written under a perfect understanding of a vast, complicated, invisible agency, which shall convey to the saint the thoughts and words of which he desires him to be cognizant; but this practice, in the hands of the vulgar, loses all intricacy of idea. They write because they are given to understand that, if they put a request in the form of a letter, and address it to a saint in heaven, it will be granted. They have not a higher notion of omnipotence and Omnipresence than this transaction, followed by this response, presents. These attributes are in act ascribed to the object addressed, though not necessarily in words; the disciple, in ignorance, commits a sin from which the intellectual acuteness of the teacher preserves him. What he teaches is a transfer of that trust in man, which is the greatest earthly snare, to the courts of heaven; what the learner receives is the idea of an omnipotent Being who is yet not the supreme Being.

This working of one class of minds upon another of an absolutely different training and organization is shown in its extreme effects where women accept the teaching and act out the subtleties of scholastic asceticism. Women have by nature a large, im-

plicit faith: they have also a reverent sense of two superiorities over them, where man has but one, two intelligences higher than their own,—God the supreme, and man his vicegerent. In all matters involving the exercise of pure reason and abstract powers of thought, woman feels her inferiority and need of guidance, while fully alive to certain gifts in herself that man wants. But all the more, because she feels that she has a province of her own, does she submit to her head in things beyond her easy, natural range, where thought is a conscious, sustained, laborious effort. Prone to worship, prone to lean, unvisited by doubt, apt to learn, she has a pleasure in submission, in bowing to authority, in the consciousness that her trust outstrips her reason, in a double faith,—faith in her religion and in him that teaches it. This docility to her teacher is given to man in trust. She is answerable to God; but men are answerable to her and to their conscience for the use they make of this influence. We may say that this docility makes it easier to women than to men to be believing and devout; but it also leads them captives to a blinder superstition and a lower phase of hero worship than men often fall into, when they discard those safeguards of intuitive perception and mother wit with which they are gifted. Logical extremes, subtleties, and refinements are congenial to woman's nature if she is led to them by a sufficiently persuasive and competent authority; but this leader is essential, and she must be able to see and recognize her natural guide, the masculine intellect. Man leads man, but woman is not led in the highest affairs of the soul by woman. She does not act in the management of thought and the regulation of faith without the sanction of her natural head. And who can say that in requiring this guidance she is not fulfilling a law of her being, without which the whole order of things could not be maintained? The feeling of women towards their spiritual guide and pastor, which is so constant a theme for satire and ridicule, is only one form of acknowledging this subservience. Men have no feeling that answers to this sentiment toward their teachers in spiritual things, and they despise it in woman, or are angry, or envious, as the case may be; but this difference caused by sex is, in the sim-

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plest and noblest sense of the word, natural within just limits, but also of all things liable to abuse, if the one side allows sentiment to become sentimentalism, and the other, with conscious, cunning hands, plays upon the weakness for inferior purposes, for mere power and aggrandizement, or for the sake of parading a train of zealous followers. Under these conditions, the differences we claim as a just basis of influence become the most fertile source of mischief and extravagance that can be named.

In immediate connection with this question is the *cultus* of the Virgin at the point it has long been tending to, and has now reached. We venture to say that if there had been no appeal, unlawful and unwarrantable, to the weaknesses of women as such, in the popular inculcation of this worship, it could never have attained its present form. We suppose that no one will dispute that ascetics and women have developed and fostered it to its present proportions. Women accepting the teaching of men who acquire a more absolute sway over the feminine imagination for recoiling from their domestic influence, and shrinking from and hardening themselves against their attraction. Men and women can in no state be absolutely independent of one another. While they think at all, they must contemplate mankind under this distinction, this double aspect, and even find something agreeable in the difference, and if the interest in each other is checked in its obvious manifestation, it does not therefore cease to affect the mind, or to influence the train of thought; the natural changes into the transcendental, the material into the ideal. Hence, the men who have shunned the companionship and influence of women as inconsistent with the heights of sanctity have elaborated in their cells the idea of a woman of divine and immaculate perfections; and women, on their part, have received this representation as almost the revelation of purified and sublimed masculine intelligence, as something excogitated by men raised above the weakness of humanity, and thus gifted to portray the ideal of perfect and divine womanhood. The result, we see, is doubtless a natural consequence of principles and practices which might have seemed, at the outset, to tend to a wholly opposite development.

But this, we must call it, sentimental expansion of the heart towards "deified" feminine nature, though congenial to humanity under certain conditions and forms, is clearly not congenial to others. No one can pretend that it finds any response with men engaged in the practical affairs of life. It recommends itself to the simple and ignorant under certain teachings; to subordinate races, by nature impressionable and unreasoning; and it wakes a strong passion of devotion in women of excitable natures, whose reason has not been cultivated, and who, being encouraged to place themselves under the patronage of a benignant being who understands and sympathizes with their trials and temptations more intimately even than He who took upon him our flesh deigns to do, find it easy to conform themselves to so indulgent a doctrine, and one which invites a certain unrestrained, uncritical expansiveness of thought and phrase; but to ordinary men the strain of devotion, and of the language in which it is expressed, is puerile. They may not acknowledge as much to themselves; they may not discriminate or know what dogma it is in the Christianity set before them which gives this impression; but we think wherever this ardent devotion to the Virgin has a very prominent place, the active ruling male population will be found to treat religion, or perhaps we should say devotion, as a thing for the inferior classes and for women, not a personal affair. And there, too, we shall see that the instructors in religion will virtually give up the men as beyond their reach, and apply all their power and energies to strengthen their influence on women as the only means of maintaining a hold on society.

And this seems to bring us to a question which must have perplexed, or at any rate been discussed by, every mind. Are women more religious than men? It seems on the face of it as if they must be. It is not only in Santiago, or in Paris, that the congregations are made up of women. Who preponderate in our own churches? who make up our weekly congregations? who remain longest, and are the most tractable pupils in our Sunday-schools? who attend our religious meetings? who are the readers of religious books? who respond most readily to the teacher's lessons? who hang with most attention and trust on the preacher's words? and

repay his efforts with the most cordial response? who can be most constantly pointed out as the friend of his ministerial labors? to whom does he go for sympathy and help? We might enlarge on this theme for pages. Certain it is that the greater portion of religious effort, even in our own country, might seem to be expended on and by women. Is it really, then, better to be born a woman? Is salvation easier and more attainable by women? Does it meet in them with fewer obstacles and impediments? If this greater impressionableness is to be a sign, if this readiness of response is to argue all that at first sight it seems to do, there could be but one answer; but it is very clear that the question cannot be settled by statistics. Multitudes of religious teachers and writers do so settle it, unquestionably; but we think *not* to the interests of true religion. We believe our whole popular religious literature is influenced by this impression, whether consciously held or no. We cannot take up a tract or a treatise that has sold by its thousands or hundreds of thousands, without feeling convinced that the writer has had the feminine reader in his thoughts. He trusts to his unsupported assertion; he launches into forms of interpretation and lines of speculation, he utters prophecies and takes retrospects, which he would not venture upon if he thought men—educated men—would read him. All schools have this exclusively feminine literature. Women, we should feel sure, buy Dr. Cummings's effusions; women buy all the vague, diffuse, fanciful, and often daringly ignorant commentaries, and paraphrases, and "characters" drawn from Holy Scriptures. Women are the recipients of nine tenths of the tract societies' publications. Women read the religious tales by which men support their own views, and convict those of their opponents.

It is a great deal easier in all these cases to adapt the subject to the reader than to make the line of adapting the reader to the subject; but when the easier method is followed, and popular religion addresses itself mainly to what are considered the natural characteristics of the feminine mind, the counter and evil influence works beneath the seeming good, very injurious to the permanent interests of the cause at heart. And if so, we are necessarily driven to assume

that what seems the superior religious element in women cannot all ring true metal; that constitutional religion, an aptitude by nature to receive impressions, to accept teaching—though excellent qualities when rightly used—may be abused, may be hollow, and may imply nothing at all. The religion of the renewed nature is a thing apart from this bias or temperament, and we may say is of no sex. The whole teaching of St. Paul is of this character; with him, where he enforces the great truths of the Gospel, there is literally neither male nor female; to all he says, "In understanding be ye men," neither man nor woman does he address, or, shall we say, humor, as such, in speaking of spiritual things. When he singles out the Christian women of the Church for exhortation, it is to enforce upon them such moral duties as nature itself teaches, and which stood in danger of being forgotten under the new illumination. Every Christian doctrine is enforced, without consideration of sex, on both alike, not because such a precept or practice was especially adapted to the tenderness or weakness of woman. And yet, as being all things to all men, this principle of selection might have been looked for if it had been conformable to the purity and the growth of the gospel. It is clear that some in his day had begun this system of one-sided teaching. There were men to lead silly women captive, and silly women to be so led by them. In the question of that worship of the Virgin, which is so congenial to the women of Roman Catholic populations, and seems to be a distinguishing mark of their religion as opposed to that of men, we do not say that the adaptation of it to the feelings and temperament of women has been deliberate; but they have responded with enthusiasm, and men have not,—that is, men who carry on the business of life,—and hence the whole tone of teaching and the method of enforcing it have become feminine, persuasive to women, and regarded by men as a *cultus*, beautiful, perhaps, but only adapted to the feminine understanding. It is for them, men feel, and to satisfy the demands of feminine sentiment, that the Virgin is portrayed in the manifestations of herself which are put forward for popular instruction, as with a laxer sense of justice than is compatible with our idea of God's perfections, with a strong partisanship, with a romantic

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tenderness for picturesque sinners, with an almost indiscriminate appreciation for homage as such, as well as with an especial indulgence for women's errors and weaknesses. We would not wound any one's sense of reverence; but no man can read "The Glories of Mary," and not own all this, though the truths might be differently rendered. And how much does this weak element affect the whole standing of revelation in men's minds whose insight into domestic religion is of this nature? For what may not this elaborate system of superstition and fanaticism be answerable?

Wherever women are singled out for religious work and service, independent of and in advance of men, we have learned to entertain a certain suspicion. Women, as we see, are tractable, and, under influential and stimulating teaching, will combine to undertake great things both in labor and self-denial. To us it seems as if neither the labor nor the self-denial were on a perfectly safe basis while it is so distinctly feminine. For one thing, the women themselves learn to regard religion as their own speciality. In their books they set a higher standard for their own sex than for men. Sins are tolerated in men that would sink women utterly below sympathy. They even pardon in men positive unbelief as a sort of inherent infirmity, not to be too curiously inquired into, while the faith of woman is to be immaculate according to the writer's pattern. This indulgence cannot but indicate something false in their whole system. We are not hard upon them. Men have set them this example; but it is a sign that sentiment rather than reason and understanding is the guiding impulse at work. Perhaps we see this most clearly in the foreign literature of the day, though there is abundant evidence of it in our own. The most popular and widely influential French writers seem to have lost the power of even reverencing religion but as they see it reflected in woman. A woman absorbed in devotion is *adorable*; and quite as adorable whether the object of her devotion recommends itself to the reason of the observers or not. In her they can admire submission to constituted authority, zeal, orthodoxy, and strictness, though they will touch none of them with one of their fingers; they will fall in love with her superstitions, and talk second-hand raptures about them. They

can be really eloquent on the subject of the Virgin, and say the prettiest things, and yet let it be seen that they themselves do not participate in the remotest degree in the faith that wins their sentimental homage, and which they think so beautifully congenial to woman's nature. They can applaud her in the tasks of benevolence or asceticism to which she devotes herself, without feeling committed to a step in the same direction. And where this is carried on long enough, and the language is gallant and fervent enough there will be found a sort of acquiescence in it as being a hopeful *sign*, as tending to good, as opening out to woman her mission as the regenerator of man. This is the task which such writers are quite willing she should take upon herself, at least as the educator of infancy,—the task which, as we have said, the clergy have to impose upon her in despair of any direct influence; for which priest and sceptic alike encourage her to fit herself by an enthusiasm which shall overrun reason and judgment: for where women are viewed and treated by men as a sex,—as a class,—they are never encouraged to cultivate their judgment; it is their essentially feminine qualities which are to be developed and set to work. Men think they have reason; what they like to see in women is something peculiar to them and characteristic. Thus, because men are sceptical, women are to be credulous; because men criticise evidence, they are to require none; because men argue, they are to accept at a word. Great things are expected from this one-sided growth; it is to carry with it a persuasive charm; but where this system is in fullest play, it is pretty clear that the means by which one sex is unduly stimulated deaden and repel the other. Where the women are, as we should say, most superstitious in their religion, the men are most frankly unbelieving; and, through the influences of habit, each party, instead of laboring to convert the other, learns to acquiesce in the state of things, as at least natural, and therefore excusable, if not part of the very nature of things.

In our own society something parallel takes place. Where the men cry down sermons, the fine ladies run after popular preachers, and manifest an exceptional zeal in the reception of any strange doctrine,—a willing fanaticism, one might think, as a sort of set-off. Thus the husband derides every

sober discourse as insufferable, and all pulpit eloquence as contemptible, while the wife, perhaps, is among hundreds of other women eagerly listening for the precise date of the end of the world, or the battle of Armageddon, or the promise of a millennium close at hand. But in all this the men are most to blame. In the family life, unless the head guides and leads, a certain eccentricity is inevitable. We speak of classes, not individuals. The naturally devout and impressionable; being denied sympathy, are thrown upon excitement. This religion we cannot think a thing to be relied on; but at least it is better than none. And the religion of every community which wants the active co-operation of practical men, must owe much of whatever force it has to excitement. It will have a morbid, intermittent character; it must inevitably be deficient in bone and fibre, and it must be subject to abuses of a peculiar character,—abuses arising from a general unchecked submission of the judgment, which, in extreme cases, and where this dependence is played upon by designing leaders, results in a cowardly self-desertion; that miserable tendency, conspicuous in many phases of fanaticism, to transfer to others the inalienable charge of conscience, to put into other hands the decision of the question, “Am I right or wrong?” “Is this moral or immoral?” and to rejoice in being a mere tool,—the infatuated slave of another will.

In days when a certain wave of scepticism passes over society,—and we fear our time is one of them,—women are, no doubt, guardians of lay faith, and as such are often the resource and consolation of priest and pastor of many a different school. Through them the work of the Church can be still carried on, and a cheering evidence of success and efficiency maintained. The advocate for a life of rule, of exclusive devotion to good works or religious service, finds women ready to accept the hardest tasks, and thus to throw themselves into the breach which men have so little mind to face. The preacher of religious emotions, calls, assurances, finds women still ready to be struck, and even convulsed, by his thunders, when the men stand aloof. The good parish-priest finds women his faithful hearers or willing helpers, when the men follow their secular callings unheeding. And, let us

add, the holder of spiritual office, whose state of mind is consciously at odds with his ecclesiastical position,—who is shaken by the conflict of men's opinion,—vacillating, uncertain in his own views,—who hangs suspended between the claims of orthodoxy and the glare of the nineteenth century's illuminations,—has recourse to women, with as ready and eager a dependence as the rest. He may not be *very* sure about anything under dispute in his own person; he may be conscious that the Church has not in him a champion of faith invulnerable; but if he can set the women to work,—if he can inspire them with zeal for the souls and bodies of the poor and helpless,—if he can permeate our dense, ignorant masses with woman's charity, or woman's simple faith, happily undisturbed by the doubts that afflict deeper intellects,—he will be doing the Church a counterbalancing service. Through him a work will have been effected; his influence is still orthodox; and when this storm of doubt has passed over, as all storms do pass, a work will have been making progress, through the agency on one hand, and among members on the other, of classes to whom all the questions of critics and cavillers are unintelligible or immaterial distinctions; and he has been the first impulse; he has all along labored by proxy. It is hardly too much to say of some persons' apparent creed, that they actually give over a sex to orthodoxy, so that things are true as women hold them which as men they dispute. But here the boasted religiousness of woman, by which is often meant her native conservatism, is imperilled as in no other case. In the ordinary conditions of priestly or clerical influence,—the influence denounced at Santiago, the theme of Michelet's book (“Priests, Women, and Families”), the subject of gentle satire in our own society,—women are led by some form of development; their leader is really a leader, strong, at least, in profession, and secure of his ground. They respect him for his faith, whether sound or not, for his assumed insight into the divine counsels, for a confidence—or, perhaps, audacity—which answers, in their minds, to infallibility. They lean on him because they believe him a pillar; but if the teacher himself vacillates, if there hangs about him the faintest suspicion of tottering or uncertainty, then either his influence will be *nil*, or, if

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personal attraction prevents this, he strikes a blow heavier than he himself desires. It is too much to expect, nor has the world an instance of, woman really standing in any stout profession of religion whatever against the world. Priests and women may do or seem to do so for a time; but the woman without the priest, however pretty the position in novels of a woman believing because she is a "trembling, believing creature," has not yet been seen. Nobody, in our day, really wants a school of female sceptics—not, we verily believe, the most liberal of the Essayists; but if they really got hold of the feminine mind, the effects would be serious, and even terrible, in a more practical line than men now contemplate.

On the question how far women are more religious than men, we would observe that, so far as religion has a secular side, there is no doubt that it constitutes one of woman's greatest secular interests. And when we talk of persons' interest in, and devotion to, the cause of religion, it must always be remembered that this devotion may be concentrated on the secular element. The rules of society, as they now exist, if not the nature of things, exclude women from the avowedly secular business of life, making an exception in favor of religious work and service. Religion is, then, as it was designed to be, one of the principal means by which they take part in the work of the world; it is their sphere; and this, of course, enhances what is called woman's innate religiousness, till we cannot judge how far it is innate, or how far policy unconsciously infuses its alloy into the pure metal. If the advocates of women's rights got their way, and women undertook men's businesses and professions, they would lose much of this reputation, though not a word were written or spoken to influence their religious belief and practice. They would belong to the world in a different sense from what they had done before; strong interests, disconnected with spiritual things,—as none of their present domestic interests are,—would take possession of them, and would approach their habit of mind to some likeness, in this respect, to that of men, though with a still wider divergence from the old feminine standard than men show. Women have, unquestionably, some excellencies of mind and nature peculiar to themselves which have been of inestimable service

to the Church. The faith of a little child, combined with womanly tact, has ever been, as all history shows, a divinely favored instrument of conversion. Through her the missionary of old and rude times reached men impervious to his direct influence; through her something of the same work is done in our day. Every leader and ruler in the Church does well to use her service, as especially woman's service with a part of its own to perform. Where the trust is misused and abused, the actor does not see this feminine nature through its merits, but its defects. He says to himself,—unconsciously, perhaps,—not "women are better than men," but "women are more manageable, more easily led, more the prey of their wishes and emotions, more ready tools." Instead of seeking to elevate and strengthen that impressive nature, he plays upon it and humors it. In such a revelation as we must call that of Santiago, where everything is in extreme, it is no want of charity to assume that the priests appealed knowingly to the puerilities and weaknesses of women in the whole conduct of that festival that ended so fatally; in the gross expedients by which they sought to excite their faith and reliance on an object which so set forth that object which is always found so especially congenial to an excitable and frivolous female population; as relaxing the moral severities of religion, and throwing into it an infusion of earthly romance. To us it seems as though they had sought to make and keep them religious by a deliberate, sinful, deadening and obscuring of their higher faculties, if not by grosser acts; but a priest of Chili must not be judged by English rules; it is so possible to be right in declaiming against systems, and yet unjust toward the people who carry them out, perhaps, in perfect good faith. In general terms, however, it is certain, that whenever, for the construction of a useful engine, women are urged to extremes of trust, submission, or enthusiasm, by means which address themselves to their peculiar mental and physical organization, and suppress, by consequence, their reasoning powers and independence of thought, some mischief to pure religion will be the result; in some cases it has been the gravest the Church can experience; and wherever what ought to be the joint task of men and women is, on account of their superior willingness and docility, thrown upon women alone, some extravagance, weakening to the Church's state and efficiency, will ensue.

PART VIII.—CHAPTER XXIX.

DEPARTURES.

ALL was confusion and dismay at Tilney. Bella Lyle's cold turned out to be scarlatina, and Mark and Alice brought back tidings that old Commodore Graham had been seized with a fit, and was seriously, if not dangerously, ill. Of course, the company scattered like an exploded shell. The Graham girls hastened back to their father, while the other guests sought safety in flight, the great struggle now being who should soonest secure post-horses to get away. Like many old people rich in this world's comforts, Mrs. Maxwell had an especial aversion to illness in any shape. It was a topic she never spoke on; and, if she could, would never have mentioned before her. Her intimates understood this thoroughly, and many were the expressions employed to imply that Mr. Such-a-one had a fever, or Mrs. So-and-so was given over by her doctors. As to the fatal result itself, it was always veiled in a sort of decent mystery, as though it would not be perfectly polite to inquire whither the missing friend had retired to.

"Dr. Reede says it is a very mild case of the malady, and that Bella will be up in a day or two, aunt," said Alice.

"Of course she will," replied the old lady, pettishly. "It's just a cold and sore throat; they hadn't that fine name for it long ago, and people got well all the sooner. Is he gone?"

"No; he's talking with Mark in the library; he'll be telling him, I think, about the commodore."

"Well, don't ask him to stop to dinner; we have sorrow enough without seeing a doctor."

"Oh, here comes Mark! Where is Dr. Reede?"

"He's gone over to see Maitland. Fenton came to say that he wished to see him."

"Surely, he's not ill?" said Alice.

"Oh, dear! what a misfortune that would be!" cried the old lady, with real affliction in her tone; "to think of Mr. Norman Maitland taking ill in one's house."

"Haven't you been over to ask after him, Mark?"

"No. I was waiting till Reede came back: he's one of those men that can't bear being inquired after; and if it should turn

out that he was not ill, he'd not take the anxiety in good part."

"How he has contrived to play the tyrant to you all, I can't imagine," said Alice; "but I can see that every whim and caprice he practises is studied as courtiers study the moods of their masters."

"To be sure, darling, naturally," broke in Mrs. Maxwell, who always misunderstood everybody. "Of course, we are only too happy to indulge him in a whim or fancy; and if the doctor thinks turtle would suit him,—turtle is so light; I took it for several weeks for luncheon,—we can have it at once. Will you touch the bell, Mark, and I'll tell Raikes to telegraph? Who is it he gets it from?"

Mark pulled the bell, but took no notice of her question. "I wish," muttered he below his breath, "we had never come here. There's Bella now laid up, and here's Maitland. I'm certain he's going away; for I overheard Fenton ask about the distance to Dundalk."

"I suppose we might survive even that misfortune," said she, haughtily.

"And one thing I'll swear to," said Mark, walking the room with impatience,—"it's the last Ireland will see of him."

"Poor Ireland! the failure in the potato-crop was bad enough; but this is more than can be endured."

"That's all very fine, Alice; but I'm much mistaken if you are as indifferent as you pretend!"

"Mark! what do you mean?" said she, angrily.

"Here's Raikes now, and will some one tell him what it is we want?" said Mrs. Maxwell; but the others were far too deeply engaged in their own whispered controversy now to mind her.

"Captain Lyle will you tell by and by, Raikes," said she, gathering up the mass of loose *impedimenta* with which she usually moved from one room to the other, and by which, as they fell at every step, her course could always be tracked. "He'll tell you," added she, moving away. "I think it was caviar, and you are to telegraph for it to Swan & Edgar's; but my head is confused to-day; I'll just go and lie down."

As Mrs. Maxwell left by one door, Alice passed out by another; while Mark, whose

temper evinced itself in a flushed cheek and a contracted brow, stood at a window, fretfully tapping the ground with his foot.

"Have you any orders, sir?" asked Raikes.

"Orders! No—stay a moment. Have many gone away this morning?"

"Nearly all, sir. Except your family and Mr. Maitland, there's nobody left but Major Clough; and he's going, I believe, with Dr. Reede."

"You've heard nothing of Mr. Maitland going; have you?"

"Oh, yes, sir! his man sent for post-horses about an hour ago."

Muttering impatiently below his breath, Mark opened the window and passed out upon the lawn. What an unlucky turn had everything taken! It was but a week ago, and his friend Maitland was in high delight with all around him. The country, the scenery, the people, were all charming,—indeed, in the intervals between the showers, he had a good word to say for the climate. As for Lyle Abbey, he pronounced it the perfection of a country-house; and Mark actually speculated on the time when these opinions of his distinguished friend would have acquired a certain currency, and the judgment of one that none disputed would be recorded of his father's house. And all these successes were now to be reversed by this stupid old sailor's folly,—insanity he might call it; for what other word could characterize the pretension that could claim Norman Maitland for a son-in-law?—Maitland, that might have married, if the law would have let him, half a score of infantas and archduchesses, and who had but to choose throughout Europe the alliance that would suit him. And Alice,—what could Alice mean by this impertinent tone she was taking toward him? Had the great man's patience given way under it all, and was he really going away, wearied and tired out?

While Mark thus doubted and reasoned and questioned, Maitland was seated at his breakfast at one side of the fire, while Dr. Reede confronted him at the other.

Though Maitland had sent a message to say he wished to see the doctor, he only gave him now a divided attention, being deeply engaged, even as he talked, in deciphering a telegram which had just reached him, and

which was only intelligible through a key to the cipher.

"So then, doctor, it is simply the return of an old attack,—a thing to be expected, in fact, at his time of life?"

"Precisely, sir. He had one last autumn twelvemonth, brought on by a fit of passion. The old commodore gives way rather to temper."

"Ah! gives way, does he?" muttered Maitland, while he mumbled below his breath, "seventeen thousand and four D x X, and a gamba—a very large blood-letting." By the way, doctor, is not bleeding—bleeding largely—a critical remedy with a man of seventy-six or seven?"

"Very much so, indeed, sir; and if you observe, I only applied some leeches to the *nucha*. You misapprehended me in thinking I took blood from him freely."

"Oh, yes, very true," said Maitland, recovering himself. "I have no doubt you treated him with great judgment. It is a case, too, for much caution. Forty-seven and two G.'s," and he hastily turned over the leaves of his little book, muttering continually, "and two G.'s, forty-six, forty-seven, with two B.'s, two F.'s. Ah! here it is. Shivering attacks are dangerous—are they—in these cases?"

"In which cases?" asked the doctor; for his shrewd intelligence at once perceived the double object which Maitland was trying to contemplate.

"In a word, then," continued Maitland, not heeding the doctor's question, but bending his gaze fixedly on the piece of paper before him, scrawled over and blotted by his own hand,—“in a word, then, a man of seventy seized with paralysis, and, though partially rallied by bleeding, attacked with shivering, is in a very critical state? But how long might he live in that way?"

"We are not now speaking of Commodore Graham, I apprehend?" asked the doctor, slyly.

"No; I am simply putting a case,—a possible case. Doctors, I know, are not fond of these imagined emergencies; lawyers like them."

"Doctors dislike them," broke in Reede, "because they are never given to them in any completeness—every important sign of pulse and tongue and temperature omitted"—

"Of course you are right," said Maitland, crumpling up the telegram and the other papers; "and now for the commodore. You are not apprehensive of anything serious, I hope?"

"It's an anxious case, sir,—a very anxious case; he's eighty-four."

"Eighty-four!" repeated Maitland, to whom the words conveyed a considerable significance:

"Eighty-four!" repeated the other once more. "No one would suspect it. Why, Sally Graham is the same age as my wife; they were at school together."

Too polite to push a question which involved a double-shotted answer, Maitland merely said, "Indeed!" and after a slight pause, added, "You said, I think, that the road to Dundalk led past Commodore Graham's cottage?"

"By the very gate."

"May I offer you a seat with me? I am going that way. I have received news which calls me suddenly to England."

"I thank you much; but I have some visits yet to make before I return to Port Graham. I promised to stop the night there."

Having charged the doctor to convey to the commodore's daughters his sincere regret for their father's illness, and his no less sincere hope of a speedy recovery, Maitland endeavored, in recognition of a preliminary question or two about himself, to press the acceptance of a fee; but the doctor, armed with that self-respect and tact his profession so eminently upholds, refused to accept it, and took his leave, perhaps well requited in having seen and spoken with the great Mr. Norman Maitland of whom half the country round were daily talking.

"Mr. Maitland is not ill, I hope?" said Alice, as she met the doctor on his way through the garden.

"No, Mrs. Trafford; I have been making a friendly call—no more," said the doctor, rather vain that he could thus designate his visit; and with a few words of advice about her sister, he went his way. Alice, meanwhile, saw that Maitland had observed her from his window, and rightly guessed that he would soon be in search of her.

With that feminine instinct that never deceives in such cases, she determined that whatever was to pass between them should

be undisturbed. She selected a most unfrequented path, bordered on one side by the high laurel-hedge, and on the other by a little rivulet, beyond which lay some rich meadows, backed in the distance by a thick plantation.

She had not gone far when she heard a short, quick footstep behind her, and in a few minutes Maitland was at her side. "You forgot to liberate me," said he, "so I had to break my arrest."

"Signor mio, you must forgive me—we have had such a morning of confusion and trouble: first Bella ill—not seriously but confined to bed; and then this poor old commodore—the doctor has told you all about it; and, last of all, Mark storming about the house, and angry with every one for having caught cold or a fever, and so disgusted (the great) Mr. Maitland that he is actually hurrying away with a vow to Heaven never more to put foot in Ireland."

"Be a little serious, and tell me of your mission this morning," said he, gravely.

"Three words will do it. We reached Port Graham just as the doctor arrived there. The commodore, it seemed, got home all safe by about four o'clock in the morning, and instead of going to bed, ordered a fire in his dressing-room, and a bottle of mulled port; with which aids to comfort he sat down to write. It would not appear, however, that he had got far in his correspondence; for at six, when his man entered, he found but two lines, and his master, as he thought, fast asleep, but which proved to be a fit of some kind; for he was perfectly insensible. He rallied, however, and recognized his servant, and asked for the girls. And now Dr. Reede thinks that the danger has in a great measure passed off, and that all will go well."

"It is most unhappy—most unhappy," muttered Maitland. "I am sincerely sorry for it all."

"Of course you are, though perhaps not really to blame,—at least not blamable in a high degree."

"Not in any degree, Mrs. Trafford."

"That must be a matter of opinion. At all events, your secret is safe; for the old man has totally forgotten all that occurred last night between you; and lest any clew to it should remain, I carried away the begin-

ning of the letter he was writing. Here it is."

"How thoughtfully done!" said he, as he took the paper and read aloud, "'Dear Trip-hook, come over and help me to a shot at a rascal'—not civil, certainly—'at a rascal, that, because he calls himself'—It was well he got no farther," added he, with a faint smile.

"A good, bold hand it is, too, for such an old man. I declare, Mr. Maitland, I think your usual luck must have befriended you here. The fingers that held the pen so steadily might have been just as unshaken with the pistol."

There was something so provocative in her tone that Maitland detected the speech at once, and became curious to trace it to a cause. At this sally, however, he only smiled in silence.

"I tried to persuade Mark to drive over and see Tony Butler," continued she; "but he wouldn't consent: in fact, a general impulse to be disobliging would appear to have seized on the world just now. Don't you think so?"

"By the way, I forgot to tell you that your *protégé*, Butler, refuses to accept my offer. I got three lines from him, very dry and concise, saying 'No' to me. Of course I trust to your discretion never to disclose the negotiation in any way. I myself shall never speak of it; indeed, I am very little given to doing civil things, and even less accustomed to finding them ill received, so that my secrecy is insured."

"He ought not to have refused," said she, thoughtfully.

"Perhaps not."

"He ought certainly to have given the matter more consideration. I wish I could have been consulted by him. Is it too late yet?"

"I suspect it is," said he, dryly. "First of all, as I told you, I am little in the habit of meeting a repulse; and, secondly, there is no time to renew the negotiation. I must leave this to-day."

"To-day?"

"Within an hour," added he, looking at his watch; "I must manage to reach Dublin in time to catch the mail-packet to-morrow morning."

"This is very sudden, this determination."

"Yes, I am called away by tidings I received awhile ago,—tidings of, to me, the deepest importance."

"Mark will be extremely sorry," said she, in a low tone.

"Not sorrier than I am," said he, despondently.

"We all counted on your coming back with us to the Abbey; and it was only awhile ago Bella begged that we should wait here for a day or two, that we might return together, a family party."

"What a flattery there is in the phrase!" said he, with deep feeling.

"You don't know," continued she, "what a favorite you are with my mother. I dare not trust myself to repeat how she speaks of you."

"Why will you multiply my regrets, Mrs. Trafford?—why will you make my parting so very, very painful?"

"Because I prefer that you should stay; because I speak in the name of a whole house who will be afflicted at your going."

"You have told me of all save one," said he, in a tone of deepest feeling; "I want to learn what she thinks."

"She thinks that if Mr. Maitland's good, nature be only on a par with his other qualities, he would sooner face the tiresomeness of a stupid house than make the owners of it feel that they bored him.

"She does not think anything of the kind," said he, with a peculiar smile. "She knows that there is no question of good-nature or of boredom in the matter at all; but there is something at stake far more touching than either." He waited to see if she would speak; but as she was silent, he went on. "I will be honest, if you will not. I am not going away of my free will. I have been called by a telegram this morning to the Continent; the matter is so pressing that—shall I confess it?—if this stupid meeting with the commodore had been arranged, I should have been a defaulter. Yes, I'd have made, I don't well know what explanation to account for my absence. I can imagine what comments would have been passed upon my conduct. I feel very painfully, too, for the part I should have left to such of my friends here as would defend me, and yet have not a fragment to guide their defence. And still, with all these before me, I repeat, I would have gone away, so imminent is the case that calls

ne, and so much is the matter one that involves the whole future of my life. And now," said he, while his voice became fuller and bolder, "that I have told you this, I am ready to tell you more, and to say that at one word of yours—one little word—I'll remain."

"And what may that word be?" said she, quietly; for while he was speaking she had been preparing herself for some such issue.

"I need not tell you," said he, gravely.

"Supposing, then, that I guess it—I am not sure that I do—but suppose that—and could it not be just as well said by another—by Bella, for instance?"

"You know it could not. This is only fencing; for you know it could not."

"You mean, in fact, that I should say, Don't go?"

"I do."

"Well, I'm willing enough to say so, if my words are not to convey more than I intend by them."

"I'll risk even that," said he, quickly.

"Put your name to the bond, and we'll let lawyers declare what it is worth after."

"You frighten me, Mr. Maitland," said she, and her tone showed that now, at least, she was sincere.

"Listen to me for one moment, Alice," said he, taking her hand as he walked beside her. "You are fully as much the mistress of your fate as I am master of mine. You may consult, but you need not obey. Had it been otherwise, I never would have dared on a hardihood that would probably have wrecked my hopes. It is just as likely I never could satisfy the friends about you on the score of my fortune—my means—my station, and so on. It is possible, too, that scandal, which makes free with better men, may not have spared *me*, and that they who would have the right to advise you might say, Beware of that dreadful man. I repeat, this is an ordeal my pride would feel it hard to pass through; and so I come to you in all frankness, and declare I love you. To you—*you alone*—I will give every guarantee that a man may give of his honor and honesty. I will tell all my past, and so much as I mean for the future; and in return I only ask for time,—nothing but time, Alice. I am not asking you for any pledge, simply that you will give me—what you would not have refused a mere acquaintance—the happiness

of seeing you daily; and if—if, I say, you yourself should not deem the hand and the love I offer beneath you,—if you should be satisfied with the claims of him who would share his fortune with you,—that then—not till then—others should hear of it. Is this too much for me to ask, or you to give, Alice?"

"Even now I do not know what you ask of me."

"First of all, that you bid me stay."

"It is but this moment you have declared to me that what calls you away is of the very last importance to you in life."

"The last but one, Alice; the last is here;" and he kissed her hand as he spoke, but still with an air so deferent that she could not resent it.

"I cannot consent that it shall be so," said she, with energy. "It is true I am my own mistress, and there is but the greater reason why I should be more cautious. We are almost strangers to each other. All the flattery of your professions—and of course I feel it as flattery—does not blind me to the fact that I scarcely know you at all."

"Why not consent to know me more?" asked he, almost imploringly.

"I agree, if no pledge is to accompany my consent."

"Is not this a somewhat hard condition?" said he, with a voice of passionate meaning. "You bid me, in one word, place all that I have of hope on the issue,—not even on that, but simply for leave to play the game. Is this generous, Alice?—is it even just?"

"You bewilder me with all these subtleties, and I might ask if this were either just or generous; but at least I will be frank. I like you very well. I think it not at all impossible that I might like you better; but even after that, Mr. Maitland, there would be a long stage to travel to that degree of regard which you profess to desire from me. Do I make myself understood?"

"Too well, for me and my hopes!" said he, despondingly. "You are able, however, to impose hard conditions."

"I impose none, sir. Do not mistake me."

"You leave none others open to me, at least, and I accept them. To give me even that faint chance of success, however, I must leave this to-day. Is it not better I should?"

"I really cannot advise," said she, with a well-assumed coldness.

"Even contingently Mrs. Trafford will not involve herself in my fortunes," said he, half haughtily. "Well, my journey to Ireland, amongst other benefits, has taught me a lesson that all my wanderings never imparted. I have at last learned something of humility. Good-by."

"Good-by, Mr. Maitland," said she, with calm, but evidently not without effort.

He stooped and kissed her hand, held it for a moment or two in his own, and with a very faint good-by, turned away and left her. He turned suddenly around, after a few paces, and came back. "May I ask one question, Alice, before I go?"

"I don't know whether I shall answer it," said she, with a faint smile.

"I cannot afford to add jealousy to my other torments. Tell me, then"—

"Take care, sir—take care; your question may cost you more than you think of."

"Good-by—good-by," said he, sadly, and departed. "Are the horses ready; Fenton?" asked he, as his servant came to meet him.

"Yes, sir; and Captain Lyle has been looking for you all over the garden."

"He's going—he's off, Bella," said Alice, as she sat down beside her sister's bed, throwing her bonnet carelessly down at her feet.

"Who is going?—who is off?" asked Bella, eagerly.

"Of course," continued Alice, following up her own thoughts, "to say 'stay' means more than I like to be pledged to; I couldn't do it."

"Poor Tony!—give him my love, Alice, and tell him I shall often think of him,—as often as ever I think of bygone days and all their happiness."

"And why must it be Tony that I spoke of?" said Alice, rising, while a deep crimson flush covered her face and brow. "I think Master Tony has shown us latterly that he has forgotten the long ago, and has no wish to connect us with thoughts of the future."

CHAPTER XXX. CONSPIRATORS.

In one of those low-ceilinged apartments of a Parisian *hotel* which modern luxury seems peculiarly to affect, decorating the walls with the richest hangings, and gather-

ing together promiscuously objects of art and *vertu*, along with what can minister to voluptuous ease, Maitland and Caffarelli were now seated. They had dined, and their coffee stood before them on a table spread with a costly dessert and several bottles, whose length of neck and color indicated choice liquor.

They lounged in the easiest of chairs in the easiest of attitudes, and, as they puffed their Havannahs, did not ill represent in tableau the luxurious self-indulgence of the age we live in; for let us talk as we will of progress and mental activity, be as boastful as we may about the march of science and discovery, in what are we so really conspicuous as in the inventions that multiply ease, and bring the means of indulgence within the reach of even moderate fortune?

As the wood-fire crackled and flared on the ample hearth, a heavy plash of hail struck the window, and threatened almost to smash it.

"What a night!" said Maitland, drawing closer to the blaze. "I say, Carlo mio, it's somewhat cosier to sit in this fashion than be toddling over the Mont Cenis in a shabby old sledge, and listening to the discussion whether you are to spend the night in the 'Refuge No. One' or 'No. Two.'"

"Yes," said Caffarelli, "it must have been a great relief to you to have got my telegram in Dublin, and to know that you need not cross the Alps."

"If I could only have been certain that I understood it aright, I'd have gone straight back to the North from whence I came; but there was a word that puzzled me,—the word '*calamità*.' Now we have not yet arrived at the excellence of accenting foreign words in our telegraph offices; and as your most amiable and philosophical of all nations has but the same combination of letters to express an attraction and an affliction, I was sorely puzzled to make out whether you wrote with or without an accent on the last syllable. It made all the difference in the world whether you say events are a 'load-stone' or a 'misfortune.' I gave half an hour to the study of the passage, and then came on."

"Per Bacco! I never thought of that; but what, under any circumstances, would have induced you to go back again?"

"I fell in love!"

Caffarelli pushed the lamp aside to have a better view of his friend, and then laughed long and heartily. "Maso Arretini used often to say, 'Maitland will die a monk;' and I begin now to believe it is quite possible."

"Maso was a fool for his prediction. Had I meant to be a monk, I'd have taken to the cowl when I had youth and vigor and dash in me, the qualities a man ought to bring to a new career. Ha! what is there so strange in the fact that I should fall in love?"

"Don't ask as if you were offended with me, and I'll try and tell you."

"I am calm; go on."

"First of all, Maitland, no easy conquest would satisfy your vanity, and you'd never have patience to pursue a difficult one. Again, the objects that really have an attraction for you—such as Ambition and Power—have the same fascination for you that high play has for a gambler. You do not admit nor understand any other; and, last of all,—one is nothing if not frank in these cases,—you'd never believe any woman was lovely enough, clever enough, or graceful enough to be worthy of Norman Maitland."

"The candor has been perfect. I'll try and imitate it," said Maitland, filling his glass slowly, and slightly wetting his lips. "All you have just said, Carlo, would be unimpeachable if all women were your countrywomen, and if love were what it is understood to be in an Italian city; but there are such things in this dreary land of fog and snow-drift as women who do not believe intrigue to be the chief object of human existence, who have fully as much self-respect as they have coquetry, and who would regard no addresses so offensive as those that would reduce them to the level of a class with which they would not admit companionship."

"Bastions of virtue that I never ask to lay siege to!" broke out the other, laughing.

"Don't believe it, Carlo. You'd like the campaign well if you only knew how to conduct it. Why, it's not more than a week ago I quitted a country-house where there were more really pretty women than you could number in the crowd of one of your ball-rooms on either Arno or Tiber."

"And, in the name of Heaven, why didn't you bring over one of them, at least, to strike us with wonderment and devotion?"

"Because I would not bring envy, malice, and jealousy to all south of the Alps; because I would not turn all your heads, or torment your hearts; and, lastly, because—she wouldn't come. No, Carlo, she wouldn't come."

"And you really asked her?"

"Yes. At first I made the lamentable blunder of addressing her as I should one of your own dark-skinned damsels; but the repulse I met taught me better. I next tried the serious line; but I failed there also,—not hopelessly, however,—at least not so hopelessly as to deter me from another attempt. Yes, yes; I understand your smile; and I know your theory,—there never was a bunch of grapes yet that was worth going on tip-toe to gather."

"Not that; but there are scores within reach quite as good as one cares for," said Caffarelli, laughing. "What are you thinking of?" asked he, after a pause.

"I was thinking what possible hope there was for a nation of twenty millions of men, with temperament like yours,—fellows so ingrained in indolence that the first element they weigh in every enterprise was, how little trouble it was to cost them."

"I declare," said the Italian, with more show of energy, "I'd hold life as cheaply as yourself if I had to live in your country—breathe only fogs, and inhale nothing pleasanter than coal-smoke."

"It is true," said Maitland, gravely, "the English have not got climate,—they have only weather; but who is to say if out of the vicissitudes of our skies we do not derive that rare activity which makes us profit by every favorable emergency?"

"To do every conceivable thing but one."

"And what is that one?"

"Enjoy yourselves! Oh, caro amico, you do with regard to your pleasures what you do with your music,—you steal a little from the Continent, and always spoil it in the adaptation."

Maitland sipped his wine in half-sullen silence for some minutes, and then said, "You think then, really, we ought to be at Naples?"

"I am sure of it. Baretto—do you forget Baretto? He had the wine-shop at the end of the Contrada St. Lucia."

"I remember him as a Camorista."

"The same; he is here now. He tells me

that the court is so completely in the hands of the queen that they will not hear of any danger; that they laugh every time Cavour is mentioned; and now that both France and England have withdrawn their envoys, the king says openly, "It is a pleasure to drive out on the Chiaja when one knows they'll not meet a French gendarme or an English detective."

"And what does Baretto say of popular feeling?"

"He says the people would like to do something, though nobody seems to know what it ought to be. They thought that Milano's attempt t'other day was clever, and they think it mightn't be bad to blow up the emperor, or perhaps the pope, or both; but he also says that the Camorra are open to reason, and that Victor Emmanuel and Cavour are as legitimate food for an explosive shell as the others; and, in fact, any convulsion that will smash the shutters and lead to pillage must be good."

"You think Baretto can be depended on?"

"I know he can. He has been Capo Camorista eight years in one of the vilest quarters of Naples; and if there were a suspicion of him, he'd have been stabbed long ago."

"And what is he doing here?"

"He came here to see whether anything could be done about assassinating the emperor."

"I'd not have seen him, Carlo. It was most unwise to have spoken with him."

"What would you have?" said the other, with a shrug of his shoulders. "He comes to set this clock to rights,—it plays some half-dozen airs from Mercadante and Verdi,—and he knows how to arrange them. He goes every morning to the Tuileries, to Moccuard, the emperor's secretary; he, too, has an Italian musical clock, and he likes to chat with Baretto."

"I distrust these fellows greatly."

"That is so English?" said Caffarelli; "but we Italians have a finer instinct for knavery, just as we have a finer ear for music; and as we detect a false note, so we smell a treachery, where you John Bulls would neither suspect one nor the other. Baretto sees the Prince Napoleon, too, almost every day, and with Pietri he is like a brother."

"But we can have no dealings with a fellow that harbors such designs."

"Caro amico, don't you know by this time that no Italian of the class of this fellow ever imagines any other disentanglement in a political question than by the stiletto? It is you, or I, or somebody else, must, as they phrase it, 'pay with his skin.' Fortunately for the world, there is more talk than action in all this; but if you were to oppose it, and say, 'None of this,' you'd only be the first victim. We put the knife in politics just as the Spanish put garlic in cookery: we don't know any other seasoning, and it has always agreed with our digestion."

"Can Giacomo come in to wind up the clock, Eccellenza?" said Caffarelli's servant, entering at the moment; and as the count nodded an assent, a fat, large, bright-eyed man of about forty entered, with a mellow, frank countenance, and an air of happy, joyous contentment that might have sat admirably on a well-to-do farmer.

"Come over and have a glass of wine, Giacomo," said the count, filling a large glass to the brim with Burgundy; and the Italian bowed with an air of easy politeness, first to the count and next to Maitland, and then, after slightly tasting the liquor, retired a little distance from the table, glass in hand.

"My friend here," said the count, with a motion of his hand towards Maitland, "is one of ourselves, Giacomo, and you may speak freely before him."

"I have seen the noble signor before," said Giacomo, bowing respectfully, "at Naples, with His Royal Highness the Count of Syracuse."

"The fellow never forgets a face; nobody escapes him," muttered Caffarelli; while he added, aloud, "Well, there are few honest patriots in Italy than the Count of Syracuse."

Giacomo smiled, and showed a range of white teeth, with a pleasant air of acquiescence.

"And what is stirring?—what news have you for us, Giacomo?" asked Caffarelli.

"Nothing, Eccellenza,—positively nothing. The French seem rather to be growing tired of us Italians, and begin to ask, 'What, in the name of wonder, do we really want?' and even his majesty the emperor t'other day said to one of ours, 'Don't be importunate.'"

"And will you tell me that the emperor would admit to his presence and speak with fellows banded in a plot against his life?" asked Maitland, contemptuously.

"Does the noble signor know that the emperor was a Carbonaro once, and that he never forgets it? Does the noble signor know that there has not been one plot against his life—not one—of which he has not been duly apprised and warned?"

"If I understand you aright, Master Giacomo, then, it is that these alleged schemes of assassination are simply plots to deliver up to the emperor the two or three amongst you who may be sincere in their bloodthirstiness. Is that so?"

Far from seeming offended at the tone or tenor of this speech, Giacomo smiled good-naturedly, and said, "I perceive that the noble signor is not well informed either as to our objects or our organization; nor does he appear to know, as your excellency knows; that all secret societies have a certain common brotherhood."

"What! does he mean when opposed to each other?"

"He does, and he is right, Maitland. As bankers have their changing-houses, these fellows have their appointed places of meeting; and you might see a Jesuit in talk with a Garibaldian, and a wild revolutionist with one of the pope's household."

"The real pressure of these fellows," whispered the count, still lower, "is menace! Menace it was that brought about the war with Austria, and it remains to be seen if menace cannot undo its consequences. Killing a king is trying an unknown remedy; threatening to kill him is coercing his policy. And what are you about just now, Giacomo?" added he, louder.

"Little jobs here and there, signor, as I get them; but this morning, as I was mending a small organ at the Duc de Broglie's, an agent of the police called to say I had better leave Paris."

"And when?"

"To-night, sir. I leave by the midnight mail for Lyons, and shall be in Turin by Saturday."

"And will the authorities take his word, and suffer him to go his road without surveillance?" whispered Maitland.

"Si, signore!" interposed Giacomo, whose quick Italian ear had caught the question.

"I won't say that they'll not telegraph down the whole line, and that at every station a due report will not be made of me: but I am prepared for that, and I take good care not even to ask a light for my cigar from any one who does not wear a French uniform?"

"If I had authority here, Master Giacomo," said Maitland, "it's not you, nor fellows like you, I'd set at liberty."

"And the noble signor would make a great mistake, that's all."

"Why so?"

"It would be like destroying the telegraph wires because one received an unpleasant despatch," said Giacomo, with a grin.

"The fellow avows, then, that he is a spy, and betrays his fellows," whispered Maitland.

"I'd be very sorry to tell him so, or hear you tell him so," whispered the count, with a laugh.

"Well, Giacomo," added he, aloud, "I'll not detain you longer. We shall probably be on t'other side of the Alps ourselves in a few days, and shall meet again. A pleasant journey and a safe one to you;" he adroitly slipped some napoleons into the man's hand as he spoke. "*Tanti saluti* to all our friends, Giacomo," said he, waving his hand in adieu; and Giacomo seized it and kissed it twice with an almost rapturous devotion, and withdrew.

"Well," cried Maitland, with an irritable vibration in his tone, "this is clear and clean beyond me! What can you or I have in common with a fellow of this stamp? or supposing that we could have anything, how should we trust him?"

"Do you imagine that the nobles will ever sustain the monarchy, my dear Maitland? or in what country have you ever found that the highest in class were freest of their blood? It is Giacomo and the men like him who defend kings to-day that they may menace them to-morrow. These fellows know well that with what is called a constitutional government and a parliament the king's life signifies next to nothing, and their own trade is worthless. They might as well shoot a President of the Court of Cassation! Besides, if we do not treat with these men, the others will. Take my word for it, our king is wiser than either of us, and he never despised the Camorra. But I know what

you're afraid of, Maitland," said he, laughing,—“what you and all your countrymen tremble before,—that precious thing you call public opinion, and your *Times* newspaper! There's the whole of it. To be arraigned as a regicide, and called the companion of this, that, or t'other creature, who was or ought to have been guillotined, is too great a shock for your Anglican respectability; and really I had fancied you were Italian enough to take a different view of this.”

Maitland leaned his head on his hand, and seemed to muse for some minutes. “Do you know, Carlo,” said he at last, “I don't think I'm made for this sort of thing. This fraternizing with scoundrels—for scoundrels they are—is a rude lesson. This waiting for the *mot d'ordre* from a set of fellows who work in the dark is not to my humor. I had hoped for a fair, stand-up fight, where the best man should win; and what do we see before us? Not the cause of a throne defended by the men who are loyal to their king, but a vast lottery, out of which any adventurer is to draw the prize. So far as I can see it, we are to go into a revolution to secure a monarchy.”

Caffarelli leaned across the table and filled Maitland's glass to the brim, and then replenished his own.

“Caro mio,” said he, coaxingly, “don't brood and despond in this fashion, but tell me about this charming Irish beauty. Is she a brunette?”

“No; fair as a lily, but not like the blonde damsels you have so often seen, with a certain timidity of look that tells of weak and uncertain purpose. She might by her air and beauty be a queen.”

“And her name?”

“Alice. Alicia, you'd call it.”

“Alice is better. And how came she to be a widow so very young? What is her story?”

“I know nothing about it; how should I? I could tell nothing of my own,” said Maitland, sternly.

“Rich as well as beautiful! What a prize, Maitland! I can scarcely imagine why you hesitate about securing it.”

Maitland gave a scornful laugh, and with a voice of bitterness said, “Certainly my pretensions are great. I have fortune—station—family—name—and rank to offer her.

Can you not remind me, Carlo, of some other of my immense advantages?”

“I know this much,” said the other, doggedly, “that I never saw you fail in anything you ever attempted.”

“I had the trick of success once,” said Maitland, sorrowfully, “but I seem to have lost it. But, after all, what would success do for me here, but stamp me as an adventurer?”

“You did not argue in that fashion two years ago when you were going to marry a Spanish princess, and the half-sister of a queen.”

“Well, I have never regretted that I broke off the match. It estranged me, of course, from *him*; and indeed, he has never forgiven me.”

“He might, however, now, if he saw that you could establish your fortunes so favorably; don't you think so?”

“No, Carlo. It is all for rank and title, not for money, that he cares! His whole game in life was played for the Peerage. He wanted to be ‘My Lord;’ and though repeatedly led to believe he was to have the title, the minister put off, and put off, and at last fell from power without keeping his pledge. Now in this Spanish business he bargained that I was to be a duke,—a grandee of Spain. The queen declared it impossible. Munos himself was refused. The dukedom, however, I could have. With the glitter of that ducal coronet before his eyes, he paid three hundred thousand francs I lost at the Jockey Club in Paris, and he merely said, ‘Your luck in love has been somewhat costly; don't play such high stakes again.’”

“He is *trés grand seigneur*!” said the Italian, with a voice of intense admiration and respect.

“Yes,” said Maitland; “in every case where mere money enters, he is princely. I never met a man who thought less of his gold. The strange thing is, that it is his ambition which exhibits him so small!”

“Adagio, adagio, caro mio!” cried Caffarelli, laughing. “I see where you are bound for now. You are going to tell me, as you have some scores of times, that to all English estimation our foreign titles are sheer nonsense; that our pauper counts and beggarly dukes are laughing matter for even your Manchester folk; and that in your police

code baron and blackleg are synonyms. Now, spare me all this, caro Maitland; for I know it by heart."

"If one must say such impertinences, it is well to say them to a cardinal's nephew."

The slight flush of temper in the Italian's cheek gave way at once, and he laughed good-humoredly as he said, "Better say them to me, certainly, than to my uncle. But, to be practical, if he does attach so much importance to rank and title, why do you not take that countship of Amalfi the king offered you six months ago, and which to this day he is in doubt whether you have accepted or refused?"

"How do you know that?" asked Maitland, eagerly.

"I know it in this wise: that when His Majesty mentioned your name to other day to Filangieri, he said, 'The Chevalier Maitland or Count of Amalfi,—I don't know by which name he likes to call himself.'"

"Are you sure of this?"

"I heard it; I was present when he said it."

"If I did not accept, when it was offered, the reason was this: I thought that the first time I wrote myself Count of Amalfi, old Santarelli would summon me before him to show birth and parentage, and fifty other particulars which I could have no wish to see inquired after; and, as the title of Amalfi was one once borne by a cadet of the royal family, he'd have been all the more exacting in his perquisitions before inscribing my name in that precious volume he calls the 'Libro d'Oro.' If, however, you tell me that the king considers that I have accepted the rank, it gives the matter another aspect."

"I suspect poor old Santarelli has very little heart for heraldry just now. He has got a notion that the first man the Revolutionists will hang will be himself, representing, as he does, all the privileges of feudalism."

"There is one way to do it, if it could be managed," said Maitland, pondering,— "three lines, in the king's hand, addressing me 'The Chevalier Maitland, Count of Amalfi!' With these I'd defy all the heralds that ever carried a painted coat in a procession."

"If that be all, I'll promise you it. I am writing to Filangieri to-morrow. Let me have some details of what men you have recruited and what services you have rendered,

briefly, not formally; and I'll say, 'If our master would vouchsafe in his own hand a line, a word even, to the Count of Amalfi, it would be a recompense he would not exchange for millions.' I'll say that the letter could be sent to Ludolf at Turin, where we shall probably be in a week or two."

"And do you think the king will accede?"

"Of course he will. We are not asking for a pension, or leave to shoot at Caserta. The thing is the same as done. Kings like a cheap road out of their indebtedness as well as humbler people. If not, they would never have invented crosses and grand cordons."

"Now, let us concoct the thing regularly," said Maitland, passing the decanters from him, as though, by a gesture, to show that he had turned from all conviviality to serious considerations. "You," continued he, "will first of all write to Filangieri."

"Yes. I will say, half incidentally, as it were, 'Maitland is here with me, as eager as the warmest of us in the cause. He has been eminently successful in his recruitment, of which he will soon send you details'"—

"Ay, but now, that fellow M'Caskey, who has all the papers, did not meet me as I ordered him, and I cannot tell where he is."

"I am to blame for this, Maitland; for I ordered him to come over here, as the most certain of all ways of seeing you."

"And he is here now?"

"Yes. Arrived last night. In the hope of your arrival, I gave him a rendezvous here,—any hour from ten to one or two to-night,—and we shall soon see him."

"I must confess, I don't care how brief the interview: the man is not at all to my liking."

"You are not likely to be much bored by him here, at least."

"How do you mean?"

"The police are certain to hear of his arrival, and to give him a friendly hint to arrange his private affairs with all convenient despatch, and move off."

"With what party or section do they connect him?"

"With how many? you might perhaps ask; for I take it he has held office with every shade of opinion, and intrigued for any cause from Henry V. to the reddest republicanism. The authorities, however, always

deal with a certain courtesy to a man of this sort. They intimate, simply, 'We are aware you are here; we know pretty well for what; and so, don't push us to any disagreeable measures, but cross over into Belgium or Switzerland.' M'Caskey himself told me he was recognized as he drew up at the hotel, and in consequence thinks he shall have to go on in a day or two."

"Is not the fellow's vanity in some measure a reason for this? Does he not rather plume himself on being 'l'homme dange-reux' to all Europe?"

"In conversation he would certainly give this idea, but not in fact. He is marvellously adroit in all his dealings with the authorities, and in nothing is he more subtle than in the advantage he takes of his own immense conceit. He invariably makes it appear that vanity is his weak point; or, as he phrases it himself, 'I always show my adversary so much of my hand as will mislead him.'"

"And is he really as deep as all this would imply?"

"Very deep for an Englishman; fully able to cope with the cunningest of his own people, but a child amongst ours, Maitland."

Maitland laughed scornfully as he said, "For the real work of life all your craft avails little. No man ever cut his way through a wood with a penknife, were it ever so sharp."

"The Count M'Caskey, Eccellenza, desires to know if you receive?" said Caffarelli's servant, in a low tone.

"Yes, certainly, but do not admit any one else."

Very significant—but very differently significant—were the looks that passed between Maitland and Caffarelli in the brief interval before M'Caskey entered. At last the door was flung wide, and the distinguished major appeared in full evening dress, one side of his coat a blaze of stars and crosses, while in front of his cravat he wore the ribbon and collar of some very showy order. Nothing could be easier than his *entrée*,—nothing less embarrassed than his salutation to each in turn, as, throwing his white gloves into his hat, he drew over to the table, and began to search for an unused wine-glass.

"Here is a glass," said Caffarelli. "What will you drink? This is Bordeaux, and this is some sort of Hock; this is Moselle."

"Hand me the sherry; I am chilly. I

have been chilly all day, and went out to dine against my will."

"Where did you dine?"

"With Plon-Plon," said he, languidly.

"With the Prince Napolcon?" asked Maitland, incredulously.

"Yes; he insisted on it. I wrote to him to say that La Verrier, the sous-prefet, had invited me to make as short a delay at Paris as was consistent with my perfect convenience—the police euphuism for twenty-four hours; and I said, 'Pray excuse me at dinner; for I shall want to see Caffarelli.' But he wouldn't take any apology, and I went, and we really were very pleasant."

"Who was there?" asked Caffarelli.

"Only seven altogether; Bagration and his pretty niece; an Aldobrandini Countess—bygone, but still handsome; Joseph Poniatowsky; Botrain, of 'La Patrie' and your humble servant. Fould, I think, was expected, but did not come. Fearfully hot, this sherry; don't you think so?"

Maitland looked superbly defiant, and turned his head away without ceremony. Caffarelli, however, came quickly to the rescue by pushing over a bottle of Burgundy, and saying, "And it was a pleasant party?"

"Yes, decidedly pleasant," said M'Caskey, with the air of one pronouncing a judicial opinion. "The women were nice, very well dressed,—the little Russian especially; and then we talked away as people only do talk in Paris, where there is none of that rotten cant of London, and no subject discussed but the little trivialities of daily life."

Caffarelli's eyes sparkled with mischievous delight as he watched the expansive vanity in M'Caskey's face, and the disgust that darkened in Maitland's. "We had a little of everything," said M'Caskey, with his head thrown back and two fingers of one hand jauntily stuck in his waistcoat-pocket. "We had politics—Plon-Plon's own peculiar politics,—Europe a democracy, and himself the head of it. We discussed dinners and dinner-givers,—a race fast dying out. We talked a little finance, and lastly, women."

"Your own theme!" said Caffarelli, with a slight inclination of the head.

"Without vanity, I might say it was. Poor old D'Orsay always said, 'Scratch M'Caskey, and I'll back myself for success against any man in Europe.'"

Maitland started as if a viper had bitten

him, but by an effort he seemed to restrain himself, and taking out his cigar-case, began a diligent search for a cigar.

"Ha, cheroots, I see!" cried M'Caskey; "cheroots are a weakness of mine. Pick me out a well-spotted one; will you?"

Maitland threw the case as it was across the table to him without a word.

M'Caskey selected some six or eight, and laid them beside him. "You are low, depressed this evening, Maitland," said he; "what's the matter with you?"

"No, sir, not depressed,—disgusted."

"Ah, disgusted!" said M'Caskey, slowly, and his small eyes twinkled like two balls of fire. "Would it be indiscreet to ask the cause?"

"It would be very indiscreet, Count M'Caskey," interposed Caffarelli, "to forget that you are here purely on a grave matter of business,—far too grave to be compromised by any forgetfulness on the score of temper."

"Yes, sir," broke in Maitland; "there can always be found a fitting time and place to arrange any small questions outstanding between you and me. We want now to learn something of what you have done in Ireland lately, for the king's service."

M'Caskey drew from his pocket a much-worn pocket-book; crammed to bursting with a variety of loose papers, cards, and photographs, which fell about as he opened it. Not heeding the disorder, he sought out a particular page, and read aloud: "Embarked this twenty-second of September at Gravesend, on board the *Ocean Queen*, bound for Messina with machinery, two hundred and eleven laborers,—laborers engaged for two years, to work on the state railroads; twenty-eight do. do. on board of the *Star of Swansea*, for Molo de Gaeta with coals—making, with three hundred and eighty-two already despatched, within about thirty of the first battalion of the Cacciatori di St. Patrick."

"Well done! bravissimo!" cried Caffarelli, right glad to seize upon the opportunity to restore a pleasanter understanding.

"There's not a man amongst them would not be taken in the Guards; and they who regard height of stature as the first element of the soldier—amongst whom I am not one—would pronounce them magnificent!"

"And are many more available of the same sort?" asked Caffarelli.

"Ten thousand, sir, if you like to pay for them."

"Do these men understand that they are enlisted as soldiers, not engaged as navvies?" asked Maitland.

"As well as you do. Whatever our friend Caffarelli may think, I can tell him that my countrymen are no more deficient in acuteness than his own. These fellows know the cause just as well as they know the bounty."

"I was not inquiring as to their sympathies," said Maitland, caustically; "I merely wanted to hear how they understood the contract."

"They are hirelings, of course, as I am, and as you are," said M'Caskey.

"By what presumption, sir, do you speak of me?" said Maitland, rising, his face dark with passion. "If the accidents of life range us in the same cause, is there any other tie or bond between us?"

"Once more I declare I will have none of this," said Caffarelli, pushing Maitland down into his chair. "Count M'Caskey, the Central Committee have placed you under my orders. These orders are, that you report yourself to General Filangieri at Naples as soon as you can arrive there; that you duly inform the Minister at War of what steps you have already taken in the recruitment, putting yourself at his disposition for further service. Do you want money?" added he, in a lower tone, as he drew the major aside.

"A man always wants money, sir," said M'Caskey, sententiously.

"I am your banker; what shall it be?" said Caffarelli, drawing out his pocket-book.

"For the present," said M'Caskey, carelessly, "a couple of thousand francs will suffice. I have a rather long bill against His Majesty; but it can wait."

He pocketed the notes without deigning to look at them, and then, drawing closer to Caffarelli, said, in a whisper, "You'll have to keep your friend yonder somewhat 'better in hand,'—you will, really. If not, I shall have to shoot him."

"The Chevalier Maitland is your superior officer, sir," said Caffarelli, haughtily. "Take care how you speak of him to any one, but more especially to me, who am his friend."

"I am at his 'friend's' orders equally," said the major; "my case contains two pistols."

Caffarelli turned away with a shrug of the shoulder, and a look that unmistakably bespoke disgust.

"Here goes, then, for the stirrup-cap!" said M'Caskey, filling a large goblet with Burgundy. "To our next meeting, gentlemen," and he bowed as he lifted it to his lips. "Wont you drink to my toast?" said he, stopping.

Caffarelli filled his glass, and touched it to his lips; but Maitland sat with his gaze bent upon the fire, and never looked up.

"Present my homage to the pretty widow when you see her, Maitland, and give her that;" and he flung down a photograph on the table. "It's not a good one; but it will serve to remind her of me."

Maitland seized the card and pitched it into the fire, pressing down the embers with his boot.

Caffarelli sprang forward, and laid his hands on M'Caskey's shoulders.

"When, and where?" said the major, calmly.

"Now—here—if you like," said Maitland, as calmly.

"At last," said a deep voice, and a brigadier of the gendarmerie entered, followed by two of his men.

"M. le Comte," said he, addressing the major, "I have been in search of you since eleven o'clock. There's a special train waiting to convey you to Macon—pray don't lose any more time."

"I shall be at Naples within a fortnight," whispered Maitland.

"All right," replied M'Caskey. "M. le Brigadier, *a vos ordres*. Good-by, count. By the way, I was forgetting my cheroots, which are really excellent;" and so saying, he carefully placed them in his cigar-case; and then, giving his great-coat to one of the gendarmes to assist him while he drew it on, he waved a little familiar adieu with his hand and departed.

"My dear Maitland, how could you so far forget yourself, and with such a man?" said Caffarelli, laying his hands on his shoulder.

"With any other nan I could not have forgotten myself," said he, sternly. "Let us think no more of him."

THE CALABAR BEAN.—During the last few weeks observations have been going on in some of the London and provincial hospitals to test the properties of the Calabar or ordeal bean in ophthalmic surgery.

This bean, known as the ordeal bean of Calabar, is a very rare plant of the leguminous order, grown only in the king's garden. It was introduced to Dr. Christison some years ago by a missionary named Waddel. Dr. Christison described certain poisonous properties peculiar to it, in the *Pharmaceutical Journal*, ten or twelve years back; but the special properties in producing a contraction of the pupil have only recently attracted the attention of ophthalmic surgeons. Dr. Argyle Robertson, Dr. Frazer, Dr. George Harley, Mr. L. Woolcott, Mr. Selberg Wells, all concur in proving it to be of some value in ophthalmic practice, as an anti-medreatic or contractor of the pupil. Its physiological effects are apparently directly opposed to those of belladonna. It may thus counteract the disagreeable and frequently too prolonged action of the solution of atropine in ordinary use in dilating the pupil previous to, and for assisting in, ophthalmoscopic examination.

Mr. J. Woolcott, of the Kent County Ophthalmic Hospital, one of the earliest observers in England, will shortly publish his cases; and it is hoped will confirm the facts by cases and observations.

FLAME-PROOF OR NON-INFLAMMABLE FABRICS.

—The frequency of accidental death by burning, more especially since crinolines have been in fashion, has given rise to experiments in this country and in France to determine the best means of rendering dresses flame-proof. The most recent researches are by Westerman and Oppenheim, which show that solutions of the salts of sulphate of ammonia, phosphate of ammonia, and tungstate of soda, are those that can be used with greatest facility. For rendering tissues unflammable these salts combine the conditions of cheapness, and harmlessness to the gloss, color, and structure of the tissue. The solution may be used in the proportion of one third the weight of starch, or from fifteen to twenty per cent. of water. The tungstate of soda appears to have the advantage of the two other preparations; for with starch it forms a better stiffening, and is less liable to be decomposed by the smoothing-iron.

A BEE WITH A STING.—Sydney Smith, one day observing Lord Brougham's one-horse carriage, on the panel of which appeared a "B" surmounted by a coronet, said to a friend, "There goes a carriage with a bee outside and a wasp within!"

COMMENTS.

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

[Written at St. Petersburg, Aug. 11, 1862.]

I.

HEAR me, O Fatherland ! nor hear unheeding,
When love and fear commingled swell the cry;
In all thy children's wounds thyself art bleed-
ing—

Thou dar'st not die !

Thou turnest, shuddering, from the swamps of
slaughter;

Thou dropp'st hot tears upon the mounds of
slain;

Thy tens of thousands pour their blood like water,
O God ! in vain.

And still the pale ones, stricken down with fever,
Pray with weak arms, that once were strong
for thee,

That thou, irresolute and half deceiver,
Thy Saviour be !

The hour has come : on God's eternal dial

The fateful shadow pauses at thy name :

Choose thou to live, redeemed through sorest trial,
Or die in shame !

Choose thou to be a light among the nations,

Sheathing in justice power they else might
dread ;

Or hear them mock thy children's lamentations,
That thou art dead !

Choose thou, to win forever Freedom's graces,

In union chaste and pure, that none shall
break ;

Or vilely stoop, and still to thy embraces
The harlot take !

Dallying with her, the path thou vainly seekest

To stable peace and honored victory :

Call to thy soul the courage of the weakest
That fights for thee !

Call to thy brow the sternness that o'erpowered

The threats of kings, ere yet thine arm had
grown—

That smote the wrongs they wrought : nor be a
coward

To thine alone !

The hour has come : turn not away unheeding :

A million voices lift with mine the cry ;

From stabs of traitors, North and South, thou'rt
bleeding—

Thou dar'st not die !

II.

[Written at Cedarcroft, Penn., June 1st, 1864.]

This hot south wind, that, from the Blue Ridge
blowing,

Dies here in peaceful Pennsylvanian vales,

Still seems to surge from battle's ebb and flowing
And burning gales.

But fainter, day by day, the fierce vibrations,
As southward move our armies, closing in
To that last struggle which shall crown our pa-
tience,

And crush the sin.

Not vainly have we sighed, not vainly striven ;
Our heroes' hearts have not been pierced in
vain ;

God has upheld our hands, and to them given
His sword again !

The nation turns no more with spirit pliant,

To court the evil, on its falling throne :

Free, and for Freedom now, she stands, a giant,
To shield her own.

Her brow is bathed with dew from Heaven's own
fountains ;

Her lips repeat the ancient rallying cry :

She stands erect, majestic on her mountains—
SHE WILL NOT DIE.

—Our Daily Fare.

ROME—1862.

BY W. C. BENNETT.

SHALL Rome not live again ? Shall she not know
Days fit to fellow with her mighty Past ?

Her life, which now is death, this shall not last ;

Hark ! from Palermo, volleys thunder " No ! "

Milan is fetterless ; Florence dare show

Her heart bared now, her tyrant from her cast ;

Bologna, Pisa ; own free lips at last ;

Turin strikes strongly ; will it not be so,

O Etna, with your own green Sicily,

From which, like chaff, Italian swords have driven

Their tyrant's hordes into the sundering sea ?

Not for this only has our great one striven :

Once more Rome's sword shall Garibaldi be ;

Once more to her shall her great life be given.

—Ladies' Companion.

THE PEACE OF GOD.

O JESUS, why should I complain ?

And why fear aught but sin ?

Distractions are but outward things ;

Thy peace dwells far within !

These surface troubles come and go

Like ruffings of the sea ;

The deeper depth is out of reach

To all, my God, but thee !

FAEUR.

NURSERY RHYME.

Formed upon an old Model, and dedicated to my Dys-
peptic Anti-BANTING of the Livery of the City of
London.

'Tis the voice of the glutton,

I hear him complain,

" My waistcoat unbutton,

I'll eat once again."

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE JAWBONE TELLS TALES.

"WHY, good heavens!" ejaculated Dr. Blakistry to himself, as he stood with his horse's bridle over his arm, looking down into the wondering, upturned face of the handsome child, as it sat motionless on the stone slab of the churchyard stile,—“why, good heavens, there it is again!”

It meant the Lindisfarn jawbone; for in truth that special form of feature was very markedly traceable, by a practised physiognomist, in the child's face. And a disagreeable thought shot across the doctor's mind, like a cold ice-wind, that it might be possible that the formation in question was merely one feature of a provincial type, and not the special inheritance of a particular family. This, however, was a point to be cleared up, if possible, at once. So the doctor made a dash at the heart of the matter by asking,—

"Can you tell me where your father is, my little fellow?"

"Grandfather is in the church a-ringing the mid-day bell!" replied the child, looking up into the doctor's face with a fearless but much-wondering gaze, and speaking in the broadest and purest Sillshire Doric; "I'm a waiting for him."

"And what is your name, my boy?" returned Dr. Blakistry, smiling kindly.

"My name's July Mallory, and my grandfather is parish clerk of Chewton," said the child, with an assumption of much dignity in making the latter announcement.

"Ay, indeed! And is your father at home, July?" said the doctor.

"Mother is at home," replied the boy; jerking his beautiful gold-ringleted head towards the church-door as he added, "Grandfather is coming home to dinner as soon as he has rung the mid-day bell."

"And where does your mother live, my fine little fellow! I want to see her," said the doctor, stooping to pat the abundant golden tresses that clustered around July Mallory's cheeks and neck, and to get a nearer and more searching look at the shape of the lower part of the child's face as he did so.

Yes; there was no mistake about it! if there were any truth in the doctor's pet theory,—if he were to be delivered from the horrible necessity of violently pulling out one favorite opinion from the fagot of opinions which most men bind up for themselves by

the time they have lived half a century in the world,—of violently pulling out this big stick of the fagot, and thus loosening, who could say how irremediably, the whole bundle,—if this evil were to be avoided, it must be shown that little July Mallory was a Lindisfarn.

The reader, if he have not forgotten those particulars of Julian Lindisfarn's early life which were briefly related in the opening pages of this history, will of course have at once perceived that the doctor's theory was in no danger, and that little July Mallory had every right to the feature in question. And there was patent to Dr. Blakistry a concatenation of circumstances, which indistinctly and uncertainly was leading him towards a shrewd guess at the truth. There was that stranger, with the broken head, representing himself as a French smuggler, but marked by the Lindisfarn jaw in the most unmistakable manner. His favorite Kate herself, who was every inch a Lindisfarn, had it not more decidedly. Then he was summoned by Kate to visit this stranger, and implored by her to send up special news of the result of his visit to the Chase. Then this mysterious stranger was found at Sillmouth in close connection and association with the Pendletons, and Hiram Pendleton, the smuggler, was evidently in close connection with these Mallorys. Then again the little July Mallory had said nothing about his father; had plainly ignored any such relationship, when Blakistry had asked him about his father. That name "July" too. It was a Julian Lindisfarn, as Blakistry distinctly remembered to have heard, who had "gone to the bad," and vanished, having died, as it was said, in America. And now this July, short for Julian, Mallory! Yes; there certainly was a plank of safety for the theory, shadowed out by these circumstances!

"Mother lives in that house there, where the smoke is coming out of the chimbley. That's the rashers as mother is a-frying for dinner. When the smoke comes out of the chimbley like that, when grandfather is a-ringing the mid-day bell in the church, there's always rashers for dinner," replied the young inductive philosopher.

"What, in that large house there, my young Baconian?" said the doctor, smiling to himself, as a man may be permitted to

smile who perpetrates so wretched a pun for his own private use alone (for private and unsocial vices cannot be visited by social laws as those are and ought to be which affect society),—"in that house there, with the stone roof?" he said, pointing to one very near at hand, at the bottom of the village street, somewhat larger and more solidly built than the cottages on either side of it, and distinguished from them by being roofed with the gray, rugged flagstones of the moor instead of with thatch.

"Yes," said the child; "that's where grandfather and mother and I lives; and I *know* there's going to be rashers for dinner to-day," he added, gazing earnestly at the smoke, and reverting unceremoniously, after the fashion of children, to the point of view which interested him in the matter.

"Grandfather, mother, and I," repeated the doctor to himself. "Not a word about father? And I *know*," he soliloquized, after a moment's musing, "that you are a Lindisfarn, by the same rule that teaches you that there will be rashers for dinner, my little nan!"

"Well, I shall go and see your mother, truly," added he, aloud; "and I dare say I shall see you and your grandfather when you come home to dinner."

And so saying, the doctor giving a pull with his arm to the bridle, which was hanging over it, as an intimation to his horse that it was time to cease tasting the heathery, gamy-flavored moorland herbage at the foot of the churchyard wall, on which he had been engaged while his master was holding the above conversation, proceeded to walk in the direction of the house which had been pointed out to him.

Two stone steps, with an iron rail on each side of them, led to the low-browed door in the middle of the front of the house; and a little wooden paling, very much out of repair, though evidently some two hundred years or so younger than the iron rail and the rest of the house, fenced in from the street a space about two feet wide in front of the dwelling on either side of the entrance. The door stood open; and the doctor, hitching the bridle of his horse over one of the rails, entered without ceremony. The front-door gave immediate admission to the main living apartment of the house, the "houseplace," as it is emphatically called in the northern
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counties. This was the dining-hall and also the kitchen of the inhabitants; and there, within the shelter of the huge, old-fashioned fireplace, was a woman still young, at least for those who will admit a life of some eight-and-twenty years to be so designated, and, still, far more incontestably, very handsome, engaged, as the youthful inductionist had predicted, in frying rashers of bacon.

"This is the house of Mr. Jared Mallory; is it not, madam?" asked the doctor, as courteously saluting the occupant of the chamber, as if she had been reclining on a sofa, and making eyelet-holes in muslin. There was in the remarkable beauty of the woman, and also, as the doctor fancied, in an undefinable something about her manner and bearing, a certain amount of additional evidence in favor of the chance that the Lindisfarn jawbone would be found to be in its right place, and the pet theory be saved after all!

"Yes, sir, this is Jared Mallory's house. Have you business with him, sir?" replied the woman, making a courtesy in return for the doctor's salutation, civilly, but, withal, in a grave and distant, if not with a repelling manner.

"Yes; I have ridden over to Chewton from Sillmouth on purpose to speak with him. I am a physician, and a friend of Mrs. Pendleton's, who lives at Deepcreek Cottage. My name is Dr. Blakistry."

Bab Mallory, "the moorland wild-flower,"—for, as the reader is well aware, it was to her and to no other that the doctor was speaking,—had not thought it necessary to lay aside the occupation in which she had been engaged when her visitor entered. She remained under the deep shadow of the great projecting fireplace, but with the red light of the fire, at which she was cooking, on her face and figure. She retained in her hand the long handle of the frying-pan, constructed of a length which would admit of its being used at a fire made on a hearth raised only a few inches from the floor, without compelling the person using it to stoop inconveniently, but turned herself partially so as to look towards the stranger. The hand unoccupied by the frying-pan was on her hip; and the quick movement by which this unemployed left hand started to a position a few inches higher up on the side, and was pressed convulsively against it, was, therefore, not ne-

cessarily a very noticeable one. And the sudden deadly pallor which, at the same moment overspread the beautiful, but almost olive-colored face, seen as it was in the artificial lurid light of the fire, might easily have escaped the observation of a less keen and practised observer than Dr. Blakistry. Neither of these indications escaped him, however; and connecting them by a rapid and habitual process of inductive reasoning with the words of his which had evidently produced them, the doctor thought he saw in them another gleam of light on the mystery he had ridden across the moor to elucidate; and another probability of salvation for his theory of the hereditary nature of the shape of the jawbone.

The daughter of Jared Mallory, who knew all about the affairs of the *Saucy Sally* and her owners, and who was the mother of that beautiful child yonder with the unmistakable Lindisfarn jaw, was violently agitated at hearing that a physician had come out from Deepcreek Cottage to see her father. Humph!

He paused for some word of reply, which might serve to throw further light on the subject of his speculations, and confirm the suspicions which were now verging towards conviction.

But Bab Mallory had not had the weight of an ever-present secret on her heart for ten long years for nothing; and was not so easily to be thrown off her guard.

"Sweet are the uses of adversity," we are told on high authority, not altogether unbacked by some gleanings from still older wisdom. Yet, upon the whole, it may be doubted, perhaps, whether that opinion be not one of those formed by the world in its younger day, which the advantage of its longer experience and riper wisdom may lead it to modify. Surely, the uses of prosperity are quite as frequently sweet with fruit of the highest and most durable savor. Surely, the "uses" of adversity are quite as frequently, nay more frequently, bitter and evil than sweet. I am inclined to think the greater number of those human plants, which do not thrive to any good purpose in the soil of prosperity and happiness, would grow yet more stunted and deformed in the unkindly soil of adversity and unhappiness. It is old-fashioned physiology, which supposes that cold bleak mountain-tops are the positions

most favorable to human health. And I am disposed to think that the psychological doctrines analogous to it are not entitled to much greater weight.

Though Bab Mallory's life up to her eighteenth year had been—not altogether an uncultivated one; for that strange old Jared Mallory, her father, amid his varied avowed and unavowed occupations was not altogether an uncultured man, yet—a sufficiently wild and rough one, she had never known anything fairly to be called adversity till then. Up to that time she had been the wild-flower of the moorland, as healthy morally as well as physically, as lovely, as sweet with as wholesome fragrance as the heather around her. Then adversity had come, and its uses had not been sweet to her. The open, fearless eye of innocence had been changed into the hard, bold eye of defiant resistance. Easy-hearted trustfulness had become ever-present mistrust. The high-spirited self-reliance, which is the substratum of so many a great quality and virtue, had been corrupted into the cankered pride, which seeks refuge from wounds, and at the same time finds an unwholesome nourishment, in isolation.

No; poor Bab Mallory had not been made better by adversity.

Open-heartedness had, of course, gone, together with so much else; and when, after the lapse of a moment, she had recovered from the heart-spasm which Dr. Blakistry's words had caused her, she only replied to them, by saying quietly, as she turned a little more towards the fire and the occupation which made an evident excuse for her doing so,—

"My father will be home very shortly, sir. Will you please to take a seat? Have you been acquainted with Mrs. Pendleton for long, sir?" she added, after a short pause, as the doctor complied with her invitation.

"No, not very long. I had no acquaintance with her, indeed, till I was called to her cottage to visit a wounded man lying ill there, by a young lady who is a friend of mine. But we soon made friends, Mrs. Pendleton and I. It is a doctor's business, you know, to make friends, and be a friend, wherever he goes."

Dr. Blakistry had watched the patient on whom he was operating narrowly, as he spoke; and he had not failed to mark the little involuntary start, though it was a very

slight one, which had been elicited from poor Bab by his purposely introduced mention of the "young lady" who had summoned him to the wounded smuggler's bedside.

"Yes, a young lady it was, and a very charming young lady, too, I can assure you, who called me to visit a patient at Deepcreek Cottage!" added the doctor, answering that little start, and choosing to let her know that he had observed it.

"It was very kind of a young lady, and a little out of place, too, was it not, sir, for a young lady to be interesting herself about a poor wounded smuggler?" said Bab, attempting to turn the tables, and do a little bit of pumping in her turn.

"You know, then, that the sick man is a wounded smuggler?" returned the doctor, showing poor Bab at once how little she had taken by her motion.

"It is little likely that he should be anything else!" returned Bab, darting an angry flash of her dark eyes at the doctor as she spoke. But the flash was only momentary, and quickly died out into the quiet, observant look of habitual caution.

The rashers were cooked by this time, and the amount of attention needed for transferring them from the frying-pan to a dish, and placing the latter, carefully covered, by the side of the braise on the ample hearth, supplied an excuse for abstaining from any further reply for a few moments. When the operation was completed she resumed the conversation, having quite got the better of her sudden gust of anger, and again essaying to turn the pumping process on her visitor.

"One need not be very 'cute,'" she said, "to guess that a man lying wounded in Deepcreek Cottage must be a smuggler;—at least for those who know anything of Hiram Pendleton. But here comes father, sir. I am sorry you should have had to wait so long; but now you can despatch your business at once."

Jared Mallory, who entered with his grandson as she spoke, was a tall and upright old man, considerably older, apparently, than Bab Mallory's father need have been. He looked nearly if not quite seventy. But, though his figure seemed to have shrunk from that of a man muscular and broad in proportion to his more than ordinary height to a singular degree of gaunt attenuation, he bore about him no other obvious mark of decrepi-

tude of age. His attitude was upright, even stiffly so. His head was abundantly covered with long iron-gray locks, which were only just beginning to turn more decidedly to silver. His features were good,—must have been handsome,—and there was an air of superiority to the social position he occupied, and even of dignity, about him, which, though remarkable, did not seem to challenge so much notice, or to be so much out of place, as it might have done thirty years previously. It was in due keeping with one's conception of the village patriarch, if not with that of the parish clerk, or still less with that of the confidant and accomplice of smugglers.

After the first little start of surprise, Mr. Mallory bowed courteously to the stranger in his house, at the same time, however, turning on his daughter a look of very unmistakable inquiry.

"This is Dr. Blakistry from Sillmouth, father, who has ridden over the moor to speak with you about a wounded man, whom he has been attending in Hiram Pendleton's cottage at Deepcreek," said Bab, in reply to the look; and Dr. Blakistry could observe the same sudden manifestation of interest in the old man's face which the same announcement had called forth in the no less carefully guarded features of his daughter.

"Nay, Mr. Mallory," replied Blakistry, "your daughter's interest in my patient at Deepcreek has led her to jump to a conclusion which nothing I have said has warranted."

Bab tossed her head at this, with an air of much annoyance and impatience.

"I said," resumed the doctor, "that I had been attending a wounded man—your daughter here tells me that he is a smuggler; I dare say that may be so—at Deepcreek Cottage, that I was a friend of Mrs. Pendleton's, and that I had ridden over to speak with you."

"I am acquainted with Mrs. Pendleton, sir, and shall be happy to attend to you. Bab, perhaps you had better go into the parlor for a few minutes, and take the child with you."

"Oh, no! pray do not do that. You are just going to dinner: I will not detain you more than a minute or two; and I have no further secret than just this, which, as I was told to whisper it, I whisper accordingly."

And the doctor, advancing a couple of

strides to the old man's side, whispered in his ear the passwords, "Fair trade and free, says *Saucy Sally!*"

Bab, who had seemed much more inclined to be guided by the visitor's hint that she might stay than by her father's intimation that she had better go, turned towards the hearth, and stooped to occupy herself with her cookery, but, as the doctor did not fail to perceive, remained eagerly attentive to what was passing.

"All right, sir," said the old man; "and now, since you did not come here to speak of the wounded man at Pendleton's, what is there I can do for you or for Mrs. Pendleton?"

"Why, Mr. Mallory," said the provoking doctor, "you are as much in a hurry with your conclusions as your daughter! I never said that I had not come here to speak of my patient at Deepcreek Cottage! I only observed that I never told your daughter that such *was* the case."

"Very true, sir! But we uneducated folks are not apt to speak with such attention to accuracy!" said Mr. Jared Mallory, speaking with some impatience, and almost with a sneer, but with the manner and accent of the educated classes to which he was asserting that he did not belong. "May I ask you, then, to state what is the purpose of your visit to Chewton?"

"Well, my principal object in coming here, and that for which Mrs. Pendleton sent me here, was to see and speak with her husband."

"Well, sir!" returned the old clerk; "since Mrs. Pendleton, who I suppose knows what she is about, has sent you here for the purpose, I think I can put you in the way of meeting with Hiram Pendleton; but your ride at the moor is not yet quite at an end, if you wish to see him. He is not at Chewton, nor within six miles of it."

"And I confess to have ridden quite far enough already, considering that I have to ride all the way back again," said Dr. Blakistry.

"I am afraid that you are not likely to see the man you want, without adding another dozen miles or more to your ride, sir," said the old man, with a somewhat malicious appearance of satisfaction.

"And I am thinking," said the doctor, "that perhaps I may be able to do my

errand without seeing Mr. Pendleton. But if I am, as I fear, keeping you from your dinner, Mr. Mallory, I will go and have a look at the village, and return when you have done."

"Not at all, sir! By no means! If you will only say at once—or if," he continued, partly in compliance with a look from his daughter, and partly struck by a sense of the discourtesy of his previous proceeding,—“if the moor air has given you an appetite that can content itself with moorland fare,—a bit of bacon and a cut from the loaf,—perhaps you will honor us by sitting down with us, and we can talk of the matter you have in hand, whatever it is, over our dinner."

"Thank you, Mr. Mallory! I confess, that I do feel very particularly well inclined to eat a bit of bacon and a cut from the loaf; and not a very small cut either! I shall be thankful for your hospitality, and we can talk the while, as you say."

An Englishman cannot be surly to a man sitting down at his table to share his meal with him. It is no more possible to him than it is to an Arab to slay the traveller who has sought hospitality in his tent. And the party of four, consisting of old Mallory, his daughter, his grandson, and his visitor, had hardly broken bread around the same table, before the tone of the conversation between them had become less stiff and somewhat more friendly.

"You said rightly enough, Mr. Mallory, that the moor air, and a ride through it, are capital specifics for creating an appetite. And that fine little fellow opposite seems to find the first quite enough for the purpose without adding the second. He was my first acquaintance in Chewton. I found him sitting at the churchyard gate speculating on the fried rashers which he concluded were being prepared for him, from the smoke he saw curling up from your chimney. What a fine little fellow he is!"

"Ay, the child thrives!" replied the old grandfather, somewhat dryly, and with none of the satisfaction in his voice which the remark would seem calculated to call for; while the mother of the boy thus praised fixed her eyes on the plate before her, and remained silent.

No one of these little indications was lost upon the doctor, who saw in them still further confirmation of the truth of his con-

jectures, and of the consequent salvation of his favorite theory.

"It is strange," he continued, "that the little fellow should bring us back again to the individual we have already so often spoken of, my patient at Deepcreek Cottage. But I can't help being struck by a singular resemblance of feature between the two. I observed it the moment I saw the child. We physicians, you know, are apt to take notice of such things, habituated, as we are, to scrutinize faces and the expression of them closely."

A quick and significant glance passed between old Jared Mallory and his daughter, as Blakistry spoke thus; but it did not pass so quickly as to prevent him from catching it on its passage.

"Other people, I suppose, think less of such chance matters," replied the old man. "You were going to mention the object of your visit to Chewton. If I seem in a hurry to hear it, it is because I shall be obliged to go out again as soon as I have eaten my dinner."

"My business was to find Pendleton, having been directed here by his wife for that purpose. But the truth is that my object in seeing Pendleton was no other than to speak to him about this same patient of mine, the man lying ill at his cottage. And when I said that I began to think that I might obtain the information I wished without seeing him, it was because I fancied that I might learn here all I needed,—perhaps more satisfactorily than from him."

The same quick, sharp glance, this time with a yet more marked expression of agitation in it, at least on the part of the daughter, passed between her and her father.

"If you mean merely because of the chance likeness you fancied you saw between"—

"I have finished my dinner," interrupted Bab, rising from her chair, as she spoke; "and as what you have to say to my father cannot be any business of mine, sir, I will leave you to finish it with him, if you will kindly excuse me. Come, July, I am sure you have eaten enough to last you till supper-time," she added, affecting to look towards the doctor with a smile, which he had no difficulty in seeing was not the genuine expression of the feeling that was in her mind. "I suppose, father," she added, as

she turned towards the door of an inner room, "that if Dr. Blakistry brings news that anything has happened or is likely to happen to the wounded man, it will be best to let Pendleton know of it at once."

The doctor perceived at once the anxiety that betrayed itself while striving to conceal itself under the appearance of indifference in these words; and while noting the symptom, and adding it to his stock, hastened to relieve it.

"Oh, no, nothing of the sort. He will do very well, with a little time and good nursing. It was an ugly cut enough though. And if there had been another half-pound of weight on the cutlass that gave it, why, the result might have been different. As it is, I assure you, you have no cause for anxiety," and the doctor looked keenly, but at the same time kindly, at her as he uttered the words.

"Anxiety!" said Bab, with widely-opened eyes, and a toss of her handsome head; yet still, as it were, in despite of herself, lingering to hear what should come next.

"Yes, anxiety. It is very natural. And pray do not think me impertinent, my dear madam, if I beg that you will remain and hear what I have to say. I think it may be interesting to you. And may I hope that you will consider me in the light of a friend in listening to me? I come here only as such, as I went to see the sufferer at Deepcreek Cottage only as such. Doctors necessarily become often acquainted with the secrets of their patients. It is their duty, and, I think I may say, their invariable practice, to respect them. May I then speak to you as a friend?"

The appeal was evidently made to both the father and daughter. They looked at each other with glances of uneasiness, and mutual inquiry; but for a minute or so neither spoke.

"If we are somewhat slow, sir, to reply cordially to such an appeal," said the old man at length, "it is because it is a new and strange one to us. We have not been much accustomed to friends or friendship. We have met with but little of it from those we might perhaps have expected it from. That must be our excuse if we are somewhat slow to expect it from one who is a stranger, and on whom we certainly have no sort of claim."

"One does not always find friendly feeling most in this world, Mr. Mallory, as I should think your experience must have taught you, from those from whom it might most naturally be expected. As for myself, it is little indeed I have to offer, or rather nothing. Circumstances—mainly the one of my having been called to visit the wounded man at Deepcreek Cottage—have brought certain things to my knowledge; and all I wish you to understand is, that my object is to use that knowledge in no wise to the annoyance or harm of you or yours, but, if the possibility should offer, to your advantage. And now I will be perfectly frank with you. I am well convinced that the wounded man whom I have attended is no other than that Julian Lindisfarn, the long-lost son of Dr. Theophilus Lindisfarn of the Close at Silverton. This was my conviction when I set out to come here, to speak to Mr. Pendleton about him"—

"Pendleton knows nothing about him,—that is as to who he is!"—interrupted Bab, hastily.

"In ascertaining that fact, I should not have communicated the information to him," said the doctor. "I have communicated my conviction to you, because I am entirely persuaded that you are also aware of the fact."

"What can the man have said to lead you to imagine such a thing?" said Bab, still keeping up her fence, though evidently feeling herself not far off from the point at which she would be obliged to abandon it.

"Nothing; I told you I would be quite frank with you. My patient has said nothing. But what are the circumstances? I am called to this wounded smuggler by a young lady,—rather a remarkable fact, as you yourself observed. Now that young lady was Miss Kate Lindisfarn."

"And did she tell you that the man she asked you to visit was her cousin?" again interrupted Bab, with a quickness and earnestness that once again betrayed to her shrewd companion her own knowledge of all the circumstances.

"By no means! I am quite certain, and you may be quite certain, that Miss Lindisfarn would not betray any confidence that was placed in her."

"Then what can have led you to"—

"The same process which has convinced

me— Perhaps it would be as well to send my little friend there out to his seat on the churchyard stile again," said the doctor, interrupting himself.

Poor Bab turned pale, and her breath came short; and old Jared looked suspiciously and defiantly at his guest. But he said to his grandson, sternly,—

"Run along out, child! Go and play! You are not wanted here! Now, sir! You were about to say"—he added, as he stepped across the wide stone floor of the kitchen, and closed the door of the house behind the child.

"I was about to say," resumed the doctor, quietly, "that the same process of reasoning which had convinced me that my patient was, in fact, Julian Lindisfarn—or mainly the same—had convinced me that the boy who has just left the room is his son."

"I do not understand very well, sir, what you mean by what you call a process of reasoning, but"—

"He is the son of Julian Lindisfarn," interrupted Bab, drawing herself up to her full height, and looking proudly and defiantly at the doctor; "and I am his mother."

"I was sure of it from his jawbone!" said Blakistry, triumphantly; "that is, sure of the paternity. The other circumstances were deducible from circumstantial evidence."

"His jawbone!" exclaimed old Jared, frowning heavily.

"The most unchangeable feature in all the face, my dear sir! There are scientific reasons, which—in one word, the wounded man is, to any eye capable of tracing a family likeness, evidently a Lindisfarn. And the very handsome child who was here just now is equally so! These things cannot be hidden from the eye of science!"

"But it may be questionable, sir, how far the tongue of science is justified in"—

"Nay, father! If Dr. Blakistry means kindly,—and I am sure he does,—and if he has saved Julian's life"—

"I do not say that I saved his life! Maybe that I did; for the cut was an ugly one, and there was much fever; and I cannot say,—quite between ourselves, you know—quite in confidence, Mr. Mallory,—I cannot say that I have much confidence in the clinical practice of Dr. Bagstock. Still, I do not say that I saved his life."

"At all events, he is saved; and you have

done your best toward it. It is the truth that"—

"Bab!" interrupted her father, very sharply. "Stop a minute! I want to speak to you!"

So saying, he drew her aside to a far corner of the large room; and the father and daughter spoke a few sentences together in earnest whispers. Then turning again to Dr. Blakistry, she continued,—

"It is the truth, as I was saying, that he now lying at Deepcreek Cottage is Julian Lindisfarn, and that the child is his son. But he is, for reasons which I need not trouble you with, sir, extremely anxious that the fact of his being there should be known to no one, save to his two cousins, the young ladies at the Chase. His secret became known to Miss Kate while she was at his bedside, having been brought there, not by any knowledge or suspicion of the fact, but only by her kindness for Mrs. Pendleton. And Miss Kate bargained for his permission to tell it to her sister. If those young ladies have kept their solemn promise, it is known to no one else. And all that I would ask of your kindness, sir, is to reveal the truth which you have discovered to no one. Much trouble and sorrow would be caused by doing so, and no good to any one."

"You have been aware, then, of all his doings?" remarked the doctor.

"Oh, yes! When Pendleton or any one of them are out here in the moor, there is no want of news. I knew all about it except the name of the kind doctor who had come at Miss Kate's invitation to visit him."

"Well, you may depend on my faithful keeping of the secret which the laws of science have betrayed to me. Shall I mention to my patient that I have seen you here?"

"Perhaps best not!" said Bab, with a half-smothered sigh.

"Certainly not," added the old man, far more decidedly. "We beg of you to say no word upon the subject of him or of us, to any one, neither to himself, nor to the young ladies at the Chase,—who, of course, know nothing of the facts which have been spoken of here, except that of their cousin's existence,—nor to Mrs. Pendleton, nor to any other person whatever. It is the only kindness you can do us,—the only kindness, at least," he added, in a more kindly tone and

manner, "besides that you have already done in caring for the safety of the father of my daughter's child."

"Be assured, my dear sir, that I will not fail to obey you," said the doctor, pressing the old man's hand, and then taking that which Bab Mallory frankly extended to him.

So the doctor rode back to Silverton in a happier frame of mind than that in which he had journeyed forth. Science had vindicated herself; and the great theory was justified and confirmed in the most notable manner.

And then the doctor's mind was at leisure to revert to the less exalted and merely social considerations involved in the circumstances of which he had become the depository. He thought he remembered to have heard that the Lindisfarn property had been entailed on the male heir, who was supposed to have died in America. What a change would be made in a great many things by his reappearance! And the two persons most concerned knew the facts! And nobody else knew them, except the queer, isolated people he had just left. A strange position of circumstances enough! And would the two girls keep the secret? Of his pet, Kate, he had no doubt. Of Miss Margaret he did not feel so sure. Well, we shall see! At all events, there was, thank Heaven, nothing for him to do, save simply to do nothing but look on.

So the doctor got home to his quiet, comfortable little bachelor's dinner, in his quiet, comfortable little bachelor's house in Silverton, well contented with his day's work: some of the circumstances connected with which were subjected to his speculations under a new light, and from a fresh point of view, when his housekeeper told him, as she waited on him at dinner, the news of the day in Silverton,—that Mr. Frederick Falconer was engaged to be married to Miss Margaret Lindisfarn.

CHAPTER XXXII.

SETTLEMENTS.

DR. BLAKISTRY religiously kept the promise he had given, despite the very strong temptation to break it, to which he was exposed by his longing desire to publish to the world the remarkable confirmation afforded to his theory by the circumstances of the story which he had become acquainted with.

He flattered himself at the time, when the gratification arising from the discovery was fresh in his mind, that the consciousness of this triumph of scientific truth under his auspices would abundantly suffice him. But the longing shortly came upon him to enjoy his triumph in the eyes of others. He resisted gallantly, however; and the possession of Julian's secret continued to be confined to Kate and her sister, the doctor, who was utterly unsuspected of sharing it by the two girls, and the little family out on the moor.

He was not, however, forbidden to think on the strange circumstances of the case; and considering them in connection with the tidings, now the property of all Silverton, of the engagement between the rich banker's son and Miss Margaret Lindisfarn, his mind dwelt frequently on the great prudence and wisdom his friend and favorite Kate had shown in stipulating with her cousin that she should be allowed to communicate the secret at least to her sister. Had she not done so,—had Miss Margaret been left under the false impression, shared by all the rest of the Silverton world, that she and her sister were co-heiresses of the Lindisfarn property,—she might have been led into forming an engagement, all the parties to which would have been under impressions most painfully different from the reality. As it was, concluded the doctor, it was evident that Falconer had been made to understand in some way that, for some reason or other, his intended bride had no such expectations. And he freely gave that cynosure of Silvertonian eyes credit for a greater degree of unworldliness and disinterestedness than he had ever before been inclined to attribute to him, and felt that he liked him better than he used to do.

The necessary meeting between the squire and old Mr. Falconer had passed off well and easily. The old banker had driven up to the Chase, and been closeted with the squire in his study for a short half-hour; and the two gentlemen had then come forth into the parlor, where lunch was on the table, with faces which very plainly declared that no difficulties had arisen between them.

"People think," the hearty old squire had said to the cautious man of business who was eagerly marking every word that fell from him,—“people think that my girls are co-heiresses of this property. But as far as I

can understand the lawyers' lingo, that is not the case."

"I have always been perfectly well aware of that, Mr. Lindisfarn. People talk carelessly, without, perhaps, knowing the exact meaning of the terms they use," said the banker.

"The state of the case, as I understand it, is this," continued the squire; "my hands are not tied in any way. It lies with me to bequeath the property as I may think fit."

"Nay, not quite so, Mr. Lindisfarn, if you will pardon me for correcting you on such a point," said the banker, making his pig-tail vibrate with the intensity of his self-complacent, courtly courtesy, as it used to do when he was engaged in the discussion of some point of antiquarian lore with Dr. Theophilus Lindisfarn; and with a kind of catlike purr in his voice which, somehow or other, seemed to be used as a sort of wadding between his words to prevent them from coming into hard contact with each other,—“not exactly that, Mr. Lindisfarn. Your hands are not tied as regards the division of the property between your children. But I apprehend that you have not the power of willing any portion of it away from them."

"Pshaw! who the devil ever apprehended anything else? The property belongs to the girls; of course it does; and of course it would, whether I had the power to leave it to the lord mayor or not. But it is in my power to divide it between them as I may think proper. Now, you see, Mr. Falconer, if I settle one-half of the property on Margaret, I put this power out of my hands."

"Undoubtedly, Mr. Lindisfarn,—unquestionably you do. But, if you will forgive me for making the suggestion, one does not quite see how the young ladies can be well and—and—desirably, I will say, settled in the world, without such a sacrifice of power on your part."

"Why, a good settlement on either of the girls, or on both of them, might be made, you know, Mr. Falconer, so as still to leave a considerable portion of the property—say a third of it—unsettled, and still in my own power, as far as bequeathing it to either child goes," said Mr. Lindisfarn, speaking as if he were putting the idea before his own mind for consideration rather than offering it as a suggestion to his companion.

"Such a course might certainly be adopted,

Mr. Lindisfarn ; and it is not for me to make any remarks upon the wisdom or expediency of it," said the old banker, with a certain dry stiffness in his manner, which had not before been apparent in it ; and the purr, in which his words were packed, seemed to have more of the harsh quality of sawdust, and less of the softness of wadding in it ; for this suggestion on the squire's part was exactly what the banker had feared, and had considered as likely to operate to the advantage of Kate, and the disadvantage of Margaret. "Such a course," he continued, "would have the effect of retaining a power of disposition in your own hands. But you must forgive me, my dear sir, if I intimate that an intention on your part to approach the subject from such a point of view, would very essentially modify—necessarily so, as you will of course at once perceive—the views and intentions which I may be disposed to submit to you on my side."

And the old gentleman threw himself back in his chair, and began nursing the black-silk clothed calf of his right leg, looking keenly into the squire's broad and open face, to see the result of his shot.

"And what do I want with any such power, after all?" continued the squire, musingly, and replying very evidently more to the train of thought that had been going on in his own mind than to the banker's words. "Perhaps it is best to put it out of my hands. They are good girls and good daughters, both of them. I can't say, when I look into my own heart, Falconer," continued the old man, stretching his arm across the corner of the table at which they were sitting, and laying his broad hand on the superfine black cloth coat-sleeve of his companion,—"I can't say honestly that they are both quite the same to me there. It would not be natural or possible that it should be so. Kate—out there, we all know what Kate is. But if my poor Margaret has been turned from an English girl into a French one, it was by no fault of her own. And if it is impossible for me to feel that she is as near to my heart as her sister, it would be unpardonable to make that a cause of still further disadvantage to her. And maybe it is all for the best to put the matter out of my own hands. No man can tell how great a fool he may grow as he gets older, eh, Falconer? Yes, the most right and righteous course will be to settle

the property fairly between them. Yes, let it be settled on 'em both at once, one-half share for each."

Mr. Falconer executed a long series of little bows, as the squire thus delivered himself, which imparted to his pig-tail and his chin an alternating up-and-down, see-saw movement, expressive of the most decided approbation.

"I felt quite sure, my dear Mr. Lindisfarn, that your heart and head would both coincide in leading you to that determination, as soon as the matter was placed fairly before you. I have no such reflections to make. I have but one child. All that I have will be his ; nay, is his in point of fact. No father ever had a better son. He has never given me an hour's anxiety since he was old enough to know right from wrong ! I have no long-descended acres to give him, Mr. Lindisfarn ; you know that. You know who we are and what we are. Traders, Mr. Lindisfarn, mere traders—something warm ! I can leave my son a good name, Mr. Lindisfarn,—and something else besides ;" and the banker performed a very elaborate and significant wink as he spoke the last words,—“something else besides. As regards settlements, you must of course be aware, my dear sir, that it is not quite so simple a matter for a man in business to tie up capital as it is for a land-owner to tie up his acres. It will, of course, be proper that the young lady's fortune should be strictly settled on herself ; and, therefore, there will be the less difficulty in meeting the necessary requirements on our side. But all this will be matter for consideration and arrangement with your solicitors. All I wish is to act as liberally by my boy as it is possible for me to do ; and my full purpose and intention is that he shall possess every farthing I have in the world. Can a father say more, Mr. Lindisfarn ? Can a father, who is a banker, speak fairer than that ?"

The squire, thus appealed to, professed his inability to conceive any fairer speaking in a father and a banker ; and then the two old gentlemen had come out from their conference in the study, into the room where the ladies were at luncheon with Mr. Frederick. The ladies, that is to say Miss Immy and Miss Margaret ; for Kate, who had taken of late to pass much of her time up-stairs, had again to-day excused herself from coming down to luncheon.

"What! Kate not here?" cried the squire, as he entered; and a passing cloud traversed his face. But his genial, kindly good-humor shone out again in the next instant as, going to the back of Margaret's chair, he pinched her cheek—much to the young lady's annoyance, as he would have had no difficulty in perceiving, had he been in front of her instead of behind her—and said,—

"We have been sitting in council upon your case, little lady; and, as far as I can see, we shall manage to find the means of paying the butcher's and baker's bills for the new nest, as far as breakfasts and dinners are concerned; I don't know about luncheons; they are abominable things. Don't you think so, Falconer? I don't think we will allow the young people any luncheon, eh? You don't do anything in this way, I'll be bound!"

"Well, sometimes just one glass of sherry, especially when the Lindisfarn sherry falls in my way, and more especially still when I have the opportunity of drinking a glass with Miss Immy," said the banker, filling a glass, and drawing a chair to the corner of the table by the side of Miss Immy.

"Thank you, Mr. Falconer," said that lady. "Your very good health! And I drink," she continued, raising her glass high in the air with a steady hand, though the brown top-knot of ribbons on her cap shook with the little palsied movement of her head which seemed to impart an expression of invincible determination to the sentiment she uttered, "I drink particularly to the health and prosperity of Mr. Frederick Falconer and his bride."

And the old lady swallowed her glass of sherry with an air of sacramental solemnity.

A glance of mutual intelligence passed between the two objects of her good wishes, which, while contributing to indicate their fitness for each other, did much to manifest their unfitness for communing with the genial, honest hearts around them.

"Hang the old fool!" said the features of the gentleman, as plain as features could speak; while the lady's delicately flushed cheeks and more eloquent eyes managed to express the more complicated sentiment of her shame at being related to such Old-World Vandals, and her conviction that she and her Frederick belonged to a far other and far superior *monde*."

It was necessary to say something, however, and the admirable Frederick managed to utter, "Much obliged, Miss Immy—really, —fully sensible—haw!" And then he felt that he had sacrificed himself to the extent required by the occasion.

"Put out my arm further than I can draw it back again," thought the young man to himself; "I should think so indeed! But there!—I can see by the governor's face that it is all right."

So the banker and his son drove home to Silverton together; and their conversation by the way was of a far more sensible nature than that which had passed between the squire and his daughter.

"So that is settled, so far!" said the senior. "You remember what I told you, Fred, once before, when we were driving over this same road together, that I thought Kate the better spec. Well, I can tell you that the old squire was monstrosly inclined to fight shy of settling half the property on Margaret. If I had not been very firm with him"—

"But it is all right as it is, I suppose!" interrupted his son. "Half the estates to be settled on Margaret on the day of her marriage! That's the ticket I go for! As for Kate, I took the horse I was most safe to win with, as I told you, sir, before. And besides"—

"Well, it is all very well as it is,—very well; I only hope that I may find old Slowcome as easy to deal with as the squire about settlements," added the banker, with an almost imperceptible sigh.

The old established Silshire firm of Slowcome and Sligo were Mr. Lindisfarn's solicitors.

"Why," said Frederick, answering rather to the slight sigh, which had not escaped him, than to his father's words, "is there any hitch?"

"No! Hitch! I hope not! I am glad, very glad, on the whole, that you have brought the matter to bear without letting the grass grow under your feet. But—in short, I need not tell you that in our business, what a man can do one day he may be unable to do in another. Circumstances change. Business is very uncertain;—and in ours we are dependent on so many besides ourselves. A man may be struck down at any moment by no fault or imprudence of his

own. I have had causes for much serious anxiety of late. Why should I trouble you with them? I trust, I doubt not, all will go well. And I should have said no word of this kind to you to-day, had it been that it is as well to tell you that I shall be very glad to see you safely married to Miss Margaret Lindisfarn, with half the Lindisfarn acres duly settled on her, even if they are tied up as tight as old Slowcome can tie them."

There was much food for meditation for our friend Fred in this speech. He did not like it. He knew his father; and the more he pondered over that knowledge in connection with the words the old banker had been speaking, the more he did not like it. Nevertheless, he thought it best not to push his father for any further explanation of his words; but he inwardly resolved to make that use of the hints thrown out to him which it was evidently intended he should make,—that is, to press his affairs with the heiress to as rapid a conclusion as might be possible.

A cloud had passed over the jolly squire's genial face, it has been said, when on coming out from his study with the old banker, he found that his darling Kate was not in the parlor with the rest of the family party. On several occasions recently, little matters of the same sort had been unpleasant to the squire. He was not one of those men who are quick to observe the actions of those around them, and to speculate on, and draw conclusions from them. But for some days past it had been gradually forcing itself upon his notice that, somehow or other, Kate was not like her usual self. Instead of being constantly seen about the house, and still more frequently heard, she was rarely seen, and hardly ever heard at all. The huge old staircase never echoed now to the carolling of her clear, cheery voice, as she tripped up to her room, or came dancing down as of old. She frequently made the excuse of headache for remaining in her own room, a ways (only none but her sister had yet noticed the coincidence) when Falconer was there. Kate with a headache! And yet her looks gave abundant testimony to the genuineness of her excuses.

At last it had entered into the head of the squire that Kate's evident low spirits and unhappiness must be connected with the fact

of her sister's engagement. And the suspicion that she herself was not indifferent to Falconer, came upon him with a bitter pang. Could it be that her young heart had been won by a man, who, to her father's thinking, was so every way not good enough for her? He did not say to himself that, though not fit to tie Kate's shoestring, he was good enough for Margaret's husband. But unconsciously this was his feeling on the subject. There seemed to be a fitness for each other between him and Margaret, which the squire could feel, though he could not reason on the subject, sufficiently even to formulate the persuasion into words said only to himself. And he had been content therefore to accept the Falconer overtures. But what misery was in store for them all, if it were really true that Kate were pining for her sister's lover.

Mr. Mat to whom alone the squire had dropped a word upon the subject, utterly and most vigorously scouted the possibility of such an idea. More likely Kate was vexed at seeing her sister throwing herself away on such a fellow. Maybe she was down in the mouth, and off her food a bit by reason of Lady Farnleigh's prolonged absence. Kate had been used to be so constantly with her ladyship all her life; it was well-nigh missing her mother like! Or might be, said Mr. Mat, it was nothing at all but just a little trifle wrong in health, as young girls would be, which would all come right again. But let it be what it might, it was not pining after Fred Falconer! What Kate! ho, he! Mr. Mat knew better than that.

Meanwhile it was most true that Kate was very miserable. Upon that part of the varied causes for unhappiness that had fallen upon her which more immediately concerned herself, she strove to let her thoughts dwell as little and as rarely as possible. But we all know, alas! how vain such strivings are. And in Kate's case, condemned, as she was, to a degree of solitude to which she was quite unaccustomed, by the other untoward circumstances of her present position, it was less possible than it might otherwise have been to warn the thoughts from off the prohibited ground. The progress of her sister's affairs was a constant subject of uneasiness and alarm to her. And the doubts and difficulties she felt as to her own conduct, and the consciousness that, while action of any

kind was impossible to her, even the inaction to which she condemned herself was likely to give rise to ideas and interpretations which it was agony to her to think of, made those weeks a time of great and severe trial to her.

Meanwhile, Dr. Blakistry was assiduously doing his best for the recovery of his patient at Deepcreek Cottage; and his efforts were well seconded by the youth and constitution of the wounded man. He was, in fact, progressing rapidly towards recovery. Dr. Blakistry kept Kate well informed as to the progress of the patient "in whom," as the doctor said, "she had taken so kind an interest." But of course no word was said between them as to the secret which both of them knew, and which one of the two knew to be shared by the other. Nor did Kate see her cousin a second time. No good could have been done by any such visit, and assuredly nothing agreeable could have been hoped for from it.

About three weeks after the date of Mrs. Pendleton's memorable visit to Kate on the night of the great storm,—the night before the affair with the *Saucy Sally* and the coast-guardmen,—Mrs. Pendleton again walked up to the Chase. She brought Kate news of the very satisfactory improvement in the condition of her wounded guest. Dr. Blakistry declared that in a few days he would be able to leave his room. Mrs. Pendleton also handed to Kate a sealed note—of thanks for the kind and charitable attention she had shown to an unfortunate stranger, the good women said,—which her guest had requested her to put into Miss Kate's own hands.

"It is something more important than that," said Kate, when she had read the short note, and tossed it into the fire of the housekeeper's room, in which, as on that other occasion, she received her old nurse's visit. "It is to request me to send back by you a small packet, which he begged me to keep for him when he was persuaded that he was going to die. I will go and get it."

So she went up-stairs to her room, took the little packet from her desk, and putting it into a sealed but unaddressed envelope, delivered it to Mrs. Pendleton.

And within a week from that time,—about a month, that is, after he was wounded,—a second visit from Mrs. Pendleton brought Kate the information that the stranger had

at last been pronounced by Dr. Blakistry able to travel, and that he had sailed for the opposite coast in the *Saucy Sally* the night before.

Mr. Pendleton was a very good husband, as has been said, smuggler though he was: and had no secrets from his wife which it would have much imported to that excellent woman to hear. But he did not think it necessary to overtask female discretion, and torment female curiosity, by troubling her with matters which in no wise concerned her. Thus there had been no reason at all that he should tell her the altogether uninteresting fact that the *Saucy Sally* conveyed on that same night another, nay, two other, passengers, to the coast of France. When she slipped away from Sillmouth in the first dark hours of a moonless night, she had none on board save the same crew with which she had made her last dangerous voyage. But she did not stand out at once across the channel, as would have been her natural course. On the contrary, Hiram, who stood at the wheel himself, and seemed as able to feel or smell his way in the dark, as he could have seen it, if it had been broad daylight, kept her close in along the coast to the westward, till he was just off a little bit of a creek formed by a small stream which came down from the neighboring moor. Having reached that point, he showed a green light for an instant. It was absolutely a merely momentary flash. But it sufficed for its purpose; for in a very few minutes, the anxious crew of the *Saucy Sally* could hear the low sound of muffled oars, and in the next, a small boat pulled along-side of them, as they lay to, in which there were four persons; a woman, a child, a tall old man, and a man who had the appearance of a common sailor.

The French stranger, who had just recovered from his hurts, stood by the bulwark of the *Saucy Sally*, and tenderly assisted and received the woman as she clambered from the boat up the lugger's side. Then he took the boy from the hands of the tall old man in the boat, and holding the child in his arms, darted down with him into the not very brilliantly lighted little cabin of the smuggler.

The lugger shook out its sails; and the tall old man in the boat, having regained the lonely beach of that little-frequented moorland shore,

“Walked grieving by the margin of the much-voiced sea,”

as long as he could descry the outline of the receding vessel in the darkness; and then returned to a not less lonely home at Chewton, a few miles inland.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

PATERNAL ADVICE.

WHEN the news of her cousin's final recovery from his wounds and departure for France reached Kate, her sister was not with her at the Chase. She had been much at her uncle's house in the Close lately,—an arrangement which had been highly agreeable to all the parties chiefly concerned. It had been a great relief to Kate under the circumstances that the scene of the love-making between her sister and Falconer should be transferred from her own home to the house in the Close in Silverton. Margaret was always better pleased to be in Silverton than at home, where, little as there was to amuse her at her uncle's, the surroundings were still less congenial to her. And now, of course, more than ever, it was agreeable to her to be in the near neighborhood of her beloved Frederick.

To that *preux chevalier* himself it was far more convenient to have his work close at hand. He found it easier to do it, too, amid the gentle dulness of, the good canon's house, and under the protecting wing of the feebly sympathetic though profoundly dispirited Lady Sempronia, than amid the rougher, more observant, and less congenial inmates of the Chase. Frederick engaged in making love within possible ear-shot or eye-shot of Mr. Mat, always felt as if he were there with a view to stealing the silver spoons. Kate's palpable avoidance was an annoyance to him. Miss Immy's old-fashioned compliments and courtesies and very effete little waggeries bored and irritated him. And even the jolly old squire's loud and hearty words of greeting or of jest were very distasteful to him. In every respect it was far better that his charmer should be in Silverton. It gave him so many more and easier opportunities of acting in obedience to his father's hint to the effect that he would do well not to let the grass grow under his feet.

The old banker had repeated similar words of advice on one or two occasions, coupling them with hints of a kind which made Fred

very seriously uneasy. He could not avoid seeing, too, that his father himself, though striving hard to keep his usual countenance and manner, was harassed by some cause of anxiety and trouble.

We know how excellent a son Frederick had always shown himself! And in the present circumstances, as always, he did his utmost to comply with his father's wishes. Again and again as they walked together in the friendly shade of the trees under the old city wall in the canon's garden,—the scene of Frederick's offer and of his Marguerite's acceptance of his love,—he implored her to fix the day, and to use her influence to abbreviate the cruelly long delays and procrastination of Messrs. Slowcome and Sligo. And Margaret, if it had been in any wise proper, permissible, or possible, would have replied that he could not be in a greater hurry than she was. In fact, the words of Dr. Blakistry's opinion that her cousin would be well in a month, were always sounding like a warning knell in her ears. As soon as her cousin should have recovered, he would go away; the time for which Kate was bound by her promise of secrecy would have expired, and then—

But Margaret, of course, was far too well bred, and knew her business far too thoroughly to allow herself to be hurried by this urgent motive into any unbecomingly easy accordance of her lover's prayer. Nevertheless, she allowed an admissible amount of sympathy and pity for his impatience to appear. It was with the prettiest play of coyness, and amid blushes and drooping of the eyelashes that she admitted the detestability of Messrs. Slowcome, *père et fils*, and of Mr. Sligo, and the intolerableness of their delays.

At length, one day,—it was towards the close of business hours in the Silverton Bank,—Mr. Falconer sent to ask his son to step into his private *sanctum*. Frederick met Mr. Fishbourne, looking, he observed, very grave, passing out from conference with his chief, as he went in.

“Well, Fred,” said his father, as he entered, evidently striving to brighten up a little, and to speak as cheerfully as he could, “I sent for you to ask how affairs are getting on between you and Margaret. You have had her all to yourself for some days past, down in the Close here.”

“And I flatter myself I have not neglected

my opportunities, sir," replied Frederick, speaking in the same tone. "In fact," he added, a little more seriously, "I have nothing to complain of, and in truth I believe I might have it pretty well all my own way, were it not for that horridly slow coach, old Slowcome. It is to Slowcome and Sligo, sir, that you should address yourself rather than to me, with a view to doing anything toward hastening the match."

"Hasten old Slowcome! Humph! If the end of the world were fixed for twelve o'clock this day week punctually, do you think Slowcome would move one jot the faster, or omit a single repetition of 'executors,' and 'administrators' from his 'draft for counsel'? Not he. Now look here, my dear boy. I am sure you have the good sense to make the best use of any hint I may be able to give you for your guidance, without seeking to ask questions concerning matters which it is better not to trouble you with"—

"Good heavens, father!"—

"Gently, my dear boy, gently! do not agitate yourself. I trust there is no occasion for you to feel any agitation. I hope—I have every hope that all will go well. But there are circumstances that make me think it my duty to tell you that if your marriage with Miss Lindisfarn could be hastened, it would be—ahem—prudent to do it!"

"I've told you, sir, that we are only waiting for these troublesome settlements. Once for all, I believe, that as soon as the papers are signed, I may name the day as soon as I like."

"But as far as I see, it may be a month or more before that will be done!" said the old man, fidgeting uneasily in his chair.

"I have no doubt it will!" returned his son; "but what in the world can I do to hurry the old fellow?"

"Nothing; nothing would hurry him! But sometimes," and the old man looked furtively up into his son's face as the latter stood lounging with his arms crossed on the high back of the writing-table at which his father was sitting, "in the days when I was young, an impatient and ardent lover was not always content to wait for the tedious formalities of the lawyers."

"What! marry without any settlements at all!" exclaimed the "ardent lover," staring at his father in open-eyed astonishment, as if he suspected that he was losing his senses.

"Pooh, pooh, without settlements at all! Who spoke of marrying without settlements? In such a case as yours it would of course be all the same thing if the deeds were signed before or after! The substance of them has been all agreed to."

"But would the old people at the Chase consent?" said Frederick, doubtfully.

"Pshaw! consent! Why, Fred, one would think you had the blood of seventy-seven in your veins instead of that belonging to twenty-seven! Of course the old folks would not consent. Of course I should not consent! Ha, ha, ha! We did not always ask the consent of papa and mamma in my day."

Frederick, looking down on his father from the other side of the high-backed writing-table, keenly and observantly, as he spoke the above words; did not seem to be at all stirred up by them to any of that hot-headed ardor which the old gentleman appeared to think would become his years. He grew, on the contrary, graver in manner, and felt very uneasy.

"But, suppose, sir," he answered, watching his father narrowly as he spoke,—"suppose my natural impatience prompted me to take such a step as you hint at, is it likely that Margaret would consent to it?"

"Nay, that is your affair,—altogether your affair, my dear boy. I suppose no girl ever consented to such a step unless she were pretty vigorously pressed to do so; but very many have consented."

"Margaret has an uncommonly shrewd head of her own; she has abundance of sound common sense!" said Fred, musingly, and speaking more to himself than to his father.

"I am sure she has! Without it, she would not have been the girl for you, Fred. But what would you have? Girls are romantic—a thing represented to them in a poetical point of view, you know"—

"But again, father, supposing that I could induce Margaret to consent to such a step, would it be, looking at it from our point of view, a safe one?"

"I do not think there would be much danger," replied his father, speaking in a decided and business-like tone, very different from that in which he had been hitherto talking. "I am very much convinced," he continued, "that there would be no danger at all. The old squire, even if he has ever

had a thought of anything else than dividing the property equally between the two girls, would never budge from his word given to me. Trust me, the old squire's word is as good as any settlement old Slowcome can make, any day. Certainly, I do not mean to say," continued the old banker, "that the step in question would be one which I should counsel under ordinary circumstances. There would be, no doubt, a certain possibility of risk; and it is always unwise to run any risk, if it can be avoided. But I have already told you, my dear Fred, that there are reasons,—there are reasons. Very possibly, in all probability, there may be nothing in them; but—if you can steal a march on old Slowcome, and do the job, at once, why, I should advise you to do it. We old birds should be very angry, of course," added the old gentleman, with an attempt at a smile, which the evident anxiety in his face rendered a sorry failure; "but we should be very forgiving."

"Well, sir, as you tell me I had better not, I will not attempt to question you; and I will think very seriously of all you have said, and be guided by it, as far as is practicable."

"And look here, Fred," said his father, opening the drawer of his writing-table, and taking from it an unsealed envelope, "I have not calculated at all accurately the cost of posting from here to Greta. It is a long journey; but I think that there is enough there to do it, if you should happen to need such a thing. Four horses make the guineas as well as the milestones fly. But there would not be much chance of your being pursued. There would only be a bit of a lecture and a blessing, and a laugh against Slowcome, when you came back all tied as fast as Vulcan could tie you."

"Thank you, sir," said Fred, pocketing the bank-notes. "Depend upon it, I will put your advice to the best profit I can."

So the younger man went out, very far from easy in his mind, leaving the senior with his hands deeply plunged in his pockets, and his head fallen forward on his breast, in deep and anxious thought.

In truth, he had but too much reason for anxiety. A most unlucky combination of unfortunate circumstances falling together had, in fact, placed the bank in very critical circumstances. And it was quite a touch-

and-go matter with the old established firm to get on from day to day without a catastrophe. Mr. Fishbourne said (to his partner only) that it was quite providential that they had succeeded in weathering the storm as long as they had. But he did not appear to have any comfortable reliance on the stability of the intention of Providence with regard to the old Silverton Bank.

Frederick's favorite time for paying his visits to the house in the Close was the hour of the afternoon service in the cathedral. The spring had not yet ripened into summer; but the season was sufficiently advanced to render the sheltered walk in the canon's garden at that quiet hour extremely pleasant. The doctor was sure to be absent at the cathedral. Lady Sempronia, if she went out at all, did so at that time. If, as was more frequently the case, she did not go out, she was reposing on the sofa in the cheerless drawing-room after the wearing fatigue of doing nothing all day, and recruiting her strength for that great hour of trial and effort,—the dinner-hour.

Frederick was at that time safe, therefore, to find his Margaret at liberty to give herself up entirely to him; and the gathering gloom of evening only served to make the shaded terrace-walk under the old wall all the more delightful.

It was just about the usual hour of his visit, when he parted from his father in the bank parlor; and he walked straight across the Close to the senior canon's house, bent on at once feeling his way toward the execution of the project his father had shadowed forth to him. It was not that he went to the work with a very light heart, or a very good will. But he was profoundly impressed with the conviction that his father would not have spoken in the manner he had, if there had not been very grave reasons for doing so. And with regard to the prudence of the step, as far as concerned Miss Margaret's fortune, he quite agreed with his father in feeling that the old squire's word upon the subject was as safe as any bond.

So he knocked at the door, and asked the servant, who had long since come to understand that the gentleman had the right to make such an inquiry, if Miss Margaret was in the garden.

"Yes, sir; you will find her on the terrace, I have no doubt," said the old man, whose

time for translation to a vergership had almost come, smiling knowingly at the visitor.

"Then, if you will let me out, Parsons, I will go into the garden through the study, so as not to disturb Lady Sempronia, if she is at home."

So Falconer passed into the quiet garden, and found Margaret on the terrace-walk as usual. She was at the farther end of it when he came within sight of her, and was reading a note, or paper of some sort, which she thrust away immediately on catching sight of him.

It was natural enough that she should put away anything that she was reading when she came forward to meet him. Nevertheless, there was something about the manner of the action that caused her fond Fred to take observant note of it. Perhaps it was in the nature of the intercourse between these two young hearts, so specially fitted for each other, as the old squire had observed, that every smallest movement or indication which escaped either of them should be, with the unfailing quickness of instinct, seized on, examined, noted, and interpreted by the other!

The simple fact as to the paper which Margaret, with such conscious but unnecessary haste, concealed at the approach of her lover, is that it was a note from Kate, which had been given to her about a quarter of an hour previously, communicating to her the tidings the former had received from Mrs. Pendleton, of the convalescence and recovery of her inmate.

Of course Margaret had been for some days past prepared for this event, and aware that it would not be deferred much longer. Nevertheless, it gave her a shock to learn that the dreaded moment had absolutely arrived. Would Kate reveal the facts immediately, was the question! Kate urgently desired now that she was free to do so. That her sister, in the note, to return at once to the Chase, that they might talk the matter over together. And Margaret considered that this was a favorable sign. If Kate intended to tell at all hazards, she would rather have done so, thought Margaret, making the error that all such Margarets make in speculating on the conduct of such Kates, without saying anything about it to her.

At all events, Margaret determined to obey her sister's summons and go up to the Chase the next morning. She had sent back an answer by young Dick Wyvill, who had brought in Kate's note on the pony of all work, to the effect that she would be ready immediately after breakfast, if Kate could prevail on Mr. Mat to come in for her in the gig. If not, the carriage must be sent.

She had sent this reply, and was consulting over again Kate's note, to see if she could extract from it any evidence of the writer's mood of mind respecting the all-important question, when she saw her lover emerging from the thick clump of Portugal laurels which filled the corner of the garden at the end of the terrace nearest to the house, and hastened forward to meet him.

THE long-expected English edition of the poetical works of the late W. M. Praed, M. P., will be published by Messrs. Moxon & Co., in two volumes, the first week in July. Most important additions to the scope of the work have been made by the production, by Lady Young, the poet's sister, of a series of poems written in early life, and for the most part unpublished. Mr. Praed's nephew, Sir George Young, Bart., is engaged in a careful and exhaustive revision of the text; while the memoir of the poet will be from the pen of the Rev. Derwent Coleridge, rector of Hanwell. A dedication to the memory of the late Mrs. Praed will do justice to the life-long exertions this lady made in collecting and editing the works of her husband.

COOL AS A CUCUMBER.—Coleridge has remarked that stammering is sometimes the cause of a pun. Some one was mentioning in Lamb's presence the cold-heartedness of the Duke of Cumberland, in restraining the duchess from rushing up to the embrace of her son, whom she had not seen for a considerable time, and insisting on her receiving him in state. "How horribly cold it was!" said the narrator. "Yes," replied Lamb, in his stuttering way; "but you know he is the Duke of *Cu-cum-ber-land*."

HARD-HEADED.—A Limerick banker, remarkable for his sagacity, had an iron leg, "which," said Curran, "is the *softest* part about him."

THE LIVING AGE.

No. 1049.—9 July, 1864.

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We repeat the expression of regret that so large a proportion of the late numbers of *The Living Age* should be occupied by tales, however good. It is not from any change of plan, and we shall return to the old ways as soon as practicable. The *obstruction* arises, in part, from the unexpected prolongation of the "Perpetual Curate," but principally from a desire to give the parts of "Lindisfarn Chase" without interruption. This story had accumulated while we waited for a vacant place till it seemed better to delay no longer; and now two or three more numbers will dispose of all on hand, and thereafter it can come but once a month (which readers will be sorry for).

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THE RETURN OF THE BIRDS.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

I HEAR from many a little throat,
A warble, interrupted long;
I hear the robin's flutelike note,
The bluebird's slenderer song.

Brown meadows and the russet hill,
Not yet the haunt of grazing herds,
And the thickets by the glimmering rill
Are all alive with birds.

Oh! choir of spring, why come so soon?
On leafless grove and herbless lawn,
Warm lie the yellow beams of noon;
Yet winter is not gone.

For frost shall sheet the pools again;
Again the blustering east shall blow,
Whirl a white tempest through the glen,
And load the pines with snow.

Yet, haply, from the region where,
Waked by an earlier spring than here,
The blossomed wild-plum scents the air,
Ye come in haste and fear;

For there is heard the bugle-blast,
The booming gun, the jarring drum,
And on their chargers, spurring fast,
Armed warriors go and come;—

There mighty hosts have pitched the camp
In valleys that were yours till then,
And earth has shuddered to the tramp
Of half a million men.

In groves where once ye used to sing,
In orchards where ye had your birth,
A thousand glittering axes swing
To smite the trees to earth.

Ye love the fields by ploughman trod;
But there, when sprouts the beechen spray,
The soldier only breaks the sod
To hide the slain away.

Stay, then, beneath our ruder sky;
Heed not the storm-clouds rising black,
Nor yelling winds that with them fly;
Nor let them fright you back,—

Back to the stifling battle-cloud,
To burning towns that blot the day,
And trains of mounting dust that shroud
The armies on their way.

Stay, for a tint of green shall creep
Soon o'er the orchard's grassy floor,
And from its bed the crocus peep
Beside the housewife's door.

Here build, and dread no harsher sound,
To scare you from the sheltering tree,
Than winds that stir the branches round,
And murmur of the bee.

And we will pray, that ere again
The flowers of autumn bloom and die,
Our generals and their strong-armed men
May lay their weapons by.

Then may ye warble, unafraid,
Where hands that wear the fetter now,
Free as your wings, shall ply the spade,
And guide the peaceful plough.

Then, as our conquering hosts return,
What shouts of jubilee shall break
From placid vale and mountain stern
And shore of mighty lake!

And midland plain and ocean-strand
Shall thunder "Glory to the brave!
Peace to the torn and bleeding land!
And freedom to the slave!"

—*Atlantic Monthly.*

March, 1864.

JESUS LIVES.

OH, show me not my Saviour dying,
As on the cross he bled;
Nor in the tomb a captive lying;
For he has left the dead.
Then bid me not that form extended
For my Redeemer own,
Who, to the highest heavens ascended,
In glory fills the throne.

Weep not for him at Calvary's station;
Weep only for thy sins;
View where he lay with exultation;
'Tis there our hope begins.
Yet stay not there, thy sorrows feeding,
Amid the scenes he trod;
Look up and see him interceding
At the right hand of God.

Still in the shameful cross I glory,
Where his dear blood was spilt;
My soul is melted at the story
Of him who bore my guilt.
Yet what, 'mid conflict and temptation,
Shall strength and succor give?
He lives, the Captain of salvation!
Therefore his servants live.

By death, he death's dark king defeated,
And overcame the grave;
Rising, the triumph he completed:
He lives, he reigns to save!
Heaven's happy myriads bow before him;
He comes, the Judge of men:
These eyes shall see him and adore him;
Lord Jesus! own me then.

CONDER.

From The North British Review.

LORD ELGIN.—IN MEMORIAM.

It is not the intention of these few pages to give an account even in outline of what England lost in the death of Lord Elgin. Other pens may hereafter describe at length that singular career, which witnessed the successful accommodation of a more varied series of novel and entangled situations than has perhaps fallen to the lot of any other statesman within our own time.

There must be those who remember and who could tell of the reduction of Jamaica to order, after the convulsions of the Emancipation Act, by the youngest governor ever sent out to command a colony. There must be those who know how he stood his ground in Canada against first one and then another turbulent faction, and converted the mass of the population from a state of chronic disaffection to permanent loyalty. There are those who witnessed that decisive stroke by which he sent the troops back from Singapore to Calcutta, in the very crisis of the fate of our Eastern Empire, and, when he landed, found (to use his own famous and long-remembered expression) but "one face in Calcutta unblanched with fear,"—the face of the intrepid governor, his own early college friend, Lord Canning,—a meeting how romantic and an issue how momentous! "It was he," wrote the gallant and lamented Sir William Peel, "who made the change in India. It was the Chinese expedition that relieved Lucknow, relieved Cawnpore, and fought the battle of the 6th of December." There are those who remember how, when, not for the first time, he encountered the terrors of shipwreck at the Point de Galle, the two ambassadors of England and France sat side by side, unmoved amidst the awful scene, and refused to leave the sinking ship, inspiring all around them with the cheerfulness and spirit needed for the emergency. There are those who saw him, by that rare union of tact with firmness, of fertile resource with simplicity of aim, which belonged to the character of his race, twice over bring to a prosperous end the stupid and provoking negotiations, and the no less stupid and provoking wars of the most inaccessible and intractable of earthly empires,—who watched the moderation with which he procured the treaty of Tien-tsin, the decisive energy with which

he avenged the dignity of England by the destruction of the Summer Palace at Peking, and received the humiliation of the Chinese prince in the heart of the imperial city.

There are those, too, who know what he hoped to have done for India, had his life been spared. There are those—not a few—who looked further forward still, to the time when his long wanderings would at last be over, and he might have returned to have taken his place high in the councils of his country, and given to the solution of the great problems of the government of England, the experience and ability which had been ripened in such lofty positions, in so many a trying situation, in each extremity of the globe.

To these, and such as these, we must leave the delineation of the general policy, and the complicated course, of Lord Elgin's public life.

But it may be possible, within the short compass of the present occasion, to bring back some recollections of his last days, some image of his character as he appeared to those who knew and loved him best, which may fill up the vacant space left by his death, not merely in the memory and the hopes, but in the actual knowledge of his contemporaries; for it is one of the sad consequences of a statesman's life spent, like his, in the constant service of his country on arduous foreign missions, that in his own land, in his own circle, almost in his own home, his place is occupied by others, his very face is forgotten; he can maintain no permanent ties with those who rule the opinion, or obtain the mastery, of the day; he has established no claims on any existing party; he has made himself felt in none of those domestic and personal struggles which attract the attention, and fix the interest, of the common world which forms the bulk of the public opinion of England. For twenty years, the few intervals of his residence in these islands were to be counted, not by years, but by months, and the majority, even of those who might be reckoned amongst his friends and acquaintances, remembered him chiefly as the eager student at Oxford, in the happy time when he was devoted, in his undergraduate days at Christ Church, to the pages of Plato, or listened, not without a deep philosophic interest, in the Fellows' Quadrangle at Merton, to the roll of the now extinct

theological controversy, then beat by the war-drum of the "Tracts for the Times."

It is tragical to think of the curtain thus suddenly dropped over the future of his career in England. It is tragical, also, though in a narrower and more partial sense, to think of the more immediate overcasting of his career in India.

He undertook the vice-royalty of India, not, it is said, without a dark presentiment that he should never return, but with a clear conviction that the magnitude of the field before him left no choice. Yet of the actual duty imposed upon him, of the actual glory to be reaped, he always expressed himself with a modesty to which his own acts corresponded. "I succeed," he used to say, "to a great man and a great war, with an humble task to be humbly discharged." This feeling is well expressed in a letter, which gives at the same time an admirable description of the empire at the moment when he undertook the government.

"India was at peace. At peace in a sense of the term more emphatic and comprehensive than it had ever before borne in India. The occurrences which had taken place during the period of Lord Dalhousie's government had established the prestige of the British arms as against external foes. Lord Canning's vice-royalty had taught the same lesson to domestic enemies. No military operations of magnitude were in progress to call for prompt and vigorous action on the part of the ruling authority, or to furnish matter for narrations of thrilling interest. On the contrary, a hearty acquiescence in the belief that no such opportunities existed, and that it was incumbent upon him, by all practicable means, to prevent their recurrence, was the first duty which the situation of affairs prescribed to a new governor-general.

"But while such was the condition of things in respect to matters which have to be settled, if at all, by the arbitrament of the sword, questions of a different class, affecting very important interests, but demanding, nevertheless, a pacific solution, presented themselves for consideration, with a view to definitive action and practical adjustment, under circumstances of very great perplexity and embarrassment.... What intensified the evil in many of those cases, was the fact that the points in question bore closely upon those jealousies of race which are the sources of almost all our difficulties in India."

In the spirit thus indicated, he was desirous of postponing the final adjustment of such

questions, as those to which he here alluded, until he had made himself thoroughly acquainted with the country and the people. That acquaintance he was gradually acquiring. That result of his labors he was rapidly approaching.

The gallant vessel was steering, with her sails full set, right into the haven where she would be. The storm swept over her from a quarter whence it was least expected. The ship went down within the very sight of the harbor, with all the treasure of experience and wisdom accumulated for the very moment of the arrival which was never to take place.

The sense of his approaching end throws over the retrospect of Lord Elgin's progress northward from Calcutta through the provinces a melancholy shade, which almost forbids us to dwell upon it in detail. Yet it also imparts a pathetic interest to some of the leading features of his public addresses, and of his personal impressions, which may well find a place in this brief sketch. Such is the allusion to the two distinguished men who had preceded him in his office of governor-general, in a speech at a dinner at Benares, celebrating the progress of the East Indian Railway:—

"In looking over the published report of these proceedings a few days ago, my attention was arrested by an incident which brought forcibly home to my mind one painful circumstance in which my position here to-day contrasts sadly with that which my predecessor then occupied. At a stage in the proceedings of the evening, corresponding to that at which we have now arrived, Lord Canning departed from the routine prescribed by the programme, and invited the company to join him in drinking the health of his noble predecessor, the Marquis of Dalhousie, who had, as he justly observed, nursed the East Indian Railway in its infancy, and guided it through its first difficulties. It is not in my power to make any similar proposal to you now. A mysterious dispensation of Providence has removed from this world's stage, where they seemed still destined to play so noble and useful a part, both the proposer of this toast and its object; the names of both are written in brilliant characters on some of the most eventful pages of the history of India, and both were removed at a time when expectation as to the services which they might still render to India was at its height. I shall not now dwell on the great national loss which we have all sustained in this dispensation; but, perhaps, I may be permitted to say that to

me the loss is not only, a public one, but a private and personal calamity likewise. Both of these distinguished men were my contemporaries; both, I believe I may without presumption say, my intimate friends. It is a singular coincidence that three successive governors-general of India should have stood toward each other in this relationship of age and intimacy. One consequence is that the burden of governing India has devolved upon us respectively at different periods of our lives. Lord Dalhousie, when named to the government of India, was, I believe, the youngest man, who had ever been appointed to a situation of such high responsibility and trust. Lord Canning was in the prime of life; and I, if I am not already on the decline, am at least nearer to the verge of it than either of my contemporaries who have preceded me. Indeed, when I was leaving England for India, Lord Ellenborough, who is now, alas! the only surviving ex-governor-general of India, said to me, 'You are not a very old man; but, depend upon it, you will find yourself by far the oldest man in India.'"

He was present at the impressive ceremony of the consecration of the church by the Well of Cawnpore, where he met the excellent Bishop of Calcutta. He thence advanced to Agra, which he thus describes:—

"The six days spent at Agra, I am disposed to reckon among the most interesting of my life. Perhaps eleven months of the monotony of a Calcutta existence may render the mind more sensitive to novelty and beauty. At any rate, the impressions experienced on revisiting Agra at this time have been singularly vivid and keen. The surpassing beauty of the buildings, among which the Taj stands pre-eminent; the vast concourse of chiefs and retainers, containing so many of the attributes of feudal and chivalrous times; with the picturesqueness in attire and gorgeousness in coloring, which only the East can supply, produced an effect of fairyland, of which it was difficult to divest one's self in order to come down to the sterner realities of the present. These realities consisted mainly in receiving the chiefs at private and public durbars, the great durbar being attended by a larger number of chiefs than ever before assembled on a similar occasion."

The public journals of India describe for the last time, on the occasion of this durbar (or gathering of the princes), his "appearance venerable" beyond his years; "the extremely benignant aspect" of his expressive countenance; his voice, as he addressed the assembly, "clear and distinct, every word

well weighed, as if he meant what he said." We give his address, as the best exposition of his own feeling under this and similar circumstances:—

"Princes and Chiefs,—In inviting you to meet me here, it was my wish in the first place to become acquainted with you personally, and also to convey to you, in obedience to the gracious command which I received from Her Majesty the Queen, upon my departure from England, the assurance of the deep interest which Her Majesty takes in the welfare of the chiefs of India. I have now to thank you for the alacrity with which, in compliance with my request, you have, many of you from considerable distances, assembled at this place.

"Having received, during the course of the last few days, many of the principal personages among you in private durbar, where I have had the opportunity of communicating my views on matters of interest and importance, I need not detain you on this occasion by many words.

"Before taking leave of you, however, I desire to address to you collectively a few general remarks upon the present state of affairs in India, and upon the duties which that state of affairs imposes upon us all.

"Peace, I need hardly remind you of the fact, now happily prevails throughout the whole extent of this vast empire; domestic treason has been crushed; and foreign enemies have been taught to respect the power of the arms of England.

"The British Government is desirous to take advantage of this favorable opportunity, not to extend the bounds of its dominions, but to develop the resources and draw forth the natural wealth of India, and thus to promote the well-being and happiness both of rulers and of the people.

"With this view, many measures of improvement and progress have already been introduced, and among them, I may name as most conspicuous, the railway and electric telegraph, those great discoveries of this age which have so largely increased the wealth and power of the mightiest nations of the West.

"By diffusing education among your vassals and dependants, establishing schools, promoting the construction of good roads, and suppressing, with the whole weight of your authority and influence, barbarous usages and crimes, such as infanticide, suttee, thuggee, and dacoitee, you may, princes and chiefs, effectually second these endeavors of the British Government, and secure for yourselves and your people a full share of the benefits which the measures to which I have alluded are calculated to confer upon you. I

have observed with satisfaction the steps which many of you have already taken in this direction, and more especially the enlightened policy which has induced some of you to remove transit and other duties which obstructed the free course of commerce through your States.

"As representing the paramount power, it is my duty to keep the peace in India. For this purpose Her Majesty the Queen has placed at my disposal a large and gallant army, which, if the necessity should arise, I shall not hesitate to employ for the repression of disorder and the punishment of any who may be rash enough to disturb the general tranquillity. But it is also my duty to extend the hand of encouragement and friendship to all who labor for the good of India, and to assure you that the chiefs who make their own dependants contented and prosperous, establish thereby the strongest claim on the favor and protection of the British Government.

"I bid you now, princes and chiefs, farewell for a time, with the expression of my earnest hope that, on your return to your homes, health and happiness may attend you."

From Agra he moved northwards through Delhi:—

"The place of greatest interest visited during the latter part of the tour was unquestionably Delhi. The approach to it through ten miles of a desolate-looking campagna, thickly strewn with funeral monuments reared in honor of the sovereigns and mighty men of former dynasties, reminded me of Rome. The city itself bears traces of more recent calamities. The palace has been a good deal maltreated, and the Jumna Musjid (Great Mosque), a magnificent building, has only just been restored to the worshippers. Beyond the town, and over the place where the camp was pitched, lay the heights which were occupied by the British troops, and signalled by so many deeds of valor, during the eventful struggles of 1857.

"No durbar was held at Delhi; but at Umballa a large number of influential Sikh chiefs were received, at the head of whom was the young Maharaja of Puttialla, the son and heir of the prince whom Lord Canning placed in the council of the governor-general. . . .

"The Sikhs are a warlike race, and the knowledge of this fact gave a color to the advice tendered to them. It was my wish to recognize with all due honor their martial qualities, while seeking to impart a more pacific direction to their energies. The capture of half the capitals of Europe would not have been, in the eyes of the Sikh, so great

an event, or so signal a proof of British power, as the capture of Peking. They are proud of the thought that some of their race took a part in it; and more inclined than ever—which is an important matter—to follow the British standard into foreign lands, if they should be invited to do so."

On these sentiments was founded the address which he delivered on this occasion, and which is given here at length, as the last public expression of his good-will to the Indian races:—

"Colonel Durand,—I beg that you will express to the native gentlemen who are assembled here my regret that I am unable to address them in their own language, and inform them that I am charged by Her Majesty the Queen to convey to them the assurance of Her Majesty's high appreciation of the loyalty and devotion to Her Majesty's person and government which has been exhibited on various occasions by the Sikh rulers and people. Not many days ago it was my pleasing duty to determine that the medal granted to Her Majesty's troops who were engaged at Delhi in 1857, should be conferred on the followers of the Sikh chiefs who took part in the noble achievements of that period, and I can personally bear testimony to the good services of the officers and men of the Sikh regiments who, in 1860, co-operated with the British troops in placing the British flag on the walls of Peking, the capital of the vast empire of China.

"But, in order to be truly great, it is necessary that nations should excel in the arts of peace as well as in those of war.

"Look to the history of the British nation for an example. Most assuredly the British people are powerful in war; but their might and renown are in a great measure due to their proficiency in the works which make a time of peace fruitful and glorious.

"By their skill in agriculture, they have converted their country into a garden; by their genius as traders, they have attracted to it a large share of the wealth of other lands.

"Let us take advantage of this season of tranquillity to confer similar benefits on the Punjab.

"The waters which fall on your mountain heights, and unite at their base to form mighty rivers, are a treasure which, duly distributed, will fertilize your plains and largely augment their productive powers. With electric telegraphs to facilitate communication, and railways and canals to render access to the seaports easy and expeditious, we shall be able to convey the surplus produce of this great country to others where it is required, and to receive from them their riches in return."

"I rejoice to learn that some of the chiefs in this part of India are taking an interest in these matters, which are of such vital importance to the welfare of this country and the prosperity of the people. It affords me, moreover, sincere gratification to find that, under the able guidance of the lieutenant-governor, the Sikh Sirdars in certain districts of the Punjab are giving proof of their appreciation of the value of education, by making provision for the education of their sons and daughters.

"Be assured that in so doing you are adopting a judicious policy. The experience of all nations proves that where rulers are well informed and sagacious, the people are contented and willingly submissive to authority. Moreover, it is generally found that where mothers are enlightened, sons are valiant and wise.

"I earnestly exhort you, therefore, to persevere in the course on which you have entered, and I promise you while you continue in it the sympathy and support of the British Government."

He now reached Simla, the paradise of the Anglo-Indians. He was thence to explore the tea-plantations amongst the mountains, and was looking eagerly forward to the great gathering of Indian chiefs and princes which was to close his progress at Lahore.

Although he had suffered often from the unhealthy and depressing climate of Calcutta during the summer and autumn of 1862, and thus, to the eyes that saw him again in 1863, he looked many years older than when he left England, yet it was not till he entered the hills that any symptom manifested itself of the fatal malady that was lurking under his apparently stout frame and strong constitution. The splendid scenery of those vast forests and snow-clad mountains inspired him with the liveliest pleasure; but the highly refined atmosphere, which to most residents in India is as life from the dead, seemed in him to have the exactly reverse effect.

It was on the 12th of October that he ascended the Rotung Pass, and, on the 13th, crossed the famous Twig Bridge over the river Chandra. It is remarkable for the rare texture of birch branches of which it is composed, and which, at this late season, was so rent and shattered by the wear and tear of the past year as to render the passage of it a matter of great exertion. Lord Elgin was completely prostrated by the effort, and it may be said that from the exhaustion consequent on this adventure he never rallied.

But he returned to his camp, and continued his march on horseback until, on the 22d, an alarming attack obliged him to be carried, by slow stages, to Dhurmsala. There he was joined, on the 4th of November, by his friend and medical adviser, Dr. Macrae, who had been summoned from Calcutta on the first alarming indications of his illness. By this time, the disorder had declared itself in such a form as to cause the most serious apprehensions to others, as well as to himself the most distressing sufferings. There had been a momentary rally, during which the fact of his illness had been communicated to England. But this passed away; and on the 6th of November, Dr. Macrae came to the conclusion that the illness was mortal. This intelligence, which he communicated at once to Lord Elgin, was received with a calmness and fortitude which never deserted him through all the scenes which followed. It was impossible not to be struck by the courage and presence of mind with which, in the presence of a death unusually terrible, and accompanied by circumstances unusually trying, he showed, in equal degrees and with the most unvarying constancy, two of the grandest elements of human character,—unselfish resignation of himself to the will of God, and thoughtful consideration, down to the smallest particulars, for the interests and feelings of others, both public and private.

When once he had satisfied himself, by minute inquiries from Dr. Macrae, of the true state of the case, after one deep, earnest, heartfelt regret that he should thus suddenly be parted from those nearest and dearest, to whom his life was of such inestimable importance, and that he should be removed just as he had prepared himself to benefit the people committed to his charge, he steadily set his face heavenward. He was startled, he was awed; he felt it "hard, hard, to believe that his life was condemned;" but there was no looking backward. Of the officers of his staff he took an affectionate leave on that day. "It is well," he said to one of them, "that I should die in harness." And thenceforth he saw no one habitually, except Dr. Macrae, who combined with his medical skill the tenderness and devotion at once of a friend and of a pastor; his attached secretary, Mr. Thurlow, who had rendered him the most faithful services, not only through the period of his Indian vice-royalty, but

during his last mission to China; and her who had shared his every thought, and whose courageous spirit now rose above the weakness of the fragile frame, equal to the greatness of the calamity, and worthy of him to whom, by night and day, she constantly ministered.

On the following day, the clergyman whom he had ordered to be summoned, and for whose arrival he waited with much anxiety, reached Dhurmsala, and administered the Holy Communion to himself and those with him. "We are now entering on a new communion," he said that morning,—“the living and the dead,” and his spirit then appeared to master pain and weakness, and to sustain him in a holy calm, during the ceremony, and for a few hours afterward. "It is a comfort," he whispered, "to have laid aside all the cares of this world, and put myself in the hands of God;" and he was able to listen at intervals to favorite passages from the New Testament. That evening closed in with an aggravation of suffering. It was the evening of the seventeenth anniversary of his wedding-day.

On the following morning, Lady Elgin, with his approval, rode up to the cemetery at Dhurmsala to select a spot for his grave, and he gently expressed pleasure when told of the quiet and beautiful aspect of the spot chosen, with the glorious view of the snowy range towering above, and the wide prospect of hill and plain below.

The days and nights of the fortnight which followed were a painful alternation of severe suffering and rare intervals of comparative tranquillity. They were soothed by the never-failing devotion of those that were always at hand to read to him or to receive his remarks. He often asked to hear chosen chapters from the book of Isaiah (as the fortieth and fifty-fifth), sometimes murmuring over to himself any striking verses that they contained, and at other times repeating by heart favorite Psalms, one of which recalled to him an early feat of his youth, when he had translated into Greek the 137th Psalm, "By the waters of Babylon we sat down and wept." At times he delighted to hear his little girl, who had been the constant companion of his travels, repeat some of Keble's hymns, especially those on the festivals of St. John the Evangelist and of the Holy Innocents. Years ago he had prided himself on having been

the first to introduce into Scotland "The Christian Year," which he brought as a student from Oxford, where the first edition—first of its seventy-seven editions—had just appeared. How touching a reward to him—how touching a tribute to the enduring piety and genius of its venerable author, that, after the lapse of so long a tract of time to both,—of quiet, pastoral life and eager controversies for the one, of diplomacy and government, war and shipwreck and travels from hemisphere to hemisphere for the other,—that fountain of early devotion should still remain fresh and pure to soothe his dying hours.

Until his strength failed him, he was carried at times into the verandah, and showed by words and looks his constant admiration at the grand evidences of God's power and goodness in the magnificence of the scenery before him; and on one such occasion was delighted with the sublime description of the wonders of nature in the thirty-eighth and thirty-ninth chapters of the book of Job.

At times he was able to enter into conversation and argument on serious subjects. When, under the pressure of his sufferings, he was one night entreating to be released—"Oh that God would in mercy come and take me!"—Dr. Macrae reminded him of the dread of pain and death which seems to be expressed in the account of the Agony of Gethsemane, and he appeared to find much comfort in the thought, repeating once or twice that he had not seen it in this light before, and several times saying with fervor, "Not my will, but Thine, be done." At other times, he could even be led, by way of steadying his wandering thoughts amidst the distraction of restlessness, to fix them on his school and college days, to tell anecdotes of his hard reading, or to describe the visit to Oxford of his venerable friend Dr. Chalmers. He dwelt in this way on a sermon of Dr. Chalmers at Glasgow, which he remembered even in detail, and from which he quoted some eloquent passages, bringing out the general scope of the sermon, to the effect that, rather than teach people to hate this bad world, we should teach them to love and look up to a better one.*

It will naturally be understood that long converse was really impossible. As occasions rose, a few words were breathed, an

* "The Expulsive Power of a New Affection."—*Commercial Discourses*, No. ix.

appropriate verse quoted, and a few minutes were all that could be given at any one time to discourse upon it. It is characteristic of his strong, cheerful faith, even during those last trying moments, that he on one occasion asked to have the more supplicatory, penitential Psalms exchanged for those of praise and thanksgiving, in which he joined, knowing them already by heart, and in the same strain of calm yet triumphant hope, he whispered to himself on the night when his alarming state was first made known to him, "Hallelujah; the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth. We shall all meet again."

That thought was raised to its highest pitch by the sight of a portrait of a beloved son, who had died in England during his absence. It arrived in the close of those sad days. He recognized it at once with a burst of tenderness and delight, which at once lifted his mind above the suffering of his mortal illness. Again and again he desired to see it, and to speak of it, with the fixed conviction that he and his "angel boy," as he called him, would soon meet in a better world. "Oh, when shall I be with you?" "You know where he is; we shall all go to him; he is happy."

Every care had been taken for the public interests, and for the interests of those still dearer and dearer to him. He had laid the most solemn charge on his faithful secretary to conduct Lady Elgin home on her mournful and solitary voyage. He had given to Dr. Macrae, with the tenderest marks of affection, a turquoise ring: "We have had a long struggle together; keep this in memory of it." He had dictated a telegram to the queen resigning his office, with a request that his successor might be immediately appointed.

With this exception, public affairs seem to have faded from his mind. "I must resign myself to doing no work. I have not sufficient control over my thoughts. I have washed my hands of it all." But it was remarkable that, as the end drew nearer, the keen sense of public duty once more flashed up within him. It was on the 19th that he could not help expressing his wonder what was meant by his long lingering; and once, half wandering, he whispered, "If I did not die, I might get to Lahore, and carry out the original programme." Later on in the day he sent for Mr. Thurlow, and desired that a message should be sent, through Sir Charles

Wood, expressive of his love and devotion to the queen, and of his determination to do his work to the last possible moment. His voice, faint and inaudible at first, gained strength with the earnestness of the words which came forth as if direct from his heart, and which, as soon as pronounced, left him prostrate with the exertion. He begged, at the same time, that his "best blessing" might be sent to the secretaries of the Indian Government, and also a private message to Sir Charles Wood in England.

These were his last public acts. A few words and looks of intense affection for his wife and child were all that escaped him afterwards. One more night of agonized restlessness, followed by an almost sudden close of the long struggle, and a few moments of perfect calm, and his spirit was released.

His death was on the 20th of November, and on the 21st he was privately buried, at his own request, on the spot selected beforehand.

We have said that on his public policy we do not enter. That must be fought out, defended, censured, approved by others. Neither do we enlarge on the details of his private life. These are too sacred, too near, to be handled in these pages. Enough has been said to show to those who knew him not what manner of man he was in those more intimate relations to God and man with which a stranger dares not intermeddle.

But there are traits which start to life, now that he is removed, for which, perhaps, the English world, which, as we have said, hardly knew him, gave him but little credit.

He was thought of as a man of excellent sense and tact. By this, it is said, his objects were gained. Through this, it was held, he maintained that equable tenor of success that so marked the successive stages of his career. So, doubtless, it was to a great extent. Yet assuredly to those who knew him intimately there was much more than this.

Look even at the outward forms of his mode of speech. They are all that now remain to us to tell of that singularly poetic and philosophic turn of mind, that union of grace and power in all his turns of expression, which, if they do not actually amount to genius, give to the character which thus

displays itself the charm which no commonplace mediocrity, however sound and safe, can ever attain. It is enough to quote from the few letters in which he had time to disburden those thoughts freely, to show what we mean.

THE RIVER SCENERY OF CHINA.

"MAY, 1858.

"When the sun had passed the meridian, the masts and sails were a protection from his rays; and as he continued to drop toward the water, right ahead of us, he strewed our path, first with glittering silver spangles, then with roses, then with violets, through all of which we sped recklessly. The banks on either side continued as flat as ever until the last part of our trip, when we approached some hills on our left, not very lofty, but clearly defined, and with a kind of dreamy softness about them which reminded one of Egypt. . . . The sun has just set among a crowd of mountains which bound the horizon in front of us, and in such a blaze of fiery light that earth and sky in his neighborhood have hues all too glorious to look upon. Standing out in advance, on the edge of this sea of molten gold, is a solitary rock, which goes by the name of Golden Island, and serves as the pedestal of a tall pagoda. . . .

"The night was lovely,—a moon nearly full; the banks, flat and treeless at first, became fringed, as we proceeded, with mud villages, silent as the grave, and trees standing like spectres over the stream. There we went on through this silvery silence, panting and breathing flame. Through the night-watches, when no Chinaman moves, when the junks cast anchor, we labored on, cutting ruthlessly and recklessly through the waters of that glancing and startled river, which, until the last few weeks, no stranger keel had ever furrowed. . . ."

VISIT TO THE PYRAMIDS.

"MAY 9, 1860.

"Our row across the river to the chant of the boatmen invoking the aid of a sainted dervish, and our ride through the fertile border of the Nile, covered with crops and palm-trees, were very lovely, and after about an hour and a half from Cairo, we emerged into the Desert. The Pyramids seemed there almost within reach of our arms; but, lo! they were in fact some four miles distant.

"We kept moving on at a sort of ambling walk, and the first sign of our near approach was the appearance of a crowd of Arabs. We pushed on over the heap of sand and *débris*, or probably covered-up tombs, which surround the base of the Pyramids, when we suddenly came on the most remarkable ob-

ject on which my eye ever lighted. Somehow or other, I had not thought of the Sphinx till I saw her before me. There she was in all her imposing magnitude, crouched on the margin of the Desert, looking on the fertile valley of the Nile, and her gaze fixed on the East, as if in earnest expectation of the sun-rising; but such a gaze! The mystical light and deep shadows cast by the moon gave to it an intensity which I cannot attempt to describe. To me it seemed a look earnest, searching, but unsatisfied. For a long time I remained transfixed, endeavoring to read the meaning conveyed by that wonderful eye. I was struck after a while by what seemed a contradiction in the expression of the eye and mouth. There was a singular gentleness and hopefulness in the lines of the mouth which appeared to be in contrast with the anxious eye. Mr. Bowlby* agreed with me in thinking that the upper part of the face spoke of the intellect striving, and striving vainly, to solve the mystery (what mystery? the mystery, shall we say, of God's universe or of man's destiny?), while the lower indicated a moral conviction that all must be well, and that this truth would in good time be made manifest. We could hardly tear ourselves away from this fascinating spectacle, to draw near to the great pyramid which stood beside us, its outline sharply traced in the clear atmosphere. We walked round and round it, thinking of the strange men whose ambition to secure immortality for themselves had expressed itself in this giant creation. The enormous blocks of granite brought from one knows not where, built up one knows not how,—the form selected, solely for the purpose of defying the assaults of time,—the contrast between the conception embodied in their construction and the talk of the frivolous race by whom we were surrounded,—all this seen and felt under the influence of the dim moonlight was very striking and impressive. We spent some time in moving from place to place along the shadow cast by the pyramid on the sand, and observing the effect produced by bringing the moon sometimes to its apex, and sometimes to other points on its outline. I felt no disposition to exchange for sleep the state of dreamy half-consciousness in which I was wandering about, but at length I lay down on the shingly sand with a block of granite for a pillow, and passed an hour or two sometimes dozing, sometimes wakeful. . . . When we reached the summit at sunrise, we had a horizon all around tinted

*The lamented *Times'* correspondent who perished in China, amongst the prisoners captured in 1860.—See Lord Elgin's despatch to Lord J. Russell, dated October 26, 1860.—*Correspondence on the Affairs of China*, 1859-60, 22.

very much like Turner's early pictures, and becoming brighter and brighter till it melted into day. Behind and on two sides of us was the barren and treeless desert stretching out as far as the eye could reach. Before us the fertile valley of the Nile, and the river meandering through it, and in the distance Cairo, with its mosques and minarets, the highest, the citadel mosque, standing out boldly on the horizon. It was a fine view, and had a character of its own; but still it does not stand out among my recollections as a spectacle unique and never to be forgotten, as that of the night before does. . . . I confess that it was with something of fear and trembling that I returned to the Sphinx that morning. I feared that the impressions received the night before might be effaced by the light of day; but it was not so. The lines were fainter and less deeply marked, but I found, or thought I found, the same meaning in them still."

But this elevation of sentiment was not merely one of outward form or expression. Varied, eventful as was his course,—wrapt up in the intricacies of diplomacy,—entangled in disputes with Canadian factions and Oriental follies,—he still kept steadily before him, as steadily as any great philanthropist or missionary or reformer that ever lived, those principles of truth and justice and benevolence, to maintain which was his sufficient reward for months and years of long and patient waiting, for storms of obloquy and misunderstanding. Philosophical or religious truth, in the highest sense, he had not the leisure to follow. Yet even here his memoranda, his speeches, we believe his conversation, constantly showed how open his mind was to receive profound impressions from the most opposite quarters; how firm a hold was laid upon it by any truth, or fact which it had touched in his passage through the many strange vicissitudes of life. "If public writers think that they cannot argue with eloquence without showing feeling," so he spoke at a meeting in Calcutta on the mode in which the Lancashire distress was to be discussed, but how far beyond any such immediate occasion does the wisdom of his words extend!) "then, for God's sake, let them give utterance to their opinions. It would be much better than to deprive us of the spark which concussion with flint may kindle. I would rather myself swallow a whole bushel of chaff than lose the precious grains of truth which may somewhere or

other be scattered in it." How exactly the opposite of the vulgar, unreasoning timidity and fastidiousness of the mass of statesmen and teachers and preachers, whose first thought is to suppress all eloquence and enthusiasm from apprehension of its possible accompaniments,—who would willingly throw away whole bushels of truth, lest they should accidentally swallow a few grains of chaff. How entirely is the sentiment worthy of those noble treatises which, we have been assured, were his constant companions wherever he travelled, and from which he delighted to read the soul-stirring calls to freedom of inquiry, and resolute faith in truth,—the Prose Works of Milton.

But it was in practical life that those qualities came forth in their full energy. Politics, statesmanship, government, were to him a profession, a science, of which he discussed the problems as a philosopher or a scholar would discuss the difficulties of astronomy or of philology. It was thus that he would take upon himself the responsibility of great acts, not merely from motives of passing expediency, but as parts of a system, which appeared to him to impose such a general duty upon him. On two memorable occasions his "political courage" (to use the French expression) reached a point of almost heroic magnitude. One was the determination adopted, with hardly any hesitation, to send back the troops to India, although it was the greatest personal sacrifice which he could have made; for, by depriving himself of his military force, he ran the risk of rendering his mission in China almost powerless. The other was the resolve, executed against all his natural tastes and feelings, and with the full anticipation of the obloquy which it would bring down upon him in Europe, of burning the Summer Palace at Peking, as the only means, under the extraordinary difficulties which surrounded him, of impressing the Chinese nation with a sense of the atrocity of the outrages perpetrated against their European prisoners.

"Having, to the best of my judgment, examined the question in all its bearings, I come to the conclusion, that the destruction of Yuenming-yaen (the Summer Palace) was the least objectionable of the several courses open to me, unless I could have reconciled it to my sense of duty to suffer the crime which had been committed to pass practically un-

avenged. I had reason, moreover, to believe that it was an act which was calculated to produce a greater effect in China, and on the emperor, than persons who look on from a distance may suppose. It was the emperor's favorite residence, and at its destruction could not fail to be a blow to his pride as well as to his feelings. To this place he brought our hapless countrymen, in order that they might undergo their severest tortures within its precincts. There had been found the horses and accoutrements of the troopers seized, the decorations torn from the breast of a gallant French officer, and other effects belonging to the prisoners. As almost all the valuables had been already taken from the palace, the army would go thus, not to pillage, but to mark by a solemn act of retribution, the horror and indignation with which we were inspired by the perpetration of a great crime. The punishment was one which would fall not on the people, who may be comparatively innocent, but on the emperor, whose direct personal responsibility for the crime committed is established beyond all question."

This statement, which forms the close of an able and elaborate argument, which must be read in the original document* to be fully appreciated, is perhaps still more forcibly and concisely put in the following private letter:—

"We had only a fortnight to make peace in, after the armies obtained the gate of Peking. It was absolutely necessary, before peace was concluded, to mark our sense of the barbarous treatment to which the prisoners had been subjected. The burning of the palace was an expeditious mode of marking our sense of this crime, and therefore consistent with the speedy conclusion of peace. It was appropriate, because the palace was the place at which the first cruelties to the prisoners were perpetrated, under the immediate direction of the emperor and his advisers. It was humane, because it involved no sacrifice of human life; no great destruction of property, because the buildings (though styled *Palace*) were low wooden structures of small value, which had been plundered by the French army before the order for the burning was given."

These examples also indicate that though he was cautious to excess when he had time to deliberate (for his logical powers and his command over language tempted him to re-

fine), yet his decision could be as prompt as a soldier's when the occasion demanded it; and, if he was satisfied of the correctness of his cause, he would accept the full responsibility of it, in spite of all opposition. His clearness of view, under these circumstances, admitted of no confusion, and his power of expressing what he saw was equal to the clearness with which he saw it. There are men, deeply versed in public affairs, in whom caution almost takes the place of genius, and admits of no other rival quality. Such might to some appear to have been the character of Lord Elgin. But had he been so ruled by this predominant faculty, he would assuredly never have ventured on the organization of Canton by the hazardous but successful appointment of a temporary Chinese governor, nor would he have faced the complicated difficulties that presented themselves in his adventurous voyage of discovery up the Yang-tse-kiang River, nor would he have marched on Peking with that military ardor which made the French soldiers exclaim that he ought to have been an "officier de dragons."

These statesman-like gifts, however, are not those which fill the largest space in his character to those who knew him best. He possessed in an eminent degree the rare quality—rare in the political world, rarer still perhaps in the religious world—of a strong overruling sense of the justice due from man to man, and from nation to nation.

Wherever he went (and it was his fate that in the four different spheres in which his lot was cast, the same relations were constantly reappearing), it was his fixed determination that the interests of the subject races should be protected from the impatience or violence of his own countrymen,—the emancipated slaves of Jamaica, the French Canadians, the Chinese in their dealings with the European residents, the Indian population in its dealings with the Anglo-Indian conquerors.

That he had no bloodshed on his hands was his pride in Canada. "No human power shall induce me to accept the office of oppressor of the people," was his sincere resolve in China. The order to burn the Imperial Palace at Peking was wrung from him by the severest sense of the necessity of the crisis. When in India, the protection of the Indians was the constant source of

* Lord Elgin's despatch to Lord J. Russell, dated October 25, 1860.—*Correspondence respecting Affairs in China, 1859-60*, p. 293.

solicitude to him. The stern determination with which he carried out the execution of an English soldier for causing the death of a native, was of itself enough to mark his strong sense of what was due from the Viceroy of India to the interests of the conquered race. "His combination of speculative and practical ability," so wrote one with deep experience of his mind, "fitted him more than any man I have ever known, to solve the problem how these subject races are to be governed." It may be that in these acts he merely served to represent the growing humanity and justice of the age. But it is a great boon to mankind when the best tendencies of the age find a congenial soul in which to take root and bear fruit; and such a soul, in every sense, was that of Lord Elgin.

It might almost be said that the sense of responsibility for the classes confided to his charge, especially of those who were comparatively friendless, was to him a kind of religion,—an expression of his sense of the justice and love of God for all his creatures.

And it may be remarked how, from this religious sense of the duty devolved upon him, it came to pass that, if there was any subject which more strongly moved his indignation than another, it was the sight, whether in foreign lands or in our own, of Christianity invoked, or of the influence of the teachers of religion brought to bear, against the general claims of justice and humanity on behalf of those who might be regarded, in race, or religion, or opinion, as aliens from ourselves.

There is one final tribute which, at least in these pages, may be offered without affection to his memory. Wherever else he was honored, and however few were his visits to his native land, yet Scotland at least always delighted to claim him as her own. Always his countrymen were proud to feel that he worthily bore the name most dear to Scottish hearts. Always his unvarying integrity shone to them with the steady light of an unchanging beacon above the stormy discords of the Scottish church and nation. Whenever he returned to his home in Fife-shire, he was welcomed by all, high and low, as their friend and chief. Here, at any rate, were fully known the industry with which he devoted himself to the small details of local, often trying and troublesome, business ;

the affectionate confidence with which he took counsel of the fidelity and experience of the aged friends and servants of his house; the cheerful contentment with which he was willing to work for their interests and for those of his family, with the same fairness and patience as he would have given to the most exciting events or the most critical moments of his public career. There his children, young as they were, were made familiar with the union of wisdom and playfulness, with which he guided them, and with the simple and self-denying habits of which he gave them so striking an example. By that ancestral home, in the vaults of the Abbey Church of Dunfermline, would have been his natural resting-place. Those vaults had, but two years ago, been opened to receive the remains of another of the same house, his brother, General Bruce, whose lamented death—also in the service of his Queen and country—followed immediately on his return from the journey in which he had accompanied the Prince of Wales to the East, and in which he had caught the fatal malady that brought him to his untimely end. "You have lost a kind and good uncle and a kind and good godfather,"—so Lord Elgin wrote to his little boy, who bore the same name as the general,—“and you are now the only Robert Bruce in the family. It is a good name, and you must try and bear it nobly and bravely as those who have borne it before you have done. If you look at their lives, you will see that they always considered in the first place what they ought to do, and only in the second what it might be most pleasant and agreeable to do. This is the way to steer a straight course through life, and to meet the close of it, as your dear uncle did, with a smile on his lips.” By few could General Bruce’s loss have been felt more than by Lord Elgin himself. “No two brothers,” he used to say, “were ever more helpful to each other.” The telegram that brought the tidings to him at Calcutta was but one word. “And yet,” he said, “how much in that one word! It tells me that I have lost a wise counsellor in difficulties, a stanch friend in prosperity and adversity, one on whom, if anything had befallen myself, I could always have relied to care for those left behind me. It tells, too, of the dropping of a link of that family chain which has always been so strong and

unbroken." How little was it foreseen then, that of that strong, unbroken chain, his own life would be the next link to be taken away. How little was it thought by those who stood round the vault at Dunfermline Abbey, on the 2d of July, 1862, that to those familiar scenes, and to that hallowed spot, the chief of the race would never return. How mournfully did the tidings from India reach a third brother in the yet further East, who felt that to him was due, in great part, whatever success he had experienced in life, even from the time when, during the elder brother's Eton holidays; he had enjoyed the benefit of his tuition, and who was indulging in dreams how, in their joint return from exile, with their varied experience of the East, they might have worked together for some great and useful end.

He sleeps far away from his native land. on the heights of Dhurmsala,—a fitting

grave, let us rejoice to think, for the Viceroy of India, overlooking from its lofty height the vast expanse of the hill and plain of these mighty provinces,—a fitting burial, may we not say, beneath the snow-clad Himalaya range, for one who dwelt with such serene satisfaction on all that was grand and beautiful in man and nature—

"Pondering God's mysteries untold,
And tranquil as the glacier snows,
He by those Indian mountains old,
Might well repose."

A last home, may we not say, of which the very name, with its double signification, was worthy of the spirit which there passed away,—“the Hall of Justice, the Place of Rest,”—rest, indeed, to him after his long “laborious days,” in that presence which to him was the only complete rest—the presence of Eternal Justice.

THE SACRED TREE OF THE ASSYRIANS.—An emblem found in such frequent connection with the symbol of Asshur as to warrant the belief that it was attached in a special way to his worship, is the sacred or symbolical tree. Like the winged circle, this emblem has various forms. The simplest consists of a short pillar springing from a single pair of rams' horns, and surmounted by a capital composed of two pairs of rams' horns, separated by one, two, or three horizontal bands; above which there is first, a scroll resembling that which commonly surmounts the winged circle, and then a flower, very much like the “honeysuckle ornament” of the Greeks. More advanced specimens show the pillar elongated, with a capital in the middle in addition to the capital at the top, while the blossom above the upper capital, and generally the stem likewise, throw out a number of similar smaller blossoms, which are sometimes replaced by fir cones or pomegranates. Where the tree is most elaborately portrayed, we see, besides the stem and blossom, a complicated network of branches, which, after interlacing with one another, form a sort of arch surrounding the tree itself as with a frame. It is a subject of curious speculation whether this sacred tree does not stand connected with the *Asherah* of the Phœnicians, which was certainly not a “grove” in the sense in which we commonly understand the word. The *Asherah*,

which the Jews adopted from the idolatrous nations with whom they came in contact, was an artificial structure, originally of wood, but in the later times probably of metal, capable of being “set” in the temple at Jerusalem by one king, and “brought out” by another. It was a structure for which “hangings” could be made to cover and protect it, while at the same time it was so far like a tree that it could be properly said to be “cut down,” rather than “broken” or otherwise demolished. The name itself seems to imply something which stood straight up; and the conjecture is reasonable that its essential element was “the straight stem of a tree,” though whether the idea connected with the emblem was of the same nature with that which underlay the phallic rites of the Greeks is, to say the least, extremely uncertain. We have no distinct evidence that the Assyrian sacred tree was a real tangible object; it may have been, as Mr. Layard supposes, a mere type. But it is, perhaps, on the whole more likely to have been an actual object, in which case we cannot but suspect that it stood in the Assyrian system in much the same position as the *Asherah* in the Phœnician, being closely connected with the worship of the supreme god, and having certainly a symbolic character, though of what exact kind it may not be easy to determine.—*Rawlinson's Ancient Monarchies*.

PART IX.—CHAPTER XXXI.

TWO FRIENDS.

It was like a return to his former self—to his gay, happy, careless nature—for Tony Butler to find himself with his friend Skeffy. As painters lay layers of the same color on, one over the other, to deepen the effect, so does youth double itself by companionship. As for Skeffy, never did schoolboy exult more in a holiday, and, like a schoolboy, his spirits boiled over in all manner of small excesses, practical jokes on his fellow-passengers, and all those glorious tomfooleries, to be able to do which, with zest, is worth all the enjoyment that ever cynicism yielded twice told.

"I was afraid you wouldn't come. I didn't see you when the coach drove into the inn-yard: and I was so disappointed!" said Tony, as he surveyed the mass of luggage which the guard seemed never to finish depositing before his friend.

"Two portmanteaus, sir," said the guard, "three carpet-bags, a dressing-case, a hat-box, a gun-case, bundle of sticks and umbrellas, and I think this parrot and cage, are yours."

"A parrot, Skeffy?"

"For Mrs. Maxwell, you dog; she loves parrots, and I gave ten guineas for that beggar, because they assured me he could positively keep up a conversation; and the only thing he *can* say is, 'Don't you wish you may get it?'"

No sooner had the bird heard the words than he screamed them out with a wild and scornful cry that made them sound like a bitter mockery.

"There—that's at *me*," whispered Skeffy,—"at *me* and *my* chance of Tilney. I am half inclined to wring his neck when I hear it."

"Are you looking for any one, Harris?" asked Tony of a servant in livery who had just ridden into the yard.

"Yes, sir; I have a letter from my mistress for a gentleman that was to have come by the mail."

"Here he is," said Tony, as he glanced at the address. "This is Mr. Skeffington Damer."

While Skeffy broke the seal, Tony muttered in his ear, "Mind, old fellow, you are to come to us before you go to Tilney, no matter how pressing she may be."

"Here's a business," said Skeffy; "as

well as I can make out her old pothooks, it is that she can't receive me. 'My dear'—she first wrote 'Nephew,' but it's smudged out,—'My dear Cousin Damer, I am much distressed to tell you that you must not come here. It is the scarlatina, which the doctors all think highly infectious, though we burn cinnamon and that other thing through all the rooms. My advice would be to go to Harrogate, or some nice place, to amuse yourself, and I enclose this piece of thin paper.' Where is it though?" said he, opening the letter and shaking it. "Just think of the old woman forgetting to put up the enclosure!"

"Try the envelope?" cried Tony, eagerly; but no, the envelope was also empty, and it was plain enough she had omitted it.

Skeffy read on: "'I had a very pretty pony for you here, and I remember Lydia Damer told me how nice you looked riding, with the long curls down your back.' Why, that was five-and-twenty years ago!" cried he, with a scream of laughter; "just fancy Tony!" and he ran his fingers through his hair. "How am I ever to keep up the illusion with this crop! 'But'"—he went on to read,—"'but I suppose I shall not see that now. I shall be eighty-one next November. Mind that you drink my health on the twenty-second, if I be alive. I could send you the pony if you thought it would not be too expensive to keep him in London. Tilney is looking beautiful, and the trees are budding as if it were spring. Drop me a line before you leave the neighborhood, and believe me, your affectionate godmother,

"DINAH MAXWELL."

"I think I'd better say I'll send an answer," said Skeffy, as he crumpled up the letter; "and as to the enclosure"—

A wild scream and some unintelligible utterance broke from the parrot at this instant.

"Yes, you beggar, 'you wish I may get it.' By the way, the servant can take that fellow back with him; I am right glad to be rid of him."

"It's the old adage of the ill wind," said Tony, laughing.

"How so? What do you mean?"

"I mean that *your* ill-luck is *our* good fortune; for as you can't go to Tilney, you'll have to stay the longer with us."

Skeffy seized his hand and gave it a cor-

dial shake, and the two young fellows looked fully and frankly at each other, as men do look before the game of life has caught too strong a hold upon their hearts, and taught them over-anxiety to rise winners from it.

"Now, then, for your chateau," said Skeffy, as he leaped up on the car, already half-hidden beneath his luggage.

"Our chateau is a thatched cabin," said Tony, blushing in spite of all his attempts to seem at ease. "It is only a friend would have heart to face its humble fare."

Not heeding, if he even heard, the remark, Skeffy rattled on about everything,—past, present, and future; talked of their jolly dinner at Richmond, and of each of their companions on that gay day; asked the names of the various places they passed on the road,—what were the usual fortunes of the proprietors, how they spent them, and, seldom waiting for the answer, started some new query, to be forgotten in its turn.

"It is a finer country to ride over," said Tony, anxious to say something favorable for his locality, "than to look at. It is not pretty, perhaps, but there's plenty of grass, and no end of stone walls to jump, and in the season there's some capital trout-fishing too."

"Don't care a copper for either. I'd rather see a new pantomime than the best stag hunt in Europe. I'd rather see Tom Salter do the double spring backward than I'd see them take a whale."

"I'm not of your mind, then," said Tony. "I'd rather be out on the hillside of a dull, good-scenting day,—well mounted, of course,—and hear the dogs as they rush yelping through the cover."

"Yoices, yoices, yoices! I saw it all at Astley's, and they took a gate in rare style; but, I say, what is that tower yonder topping the trees?"

"That is Lyle Abbey, Sir Arthur Lyle's place."

"Lyle—Lyle! There was such a picture in the Exhibition last year of two sisters, Maud, or Alice, or Bella Lyle, and another by Watts. I used to go every morning, before I went down to the Office, to have a look at them, and I never was quite certain which I was in love with."

"They are here; they are, Sir Arthur's daughters."

"You don't say so! And do you know them, Tony?"

"As well as if they were my sisters."

"Aint I in luck!" cried Skeffy, in exultation. "I'd have gone to Tarnoff—that's the place Holmes was named consul at, and wrote back word that it didn't exist, and that the geography fellows were only hoaxing the office!—just fancy, hoaxing the Office! Hul-loa!—what have we here? a four-horse team, by all that's stunning!"

"Mrs. Trafford's. Draw up at the side of the road till they pass, Peter," said Tony, hurriedly. The servant on the box of the carriage had, however, apparently announced Tony Butler's presence; for the postillions slackened their pace, and came to a dead halt a few paces in front of the car.

"My mistress, sir, would be glad to speak to you," said the servant, approaching Tony.

"Is she alone, Coles?" asked he, as he descended from the car.

"Yes, sir."

Somewhat reassured by this, but at the same time not a little agitated, Tony drew nigh the carriage. Mrs. Trafford was wrapped up in a large fur mantle,—the day was a cold one,—and lay back without making any movement to salute, except a slight bend of the head as he approached.

"I have to apologize for stopping you," said she, coldly; "but I had a message to give you from Mr. Maitland, who left this a couple of days ago."

"Is he gone—gone for good?" asked Tony, not really knowing what he said.

"I don't exactly know what 'for good' means," said she, smiling faintly; "but I believe he has not any intention to return here. His message was to say that, being much pressed for time, he had not an opportunity to reply to your note."

"I don't think it required an answer," broke in Tony, sternly.

"Perhaps not as regarded you, but possibly it did as respected himself."

"I don't understand you."

"What I mean is, that, as you had declined his offer, you might, possibly, from inadvertence or any other cause, allude to it; whereas he expressly wished that the subject should never be mentioned."

"You were apparently very much in his confidence," said Tony, fixing his eyes steadily on her.

"When I learn by what right you ask me

that question, I'll answer it," said she, just as defiantly.

Tony's face became crimson, and he could not utter a word. At last he stammered out, "I have a friend here, Mr. Damer: he is just come over to pay a visit at Tilney, and Mrs. Maxwell sends him a note to say that they are all ill there."

"Only Bella, and she is better."

"And was Bella ill?" asked Tony, eagerly.

"Yes, since Tuesday; on Wednesday, and even up to Friday, very ill. There was a time this could scarcely have happened without your coming to ask after her."

"Is it my fault, Alice? First of all, I never knew it. You know well I go nowhere. I do not mix with those who frequent grand houses. But tell me of Bella."

"She was never alarmingly ill; but the doctor called it scarlatina, and frightened every one away; and poor Mrs. Maxwell has not yet recovered the shock of seeing her guests depart and her house deserted, for Bella and myself are all that remain."

"May I present my friend to you—she would take it as such a favor?" asked Tony, timidly.

"I think not," said she, with an air of indolence.

"Do let me; he saw your picture,—that picture of you and Bella, at the Exhibition,—and he is wild to see yourself. Don't refuse me, Alice."

"If you think this a favor, I wonder you have courage to ask it. Come, you need not look cross, Master Tony, particularly as all the fault is on your own side. Come over to Tilney the day after to-morrow with your friend."

"But I don't know Mrs. Maxwell."

"That does not signify in the least; do what I bid you. I am as much mistress there as she is while I stay. Come early. I shall be quite alone; for Mark goes to-morrow to town, and Bella will scarcely be well enough to see you."

"And you'll not let me introduce him now?"

"No; I shall look more like my picture in a house dress; and perhaps—though I'll not promise—be in a better temper too. Good-by."

"Wont you shake hands with me, Alice?"

"No; it's too cold to take my hands out

of my muff. Remember now, Saturday morning, without fail."

"Alice!" said he, with a look at once devoted and reproachful.

"Tony!" said she, imitating his tone of voice to perfection; "there's your friend getting impatient. Good-by."

As the spanking team whirled past, Skeffy had but a second or two to catch a glance at the veiled and muffled figure that reclined so voluptuously in the corner of the carriage; but he was ready to declare that she had the most beautiful eyes in the world, and "knew what to do with them besides." "You're in love with her, Tony!" cried he, fixing a steadfast stare on the pale and agitated features at his side. "I see it, old fellow! I know every shade and tint of that blessed thing they miscall the tender passion. Make me no confessions; I don't want them. Your heart is at her feet, and she treats it like a football."

Tony's cheeks grew purple.

"There's no shame in that, my boy. Women do that with better men than either of us; ay, and will continue to do it centuries after you and I shall be canonized as saints. It's that same contempt of us that makes them worth the winning; but, I say, why is the fellow drawing up here? Is he going to bait his beast?"

"No," muttered Tony, with a certain confusion; "but we must get down and walk here. Our road lies by that path yonder; there's no carriage-way up to our 'chateau,'" and he gave a peculiar accent to the last word.

"All right," said Skeffy, gayly. "I'm good for ten miles of a walk."

"I'll not test your powers so far; less than a quarter of an hour will bring us home. Take down the luggage, and I'll send up for it," said he to the driver.

"What honest poor devils you must be down here!" said Skeffy, as he saw the carman deposit the trunks on the road and drive off. "I'd not like to try this experiment in Charing Cross."

"You see there is some good in poverty, after all," said Tony, laughing.

"Egad, I've tried it for some years without discovering it," said Skeffy, gravely. "That," continued he, after a brief pause, "it should make men careless, thoughtless, reckless if you like, I can conceive; but why

it should make them honest is clean beyond me. What an appetite this sharp air is giving me, Master Tony. I'll astonish that sir-loin, of that saddle of yours, whichever it be."

"More likely neither, Skeffy. You're lucky if it be a rasher and eggs."

"Oh that it may be," cried the other, "and draught beer! Have you got draught beer?"

"I don't think we have any other. There's our crib,—that little cabin under the rocks yonder."

"How pretty it is,—the snugest spot I ever saw!"

"You're a good fellow to say so," cried Tony, and his eyes swam in tears as he turned away.

What a change has come over Tony Butler within the last twenty-four hours! All his fears and terrors as to what Skeffy would think of their humble cottage and simple mode of life have given way, and there he goes about from place to place, showing to his friend how comfortable everything is, and how snug. "There are grander dining-rooms, no doubt; but did you ever see a warmer or a 'cozier'? and as to the drawing-room—match the view from the window in all Europe! between that great bluff of Fair-head and the huge precipice yonder of the Causeway there is a sweep of coast unrivalled anywhere. Those great rocks are the Skerries; and there, where you see that one stone-pine tree,—there, under that cliff, is the cove where I keep my boat; not much of a boat," added he, in a weaker voice, "because I used always to have the cutter,—Sir Arthur's yacht. Round that point there is such a spot to bathe in,—twenty feet water at the very edge, and a white gravel bottom, without a weed! Passing up that little pathway, you gain the ledge yonder; and there,—do you mark the two stones, like gate-piers?—there you enter Sir Arthur Lyle's demesne. You can't see the shrubberies; for the ground dips, and the trees will only grow in the valleys here!" And there was a despondent tenderness in the last words that seemed to say, "If it were not for that, this would be paradise!"

Nor was it mere politeness and the spirit of good breeding that made Skeffy a genial listener to these praises. What between the

sense of a holiday, the delight of what cockneys call an "outing," the fine, fresh, breezy air of the place, the breadth and space,—great elements of expansiveness,—Skeffy felt a degree of enjoyment that amounted to ecstasy.

"I don't wonder that you like it all, Tony," said he. "You'll never, in all your wanderings, see anything finer."

"I often say as much to myself," replied Tony. "As I sit here of an evening, with my cigar, I often say, 'Why should I go over the world in search of fortune, when I have all that one wants here,—here at my very hand?' Don't you think a fellow might be content with it?"

"Content! I could be as happy as a king here!" and for a moment or two Skeffy really revelled in delighted thoughts of a region where the tinkle of a Minister's hand-bell had never been heard; where no "service messengers" ever came; where no dunning tailors invaded! a paradise that knew not the post nor dreamed of the telegraph.

"And as to money," continued Tony, "one does not want to be rich in such a place. I'm as well off here with, we'll say, two hundred a year—we haven't got so much; but I'll say that—as I should be in London with a thousand."

"Better! decidedly better!" said Skeffy, puffing his cigar, and thinking over that snow-storm of Christmas bills which awaited him on his return.

"If it were not for one thing, Skeffy, I'd never leave it," said he, with a deep sigh and a look that said as plainly as ever words spoke, "Let me open my heart to you."

"I know it all, old fellow, just as if you had confessed it to me. I know the whole story."

"What do you know, or what do you suspect you know?" said Tony, growing red.

"I say," said Skeffy, with that tone of superiority that he liked to assume,—“I say that I read you like a book.”

"Read aloud, then, and I'll say if you're right."

"It's wrong with you here, Butler," said Skeffy, laying his hand on the other's heart; and a deep sigh was all the answer. "Give me another weed," said Skeffy, and for some seconds he employed himself in lighting it. "There's not a man in Eng-

land," said he, slowly, and with the deliberateness of a judge in giving sentence,—“not a man in England knows more of these sort of things than I do. You, I'm certain, take me for a man of pleasure and the world,—a gay, butterfly-sort-of creature, flitting at will from flower to flower; or you believe me—and in that with more reason—a fellow full of ambition, and determined to play a high stake in life; but yet, Tony Butler, within all these there is another nature, like the holy of holies in the sanctuary. Ay, my dear friend, there is the—what the poet calls the ‘crimson heart within the rose.’ Isn't that it?”

“I don't know,” said Tony, bluntly.

And now Skeffy smoked on for some minutes without a word. At length he said, in a solemn tone, “It has not been for nothing, Butler, that I acquired the gift I speak of. If I see into the hearts of men like you, I have paid the price of it.”

“I'm not so certain that you can do it,” said Tony, half doubting his friend's skill, and half eager to provoke an exercise of it.

“I'll show whether I can or not. Of course, if you like to disclaim or deny”—

“I'll disclaim nothing that I know to be true.”

“And I am to speak freely?”

“As freely as you are able.”

“Here it is, then, in five words: you are in love, Tony,—in love with that beautiful widow.”

Tony held his head down between his hands, and was silent.

“You feel that the case is hopeless; that is to say, that you know, besides being of rank and wealth, she is one to make a great match, and that her family would never consent to hear of your pretensions; and yet all this while you have a sort of lurking suspicion that she cares for you?”

“No, no!” muttered Tony, between his hands.

“Well, that she did once, and that not very long ago.”

“Not even that,” said Tony, drearily.

“I know better; you *do* think so. And I'll tell you more: what makes you so keenly alive to her change—perfidy, you would like to call it—is this, that you have gone through that stage of the disease yourself.”

“I don't understand you.”

“Well, you shall. The lovely Alice— isn't that the name?”

Tony nodded.

“The lovely Alice got your own heart only at second-hand. You used to be in love with the little girl that was governess at Richmond.”

“Not a word of it true,—nothing of the kind!” broke out Tony, fiercely. “Dolly and I were brother and sister; we always said we were.”

“What does that signify? I tried the brother-and-sister dodge; but I know what it cost me when she married Maceleston;” and Skeffy here threw his cigar into the sea, as though an emblem of his shipwrecked destiny. “Mind me well, Butler,” said he at last; “I did not say that you ever told your heart you loved her; but she knew it, take my word for it. She knew, and in the knowing it was the attraction that drew you on.”

“But I was not drawn on.”

“Don't tell me, sir. Answer me just this: did any man ever know the hour, or even the day, that he caught a fever? Could he go back, in memory, and say, ‘It was on Tuesday last, at a quarter to three, that my pulse rose, my respiration grew shorter, and my temples began to throb’? So it is with love, the most malignant of all fevers. All this time that you and What's-her-name were playing brother and sister so innocently, your hearts were learning to feel in unison, just as two pendulums in the same room acquire the same beat and swing together. You've heard that?”

“I may; but you are all wrong about Dolly.”

“What would she say to it?”

“Just what I do.”

“Well, we cannot ask her; for she's not here.”

“She is here,—not two miles from where we are standing: not that it signifies much, for of course neither of us would do *that*.”

“Not plump out, certainly, in so many words.”

“Not in any way, Skeffy. It is because I look upon Dolly as my own dear sister, I would not suffer a word to be said that could offend her.”

“Offend her! oh, dear, how young you are in these things!”

“What is it, Jenny?” cried Tony to the

servant-girl who was shouting, not very intelligibly, from a little knoll at a distance. "Oh! she's saying that supper is ready, and the kippered salmon getting cold, as if any one cared!"

"Don't they care!" cried Skeffy. "Well, then, they haven't been inhaling this scabreeze for an hour, as I have. Heaven grant that love has carried off your appetite, Tony; for I feel as if I could eat for six."

CHAPTER XXXII. ON THE ROCKS.

It was a rare thing for Tony Butler to lie awake at night, and yet he did so for full an hour or more after that conversation with Skeffy. It was such a strange blunder for one of Skeffy's shrewdness to have made,—so inexplicable. To imagine that he, Tony, had ever been in love with Dolly!—Dolly, his playfellow since the time when the "twa had paidled i' the burn;"—Dolly, to whom he went with every little care that crossed him, never shinking for an instant from those avowals of doubt or difficulty that no one makes to his sweetheart. So, at least, thought Tony. And the same Dolly to whom he had revealed once, in deepest secrecy, that he was in love with Alice. To be sure, it was a boyish confession, made years ago, and since that Alice had grown up to be a woman and was married, so that the story of the love was like a fairy tale.

"In love with Dolly!" muttered he. "If he had but ever seen us together, he would have known that could not be." Poor Tony! he knew of love in its moods of worship and devotion and in its aspect of a life-giving impulse,—a soul-filling, engrossing sentiment,—inspiring timidity when near, and the desire for holdness when away. With such alternating influence Dolly had never racked his heart. He sought her with a quiet conscience, untroubled by a fear.

"How could Skeffy make such a mistake! That it is a mistake, who would recognize more quickly than Dolly herself; and with what humorous drollery—a drollery all her own—would she not treat it! A rare punishment for your blunder, Master Skeffy, would it be to tell Dolly of it all in your presence;" and at last, wearied out with thinking, he fell asleep.

The day broke with one of those bright, breezy mornings which, though "trying" to

the nerves of the weak and delicate, are glorious stimulants to the strong. The sea plashed merrily over the rocks, and the white, streaky clouds flew over the land with a speed that said it blew hard at sea. "Glorious day for a sail, Skeffy: we can beat out, and come back with a stern-wind whenever we like."

"I'll anticipate the wish by staying on shore, Tony."

"I can't offer you a mount, Skeffy; for I am not the owner of even a donkey."

"Who wants one? Who wants anything better than to go down where we were yesterday evening, under that big black rock, with the sea before us and the whole wide world behind us, and talk? When a fellow lives as I do, cooped up within four walls, the range of his view some tiers of pigeon-holes, mere freedom and a sea-breeze are the grandest luxuries in creation;" and off they set, armed with an ample supply of tobacco, the life-buoy of those strugglers in the sea of thought who only ask to float, but not to reach the shore.

How delightfully did the hours pass over! At least so Tony felt; for what a wonderful fellow was Skeffy! What had he not seen, or heard, or read? What theme was new, what subject unknown to him? But, above all, what a marvellous insight had he into the world,—the actual world of men and women! Great people were not to *his* eyes mighty gods and goddesses, seated loftily on a West-End Olympus, but fallible mortals, with chagrins about the court, and grievances about invitations to Windsor. Ministers, too, whose nods shook empires, were humanities, very irritable under the gout, and much given to colicium. Skeffy "knew the whole thing"—he was not one of the mere audience. He lived in the green-room or on the "flats." He knew all the secrets of state, from the splendid armaments that existed on paper, to the mock thunders that were manufactured and patented by F. O.

These things Skeffy told like confidences,—secrets he would not have breathed to any one he held less near his heart than Tony. But somehow, commonplaces told by the lips of authority will assume an immense authority, and carry with them a stupendous weight; and Tony listened to the precious words of wisdom as he might have listened to the voice of Solomon.

But even more interesting still did he become as he sketched forth, very vaguely, indeed—a sort of Turner in his later style of cloud and vapor—his own great future. Not very clear and distinct the steps by which he was fated to rise, but palpable enough the great elevation he was ultimately to occupy.

“Don’t imagine, old fellow,” said he, laying his hand on Tony’s shoulders, “that I am going to forget you when that time comes. I’m not going to leave you a queen’s messenger.”

“What could you make of me?” said Tony, despondently.

“Fifty things,” said the other, with a confidence that seemed to say, “I, Skeffy, am equal to more than this;”—“fifty things. You, of course, cannot be expected to know it; but I can tell you it’s far harder to get a small piece than a big one,—harder to be a corporal than a lieutenant-general.”

“How do you explain that?” asked Tony, with an eager curiosity.

“You can’t understand it without knowing life. I cannot convey to you how to win a trick where you don’t know the game.” And Skeffy showed, by the impatient way he tried to light a fresh cigar, that he was not fully satisfied with the force or clearness of his own explanation; and he went on: “You see, old fellow, when you have climbed up some rungs of the ladder with a certain amount of assurance, many will think you are determined to get to the top.”

“Well, but if a man’s ladder has only one rung, as I imagine is the case with mine!” broke in Tony.

Skeffy looked at his companion for a moment, half surprised that he should have carried out the figure, and then laughed heartily, as he said, “Splice it to mine, my boy; it will bear us both.”

It was no use that Tony shook his head and looked despondingly; there was a hopeful warmth about Skeffy not to be extinguished by any discouragement. In fact, if a shade of dissatisfaction seemed ever to cloud the brightness of his visions, it was the fear lest, even in his success, some other career might be neglected wherein the rewards were greater and the prizes more splendid. He knew, and he did not scruple to declare that he knew, if he had been a soldier, he’d have risen to the highest

command. If he’d gone to the Bar, he’d have ended on the Woolsack. Had he “taken that Indian appointment,” he’d have been high up by this time on the council, with his eye on government house for a finish. “That’s what depresses me about diplomacy, Tony. The higher you go, the less sure you are. They—I mean your own party—give you Paris or St. Petersburg, we’ll say; and if they go out, so must you.”

“Why must you?” asked Tony.

“For the reason that the well-bred dog went down-stairs when he saw certain preparations that betokened kicking him down.”

“After all, I think a new colony and the gold-fields the real thing—the glorious independence of it; you live how you like, and with whom you like. No Mrs. Grundy to say, ‘Do you know who dined with Skeffington Damer yesterday?’ ‘Did you remark the young woman who sat beside him in his carriage?’ and suchlike.”

“But you cannot be always sure of your nuggets,” muttered Tony. “I’ve seen fellows come back poorer than they went.”

“Of course you have; it’s not every horse wins the Darby, old boy. And I’ll tell you another thing too; the feeling, the instinct, the inner consciousness that you carry success in your nature, is a rarer and a higher gift than the very power to succeed. You meet with clever fellows every day in the week who have no gauge of their own cleverness. To give an illustration: you write a book, we’ll say.”

“No, I don’t,” blurted out Tony.

“Well, but you might; it as at least possible.”

“It is not.”

“Well, let us take something else. You are about to try something that has a great reward attached to it, if successful; you want, we’ll suppose, to marry a woman of high rank and large fortune, very beautiful—in fact, one to whom, according to everyday notions, you have not any the slightest pretensions. Isn’t that a strong case, eh?”

“Worse than the book. Perhaps I’d better try authorship,” said Tony, growing very red; “but make the case your own, and I’ll listen just as attentively.”

“Well, here goes; I have only to draw on memory,” said he, with a sigh; “I suppose you don’t remember seeing in the pa-

pers, about a year and a half ago, that the Prince of Cobourg Cohari—not one of our Cobourgs, but an Austrian branch—came over to visit the queen. He brought his daughter Olga with him; she was called Olga, after the Empress of Russia's sister. And such a girl! She was nearly as tall as you, Tony—I'll swear she was—with enormous blue eyes, and masses of fair hair that she wore in some Russian fashion that seemed as if it had fallen loose over her neck and shoulders. And weren't they shoulders! I do like a large woman! a regular Cleopatra—indolent, voluptuous, dreamy. I like the majestic languor of their walk; and there is a massive grandeur in their slightest gesture that is very imposing."

"Go on," muttered Tony, as the other seemed to pause for a sentiment of concurrence.

"I was in the Household in those days, and I was sent down with old Dollington to Dover to meet them; but somehow they arrived before we got down, and were comfortably installed at the Lord Warden when we arrived. It did not matter much; for old Cohari was seized with an attack of the gout, and could not stir; and there I was, running back and forward to the telegraph-office all day, reporting how he was, and whether he would or would not have Sir James This or Sir John That down to see him! Dollington and he were old friends, fortunately, and had a deal to say to each other, so that I was constantly with Olga. At first she was supremely haughty and distant, as you may imagine. A regular Austrian Serene Highness grafted on a Beauty—fancy that! But it never deterred me; and I contrived that she should see mine was the homage of a heart she had captivated, not of a courtier that was bound to obey her. She saw it, sir,—saw it at once,—saw it with that instinct that whispers to the female heart 'He loves me' ere the man has ever said it to himself. She not only saw, but she did not discourage, my passion. Twenty little incidents of our daily life showed this, as we rambled across the downs together, or strolled along the shore to watch the setting sun and the arrival of the mail-boat from Calais.

"At last the prince recovered sufficiently to continue his journey, and I went down to order a special train to take us up to town

the following morning. By some stupid arrangement, however, of the directors, an earlier announcement should have been given, and all they could do was to let us have one of the royal carriages attached to the express. I was vexed at this, and so was Dollington; but the prince did not care in the least; and when I went to speak of it to Olga, she hung down her head for an instant, and then, in a voice and with an accent I shall never forget, she said, 'Ah, Monsieur Damer, it would appear to be your destiny to be always too late!' She left me as she spoke, and we never met after; for on that evening I learned from Dollington she was betrothed to the Duke Max of Hohenhamelsbraten, and to be married in a month. That was the meaning of her emotion,—that was the source of a sorrow that all but overcame her; for she loved me, Tony,—she loved me! not with that headlong devotion that belongs to the warmer races, but with a Teutonic love; and when she said 'I was too late,' it was the declaration of a heart whose valves worked under a momentary pressure, and never risked an explosion."

"But how do you know that she was not alluding to the train, and to your being late to receive them on the landing?" asked Tony.

"Aint you prosaic, Tony,—aint you six-and-eightpence! with your dull and commonplace interpretation! I tell you, sir, that she meant, 'I love you; but it is in vain,—I love you; but another is before you,—I love you; but you come too late!'"

"And what did you do?" asked Tony, anxious to relieve himself from a position of some awkwardness.

"I acted with dignity, sir. I resigned in the Household, and got appointed to the Colonial."

"And what does it all prove, except it be something against your own theory, that a man should think there is nothing too high for his reach?"

"Verily, Tony, I have much to teach you," said Skeffy, gravely, but good-naturedly. "This little incident shows by what slight casualties our fortunes are swayed: had it not been for Max of Hammelsbraten, where might not I have been to-day? It is by the flaw in the metal the strength of the gun is measured; so it is by a man's failures

in life you can estimate his value. Another would not have dared to raise his eyes so high ! ”

“ That I can well believe,” said Tony, dryly.

“ You, for instance, would no more have permitted yourself to fall in love with her than you’d have thought of tossing for half-crowns with the prince her father.”

“ Pretty much the same,” muttered Tony.

“ That’s it—that is exactly what establishes the difference between men in life. It is by the elevation given to the cannon that the ball is thrown so far. It is by the high purpose of a man that you measure his genius.”

“ All the genius in the world wont make you able to take a horse over seven feet of a stone wall,” said Tony ; “ and whatever is impossible has no interest for me.”

“ You never can say what is impossible,” broke in Skeffy. “ I’ll tell you experiences of mine, and you’ll exclaim at every step, ‘ How could that be ? ’ ” Skeffy had now thoroughly warmed to his theme,—the theme he loved best in the world,—himself ; for he was one of those who “ take out ” all their egotism in talk. Let him only speak of himself, and he was ready to act heartily and energetically in the cause of his friends. All that he possessed was at their service,—his time, his talents, his ingenuity, his influence, and his purse. He could give them everything but one ; he could not make them heroes in his stories. No, his romance was his own realm, and he could share it with none.

Listen to him, and there never was a man so traded on—so robbed and pilfered from. A Chancellor of the Exchequer had caught up that notion of his about the tax on domestic cats. It was on the railroad he had dropped that hint about a supply of cordials in all fire-escapes. That clever suggestion of a web livery that would fit footmen of all sizes was his ; he remembered the day he made it, and the fellow that stole it, too, on the chain-pier at Brighton. What leaders in the *Times*,—what smart things in the *Saturday*,—what sketches in *Punch* were constructed out of his dinner talk !

Poor Tony listened to all these with astonishment, and even confusion ; for one-half, at least, of the topics were totally strange and new to him. “ Tell me,” said he at

last, with a bold effort to come back to a land of solid reality, “ what of that poor fellow whose bundle I carried away with me ? Your letter said something mysterious about him, which I could make nothing of.”

“ Ah, yes—a dangerous dog—a friend of Mazzini’s, and a member of I can’t say how many secret societies. The inspector, hearing that I had asked after him at the hotel, came up to F. O. t’other morning to learn what I knew of him, and each of us tried for full half an hour to pump the other.”

“ I’ll not believe one word against him,” said Tony, sturdily ; “ an honest, franker face I never looked at.”

“ No doubt ! Who would wish to see a better-looking fellow than Orsini ? ”

“ And what has become of him—of Quin, I mean ? ”

“ Got away, clean away, and no one knows how or where. I’ll tell you, Tony,” said he, “ what I would not tell another—that they stole that idea of the explosive bombs from me.”

“ You don’t mean to say ”—

“ Of course not, old fellow. I’m not a man to counsel assassination ; but in the loose way I talk, throwing out notions for this, and hints for that, they caught up this idea just as Blakely did that plan of mine for rifling large guns.”

Tony fixed his eyes on him for a moment or two in silence, and then said gravely, “ I think it must be near dinner-time ; let us saunter toward home.”

CHAPTER XXXIII.

A MORNING CALL AT TILNEY.

ON the morning after this conversation the two friends set out for Tilney,—Skeffy, as usual, full of himself, and consequently in high spirits, happy in the present, and confident for the future. Tony, indeed, was delighted with his companion, and thoroughly enjoyed the volatile gayety of one who seemed to derive pleasure from everything. With all a schoolboy’s zest for a holiday, Skeffy would be forever at something. Now he would take the driver’s seat on the car and play coachman till, with one wheel in the ditch and the conveyance nearly over, he was summarily deposed by Tony, and stoutly rated for his awkwardness.

Then it was his pleasure to “ chaff ” the people on the road,—a population the least

susceptible of drollery in all Europe! a grave, saturnine race, who, but for Tony's intervention, would have more than once resented such liberties very practically. As they saw the smoke from the chimney of a little cottage under the hill, and heard it was there Dolly Stewart lived, it was all Tony could do to prevent Skeffy running down to "have a look at her," just as it required actual force to keep him from jumping off as they passed a village school, where Skeffy wanted to examine a class in the Catechism. Then he would eat and drink everywhere, and with a mock desire for information, ask the name of every place they passed, and as invariably miscall them, to the no small amusement of the carman, this being about the limit of his appreciation of fun.

"What a fidgety beggar you are!" said Tony, half angry and half laughing at the incessant caprices of his vivacious companion. "Do you know it's now going on to eleven o'clock, and we have fourteen miles yet before us?"

"One must eat occasionally, my dear friend. Even in the 'Arabian Nights' the heroine takes a slight refectation of dates now and then."

"But this is our third slight 'refectation' this morning, and we shall probably arrive at Tilney for luncheon."

"You can bear long fasts, I know. I have often heard of the 'starving Irish;' but the 'Anglo-Saxon stomach requires a 'retainer,' to remind it of the great cause to be tried at dinner-time. A mere bite of bread and cheese, and I'm with you."

At last the deep woods of Tilney came in sight; and evidence of a well-cared-for estate—trim cottages on the roadside and tasteful little gardens—showed that they were approaching the residence of one who was proud of her tenantry.

"What's the matter with you?" asked Tony, struck by a momentary silence on his companion's part.

"I was thinking, Tony," said he, gravely,—"I was just thinking whether I could not summon up a sort of emotion at seeing the woods under whose shade my ancestors must have walked for Heaven knows what centuries."

"Your ancestors! Why, they never lived here."

"Well, if they didn't, they ought. It

seems a grand old place, and I already feel my heart warming to it. By the way, where's Maitland?"

"Gone; I told you he was off to the Continent. What do you know about this man—anything?"

"Not much. When I was at school, Tony, whenever in our New Testament examination they'd ask me who it was did this or said that, I always answered, John the Baptist, and in eight times out of ten it was a hit; and so in secular matters, whenever I was puzzled about a fellow's parentage, I invariably said—and you'll find as a rule it is invaluable—he's a son of George IV., or his father was. It accounts for everything—good looks, plenty of cash, air, swagger, mystery. It explains how a fellow knows every one, and is claimed by none."

"And is this Maitland's origin?"

"I can't tell; perhaps it is. Find me a better, or, as the poet says, 'has accipe mecum.' I say, is this the gate-lodge? Tony, old fellow, I hope I'll have you spending your Christmas here one of these days, with Skeff Damer your host?"

"More unlikely things have happened?" said Tony, quietly.

"What a cold northernism is that! Why, man, what so likely—what so highly probable? What, were I a sanguine fellow, would I say, so nearly certain? It was through a branch of the Damers,—no, of the Nevils, I mean,—who intermarried with us, that the Maxwells got the estate. Paul Nevil was Morton Maxwell's mother—aunt, I should say"—

"Or uncle, perhaps," gravely interposed Tony.

"Yes, uncle—you're right! but you've muddled my genealogy for all that! Let us see. Who was Noel Skeffington? Noel was a sort of pivot in our family-engine, and everything seemed to depend on him; and such a respect had we for his intentions that we went on contesting the meaning of his last will till we found out there was nothing more left to fight for. This Noel was the man that caught King George's horse when he was run away with at the battle of Dettingen, and the king wanted to make him a baronet; but, with tears in his eyes, he asked how he had ever incurred the royal displeasure, to be visited with such a mark of disgrace. 'At all events,' said

he, 'my innocent child, who is four years old, could never have offended Your Majesty. Do not, therefore, involve him in my shame. Commute the sentence to knighthood, and my dishonor will die with me.'"

"I never heard of greater insolence," said Tony.

"It saved us though; but for this, I should have been Sir Skeffington to-day. Is that the house I see yonder?"

"That's a wing of it."

"Home of my fathers, how my bosom throbs!' What's the next line? 'Home of my fathers, through my heart there runs!' That's it—'there runs,' runs—I forget how it goes; but I suppose it must rhyme to 'duns.'"

"Now try and be reasonable for a couple of minutes," said Tony. "I scarcely am known to Mrs. Maxwell at all. I don't mean to stop here; I intend to go back to-night. What are your movements?"

"Let the Fates decide; that is to say, I'll toss up; heads—and I am to have the estate, and therefore remain; tails—I'm disinherited, and go back with you."

"I want you to be serious, Skeffy."

"Very kind of you, when I've only got fourteen days' leave, and three of them gone already."

"I'd rather you'd return with me; but I'd not like you to risk your future to please me."

"Has jealousy no share in this? Be frank and open; 'Crede Damer' is our proud motto; and, by Jove, if certain tailors and bootmakers did not accept it, it would be an evil day for your humble servant!"

"I don't understand you," said Tony, gravely.

"You fear I'll make love to 'your widow,' Tony. Don't get so red, old fellow, nor look as if you wanted to throw me into the fish-pond."

"I had half a mind to do it," muttered Tony, in something between jest and earnest.

"I knew it—I saw it. You looked what the Yankees call mean-ugly; and, positively, was afraid of you. But just reflect on the ndelible disgrace it would be to you if I vere drowned."

"You can swim, I suppose?"

"Not a stroke; it's about the only thing cannot do."

"Why, you told me yesterday that you never shoot, you couldn't ride, never handled a fishing-rod."

"Nor hemmed a pocket-handkerchief," broke in Skeffy. "I own not to have any small accomplishments. What a noble building! I declare I am attached to it already. No, Tony; I pledge you my word of honor, no matter how pressed I may be, I'll not cut down a tree here."

"You may go round to the stable-yard," said Tony to the driver; "they'll feed you and your horse here."

"Of course they will," cried Skeffy; and then, grasping Tony's two hands, he said, "You are welcome to Tilney, my dear boy; I am heartily glad to see you here."

Tony turned and pulled the bell; the deep summons echoed loudly, and a number of small dogs joined in the uproar at the same time.

"There's 'the deep-mouthed welcome as we draw near home,'" said Skeffy, while he threw the end of his cigar away.

A servant soon appeared and ushered them into a large, low-ceilinged room, with fireplaces of antique fashion, the chimney-pieces of dark oak, surmounted by massive coats of arms glowing in all the colors of heraldry. It was eminently comfortable in all its details of fat, low ottomans, deep easy-chairs, and squat cushions; and, although the three windows which lighted it looked out upon a lawn, the view was bounded by a belt of trees, as, though to convey that it was a room in which snugness was to be typified, to the exclusion of all that pretended to elegance. A massive and splendidly-bound Bible, showing little signs of use, lay on a centre-table; a very well-thumbed "Peerage" was beside it.

"I say, Tony, this is evidently Aunt Maxwell's own drawing-room. It has all the peculiar grimness of an old lady's sanctum; and I declare that fat old dog, snoring away on the rug, looks like a relation." While he stooped down to examine the creature more closely, the door opened, and Mrs. Maxwell, dressed in bonnet and shawl, and with a small garden watering-pot in her hand, entered. She only saw Tony; and, running towards him with her open hand, said, "You naughty boy, didn't I tell you not to come here?"

Tony blushed deeply, and blurted some-

thing about being told or ordered to come by Mrs. Trafford.

"Well, well; it doesn't matter now; there's no danger. It's not 'catching,' the doctor says, and she'll be up to-morrow. Dear me! and who is this?" The latter question was addressed to Skeffy, who had just risen from his knees.

"Mr. Skeffington Damer, ma'am," said Tony.

"And who are you, then?"

"Tony Butler: I thought you knew me."

"To be sure I do, and delighted to see you too. And this Pickle is Skeff, is he?"

"Dear aunt, let me embrace you," cried Skeffy, rushing rapturously into her arms.

"Well, I declare!" said the old lady, looking from one to the other; "I thought, if it was you, Skeff, what a great fine tall man you had grown; and there you are, the same little creature I saw you last."

"Little, aunt! what do you mean by little? Standard of the line! In France I should be a grenadier!"

The old lady laughed heartily at the haughty air with which he drew himself up and threw forward his chest as he spoke.

"What a nice parrot you have sent me! but I can't make out what it is he says."

"He says, 'Don't you wish you may get it?' aunt."

"Ah! so it is; and he means luncheon, I'm sure, which is just coming on the table. I hope you are both very hungry?"

"I ought to be, aunt. It's a long drive from the Causeway here.—Hold your tongue, you dog," whispered he to Tony; "say nothing about the three breakfasts on the road, or I shall be disgraced."

"And how is your mother, Mr. Tony? I hope she has good health. Give me your arm to the dining-room; Pickle will take care of himself. This is a sickly season. The poor dear commodore fell ill! and though the weather is so severe, woodcocks very scarce,—there's a step here,—and all so frightened for fear of the scarlatina that they run away; and I really wanted you here, to introduce you to—who was it?—not Mrs. Craycroft; was it? Tell Mrs. Trafford luncheon is ready, Groves, and say Mr. Butler is here. She doesn't know you, Pickle. Maybe you don't like to be called Pickle now?"

"Of course I do, aunt; it reminds me of long ago," said he, with an air of emotion.

"By the way, it was George, and not you, I used to call Pickle—poor George, that went to Bombay."

"Ah, yes; he was India Pickle, aunt, and you used to call me Piccalili!"

"Perhaps I did; but I forget. Here, take the head of the table; Mr. Tony, sit by me. Oh, dear! what a small party! This day last week we were twenty-seven! Oh, he'll not find Alice, for I left her in my flower-garden; I'll go for her myself."

"Make yourself at home, Tony," said Skeffy, as soon as the old lady left the room.

"Believe me, it is with no common pleasure that I see you under my roof."

"I was going to play parrot, and say, 'Don't you wish you may?'" muttered Tony, dryly.

"Unbeliever, that will not credit the mutton on his plate, nor the sherry in his glass! Hush! here they are."

Alice sailed proudly into the room, gave her hand to Tony with a pretended air of condescension, but a real cordiality, and said, "You're a good boy, after all, and Bella sends you all manner of kind forgivenesses."

"My nephew Damer, Alice," said Mrs. Maxwell, never very formal in her presentations of those she regarded as little more than children. "I suppose he'll not mind being called Pickle before you?"

Even Tony—not the shrewdest, certainly, of observers—was struck by the well-bred ease with which his friend conducted himself in a situation of some difficulty, managing, at the same time, neither to offend the old lady's susceptibilities nor sacrifice the respect he owed himself. In fact, the presence of Alice recalled Skeffy, as if by magic, to every observance of his daily life. She belonged to the world he knew best,—perhaps the only one he knew at all; and his conversation at once became as easy and as natural as though he were once more back in the society of the great city.

Mrs. Maxwell, however, would not part with him so easily, and proceeded to put him through a catechism of all their connections,—Skeffingtons, Damers, Maxwells, and Nevils,—in every variety of combination. As Skeffy avowed afterward, "The 'Little Go' was nothing to it." With the intention of shocking the old lady, and what he called

"shunting her" off her inquiries, he reported nothing of the family but disasters and disgraces. The men and women of the family inherited, according to him, little of the proud boast of the Bayards; no one ever before heard such a catalogue of rogues, swindlers, defaulters, nor so many narratives of separations and divorces. What he meant for a shock turned out a seduction; and she grew madly eager to hear more,—more even than he was prepared to invent.

"Ugh!" said he, at last, to himself, as he tossed off a glass of sherry, "I'm coming first to capital offences; and if she presses me no more, I'll give her a murder."

These family histories, apparently so confidentially imparted, gave Alice a pretext to take Tony off with her, and show him the gardens. Poor Tony, too, was eager to have an opportunity to speak of his friend to Alice. "Skeffy was such a good fellow; so hearty,—so generous,—so ready to do a kind thing; and then such a thorough gentleman. If you had but seen him, Alice, in our little cabin, so very different in every way from all he is accustomed to, and seen how delighted he was with everything; how pleasantly he fell into all our habits, and how nice his manner to my mother. She reads people pretty quickly; and I'll tell you what she said,—'He has a brave big heart under all his motley.'"

"I rather like him already," said Alice, with a faint smile at Tony's eagerness; "he is going to stop here; is he not?"

"I cannot tell. I only know that Mrs. Maxwell wrote to put him off."

"Yes, that she did a couple of days ago; but now that Bella is so much better,—so nearly well, I may say,—I think she means to keep him, and you, too, Tony, if you will so far favor us."

"I cannot—it is impossible."

"I had hoped, Tony," said she, with a malicious sparkle in her eyes, "that it was only against Lyle Abbey you bore a grudge, and not against every house where I should happen to be a visitor."

"Alice, Alice!" said he, with trembling lips, "surely, this is not fair."

"If it be true, is the question; and until you have told me why you ceased to come to us,—why you gave up those who always liked you,—I must, I cannot help believing it to be true."

Tony was silent; his heart swelled up as if it would burst his chest; but he struggled manfully, and hid his emotion.

"I conclude," said she, sharply, "it was not a mere caprice which made you throw us off. You had a reason, or something that you fancied was a reason."

"It is only fair to suppose so," said he, gravely.

"Well, I'll give you the benefit of that supposition; and I ask you, as a matter of right, to give me your reason."

"I cannot, Alice,—I cannot," stammered he out, while a deadly paleness spread over his face.

"Tony," said she, gravely, "if you were a man of the world like your friend Mr. Damer, for instance, I would probably say that in a matter of this kind you ought to be left to your own judgment; but you are not. You are a kind-hearted, simple-minded boy. Nay, don't blush and look offended; I never meant to offend you. Don't you know that?" and she held out to him her fair white hand, the taper fingers trembling with a slight emotion. Tony stooped and kissed it with a rapturous devotion. "There, I did not mean that, Master Tony," said she, blushing; "I never intended your offence was to be condoned; I only thought of a free pardon."

"Then give it to me, Alice," said he, gulping down his emotion; "for I am going away, and who knows when I shall see you again?"

"Indeed," said she, with a look of agitation; "have you reconsidered it, then? have you resolved to join Maitland?"

"And were you told of this, Alice?"

"Yes, Tony; as one who feels a very deep interest in you, I came to hear it; but, indeed, partly by an accident."

"Will you tell me what it was you heard?" said he, gravely; "for I am curious to hear whether you know more than myself."

"You were to go abroad with Maitland,—you were to travel on the Continent together."

"And I was to be his secretary, eh?" broke in Tony with a bitter laugh; "wasn't that the notable project?"

"You know well, Tony, it was to be only in name."

"Of course I do; my incapacity would insure that much."

"I must say, Tony," said she, reproach-

fully, "that so far as I know of Mr. Maitland's intentions towards you, they were both kind and generous. In all that he said to me there was the delicacy of a gentleman toward a gentleman."

"He told you, however, that I had refused his offer?"

"Yes; he said it with much regret, and I asked leave to employ any influence I might possess over you to make you retract the refusal,—at least to think again over his offer."

"And of course he refused you nothing?" said Tony, with a sneering smile.

"Pardon me,—he did not grant my request."

"Then I think better of him than I did before."

"I suspect, Tony, that, once you understood each other, you are men to be friends."

"You mean by that to flatter me, Alice,—and of course it is great flattery; but whether it is that I am too conscious of my own inferiority, or that I have, as I feel I have, such a hearty hatred of your accomplished friend, I would detest the tie that should bind me to him. Is he coming back here?"

"I do not know."

"You do not know!" said he, slowly, as he fixed his eyes on her.

"Take care, sir, take care; you never trod on more dangerous ground than when you forgot what was due to me! I told you I did not know; it was not necessary I should repeat it."

"There was a time when you rebuked my bad breeding less painfully, Alice," said he, in deep sorrow; "but these are days not to come back again. I do not know if it is not misery to remember them."

"John Anthony Butler, Esq.," cried a loud voice, and Skeffy sprang over a box-hedge almost as tall as himself, flourishing a great sealed packet in his hand. "A despatch on Her Majesty's service just sent on here!" cried he; "and now remember, Tony, if it's viceroy you're named, I insist on being chief sec.; if you go to India as governor-general, I claim Bombay or Madras. What stuff is the fellow made of? Did you ever see such a stolid indifference? He doesn't want to know what the Fates have decreed him."

"I don't care one farthing," said Tony, doggedly.

"Here goes, then, to see," cried Skeffy, tearing open the packet and reading: "'Downing Street, Friday, 5th.—Mr. Butler will report himself for service as F.O. Messenger on Tuesday morning, 9th, by order of the Under-Secretary of State.'"

"There's a way to issue a service summons! It was Graves wrote that, I'd swear. All he ought to have said was, 'Butler for service, F. O., to report immediately.'"

"I suppose the form is no great matter," said Mrs. Trafford, whose eyes now turned with an anxious interest toward Tony.

"The form is everything, I assure you. The Chief Secretary is a regular Tartar about style. One of our fellows who has an impediment in his speech, once wrote, 'I had had,' in a despatch, and my lord noted it with, 'It is inexcusable that he should stutter in writing.'"

"I must be there on Wednesday, is it?" asked Tony.

"Tuesday—Tuesday, and in good time too. But aint you lucky, you dog! They're so hard pressed for messengers, they've got no time to examine you. You are to enter official life *par la petite porte*; but you get in without knocking."

"I cannot imagine that the examination would be much of a difficulty," said Mrs. Trafford.

Tony shook his head in dissent, and gave a sad, faint sigh.

"I'd engage to coach him in a week," broke in Skeffy. "It was I ground Vyse in Chinese, and taught him that glorious drinking-song, 'Tehin Tehan Ili-Ta!' that he offered to sing before the commissioners if they could play the accompaniment."

Leaving Skeffy to revel in his gratifying memories of such literary successes, Alice turned away a few steps with Tony.

"Let us part good friends, Tony," said she, in a low tone. "You'll go up to the Abbey, I hope, and wish them a good-by; wont you?"

"I am half ashamed to go now," muttered he.

"No, no, Tony; don't fancy that there is any breach in our friendship; and tell me another thing: would you like me to write to you? I know you're not very fond of

writing yourself; but I'll not be exacting. You shall have two for one,—three, if you deserve it."

He could not utter a word; his heart felt as if it would burst through his side, and a sense of suffocation almost choked him. He knew, if he tried to speak, that his emotion would break out, and in his pride he would have suffered torture rather than shed a tear.

With a woman's nice tact, she saw his confusion, and hastened to relieve it. "The first letter must, however, be from you, Tony. It need be only half a dozen lines, to say if you have passed your examination, what you think of your new career, and where you are going."

"I couldn't write!" stammered out Tony; "I could not!"

"Well, I will," said she, with a tone of kind feeling. "Your mother shall tell me where to address you."

"You will see, mother, then?" asked he, eagerly.

"Of course, Tony. If Mrs. Butler will permit me, I will be a frequent visitor."

"Oh, if I thought so!"

"Do think so—be assured of it; and remember, Tony, whenever you have courage to think of me as your own old friend of long ago, write and tell me so." These words were not said without a certain difficulty. "There, don't let us appear foolish to your smart friend yonder. Good-by."

"Good-by, Alice," said he, and now the tears rushed fast, and rolled down his cheeks; but he drew his hand coarsely across his face, and, springing upon the car, said, "Drive on, and as hard as you can; I am too late here."

Skeffy shouted his adieux, and waved a most picturesque farewell; but Tony neither heard nor saw either. Both hands were pressed on his face, and he sobbed as if his very heart was breaking.

"Well, if that's not a melodramatic exit, I'm a Dutchman!" exclaimed Skeffy, turning to address Alice; but she, too, was gone, and he was left standing there alone.

"Don't be angry with me, Bella; don't scold, and I'll tell you of an indiscretion I have just committed," said Alice, as she sat on her sister's bed.

"I think I can guess it," said Bella, looking up in her face.

"No, you cannot; you are not within a thousand miles of it. I know perfectly what you mean, Bella; you suspect that I have opened a flirtation with the distinguished Londoner, the wonderful Skeffington Damer."

Bella shook her head dissentingly.

"Not but one might," continued Alice, laughing, "in a dull season, with an empty house and nothing to do; just as I've seen you trying to play that twankling old harpsichord in the Flemish drawing-room, for want of better; but you are wrong, for all that."

"It was not of him I was thinking, Alice,—on my word, it was not. I had another, and, I suppose, a very different person, in my head."

"Tony!"

"Just so."

"Well, what of him? and what the indiscretion with which you charge me?"

"With which you charge yourself, Alice, dearest! I see it all in that pink spot on your cheek, in that trembling of your lips, and in that quick impatience of your manner."

"Dear me! what can it be which has occasioned such agitation, and called up such terrible witnesses against me?"

"I'll tell you, Alice. You have sent away that poor boy more in love than ever. You have let him carry away a hope which you well know is only a delusion."

"I protest this is too bad! I never dreamed of such a lecture, and I'll just go down-stairs and make a victim of Mr. Damer."

Alice arose and dashed out of the room; not, however, to do as she said, but to hurry to her own room, and lock the door after her as she entered it.

CUSTOMARY CHIVALRIES.

It has often struck me that nowadays women are more "protected" by chivalric fictions than they need be, and that they sometimes find the compliments that are paid them irksome. I do not wish to say anything churlish, but it really borders upon the burlesquing of gallantry, to see a small, slender gentleman giving his arm to a stout, loud, long lady,—*across a room*. There is positively no danger in walking ten feet along a plane surface, well-carpeted, with ridges of sofa, and hillocks of ottoman. The fair traveller is far less likely to fall if she is left alone. I do delight in a pretty fiction; but I always feel that the joke is being pushed too far when I see a sweet, but strong and healthy creature, who stands well upon her feet, assiduously helped up a precipitous ascent of terrific stairs, four inches between. On the other hand, I like to see a man open a door, and hold it for a lady; and, what is more, I like to see him close the door after her very softly and tenderly, as if he really felt he had parted with something worth regretting. I like, too, that a man should always be ready to pick up anything which a lady may have dropped. Of course, when a gentleman picks up a glove, or opens a door for a lady, he does not mean to insinuate that she is not physically equal to the task of doing such things for herself. There are two ways of looking at the matter. The men may maintain that he is only masking by acts of graceful homage whatever of superiority or patronage his position as bread-winner may seem to imply. The women may maintain that it is they who are the superiors, and these little services exacted from men are like the pretty nominal tenures one reads of in love-books, such as blowing a horn, or lighting a fire, or bringing a cup of wine,—tenures light and easy, but nevertheless, real acknowledgments of a real seignury existing somewhere. Be that as it may, there is no denying that a great deal of the function of what was once chivalry is now delegated to the policeman, who sees that Mr. Smith's wife is not insulted in the street when she goes shopping, while Mr. Smith himself is attending to his business, and earning the money which is to pay the police-rate. It is, however, another illustration of the tendency of things to balance themselves, that a lady in a railway carriage, on soft cushions, and going fifty miles an hour, may be in as much

danger of being treated unchivalrously as if she were riding a horse alone over a heath in the days of Jonathan Wild.

How much the homage paid to women is matter of custom, how little heart there is in it, is sometimes painfully shown by the manner in which men fail in chivalry to each other, when the *principle* of the case is the same as if the other party were a woman. Was it not Dangerfield—the story belongs, at all events, to the Titus Oates affair—who had his eye poked out on the day of his flogging? The poor wretch, having been whipped from Tyburn to Newgate, receiving a stroke of the cat at every gully-hole in the street, stopped, according to custom, to take a dram. While he was in that horrible, lacerated condition, fevered in mind and body beyond anything that you and I can conceive, a "gentleman" began taunting him. He got, of course, a horribly brutal answer. He *deserved* severe punishment for meddling offensively with a helpless man; but no idea of forbearance seems to have crossed the mind of the "gentleman," who ended by thrusting his cane into Dangerfield's eye. The miserable, insulted culprit died of erysipelas long before his back had begun to heal. Now, who could believe these things if they were not authenticated? One's loathing for Dangerfield, degraded sinner that he was, is absolutely flooded out by pity and burning shame.

Napoleon, at St. Helena, was once walking with a lady, when a man came up with a load on his back. The lady kept her side of the path, and was ready to assert her precedence of sex; but Napoleon gently waved her on one side, saying, "Respect the burden, madam." You constantly see men and women behave to each other in a way which shows that they do *not* "respect the burden"—whatever the burden is. Sometimes the burden is an actual visible load,—sometimes it is cold and raggedness,—sometimes it is hunger,—sometimes it is grief or illness. If I get into a little conflict (suppose I jostle or am jostled) with a half-clad, hungry-looking fellow in the street on a winter morning, I am surely bound to be lenient in my constructions. I *expect* him to be harsh, rude, loud, unforgiving; and his burden (of privation) entitles him to my indulgence. Again, a man with a bad headache is almost an irresponsible agent, so far as common amenities go:—I am a brute if I quarrel with him for a wry word, or an ungracious act. And how far, pray, are we to push the kind of chivalry which "respects the burden"? As far as the love of God will go with us. A great distance: it is a long way to the foot of the rainbow.—*Good Words*.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.

FREDERICK advanced along the terrace under the city wall, to meet his lady-love, with the slow step and downcast mien of a man thoroughly despondent and broken. Margaret, her hands extended a little in front of her, as in eager welcome, and her face bent forward, came toward him with a quick step, which broke into a little run as she neared him, very prettily eloquent of her impatience to meet him.

The lady was the first to speak.

"Frederick, dear! you seem as if you were not glad to see me! And I,—how I have counted the hours till that came which I might hope would bring you to me! What is it? Is anything the matter?"

"Anything the matter!" re-echoed Fred, in a tone of profound discouragement, taking her two hands in his, and holding her by them at arm's length from him, while he looked into her face with an expression of the intensest pathos and misery,— "anything the matter! Ah, Margaret! But I suppose girls do not feel as men do in these cases, and that it is therefore impossible for you to sympathize with my horrible torture."

"Gracious Heaven, Frederick! Horrible torture! What is it? For God's sake, have no secrets from me! Tell me what is the matter!"

The words and the form of speech, and the manner of speaking them, as far as the by no means inconsiderable talents of the speaker could accomplish it, expressed extreme anxiety and agitation. But I do not think that the lovely white bosom, from which they came, caused the Honiton lace which veiled it to flutter one jot quicker a motion than it had done before.

"The matter, Margaret!" returned Fred, in a tone of worn-out, listless despondency; "the matter is no more than you know—the old story—more delays! no prospect of the end of them that I can see! Oh, Margaret, my heart wearies so for the hour when I can call you mine! I am sick,—sick with the heartsickness that comes of hope long deferred. But you—weeks or months are all the same to you. You can wait patiently; you have no sympathy with my horrible impatience. Ah, Margaret, you do not love me as I love you. It would be impossible for you, if you did, to endure

these never-ending, still-beginning delays so tranquilly."

"My Frederick, you are unjust to me! Do you not know that your wishes are my wishes? Do you not know that I would fain do your pleasure in all things? Do not suppose that all this delay is otherwise than odious to me also,—odious to me because I know that it vexes you, my own love!" and the beautiful, dangerous creature looked into his eyes, as she spoke, with a brimming fullness of sympathy and fondness that might have melted a heart of adamant.

"Dearest!" said he, passing from the position in which he had hitherto stood at arm's length in front of her, to her side, while he twined her arm under his, and took the hand belonging to it between both of his hands; "my own Marguerite! forgive me, if all I suffer makes me peevish and unjust. But it is too bad. There is no end to it. That old beast, Slowcome has no more feeling than his own great ruler, which I should like to break over his stupid old bald pate!"

"Is there anything new,—any new cause of delay, I mean?"—asked Margaret, with really unaffected interest. For time was most important to her too. Heaven only could know how important it might be! Here was Julian safe away out of England. Kate free to tell the horrid, horrid truth that would ruin everything and drive her Frederick from her side, as if she had the pestilence, at any moment. Who could tell when the thunderbolt might fall, or how much time was yet left her to shelter herself in the haven of matrimony, before the flood should come and devour her, and suck her, with its hideous under-draft, away from that safe harbor forever? Yes, time was fully as important to Margaret as it was to her fond Frederick. If he could have known the sincerity of alarm with which she asked if there were any new cause of delay, he would not have accused her, assuredly, of lack of sympathy with him.

"I do not know. How should I know? I do not understand their abominable nonsense; it seems to me that that brute Slowcome takes a pleasure in making it as long-some as possible. I see no prospect of any end."

"But is there any new cause of delay, Frederick,—anything that they did not know before?" asked Margaret, with real interest.

"No, nothing new, that I am aware of. How should there be? It is all perfectly clear and thoroughly known to all parties concerned. Your father gives you half the Lindisfarn property. My father gives me all he has in the world. The matter is clear enough, I think. As if that could not be written down and signed and sworn to, if they think it necessary, in half an hour, without writing Heaven only knows how many skins of parchment about it! And all to prevent you or me from cheating each other, my Marguerite. Is it not absurd? Is it not too bad that we should have to weary and pine our hearts out for such impossible trash? It is monstrous,—positively monstrous!"

"It is indeed, dearest. But, surely, a great deal might be written in a whole day, even of those horrid parchments, if they would only be industrious about it. When does Mr. Slowcome think it will be done?" asked Margaret, with the prettiest childlike innocence.

"I am sure I don't know! There is no getting anything out of him—the old wretch! He rubs his hands together, and twists his watch-chain, and seems as pleased as possible when he tells me with a grin that, 'Every expedition will be used, Mr. Frederick, that is consistent with the care and scrupulous attention which it is my duty to pay to the interests of my clients, Mr. Frederick. Draft settlement for counsel has been proposed—counsel must have time'—Ugh! I could strangle the brute as he stands before me. Nothing on earth can make him even speak any quicker than his usual little self-satisfied quaver, with a ha-ha-hum between every two words!"

"It is very vexatious," murmured Margaret, with gentle sympathy.

"Oh, vexatious! It is hopeless! I see no end to it. I declare I believe in my heart that old Slowcome knows that it will be another month before the deeds are ready. And all for such nonsense too! If it were really necessary—really something conducive to the happiness or welfare of my darling, I would wait,—I would be patient. But that one's days, which might be days of unspeakable happiness, should be turned into days of weary, wearing suffering, and all for nothing—it is too bad!"

"I suppose that others have had to suffer

from the same annoyances. I suppose that these vexations are unavoidable," said Margaret, in a voice that seemed meant to counsel resignation.

"I dare say that there may be other Slowcomes in the world; and I suppose that in some cases it may be necessary to wait for the completion of their work. But the heart-break of the thing is that, in our case, it is all *unnecessary*, that we are condemned to this horrible delay for the sake of mere compliance with a matter of routine—and that, too, to please a stupid old lawyer, who, of course, sees his interest in considering and representing such ceremonies as absolutely indispensable,—all to satisfy Messrs. Slowcome and Sligo."

"It is *very* hard," murmured Margaret, administering at the same time a little pressure of her fair fingers against the palm that held them.

"When we know, too, that it is *only* for the lawyers; that neither your father nor mine would either of them dream of distrusting the other, or fancying it necessary to wait for the signature of papers!"

"Are these bothersome papers *always* signed before the marriage?" said Margaret, in a very low voice, scarcely above her breath, while she again very slightly pressed his hand with hers.

"I don't know; I should think not! Why, it is just like the huckster, who will not let his goods go out of his hand till the money has been paid over the counter,—it is disgusting!"

"I am sure that there can be no shadow of such feeling either in your father or in mine!" said Margaret.

"Of course not! That is what I say. It is so very hard, so intolerable to be sacrificed to the absurdities and mere blind routine of such an animal as old Slowcome! If I thought for an instant that it was a matter which your dear good father would care about, I should be for submitting with the best grace we could."

"Should be for submitting, Frederick—why, what else can we do, alas? What possible alternative is open to us, save submitting with, as you say, the best grace we may?"

"There is an alternative, Margaret!"

"What do you mean, Frederick?"

"An alternative, which many a loving

couple, who yet have loved less truly, less madly than I love you, have had recourse to."

"For Heaven's sake explain yourself!" and do not, ah, do not speak of your love for me as if it were greater than mine for you. It is not so, Frederick."

"The explanation is a very simple one, Margaret! It is simply to laugh at the lawyers; and leave them to finish their slow work at their own slow pace, and at their leisure."

"How do you mean, dearest?" said Margaret, with a perfection of *ingenuité*, which completely imposed upon her adorer. For now that she was quite sure that Fred was on the road that suited her own views, it was not only needless to lend him any further helping or guiding hand, but was in every way best that she should make a little difficulty in yielding to the proposal which, to her great delight and no small surprise, she saw plainly enough was coming.

"I mean, dearest and best," said Frederick, passing his arm round her waist and drawing her gently to his side, a movement which, under the circumstances of the case, she did not think it necessary to resist entirely, contenting herself with drawing back a little from him, and gazing wistfully and with earnest inquiring eyes into his face the while, as if wholly engrossed by her interest in the reply he was about to make to her,— "I mean, dearest, that after all, it is nothing but our own will that makes us wait the convenience of Slowcome, Sligo, and Co.; that if we two will it so, there is nothing on earth that can prevent our becoming man and wife without asking their permission, and leaving them, as I said, to finish their papers and their signing and sealing at their leisure."

"Oh, Frederick!" cried Margaret, looking at him with admirably counterfeited dismay; "how can that be?" Are not the papers, which those vexatious lawyers are so long about, necessary to the performance of a marriage? Can a marriage be made without them?"

"Why, [you dear, innocent little simpleton," said Frederick, with that manifestation of superiority which even if manifested in a more accurate knowledge of the amount of population at Pekin, is so delightful to some men; do you suppose that Slowcome and Sligo, or any of their compeers, are

called on to assist in all the marriages that are made? Do you suppose that Dick plough-boy and Jenny dairy-maid trouble the lawyers to draw their settlements before they are made man and wife? And yet, Margaret," continued her mentor, assuming a graver tone of pious-sounding unction, "they are married in the sight of God, and of his church, and of the law of the land, as holily and as irrevocably as any lord or lady in it."

"And is that really so?" returned his pretty pupil, looking up at him with a beautiful commingling of interest and admiration. The Archbishop of Canterbury was not more completely aware of the self-evident nature of the truths her lover was laying down thus authoritatively, than was Miss Margaret Lindisfarn. But the air of nascent conviction was perfect with which she added, "And yet it must be so; of course it must. All the poor people cannot have lawyers bothering for months about them."

"Of course not. I have told you already, these accursed settlements are precautions to prevent me and my father from cheating you and your father, and to prevent you and your father from cheating me and mine! It is humiliating to think of it. That is the meaning of them. It is very proper, you will understand, my love, that these settlements should be made, because men and women are mortal; our parents must die; we shall ourselves die; things must be recorded; and the interests of those that come after us (lady's eyes cast down to the ground here, with an inimitable movement of the head, that was in itself a perfect study) must be arranged, cared for, and protected. It is perfectly right and necessary that these settlements should be made; but there can be no necessity of waiting for them, unless either of us distrusts the other. Can you trust me, my Margaret?"

"Frederick, can you ask such a question?" said, or almost sobbed, Margaret, with a gush of emotion that would almost have carried away old Slowcome himself in its impetuous rush of candor. "Trust you, great heaven! Have I not trusted you? Have I not trusted you with more and better, I would fain hope, than money or acres? I have trusted my heart to your keeping, Frederick, I think I may trust the rest. Trust you! Ah, Frederick, can there be love, where there is not perfect trust?"

And she clasped her two exquisitely gloved little hands together as she spoke, and raised them and her large, dark, liquid eyes towards the sky, while the admirably fitting silk, tight drawn over the well-developed bosom, and the delicate lace that filled the middle space between the two sides of her dress, rose and fell with the panting violence of her emotion. The figure, the expression, the action was perfect, and very beautiful. The play was almost too good for the occasion; it was almost too good for the inferior player who had to play up to her. It was impossible for him not to be moved by the physical beauty of the face and figure before him. But the perfect *vraisemblance* and strength of the moral emotion rather startled and frightened him. He felt somewhat as a mere park rider, who expects his horse to go through the expected *manège* of curvetting and dancing might feel if the graceful creature were all of a sudden to take to rearing in violent and veritable earnest. He began to doubt whether there might not possibly be some difficulty in keeping his seat under all circumstances and contingencies. He pulled himself, however, as well as he could, up to the moral elevation demanded by the nature of the occasion, and replied,—

“Thanks, Margaret, thanks, my own love. It is no more than I expected of you; but your perfect confidence is very touching to me. I shall never forget it. Heaven bless you for it!—What I was about to say to you was, that if, indeed, you place such entire confidence in me, there is, in reality, no reason why we should wear our hearts out by waiting for these dull dogs of lawyers.”

“I am quite ready to do anything that you may think best and wisest, my dear Frederick. As I have told you, your wishes are mine. What would you propose to do?”

“Simply to marry,—to be made man and wife, and let the papers be signed afterward when they are ready.”

“I suppose our parents would make no objection?” said Margaret.

“In their hearts they would not, we may be very sure. But probably they would be much embarrassed by our making the proposition. In young people,—in those who are in our position, Margaret,—the world easily

forgives such departure from the established routine. In our parents the case might not be the same. They might be blamed. No; the way to act—the way in which these things are always done—is to ask no permission at all; to do it—and then come back to be forgiven!”

“Oh, Frederick! Do you think we could venture on such a course as that? It frightens me to think of such a thing!”

“Dearest! There would be nothing to alarm you. It would all be very easy, very simple. You say that you have confidence in me; do you think that I would lead you into trouble or sorrow?”

“Oh, no; oh, no! I have perfect confidence in you, Frederick,—in your affection, your sense, your courage. With you I am sure that I should fear nothing.”

“If so, my own, we may snap our fingers at Slowcome and Sligo, and name the auspicious day for ourselves.”

“Are you really serious, Frederick? But I do not comprehend what it is you would propose to do. Tell me what steps you would think it advisable to take.”

“Simply the same steps, Margaret, that are usually taken by so many others in our position; except, indeed, that very many have to contend with the difficulty of the opposition of their families to the match at all; whereas we shall have no difficulties of the sort, or, indeed, of any sort. See now, my love! If, in truth, you have confidence enough in me to be guided entirely by me in this matter, this is what I should propose. We will have no getting out of window, and rope-ladders, and all that sort of thing. All such *grands moyens* are for those who have to fight against the opposition of parents and guardians. We have no need of any such. This shall be our simple, common-sense programme. Some evening—say to-morrow evening—what do we gain by delay?—I will have a post-chaise and the best pair of horses in Silverton at the little door in the garden wall that opens on the lane, near the Castle Head turnpike. Then, after dinner, while the doctor is still in the dining-room or in his study, and Lady Sempronius is taking her after-dinner nap on the sofa, you shall just quietly walk out into the garden, come to the little door in the wall, which I will take care to have open,—I know where the gardener keeps the key,—

and there on the other side you find me waiting for you. You step into the carriage, I jump in after you; and before anybody has observed your absence, we are ten miles or so on our way to Scotland. That is what I would do, Margaret; and what we *will* do, if you have that confidence in me you spoke of!"

"I have, I have, Frederick; doubt it not. I have all confidence! But—Scotland! That is a long way off! Why should we go to Scotland?"

"Because, my darling, that is the place where it is easiest for us to be married without any delay. The law is different in Scotland. People can be married there at once. It is not, indeed, absolutely necessary in our case; for we might be married by special license. But there would be more or less of delay. Whereas, in Scotland, we can be made indissolubly man and wife as soon as ever our feet touch Scottish soil."

"Is it possible! Oh, Frederick, how extraordinary! If anybody but you told me so, I should think they were telling fibs."

(The pretty creature knew all about a Bretna Green marriage as well as any post-boy on the last stage over the border.)

"It is not only possible, it is certain; and what is more, very frequently done. Should you be afraid to make such a little trip with me?"

"With you, Frederick, I should be afraid of nothing. I would fly with you to the end of the world,—if I had only had my things ready! How am I to manage about my things?"

"What things, dearest, should you require?"

"Oh, my trunks,—and who is to pack them?—and my toilet things, you know,—and—and—Simmons,—you know?"

"Simmons! what, the maid at the Chase? Are you mad, Margaret? No, that would never do! There can be no maid. We must be all in all to ourselves and to each other. Can you not trust me, my own Margaret?"

Frederick here got possession of her hand again, and pressed it against his heart, looking wistfully into her face, as he spoke, with the most intense expression of supplication he could muster; for he felt that this was the difficult point.

"Go without a maid, Frederick! Oh, impossible! How am I to dress myself? How

am I ever to put on my orange-blossoms and my wedding veil?" she said, disengaging her hand, and clasping it with its fellow; as she held them out toward him in passionate appeal.

"My dearest girl, you do not understand the matter rightly. There will be no dressing for our wedding. You will be married directly you step out of the post-chaise, in the same clothes in which you stepped into it, at the garden-door here. Instead of orange-blossoms and bridal veils you will have panting post-horses, and a village blacksmith for a clergyman. You will have, a pretty *toilette de voyage*. Why not the dress you have on? I never saw you look more absolutely perfect!"

"It seems all so strange; and to go away with you, alone, to such a distance!"

"Yes, my Margaret! It needs perfect trust in me. Can you not have that trust?"

"I can, I will, Frederick! I put myself and my destiny wholly, unhesitatingly, into your hands. Am I not your own? I will do all that you would wish me to do."

"Dearest, dearest Margaret! Then listen to me. What time do you come out from dinner?"

"Oh, always before six! When we are alone, Aunt Sempronia always goes into the drawing-room almost the minute the cloth is taken away. Uncle, after a little while, goes into his study, where, to the best of my belief, he falls fast asleep."

"And when you get into the drawing-room?" asked Frederick.

"Oh, aunt fidgets about a little, and scolds if the servants have made too big a fire; and then settles herself on the sofa, and tells me to wake her when the doctor comes in."

"And how long is it generally before he does come in?" asked Frederick.

"Oh, about an hour,—sometimes more; never, I think, less than that."

"Excellent—nothing could be better! Then, when the old gentleman does come in to his tea, and no Margaret is there, it will be some time before they guess that you have left the house; and when at last they come to the conclusion that you are not to be found in it, it will be a long while before they make a guess at the truth."

"Or I could leave a little note on the drawing-room table to say that I had a bad

headache, and had gone to bed, but would not disturb her ladyship's nap. Then nothing would be known of my departure till ten o'clock the next morning."

"Admirable! perfect! Why, you little darling, you were born for a conspirator. Nothing could be better imagined! But we must be sure that there is nobody coming to dinner. Is there anybody coming to-morrow?"

"But to-morrow will not do, Frederick!" said Margaret, in a different tone from that in which she had been speaking hitherto, a simple, business-like tone, which at once convinced him that for some reason the morrow would *not* do.

"Why, what is it, dear?" he asked, also speaking in a changed key.

"Because I am to go up to the Chase to-morrow morning."

"Oh, Margaret, that is very unfortunate!" said Frederick, in a genuine tone of vexation and disappointment.

"But it cannot be helped, Frederick. It is all arranged. But I can return here on the following morning."

"And will you do so, my own love? May I depend on your doing so?"

"Frederick!" she said, in a tone of fond reproach.

"And be on your guard, dearest! Take care that Kate does not worm your secret out of you, or make a shrewd guess at it."

"Kate make a shrewd guess,—or worm a secret out of *me*!" said Margaret, in a tone of profound disdain, which had more of genuine feeling in it than any words she had uttered during the whole of the previous conversation with her lover. "Why, Fred, what do you take me for? Am I quite a simpleton?" she added, with a toss of her head that showed she really was indignant at the imputation.

"Anything but that, Margaret, Heaven knows! But it is necessary to be careful," returned he, penitently.

"Never fear; Kate will learn no secret of mine!"

"And you will be here on the following morning, without fail?"

"I have promised you, Frederick; and you may be sure that I will not fail you," said she, giving him her hand, as pledging her faith.

"My own darling! my dearest *wife*! How

can I sufficiently thank you for the sweet trust and confidence you are placing in me?—only by deserving it. And I will deserve it. See now! On the evening of the day after to-morrow, I will be in the lane on the other side of the garden-door, with a carriage and everything in readiness, at six o'clock, and will wait, with what patience I can, till you come. See, the key of the door is always to be found just here," said Frederick, showing her a little cavity in the old wall near the ground; "the old fellow always puts it there, never dreaming that anybody who wanted it, might easily find it there. Now just let us see whether the lock goes easily enough for that little hand to open it—gently—quietly!" said he, as he put the key into her hand; the well-oiled lock was turned with perfect ease. "Capital! that will do. You will remember where to find the key. Perhaps it would be better that I should not attempt to see you on your return from the Chase."

"Perhaps not."

"When do you intend to be back?"

"Oh, to dinner to-morrow! I shall not stay there. I shall say that uncle made me promise to return to dinner without fail. It is only that Kate wants to have a talk about something or other. She is such a bother! Kate is exactly cut out for an old maid, and I believe she will live and die one."

"You don't think there will be anybody to dine here the day after to-morrow?"

"Oh! It is very unlikely. We always discuss such things here ever so long in advance. Oh, no; I think we may be sure that we shall be all alone."

"Then I think that we may consider all as settled? The day after to-morrow, at six in the evening."

"It is very sudden! You will be very good to me, dearest, very indulgent, and very true; *n'est-ce pas, mon bien aimé?*"

"I will, I will, my beloved Margaret, now and ever. How can I ever thank you enough for all your love and trust? Dearest, be very sure that you shall not repent of them."

"I do not think I shall, Frederick. So now, if all is definitively settled, I think we had better go in. It must be nearly time for the dressing-bell to ring."

"Adieu, sweetest! To think that the next time we meet, it will be to part no more till I can call you really, wholly mine!"

"Au revoir! Après demain à six heures!" whispered Margaret, as he squeezed her hand in parting at the door of the drawing-room, from which he escaped just as Lady Sempronia was rousing herself and thinking that it was time to dress for dinner.

CHAPTER XXXV.

ONLY TILL TO-MORROW NIGHT!

THE next morning, at a rather earlier hour than usual,—it was just as the canon was leaving his house, to step across the Close to morning service at the cathedral,—the gig from Lindisfarn came to the door for Miss Margaret. But there was no Mr. Mat in it. The old groom who had driven in, brought a note from Kate, to say that she had not been able to persuade Mr. Mat to come; but that she had thought it better to send the gig, as Thomas Tibbs, with the carriage, would have been so much slower about it.

Margaret was quite as well pleased to perform the short journey with the groom as with Mr. Mat. Indeed, it was felt by her as an escape, that she was not condemned to the latter penance. Nevertheless, she took it as an affront, and resented the slight accordingly.

She did not take anything with her; for she fully purposed being back again to dinner, as she told Lady Sempronia when she mentioned to her Kate's summons.

Her original plan had been to stay at the Chase for the night, and return to the Close the following morning, as she had said to Frederick. But a little consideration had led her to change it. In the first place, she felt on reflection that it would be very desirable to shorten as much as possible the talk which must pass between her and Kate. There could be nothing agreeable in it; and she had no desire to sustain the part, which she would be obliged to play before her sister, for a greater number of hours than was absolutely inevitable. It would be a great thing to escape the long evening hours, and the *tête-à-tête*, which it would be impossible to avoid, in Kate's room after they had retired for the night.

In the second place, she preferred having a little longer time between her return to the Close and the execution of her momentous project. Fred had told her that "no things" would be needed. But she could not absolutely subscribe to that view of the matter.

There was at least, her *toilette de voyage* to be decided on,—a matter not to be put off to the last minute. As a mere matter of fatigue, too, it would be better to start on her long journey after a day of perfect rest.

Then, again, she was inclined to think, on consideration, that, despite the possible difficulty about stable arrangements, she might find it easier to get back the same day than on the next. There would be the excuse of not having even what was necessary for the night; there would be the keeping her uncle's dinner waiting. She would then probably avoid seeing her father, who would most likely be out, all the time she was at Lindisfarn, and would thus get rid of the danger of objection on his part.

So, taking all these things into consideration, she had determined on curtailing her visit to Lindisfarn to the few hours that she could spend there between the breakfast and the dinner hour at the Close.

"Oh, yes, dear! Be sure you come back!" Lady Sempronia had said. "It would be cruel to leave me all alone, and my poor nerves in the state they are! And your poor uncle is madder than ever about this new whim of his monogram, or whatever it is, he calls it, upon the church at Chewton; such a place, my dear! if you could only see it! and I am frightened to death lest he should insist upon printing it. Oh, you must not leave me!"

"I only hope, dear aunt, that there will be no difficulty about sending me back either in the carriage or with the gig."

"Oh, my dear Margaret, you *must* come back! Stay, perhaps I had better write a line to dear Kate; or would it be best to Miss Immy—only you know"—

"Oh, no! best to Kate, dear aunt; if you would write a line to Kate, it might, perhaps, make matters easier."

So the tearful lady sat down at her little desk, and fishing for a clean scrap of paper, among a tumbled mass of bills of all sorts and sizes, she wrote in the eminently lady-like hand of the last century, in which the body of the letters was scarcely greater in altitude than the thickness of a line, while the tops and tails were of immoderate length, and the lines very far apart, the following note:—

"MY DEAR KATE,—Margaret tells me that it is *imperatively* necessary that she should go

up to the Chase to-day. It is a sad trial to me to part with her. But, alas, what is life, mine especially, *but* trials! I trust, however, that you will send her back to me this evening. Would that I could send for her! I will not now go into the sad detail of the reasons which make this impossible to me. They are, alas! too well known to you, my dear niece, and to the world in general, the more's the pity. I must trust to your kindness, therefore, and to that of Mr. Mat,—for I know that he is the *Master of the Horse* at Lindisfarn,—not to disappoint me in this. Dear Margaret will explain to you how totally unfit I am to be left alone with your dear uncle, especially at the present moment. Indeed, I do not know what might be the consequences to me! I am grieved to hear that the recent rains are likely to cause very wide-spread *distress*, and perhaps *ruin*, among the agricultural interests. But God's will be done! Tell your dear father so from me, with my kind love. I look to Margaret's return by five o'clock; for you know what your poor dear uncle's temper is if the dinner is kept waiting.

"Your affectionate aunt,

"S. LINDISFARN."

"I don't think Kate will be so cruel as not to send you back to me," sighed Lady Sempronia, as she handed this note to Margaret.

"Oh, no, dear aunt! depend upon it, I shall be back by five o'clock."

So Margaret got into the gig, and was driven in a little less than an hour up to the Chase.

She was in high spirits; or at least in a state of excitement which produced a similar appearance; and had some difficulty in meeting her sister with the depression of manner befitting the part she had to play.

"Oh, Margaret dear! I am so glad to have you at home again. I have so much to talk to you of," said Kate, as she met her at the door.

"And we have not very much time to say it in, Kate; for I must be back again in the Close by five o'clock."

"Back again to-night?"

"Yes. It is impossible to avoid it. See, here is a note for you from my aunt. Poor soul, she is in a very low way! I cannot leave her. You will see what she says. Besides, I have brought home none of my things."

"But, my dear Margaret, how are you to get back again to Silverton this evening?"

You know what a bother there always is with Tibbs."

"That is why I spoke about it the first thing, Kate. It must be managed somehow. I suppose I am not in Mr. Mat's good books, by his not condescending to come for me this morning. But you can make him do anything you like."

"I suppose it is impossible to disappoint my aunt," said Kate, with a sigh, as she finished reading her aunt's letter. "But what is it she alludes to as her particular sorrow at this time more than usual?"

"Oh, you know my aunt! She is in a great trouble, just at present, for fear my uncle should take it into his head to print a new paper he has been writing all about an old church at his living in a place they call Chewton,—a most horrid, desolate place, aunt says, out in the moor. The paper is to be read at the meeting of the eccle—eccloy—whatever it is they call themselves, next month; and as uncle is very particularly proud of it, she is in great fear of the probable consequences. And indeed, I may perhaps be of some use; for I have some little influence over Uncle Theophilus."

"Well, I suppose you must go," sighed Kate; "and I will see what can be done about sending you. Perhaps the old pony could be put in the gig, just to take you to Silverton. Come! let us go up to my room. Noll is out with the dogs."

"But had we not better settle first about the gig?" urged Margaret, who was by no means willing to allow any amount of doubt to rest upon the execution of her programme.

"Very well! If you will go up-stairs, and take your hat off, I will go and see about it, and come to you in my room."

Margaret ran quickly up the stairs, and into her sister's room. There her first care was not to take off her hat, but to cast a sharp, searching glance at Kate's table, to see if any note or letter had been left there, according to Kate's careless habits in such matters, which might, even by the outside of it, perhaps, give her some hint of the position of matters with her sister. But there was nothing on the table,—not even the usual litter of Kate's manifold ordinary occupations. The little desk, instead of standing open, was shut up; and there was not so much as a book to be seen lying about. All the draw-

ing things at the other small table were piled into a little heap in the middle of it, and had evidently not been touched for days.

If any more intelligently sympathizing eye than her sister's had looked in Kate's face, the looker would not have failed to be struck by evidence of the cessation of all the ordinary sources of interest and occupation, as legible there as in the condition of her room.

And there were not wanting such sympathizing eyes at Lindisfarn. It was plain enough to more than one loving observer that Kate had been stricken somehow or other, whether in heart or merely in body, and matters were out of joint at the Chase in consequence. Mr. Mat was miserable, and cross to every one but the object of his trouble. He would neglect his dinner, and sit looking wistfully at Kate, as she wearily went through the daily ceremony, and when she and Miss Immy had left the room, would say to the squire,—

"The lass is not right, squire! She is not like herself, no more than I am like the Bishop of Silverton! But as for telling me that she is thinking anything about that fellow Falconer—they may tell that to the marines! I've known the lass from her cradle up. It's as damned a pack of nonsense, squire!"—

And Mr. Mat's black eye grew moist under its shaggy black brow as he spoke.

"God grant it may be as you say!" sighed the squire; "anything better than that."

Miss Immy, for her part, threatened Kate with Dr. Blakistry. As yet Kate had, not without difficulty, fought off this strong measure. But Miss Immy was getting really uneasy about her; and it was clear that, unless she could manage to "look like herself again," she would have to submit to a professional visit from the doctor before long.

And the alternative was quite out of Kate's power. She could not look like herself again; for she felt very unlike that former self.

And, worst of all, Lady Farnleigh was still absent. Most unfortunately she had been detained, much beyond the time she had at first intended, by the serious illness of her daughter-in-law. That lady was now, however, much better; and there was a prospect of the "fairy godmother's" return before long,

Kate often sighed as she remembered the happy, careless days, when she had so nicknamed her best and dearest friend, and thought how infinitely greater was her need of such a protectress than she had ever dreamed it could be.

She joined Margaret in a few minutes in her room, going up the stairs much more slowly than she had done.

"I have arranged for you to have the gig for your return," she said, sitting down wearily beside her sister. "Mr. Mat made no difficulty. The gig will be at the door at half-past three."

"Mr. Mat makes less difficulty about sending me away from Lindisfarn than about bringing me back to it. *Cela s'entend!* I dare say there is no love lost between us."

"Oh, Margaret! I am sure that Mr. Mat does not feel otherwise than kindly toward you."

"It matters very little to me how he feels, that is one good thing! But now, Kate, what was your object in making me come up here?"

"Surely, you must know, Margaret. Julian has recovered; he has left England. We are no longer bound by any promise of secrecy; and it is above all things necessary that the error as to his supposed death should be corrected with as little delay as possible. But I was unwilling to take any step in the matter without first speaking with you."

"I suppose it will be necessary that the fact should be known," replied Margaret; "but do not you think that it would be more proper to leave it to him to make the announcement himself? You remember that he told you he purposed doing so."

"Yes; but what I cannot bear is that we should know it and keep the knowledge to ourselves. I cannot bear the burden of the secret any longer, Margaret."

"I do not see that the burden has been a very heavy one to you, Kate. To me it has been different. In the circumstances in which I have been placed, it has been very painful to me to be obliged to keep such a secret to myself. Happily, I know well that the knowledge of it would have occasioned no difference in the conduct of my future husband. Nevertheless, you can understand, I suppose, that it would be unpleasant to me to have to confess that I knew the real state of the case, so early as for my misfortune I

did, in consequence of your imprudent visit to that smuggler man's cottage."

"I will not say anything about that, Margaret. I thought it was right under the circumstances to go there, and I went. Now it would be infinitely more agreeable to me—it would be a greater consolation and comfort to me than you can imagine—if I could not only let the fact of Julian's existence be known at once, but also let it be understood that I knew it at the time I did know it. You cannot guess how much I would give to do this. Nevertheless I have made up my mind to abstain from doing it, for your sake; for I can fully feel how dreadful, how intolerable, it would be to you, that it should be known that you had accepted an offer of marriage without saying a word about it, or in any way intimating that your position was a very different one from what it was supposed to be."

"I could not help myself, as I have told you before," said Margaret, sullenly.

"It was very unfortunate," sighed Kate; "but I have told you that I have made up my mind not to say anything about the date at which this important secret reached our knowledge. You must feel, however, dear Margaret, that the time has come when it is absolutely necessary to break off this engagement, and"—

"Break off!—will nothing make you believe, Kate, that all people are not so sordid in their views as you imagine them?" interrupted Margaret, while her cheek flushed up, and her eyes flashed fire. "It is very singular, sister, how particularly anxious you are that the engagement between me and Fred should be broken off; but you may as well give it up as a bad job. Make your mind up to it, once for all, that it wont and can't be broken off."

Kate looked into her sister's gleaming, angry eyes, with a quiet glance of mute appeal, and of sorrow rather than reproach, as she said,—

"Can you not believe, Margaret, that your happiness and welfare are all I wish for or care about in this matter?"

"It don't seem like it!"—

"And that when I speak of breaking off the engagement you have made, I mean merely breaking that which was entered into in ignorance of the truth, to be replaced, if the parties to it wish to do so, by a fresh en-

gagement made with full knowledge of the truth? You can't doubt that it is absolutely necessary that no time should be lost in telling Mr. Falconer the truth; and it was about this that I wanted to speak to you to-day."

"I am sure I don't see why you should take so much trouble to meddle with my affairs! I suppose I am the proper person to tell Mr. Falconer, as you call him; and I presume I may be left to do so in my own way, and at my own time."

"But that is just the point, Margaret. Certainly you are the person who ought to tell him. He ought most unquestionably to hear it from no one but yourself. But the time—that is the question. At your own time, you say. When is that time, Margaret? That is what I want to settle with you."

"Now I am not going to be dictated to, as if I were a school-girl and you my mistress, Kate. Remember that you are not even my elder sister, though you seem strangely inclined to take the tone of one. I have just as good a right to preach to you as you to me, remember! I told you from the beginning fairly and honestly, that my views and ideas differed from yours in this matter, and that I intended to be guided in it by my own, and not by yours. That is still my intention, I beg you to understand. I shall choose my time for telling my future husband the whole of this strange improbable story, according to my own judgment and convenience. I presume you will not think fit to take it upon yourself to meddle between us."

"Most certainly, Margaret, I shall not take it upon myself to say anything upon the subject to Mr. Falconer, if you mean that. But I must speak to those who ought necessarily to be made acquainted with the truth in the first instance. I must tell my father and my Uncle Theophilus. And it is this that I was unwilling to do, without having first spoken to you, on purpose that you might have the opportunity of yourself speaking to Mr. Falconer before the facts reach him from any one else. You know my father. Do you think that he would suffer any uncertainty to remain on the subject in the mind of anybody for an hour after he had heard the truth? You know my uncle. Do you think he is likely to keep it secret?"

You know what Silverton is. Do you think anybody in all the place is likely to remain in ignorance of the facts four-and-twenty hours after I have told them to papa? And do you see now that I had reason enough to make a point of your coming up here to-day."

Margaret bit her lips till they were white, and remained silent for a minute or two.

"And when *do* you mean to make this communication to papa?" she then asked, keeping her eyes fixed, as she spoke, on the floor.

"I should have done it long ago if it had not been for this unhappy entanglement of yours."

Margaret raised her eyes to her sister's face for an instant, and the forked lightning shot forth dangerously.

"It was only to give you time," continued Kate, with increased and almost tearful earnestness, "that I have abstained thus long. I can abstain no longer! The weight of this secret seems as if it were crushing my heart. I must tell it. But I would fain that you told Mr. Falconer first,—or at least as soon."

"You are very peremptory, Kate! You have got the whip hand of me, and you are determined to use it cruelly,—cruelly!"

"Oh, Margaret, Margaret!" sobbed Kate.

"Yes, cruelly!" continued her sister, speaking with extreme bitterness. "It is your turn now! And I am in your power—to a certain degree—to a certain degree. Well! what time do you condescend to assign to me in your mercy?"

"You are going back to Silverton this evening; it is so far convenient. I thought that it would have been necessary to send for him here. As it is, it will be easier. You will, in all probability, see him this evening."

"You find it very easy to settle it all your way. In all probability I shall do nothing of the kind. I have no reason to think that he will come to my uncle's this evening."

"It would be very easy to send a word across the Close, requesting him to do so."

"Kate! what do you take me for? If you have been brought up to do that sort of thing, I, for my part, have not, and flatter myself that I know what *convenience* requires rather better than to take such a step."

"I can see no objection to it under the

circumstances, and for the purpose we are talking about, I confess, Margaret," replied Kate, with a deep sigh. "What would you propose doing yourself?"

"If you will promise me not to say any word till to-morrow evening," replied Margaret, after a few moments of deep consideration, "I will promise you to tell Frederick the first time I do see him. I think it very likely that I may see him in the course of to-morrow,—almost certain. I will be content if you will give me only till to-morrow evening. You may tell papa, and all Silverton, too, if you like, after dinner to-morrow. Will that do?" said Margaret, inwardly congratulating herself on the admirable good fortune which had prompted Frederick to propose the scheme he had, and to fix the execution of it for such an early day. What on earth would have become of her, but for this happy piece of good fortune! As it was, the fatal facts would not be known till they were safe off on their way to Scotland; and when they came back married, Frederick would learn it as a bit of news that had reached Silverton in the interval of their absence.

"Very well," said Kate, slowly and reluctantly; "let it be so, since you are unwilling to release me sooner. Let it remain settled that I tell papa the whole of the facts to-morrow evening after dinner;—papa and Mr. Mat, mind, Margaret!—there must be no more secrets!—and Mr. Mat is likely enough, mind, to have out the gig and drive off to Silverton that same evening, to tell Uncle Theophilus that his son is still living."

"No! you must give me the whole evening," exclaimed Margaret, remembering that Mr. Mat's untimely arrival in the Close might be the means of prematurely discovering her absence from her uncle's house;—"I bargain for the whole evening. Who knows at what time I may see Frederick? He often comes in late. If you wish to be of any service to me, Kate, you must give me the whole evening. You can tell papa the first thing the next morning. That can make no difference, you know, Kate. Let it be the first thing in the morning, the day after to-morrow. And then let Mr. Mat have the satisfaction of telling the world of our ruin as soon as he likes. I will find the means of doing my part before that time.

You pledge yourself, then, Kate, to say nothing till the morning of the day after to-morrow?"

"So be it, then, Margaret. I promise you that I will keep the secret till that time. Then I shall, without fail, tell papa; and I think it more likely than not, that Mr. Mat will tell my uncle within an hour afterwards."

"Let him do his worst!" said Margaret, bitterly, but yet triumphantly.

"Oh, Margaret, I wish you could think that we all have but one heart and one interest in this sad matter. You may trust me I know what I am talking about, when I tell you that not a soul in this house or in Silverton will feel our misfortune more acutely than poor Mr. Mat."

"Well! it don't much matter. There is small consolation in his caring about it, whether he does or not; and now, I suppose, our business is settled."

"Yes," said Kate, sadly; "will you come and see Miss Immy?"

"I suppose I must before I go back; it is a great bore. But I want to go into my own room first," answered Margaret, whose mind was busy with the consideration whether there might not be certain small articles at the Chase, which it might be desirable for her to take with her in her flight to Scotland.

Kate accompanied her sister into the adjoining room, and Margaret had some difficulty in making her comprehend that she wished to be there alone. She succeeded at last, and Kate left her, thinking that she wished to commune with herself on the terribly painful task which lay before her.

Margaret hastily bolted the door behind her, and did not come out of her room till it wanted only a quarter of an hour to the time the gig was ordered for her return to Silverton.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE TWO SIDES OF THE WALL.

MARGARET returned to her dinner at her uncle's, in the Close, in good time. She was still in high spirits, or, at least, in that state of nervous excitement, which, in some persons, so closely resembles them. She was, at all events, well contented with the result of her visit to the Chase; and the game she had been, for the last month past,

so desperately playing, seemed definitively to be at last in her own hands.

When she had supposed herself, as all the rest of the Sillshire world supposed her, to be an heiress to landed property to the amount of two thousand a year, she had not been very particularly anxious or eager about Frederick Falconer's proposal. The match seemed a very fair one in a prudential point of view, and the gentleman was by no means disagreeable to her. "She had never seen anybody she liked better," as the classical phrase runs upon such occasions; but Margaret had been far too well brought up, and had much too strong a feeling of what she owed to herself and to the proprieties of maidenly delicacy, to be in any danger of breaking her pure and gentle heart for any son of Adam. She was quite contented to do her little bit of flirting, and trot out her pretty little airs and graces, and show off her certainly not little attractions, all within the most rigorous bounds of the strictest reading of the code of the *convenances*, and leave the result to work itself out as Providence and the gentleman might decree. But all this was suddenly and tremendously changed by that terrible communication from her sister. Then it became absolutely necessary that this chance should be seized on, and that promptly. It was most desperately a case of now or never with her. Any sin against those *convenances*, which assiduous drilling and the social atmosphere in which she had lived had made a second nature to her, was extremely repugnant to all Margaret's feelings. If the *lex non scripta* prescribed that at any given juncture of her girlhood life, it was permissible for her to allow a creature of the other sex to squeeze her little finger, "all the best and most beautiful feelings of her nature" would have been outraged, if any man should have dared to make the penultimate digit participate in the pressure.

Still, all the little outlook into the world around her, which it had been possible for her to obtain, convinced her that the sacred code of *les convenances* was made and provided for the guidance of *les jeunes personnes* of a certain standing in the social world,—a position from which she was—alas, and alas!—suddenly and most cruelly hurled. Quite other maxims and rules were needed for the being which she had become,—an adventur-

ess. Yes, not being a young person with expectations, she was an adventuress. It was useless, and mere folly, to blink the fact, or mince the phrase. She was an adventuress; and however painful it might be to one not "to the manner born," it behooved her to act as such. She had accepted the position then as a *maîtresse femme*, and vigorously set about acting as the exigencies of the part demanded of her.

It had not been a pleasant thing to live through the past month, with the horrible sword of ignominious failure suspended over her head by a thread all the time. Very much otherwise. But now her boldness and her ability seemed about to be rewarded. At last she was in sight of port, and to all appearances safe. And she did feel that she deserved some applause for the manner in which she had steered her bark, in a sea of no ordinary danger and difficulty.

Not that the future was all smooth water. Far from it. Margaret indulged herself in no such weak illusion. Her Frederick would be grievously disappointed, doubtless, when he first news that met him, on bringing his wife back to his native town, would be that he had married a beggar. She had a very strong conviction that her Frederick was about the last man in the world, to commit such a folly and indiscretion. And Margaret was by no means inclined to think the less well of him on that account. No doubt he would be greatly disappointed, — thunder-struck! No doubt there would be unpleasantness. What else could be looked for? Was not all this miserable business calculated to produce unpleasantness of all kinds? Still, she would be a wife; and she flattered herself that she should know how to use that vantage-ground in such a manner as to make the position not too intolerable a one for her.

It was no use thinking of that, however, now! Sufficient for the day was the evil and the work thereof. What she had now to do was to step boldly forward on the path toward her object. Fate itself seemed helping her. What, what should she have done, had not the delays of the lawyers thus happily tired out Frederick's patience! She had been living in the hope of inducing Kate to keep the fatal secret a little longer! It seemed, however, to judge by her sister's words and manner, in this last interview,

that that would have been a vain hope. What a blessing was the foolish impatience, which would not let that fond fellow Frederick wait for his happiness any longer!

These were the meditations which occupied Margaret's mind during several of the hours of that last night in her uncle's house. The next morning, at breakfast, a new source of anxiety arose. As the doctor and his wife and niece were sitting at their morning meal, the doctor announced his intention of paying a visit, that day, to his living of Chewton in the moor.

"It is absolutely necessary, my dear, though in truth it is a very great trouble. But in the interests of science, you know, I never spare myself."

"Nor others, Dr. Lindisfarn!" said Lady Sempronia.

"My dear, I am sorry to inconvenience you in any way, though I do not see how it should inconvenience you. It is indispensably necessary that I should verify the accuracy of certain statements and descriptions. I am come to a point at which I cannot get on without another personal inspection of the buildings and localities. Heaven knows I have no liking for the job personally. But when the accuracy and completeness of the work, on which so much depends, are concerned, I cannot hesitate. I was going to mention that I shall not be able to get home to dinner. If I could have gone early this morning, I might have done so. But I wished to be in my place at the morning service. I shall start directly afterward."

"You know best, Dr. Lindisfarn!" said his long-suffering wife, with a resigned sigh.

"We will not have the bore of a regular dinner to-day, my dear," said she to Margaret, as soon as the doctor had left the breakfast-room; "we will have a cutlet or something at luncheon, and then we shall enjoy our toast and tea."

It was Lady Sempronia's thrifty habit to make the absence of her lord and master at least so far an advantage as to save a dinner by it.

But then it occurred to Margaret that if the ordinary routine of the day were thus altered, her aunt's after-dinner nap would probably share the fate of the dinner, or at least be pushed out of its usual place in the day's programme. And if so, it might very

well happen that it would be impossible for her to escape from Lady Sempronina at the right moment. Usually on such occasions as the present, the tea, thus promoted to the position of a meal, was served at seven o'clock. And it seemed likely that at six, the fateful hour fixed for Margaret's escape, her gently fretful ladyship would be awake and in the drawing-room waiting for the repast which such ladies love, and expecting her niece to keep her company.

During the whole forenoon Margaret was in a state of great anxiety, and was eagerly debating within herself the expediency of despatching Parsons with a note to Frederick informing him of the state of the case, and of the probable necessity of modifying their plans to meet the new circumstances.

It was past twelve o'clock, and she had just made up her mind that she would do this immediately after luncheon, when once again fortune stood her friend, and made any such step unnecessary. She was in her own room nervously looking over for the twentieth time every article of the costume she intended to travel in, when she was startled by a little tap at her door. Hurriedly shutting the drawers in which she had laid out most of these in readiness, she told the applicant to come in. It was Lady Sempronina's maid, with,—

"Please, Miss Margaret, my lady bade me say that she is took so bad with her nerves that she will not be able to come down to luncheon. She hopes you will excuse her, and she would be glad to speak to you."

Margaret found her aunt in bed. The prominence with which the dangers to be feared from the growing importance of the doctor's monograph on Chewton Church had been brought before her prescient mind had, as usual, proved too great a trial for her enfeebled nervous system. She had, she declared, a racking headache,—feared she should become hysterical,—felt that her only chance was to keep herself absolutely quiet,—and should not leave her bed any more that day, even if she were able to do so on the morrow.

It was difficult for Margaret to keep the decently sorrowful face of sympathy which this communication required, so great a relief was it to her. Was it possible for anything to be better? Fortune herself seemed to have undertaken the task of taking all diffi-

culties out of the way, and leaving the coast clear for her!

The remainder of the day passed very slowly with Margaret, but not altogether unhappily. She was nervous and excited, but full of hope and confidence. Twice she walked round the garden, and glanced sharply at the cavity in the wall near the little door into the lane, to satisfy herself that the key was there. She longed to take it up, and try it in the lock, but refrained. It was imprudent; and Margaret was a very prudent girl!

At last the feared yet wished-for hour came. At last it wanted only a quarter to six. The note to be given to Lady Sempronina when her ladyship's cup of tea was carried up to her, was all ready.

"DEAR AUNT," it said,

"The shock which has sent you to bed, has reacted—less forcibly, no doubt, than on your delicately sensitive nervous system—on me too. I have a violent headache, and am now going to bed. I have told Elizabeth to give you this when she takes you your tea, and not before, lest you might be getting a little sleep. I hope, dear aunt, that we may both be better to-morrow.

"Your loving niece,

"MARGARET."

This was given to Lady Sempronina's maid with injunctions not to disturb her mistress till tea-time, then to carry her a cup of tea, and give her the note at the same time.

"I have a dreadful headache myself, Elizabeth," added the young lady; "I shall not stay up for tea, but go to my room at once. If I want you to undress me, I will ring, but do not disturb me unless I do; for if I can keep myself quiet and get to sleep, I would not be waked for the world. If it is late when I wake, I will manage to undress by myself."

Then while the servant was going through the hall towards the kitchen, Margaret heavily and wearily dragged herself up half a dozen stairs toward her room. But as soon as ever the swing door which shut off the servants' part of the house had slammed to behind Elizabeth, she turned, and darting light of foot as an antelope, and swift as thought into the drawing-room, passed gently through the window, carefully shutting it after her, into the garden. Then tripping, with short-drawn breath and beating heart,

along the dark garden-walk to the little door in the wall leading to the lane, she paused, pressing her hand to her bosom, and intently listening. But no sound broke the silence save the audible beating of her own heart.

She had not waited thus more than a few minutes, however, before the quarter bell in the neighboring cathedral tower, after a strange sort of grating, jarring prelude, as if clearing its voice before speaking, sung out its clear ding-dong!—ding-dong!—ding-dong!—ding-dong!—Four quarters. It was the full time then. Margaret had not been sure whether it might not yet want a quarter to the hour fixed. No! and in the next instant the deeper bass of the hour bell tolled, one—two—three—four—five—six! Of course, she knew very well that the bell was going to strike six. Yet it seemed to her fancy as if that sixth stroke had a fateful clinching power in it, which cast the die of her fate, and made it impossible for her to draw back.

She listened still more intently than before, but heard nothing. Perhaps the carriage had already taken up its position on the other side of the wall; and perhaps Frederick was within a few inches of her on the other side of the door, afraid to give any audible sign of his presence, for fear that it might reach other ears beside hers.

After a few more minutes of intent listening, which seemed to be at least four times as many as they were, she decided that this must be the case, and she determined to open the door. There could be very little risk in doing so; for the lane was a lonely one, but little frequented by day, and still more certain to be undisturbed by night. She turned the key in the lock with the greatest precaution, starting at the little eliek it made just at the end of the operation, and cautiously opening the door a little, peered out into the darkness of the lane. She could see nothing! And yet she was sure she had counted the striking of the clock aright.

And then a sudden hot flush came over her; and she began to think of the retributive storm of indignation and reproach with which she would visit the delinquent for his unpunctuality as soon as he should arrive.

She all but closed the door, leaving barely a sufficient aperture for her to keep her anxious watch of the lane. And the intolerably tedious minutes slowly accumulated them-

selves till once again there came the harsh rattle in the quarter bell's throat, preparatory to its clearly chimed ding-dong,—the first quarter after six.

Margaret began to feel both physically and morally very cold. A sickening sensation of fear crept over her. Yet there was no other possible course to follow but still to wait. And Margaret still waited, with a rapidly gathering agony in her heart, a few hours of which might be deemed a fair expiation for many an ill-spent day.

The more Margaret reflected, the more inexplicable it seemed to her. And if she could have perceived what was taking place on the other side of the wall, at the moment she was leaving the house to come out into the garden, she would still have been as much at a loss to understand the meaning of what she would have seen.

The phenomena which presented themselves on that side of the brick and mortar screen fell out in this wise.

At a little more than half-past five o'clock, Frederick, true to his engagements, was giving the last instructions to a well-fed post-boy in the yard of the Lindisfarn Arms hostel and posting-house. These instructions were that he should remain in readiness himself, his chaise, and his pair of horses (for Frederick considered that four horses would only serve to attract attention in a manner that was not desirable; and that the notion that four horses can draw a light chaise over a short stage more quickly than two is a mere popular delusion, unless, indeed, the stage should be a specially hilly one), within the safe seclusion of the inn-yard till six o'clock,—that he should then quietly come out, and proceeding by a certain back way, such as most Old-World English cities are provided with, towards the turnpike at the Castle Head, as it was called, which was very near the embouchure of the lane behind the doctor's garden into the road, should so come on towards the little door from which Margaret was to emerge, telling anybody who might question him—if the questioner were one to whom it was necessary to reply at all—that he, the postboy, was going to carry Dr. Lindisfarn up to the Chase to dinner—a perfectly reasonable and satisfactory reply, inasmuch as the doctor when going to the Chase usually did get into his chaise at the

little garden-door, which, opening so near to the Castle Head turnpike, saved him a considerable *détour* through the town.

Nothing could have been better arranged. Jonas Wyvill, the postboy,—he was a cousin, I fancy, of those Wyvills one of whom was a verger in the cathedral, and another a superannuated gamekeeper up at the Chase, and “boy” as he was perennially in professional posting parlance, had long since reached a very discreet age,—Jonas Wyvill had pocketed his retaining fee, perfectly comprehended his instructions, got into the saddle at six punctually, precisely as the cathedral clock—that same bell to which Margaret had listened so nervously—struck the quarters, and quietly proceeded towards the place of rendezvous.

Frederick, fond and faithful, was standing on the other side of the little door at the moment that his beloved was tripping across the garden towards it. In another minute they would have been in each other’s arms, and in the next dashing along the road on their way to Scotland.

What could have interrupted so suddenly the course of true love which had run smoothly so very nearly to the point of pouring itself into the ocean of connubial felicity?

Frederick was on the outside of the garden-door, with his ear close to the panel of it. It wanted just one minute to six;—when, instead of the light step which he was straining his ear to catch the sound of on the other side of the wall, and which in another minute he would have heard, he became aware of a foot-fall of a very different character close to him in the lane. And the next instant he distinguished in the rapidly increasing darkness old Gregory Greatorex, his father’s long-tried, trusty, and confidential clerk.

Old Greg Greatorex was one of those men who look like over-grown and ill-grown boys all the days of their lives. Old Greg was nearly sixty years old, and as gray as a badger. But still his gaunt, shambling figure had the peculiar effect above mentioned. Perhaps it was mainly occasioned by the fact that his body was very short in proportion to his long, flute likelegs. They seemed—those straggling, ill-shapen, knock-kneed, long legs—to be attached to his body rather after the fashion in which those of Punch’s *dramatis personæ* are arranged than according to the more usual method of nature’s handiwork.

Then he had no beard, or any other visible or traceable hair on his broad white face. Old Greg had lived, man and boy, with Mr. Falconer as long and rather longer than he could remember anything. And it would have been difficult to imagine any command of the banker which Gregory would not have faithfully executed, not exactly from affection for his master,—Greg Greatorex was not of a remarkably affectionate nature,—but simply because it seemed to his intelligence, part of the natural, necessary, and inevitable nature of things that it should be so.

“Come, come away, sir, quick! this instant! Thank the Lord, I’m in time!” panted the old man into Frederick’s ear.

“Good God! Gregory, what do you mean? What are you come here for? Why, man, the governor’s up to it,” he whispered into the old clerk’s ear.

“I know! I know, sir. The governor has sent me here now. It is a good job I am in time. The old gentleman would have run here himself, only he knew I could come fastest. I never saw him in such a way.”

“What’s up now, then? What is it, in Heaven’s name, Gregory?”

“You must ask your father that, sir. There was no time to tell anything;—it was just touch and go! But all the fat is in the fire some way or another; and if this runaway job had a’ come off, you would have been a ruined man, Mr. Frederick. I heard your father say so much.”

“Good heavens! What am I to do?” whispered Frederick.

“Come away, sir, from here. Come to your father and hear all about it. Anyway, you may be quite sure there is to be no elopement to-night.”

“And Margaret?—the lady, Gregory? What in the world am I to do about the lady? She will be here in a minute, if she is not at this moment waiting on the other side of this door.”

“Leave her to wait, sir; she will soon find out that something has put the job off.”

“She will never forgive me,” sighed Frederick.

“It don’t much signify whether she does or not, so far as I can understand,” chuckled the old clerk. “But you can come and hear what your father has to tell you about it, and thank your stars that this business was put a stop to in time.”

"But the chaise will be here in a minute, Gregory. There! it is striking six now! The chaise was to come out from the Lindisfarn Arms as it struck six."

"I'll go and meet it, sir, and turn it back, while you go to your father. It would come up the back lane to the Castle Head, I suppose?"

"Yes, you will meet it in the lane. It is old Jonas Wyvill; you must tell him that it is put off for to-night."

"Or rather that it is *not* 'off';" said Greatorcx, who had recovered breath enough for superfluous words by this time, and for a chuckle at his own wit.

They had withdrawn from the immediate vicinity of the door in the wall as the clock struck, but still spoke in whispers. Had Margaret opened the door a moment sooner than she did, she would have seen the two men, within a few paces of her. But they separated at the mouth of the little lane some fifty yards from the doctor's garden-door, as the last words were spoken,—the

old clerk to meet and turn back Jonas Wyvill and the chaise; Frederick to hasten to his father's house in the Close, to learn the explanation of this most unexpected and unpleasant termination of the enterprise which had seemed on the eve of successful execution.

He did for one instant think of seeing his Margaret, and telling her, as best he might, that some *contretemps* had frustrated their plan for to-night, instead of thus brutally leaving her to the agonies of suspense, and slowly-growing conviction that it was a hopeless disappointment. But Frederick was not a very brave man, and he stood in no little fear of his gentle Marguerite. It would not, it may be admitted, have been a pleasant interview; and perhaps braver men than Frederick Falconer might have hesitated about facing the lady in the moment of her legitimate wrath. But it certainly was a cur's trick to sneak off and leave her as he did. But *que voulez-vous?* Figs *wont* grow on thistles.

WE sincerely regret to record the death of Lieutenant-Colonel Robert Torrens, who died yesterday week (the 27th of May), in the eighty-fourth year of his age. Colonel Torrens will be remembered chiefly by his economical writings and his connection with the colonization of South Australia; but his career as an officer was not entirely without mark or incident. In 1811 he was promoted to the rank of Major for what was then generally called the "romantic defence of Anholt," an affair in which Captain Torrens repulsed a Danish force which outnumbered his little garrison by nearly ten to one. He was a warm advocate for the rights of the Roman Catholics in Ireland, and even refused the offer of a Government borough in 1811—an offer dawned forth by the ability of his essay on money and paper currency—rather than abandon their cause. He fought and gained a most expensive contest in Ipswich, in 1826, on the Roman Catholic side, only to be unseated upon petition, but not before he had made a speech on Ireland, which drew forth the warmest praise from Mr. Huskisson, and has, in fact, proved prophetic. Colonel Torrens was in the House during several Parliaments, first for Ashburton, then for Bolton, and his books on political economy, one of which—a catechism of political economy—was,

we believe, in the press at the time of his death, secured him a very high position as a clear and original thinker. He labored hard in the foundation of the colony of South Australia, to control the blind policy of a not very wise Government, and succeeded in his work. To the last, he impressed all who knew him with the calm and lucid character of his judgment, and attracted them with something of that perfectly simple dignity, that old English courtesy, that stately kindness of manner, which appear to be becoming rarer and rarer in our bustling and familiar day.—*Spectator*.

M. BARDOUX, of Poitiers, manufactures paper from wood—oak, pine, walnut, and chestnut—and from vegetables without the addition of rags, and by his process, he states that a saving of from sixty to eighty per cent. is made in the cost of production. Mr. Carl Heinrich Roeckner of the Clapham road, has just taken out letters patent for "improvements in machinery and process for reducing wood to a fibrous condition for the manufacture of paper-stuff or pulp."

SPANISH JEWS INNOCENT OF THE CRUCIFIXION.

IN the notes to Southey's "Don Roderick," there is a letter relative to the Jews, so remarkable and so curious that I have attempted a translation, although the original is in quaint old Spanish, differing as much from modern Castilian as the English of our days does from the English of Chaucer's.

Mr. Southey prefaces this letter in the following words: "When Toledo was recovered from the Moors by Alonzo VI., the Jews of that city waited on the conqueror, and assured him they were part of the ten tribes whom Nebuchadnezzar had transported into Spain, not descendants of Jerusalem Jews, who had crucified Christ. Their ancestors, they said, were entirely innocent of the crucifixion; for when Caiaphas, the high-priest, had written to the Toledan synagogues to ask their advice respecting the person who called himself the Messiah, and whether he should be slain, the Toledans returned for answer that, in their judgment the prophecies seemed fulfilled in this person, and therefore he ought not by any means be put to death. This reply they produced in the original Hebrew, and in Arabic, as it had been translated by command of King Galifre. Alonzo gave ear to the story, had the letter translated into Latin and Castilian, and deposited among the archives of Toledo. The latter version is thus rendered by Sardeval."

Here follows the letter in the old Castilian tongue, of which the following is a translation:—

"Levi, chief of the synagogue, and Samuel and Joseph, honorable men and of good report in the congregation of Toledo, to Eleazar Nugad, high-priest, and to Samuel Canud, and to Anus and Caiaphas, good and noble men of the congregation of the Holy Land, health in the God of Israel. Your messenger, Azarias, a master of the law, has brought us your letter, by which you inform us of the signs and acts of the prophet of Nazareth. A certain person of the name of Samuel, the son of Amacias, lately passed through this city, and he related many good deeds of this prophet; that in his conduct he is very meek and humble, freely conversing with the miserable, doing good even to his enemies, while he does injury to

no one. To the proud and wicked he is unyielding; and because he tells you your sins to your faces, ye are his enemies, and bear him ill-will. We inquired of the man the year, month, and day of his (this prophet's) birth, and we remember that on the day of his nativity three suns appeared here in the heavens, which by little and little formed themselves into one; and when our fathers beheld this sign they were astonished, saying to the assembly, 'Messiah will soon be born, or mayhap he is already come into the world.' Beware, therefore, brethren, lest he (Messiah) be come, and ye did not recognize him. Moreover, the same man told us that one of his shepherds said that about the time of the nativity certain Magi, men of great wisdom, came to the Holy Land, inquiring the place of the holy child's birth; and also that Herod, your king, was astonished, and sent for the wise men of the city, asking them where the child should be born. They inquired of the Magi, and they said in Bethlehem of Judah. The Magi said that a star of great brilliancy led them from far to the Holy Land. 'See now if the prophecy be not fulfilled which says, 'Kings shall behold, and shall walk in the brightness of his nativity.' Beware lest you persecute him whom you ought to receive with pleasure and hold in honor. But do whatsoever to you shall appear right. For our parts, neither by our advice, neither by our will shall this man be put to death. For should we do such a thing, in us might be fulfilled the prophecy which says, 'They gathered themselves with one consent against the Lord, and against his Messias.' And, although you be men of much wisdom in such matters, this advice we give you, lest the God of Israel be angry with you, and destroy your temple a second time; and know this for a certainty that it soon will be destroyed. This is the reason why our forefathers escaped from the Babylonish captivity. Pyrrho being their captain, empowered by King Cyrus, laden with much riches, in the sixty-ninth year of the captivity, dwelt at Toledo, being there received by the Gentiles; and not willing to return to Jerusalem to build the temple, which was again to be destroyed, they built one in Toledo."

A. C.

—*Ladies' Companion.*

THE LIVING AGE.

No. 1050.—16 July, 1864.

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THE PAINTED WINDOW.

THIS is our painted window,
Of pure white lights before;
But when my lord died, Lady Ann,
To prove the love she bore,
Raised this, and turned his hunters
To grass for evermore.

And here she sits, beneath it,
In amethyst and rose;
And if the Virgin's kirtle
Tinges her steadfast nose,
She heeds it not; but lurid
Through morning service goes.

To see our famous window
From all the country-side,
The wondering rustics gather,
And noise it far and wide;
Till Lady Ann esteems it
Our village boast and pride.

For me, I loved that better
Which as a boy I knew,
Rearing its open arches
Against God's solemn blue;
Five portals which his glory
Was ever streaming through.

Hour after hour beneath it
I, dreaming boy, would sit,
And watch it, with the splendor
Of heaven's radiance lit,—
A window beautiful indeed;
For God had painted it!

Sometimes of the good Shepherd
Our loving pastor told,
And of the sheep he tended:
And, lo! I saw the fold,
There in the blue reposing
Cloud-white, or fleeced in gold.

Sometimes a sea of crystal
The cloud-isles' rosy tips
Flushed through, or golden branches
Waved over cloudy ships;
And I beheld the vision
Of John's Apocalypse.

The yew-tree's ragged branches
Stretched black against the light;
And when the stormy sunset
Burned in it redly bright,
The burning bush on Horeb
Gleamed on my wondering sight.

And sometimes in the twilight,
Before the prayer was done,
Out of the warming opal
The stars broke one by one:
To me they were the symbols
Of Heaven's benizon.

So in each prayer repeated,
Each sacred lesson taught,
'Twas Heaven itself assisted

To shape the heavenly thought,
And on my painted window
The holy picture wrought.

But now the pallid Virgin,
With saffron-oozing hair,
Forever weeps, and ever
The four are rigid there;
And gold and reds and purples
Are all their saintly wear.

The lights are mediæval,
The figures square and quaint;
But more I loved the splendor
No human hand could paint,—
The heaven now blotted under
Each intercepting saint.

As these were men, their presence
Can all my manhood move,
Their sufferings all my pity,
Their loving all my love;
But thoughts of men tend downward,
And thoughts of God above.

Not being more than human,
Is this, then, gain to me?
To bound my soul's perceptions
By their humanity?
To gaze upon God's sainted,
Where God was wont to be?

W. S.

—Temple Bar.

WHOM I ENVY.

I ENVY not the rich their hoards
In treasure-chambers piled high;
I envy not earth's high-born lords
Who rule the nation's destiny;
But him I envy 'twixt whose soul
And God there is an open road,
Who gives his nature full and broad
To be the Deity's abode;
Who feels God's presence constant flow
Into his soul a strengthening tide,
And needs no logic's force to know
There is a God; for, sanctified
From every sin by holy will,
He stands serene and undefiled;
Secure against the sceptic's skill,
He leans on God, a trusting child.
Oh, whether rich or poor he be
In earthly wealth, it matters not,
Or whether he the day may see
In palace-hall or lowly cot;
He only is the truly great,
The only truly rich is he;
His wealth is in his mind's estate,
And Child of God his pedigree.

H. K. D.

—Irrep endent.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

THE SOCRATES OF THE ATHENIAN PEOPLE.

WHAT is the value of the portrait which the old philosophers have left us of Socrates? Is our Socrates the Socrates of the Athenian people? or are we accepting a myth made to the image of our own likings as the man whom we claim to have given Greece the highest of all human teachings, and to have illustrated them by the highest of all human traits? Why that homage paid to him by a posterity removed from his day by a generation, and that indifferent credit in which he lived among the accomplished citizens who knew him best, and to whom he was nearly as familiar as the members of their own households? Odd as it is that the antiquity posterior to his own times, and the people of our own, so differently circumstanced as to almost every ingredient in the formation of opinion, should be found taking precisely the same high estimate; it is still more curious that some of the most enlightened of his contemporaries, his own near neighbors, should have discredited him as a buffoon, or eccentric busybody during life, and should have made him end it as a malefactor.

It would be pleasant in this age of historical doubt to make up debatable ground out of a character so solidly established in public opinion; and the discussion might prove quite as prolific as any we have had out of the difficulties of celebrated biography. It so happens that the anomaly is so well authenticated that it is almost as easy to have, as not to have, doubts about its cause; for the great man lived in an age and country of eminent historians and acute-minded philosophers,—little as his doom suggests the fact,—thanks to whose full records and exuberant commentaries, we know him nearly as well as, following the precept of the Delphic temple, he endeavored to know himself; that is to say, a great deal better than we know our own Shakespeare, or the Italians their Correggio or Dante.

Another of the strange inconsistencies in the celebrity of Socrates is that, unexampled as it is, it was raised on no better foundation than talking. As the great men we have named are known to us only by what they did, he is known to us only by what he said. Beyond a poetic trifle or two, with which he amused himself in prison, he wrote nothing; and he is all he is with us because

of certain homely oral expositions of social and moral well-being which he made to his fellow-citizens. That he lived the life he taught; that he died the death his principles demanded; that his practice, in fact, did not discredit his teachings, opens quite another subject; namely, that inner excellence, which is rarely considered in our estimates of a human greatness. The obvious facts are, that in a country where the government, the army, and the arts offered the only openings to high distinction, it was not his lot to command in war or lead the councils of his country in peace; that it was not his glory to save it from the shame of foreign conquest, or that injury of domestic tyranny which he shared with it; that he was no orator, no poet, and left behind him none of those excellent works in history, philosophy, or literature, such as have made immortal not a few of his contemporaries. How, then, has it happened that the most unconsidered character in Athenian public life has become the most commanding figure in its history? To what chance do we owe it, that a repute the most equivocal in the roll of philosophers during his life should have merged on his death into the most assured and illustrious of celebrities?

In trying to understand how this great teacher stood in so unfortunate a relation to his epoch, we cannot do better than take a mental photograph of him as he stood in the ripened greatness of his later years, winding up his mission of usefulness in the midst of the citizens who were so soon to give it its due climax; taking him as he stood in some favorite spot in the most beautiful city of the world, at that moment, however, shorn of many of the glories in the midst of which, for half a century or more, it had flourished as the queen and mistress of the civilized world. There, in the centre of the city, stands the Arthur's Seat of Athens, the sacred Acropolis, with its circuit of two miles, where temples and institutions and porticoes and marble gates and colossal statues of deities and of men nearly as divine tower aloft over the citizens, standing out in the clearest sky and balmyest climate in the world in the most beautiful proportions the skill and genius of inspired men had ever given to the work of their hands. On one side of the great city flows the rapid Ilissus, under its fringed canopies of plane-trees, fed

at this point by the wilder Eridanus. There, on the other side, runs the torrent-like Cephissus, both meandering in crystal clearness and delicious freshness toward the sea, that may be seen a few stones' throw off, glistening like a colossal mirror, waiting to receive their waters. Filled with a lively population of some hundred thousand citizens, strangers, and slaves,—whom Paris, after the humiliating campaign of 1814, may recall to us,—there is one thing human—and, as far as we know, only one thing human—that has survived unchanged the half-century of incredible vicissitudes which the city has passed through,—Socrates, now an institution rather than a man. To-day we have him in the meadow alongside of the Ilissus, accompanied by Xenophon, Plato, and a few of the more accomplished or enthusiastic of his pupils. To-morrow his morning will be spent in some of the gymnasia, or if the Agora has its meeting, or some other public place has drawn its crowd, there will stand the well-known form of Socrates, waiting his occasion to turn some event or person into missionary account. We have intimated what in fame he now is to us. What seems he there to the acute and highly-gifted citizens who have seen so much of him, have heard so much more about him, and who are just now puzzling their active fancies as to the position they accord or will accord him? How adjudge they the strange-looking old man by their side with that emphatic personality of his which in the largest assembly would be the first to attract the artist's attention, and which may safely be pronounced the most prominent of objects wheresoever he goes? To this stranger, just come from unfortunate Corcyra, he looks as though one of the marble Sileni he has been studying in a niche of yon temple of Bacchus had taken flesh under the prayer of the Pygmalion who had carved it, and stepping down from its pedestal, were busying itself inquiring what these Athenian worshippers were thinking about with their recent niggardliness in its patron's worship. He has the bare ponderous head with shining bald crown, large, prominent eyes, thick lips, and flat, turn-up nose, with huge exposed nostrils, under which the Athenian artists impersonated their ideal of Bacchanal enjoyment. As you are studying that meanly-robed, barefooted figure, of ro-

bust health and rude physical enjoyment, you see him marking out his man, seizing him by the button, or the appendage that does duty for it, and learn, as the victim is addressed by name, that he is a rich tanner,* who has a reputation for ability on which he claims to be one of the leaders of his fellow-citizens. A ring forms of half-laughing, half-sulking spectators, curious to see how the aspiring candidate will fare in the little discussion into which they are sure he will be inveigled. A few homely questions, followed by as many answers, and the gentleman who felt competent to govern the State stands convicted of knowing nothing of the first elements of the science on which he fancied he was so well informed. There is consolation, however, for him under his defect, if he only knows how to apply it. The man who has unkorsed him has been declared the wisest of mankind by Apollo, and yet is no better than himself on the same subject; that is, knows no more than he, except for the circumstance that he knows his ignorance,—knows that he knows nothing. The *flaneurs* laugh, turn on their heel; the vanquished disputant sneaks off with the assurance, "I can't say I like it;" and the philosopher confiding himself to a friend or two who remain by his side, and who remind him that he has made another enemy, and can afford it, says, "Ay, and the advantage on his side, nothing; on that of the public, simply that the Athenians know what our great statesmen are made of."

And this suggestion of an added danger brings us to the inquiry, What really is the place which the great philosopher occupies in the love and hatred of the sovereign townsmen who hold in their hands the power of life and death over him? What are the feelings, what the opinions of the twenty thousand free citizens about him during this incubation in their midst of the most remarkable historical greatness men have ever been called upon to admire? The contrast is the humiliating one so often shown in the annals of every people, between the lot of the man of genius himself and the honors accorded to his memory.

Yet for the Athenians there is an explanation, which, if it does not diminish our regret, at all events, takes away our surprise. While we see but the immortal genius great

* Anytus.

in thought, but still more illustrious in the consistency of action by which it was sustained, *they* saw little more than an eccentric old gentleman, poor, and of no great social or civic repute, who was meeting them daily at every point and corner of the city with ideas and recommendations opposed to their dearest instincts and oldest prejudices. We all live with our fellows under the pressure of the external. Their characters with us are chiefly things of outsides, save as tempered by scandal more or less characteristic, and it must be admitted, as to the old philosopher, that both outsides and characteristic scandal were little in his favor.

The picturesque ugliness of his person was so far from being set off by any of the imposing advantages of costume, that in a city renowned for its fine gentlemen his dress attracted attention, and disgusted it by its homely meanness. It was the same in summer and winter, and the independence of his spirit had for it the further evidence furnished by the eccentric economy of his going about barefooted in all seasons. The gossip about his home was not all in his favor. He has some independent property; but it affords his family straitened means of living, and while doing nothing to increase it, he is too independent to receive the assistance offered by friends, whom he has attached to him by his teachings and companionship. His wife is young; his three children young,—one of them in arms. The mother's temper is at once the worst and the best known in Athens; and though the philosophic husband claims everywhere that it gives him an admirable aid to practise his superiority over the smaller ills of life, he practically shows how small a sense he has of the obligation, by constantly living in public, and being never so little at home as when at home. Her brawling and vixen treatment of him have made him the laughing-stock of his fellow-citizens, and they remember, among other illustrations of her temper, that on one occasion when she had sequestered his homely clothing, he could only appear in the public places he loved to haunt by wrapping himself up in the hide of some animal.

The eccentric repute thus suggested is aided by the general knowledge that he claims to be accompanied by a protecting spirit he calls his demon, which, ever near, contents itself with notifying the fidelity of

its attendance by warnings to him whenever there is danger. Discredited by some of the citizens, he gains little by the belief of the rest; for they say, "What means this reformer of his century, who, doubting our Jupiter and Minerva, believes in some heterodox little deity of his own?"

For the most part they have settled, to his disadvantage, the question of his claims as a public citizen. He has shared in two or three of his country's campaigns, risked himself in some of its battles,—with some personal distinction, too, as to courage, for he obtained the prize of valor; and his two distinguished pupils, Xenophon and Alcibiades, are living to attest that he risked his life to save theirs. But he had never been general, never in any prominent position as chief; and the ill-omen of defeat had come in to throw its cold shadow over his obscure heroism. In the civic contests of the little State he was still more unfortunate. He rarely agreed with the measures of his fellow-citizens, and would rather, it was suspected, see the administration of affairs, and especially of justice, confided to the enlightened few than to the ignorant many. He had shown, it is true, on two or three celebrated occasions, the honesty and fearlessness of his manhood by setting his duty over the dangers threatened him under the passionate impulses of the people, and the crafty policy of the thirty tyrants who had just been enslaving them; but it was remembered that one of the thirty he had thus heroically resisted had been his own pupil, Critias; that another pupil, Alcibiades, had dishonored the religion and compromised the safety of his country; that he himself had chiefly shown his love of the Demos by the freedom of his censures; and that, despite the law of Solon against political indifference, he never meddled with politics when he could escape them.

His great glory with us—his position as a moral teacher—must have been a very equivocal one with them. They must have looked on him much as we do on one of our Sunday preachers in the parks. They were not obliged to recognize the full extent of the extraordinary genius concealed *inculto hoc sub corpore*. Vindicated only in conversational discussion, it was, after all, but an affair of impression or memory, and could remain little more than an uncertain quantity with the many. They never before had this

open-air preaching about new views of society or morals forced upon them, whether they would or no, in whatever corner they happened to find themselves, by a shabby-looking, eccentric man, who did nothing else, and whose suggestions were not those which harmonized with the opinions of the day, or the traditional teachings of their country's religion. It was easier to laugh at him with Aristophanes than admire him with Xenophon, when he explained or referred to such homely topics in natural or domestic science as the extraordinary buzz of the gnat, or extraordinary leap of the flea, compared with their size; the intermediate action of the clouds rather than the immediate action of Jupiter, in giving rain, or causing thunder and lightning; the comfort of lying in a hammock, or suspended cradle; the useful lesson suggested by the fact that the wonderful State of Athens was only a point on the surface of the globe; and, finally, the advantage to everybody of his opening "a shop" where he could help the people to think, and to dress their minds with as much care as a stable-boy attends to his horses, or a sculptor shapes his marble. What recommendation to them was it that he had what they called the atheistic opinions which a man of genius must have formed even in that day on such subjects as the sky, the earth, and the things under the earth, in their relations to the mundane economy;* that he was ever and anon suggesting that the fables of the poets on gorgons, sphinxes, centaurs, hypogriffs, harpies, and other wonders of pagan mythology, had an easy and natural explanation? How must their opinions have tended when, worshipping the most vindictive of deities, as the protecting power of Athens, they heard him enlarge on the duties of humanity, brotherly forbearance, and mutual forgiveness?—when, respecting as the chief of gods the adulterous Jupiter, they found him enforcing respect for the rights of married life?—when sacrificing of their abundance to uphold the worship of Mercury,—the thief *par excellence*,—they heard Socrates enlarging on the baseness and cruelty of despoiling one's neighbor? Did the sage glance at politics, and they not divine that he condemned a system which appointed

magistrates by lot, and made the most important national decisions depend on the sudden votes of excited crowds? Did he lecture on morals, and they not see that the mutual kindness and mutual justice he was forever preaching offered the most striking contrast to the qualities they were enduring in nearly every action of their lives? The truth is, there could be no such practical antithesis as that offered during the last years of his life by Socrates and the Athenian people. His whole intellectual and moral being was at war with theirs; in systematic revolt against their prejudices, against their opinions, against their belief, against their practices, against all their institutions, political, social, and religious, at the same time that it was his enforced mission—as he held it—to be everlastingly opening their eyes for them, and everlastingly revealing the immense gulf that stood beneath them and between them.

It is easy to see, under these circumstances, that whatever he said, or whatever he did, must have suggested to his hearers that he did not look on the phenomena of nature, or the attributes of the deities, or the action of the State, as they did, and that if he were not an atheist and seditious citizen,—by secret principle, at all events,—it was difficult to discover the little link which kept him bound to the common faith and patriotism of his country. It was in vain that he offered sacrifices at home, and paid his devotions in the temples like the rest. It was to little purpose that he made large verbal concessions on the points of divination and the consulting of oracles. It was something for his peace, but not enough for his safety, that he abandoned in later years the teaching of natural philosophy, and notwithstanding the commandment of Solon, kept himself aloof from the public business of his country. It was remembered that he had been the friend and pupil of Aspasia, who, tried for atheism and irreligion, had barely escaped, and of Prodicus, who had been tried for the like offence and been condemned; that he had been the preceptor of Critias, their tyrant, and of Alcibiades, their worst traitor. Whatever he said, whatever he did, it was felt that his inner convictions did not go along with those of the rest of the world, and so far, despite the enthusiasm of his personal friends, he stood condemned in the general opinion of his fellow-citizens, long before the Heliastic

* See the charges against him on his trial, and the imputations made on him in "The Clouds" of Aristophanes.

tribunal ordered him to drink the fatal poison.

Nor should it be forgotten, that there was so little prudery in the morals of Socrates, and that, as a practical moralist, he was so little distinguishable from the fellow-citizens he sought to reform that the stranger would probably have provoked ridicule who should have pointed him out as the founder of a new system of morals, and held him up as the man, above all others, who, in following it, exalted our common nature, and showed best what it is capable of. It was known that during the brighter days of Athens, he had spent much of his time with the enchantress, whose easy morals and lax faith had brought her into the trouble we have just noticed, and whose charms of person and mind had enabled her to reign over the powerful genius who was so long the master of Greece. His customary society were young men of good family, sharing too commonly in the luxurious vices of the time; and a narrative left us by one of the most eager of his admirers almost warrants the belief that on one occasion he took no shame to spend the night, with the early hours of the morning, amid the revels of some of the wildest of the companions of Alcibiades, testing against them, in the course of his customary exertions, his success in resisting the power of their wine. To be only real is an element of personal happiness, but even in social affairs must often involve some cost of public influence. Socrates felt, no doubt, like Dr. Johnson on like occasion, that he had neither right nor power to interfere with the entertainment of his hosts, and that, while the young men could do him no harm, his presence could only be of use to them; but where exists a state of popular opinion in which the knowledge of such an incident would not have discredited among his fellow-citizens one who had no mission except to enforce on them the necessities and duties of social life?

It was, perhaps, small set-off to this account, that the morals he taught were not more transcendental than the practice with which he thus illustrated them. There were none of those recommendations of extraordinary self-sacrifice which have since made men seek opportunities of laying down their lives for an abstract principle. There were no encouragements to an unexampled austerity of moral conduct, like that shown by

the early recluses of Christianity. There was no urging men to an almost celestial exemption from earthly attachments and mundane enjoyments, like that so eloquently advocated by Thomas à Kempis and sought by the philosophers of Port Royal. Sum up the ten thousand sermons he must have given his fellow-citizens, and the total would amount to no more than that men are the work of a divine Maker; and that, as they can only find their happiness in a reasonable use of all the gifts he has given them, they should avoid everything that breeds useless action or causes uneasy feeling, and look for the true end of their being in doing nothing but good to, themselves and those about them.

The acknowledgment is to be added, to complete our explanation, that the long and busy mission of Socrates proved, after all, a failure, so far as it concerned his fellow-citizens. The months and later years that preceded his death were a melancholy time both for him and Athens. He was living the survivor of his country's greatness, and about him was nothing that did not remind him of the double adversity. He had seen Athens in its day of highest glory and greatest power. His youth and early manhood were passed in the sunshine of her prosperity. The great age of Themistocles, with all its celebrity of peace and war, had shone on his cradle and early boyhood with the gentle and elevating influence of some brilliant sunrise; and as the ascent of Pericles, and of his surrounding glories, threw Attica into a noonday blaze of light, more dazzling in the proportion that it was less safe, the young philosopher entered on that scene of high studies and manly duties he was to quit only with his life. He had seen Phidias use his chisel on the immortal works of the Parthenon; might have banqueted again and again with the rival painters Zeuxis and Parrhasius; had heard Herodotus read his history to the Athenians; helped Euripides to write some of his immortal tragedies; and seen many a first night of the plays of Sophocles and Aristophanes. He had gossiped *belles-lettres* with Aspasia, discussed statesmanship with Pericles, studied music with Cosenus, philosophy with Anaxagoras and Prodicus. He might have personally consulted Hippocrates; have furnished Thucydides materials for history; and enjoyed again

and again the conversation of a couple of score or more of celebrities whose aggregate brilliancy has not, perhaps, been rivalled in any later era of human greatness. But a change has come over the spirit of this glorious vision. All that is left of this brilliancy of genius and achievement remains with himself and the few disciples, such as Plato, Xenophon, Antisthenes, Aristippus, and Zeno, who a *reto* perpetuate and extend his school of thought for the education of all future ages. The splendid power of Pericles had set in a sea of carnage and disaster; and a foreign conquest, an unexampled plague, and a tyranny upheld by foreign swords, had brought down to the dust the splendid queen of civilization, and unrivalled mistress of the nations. It was true that the tyranny had in its turn been conquered; that the spirited little State had once again vindicated its freedom; and once again a sovereign was now pluming its eagle-wings to reassert some of its old claims to Greek ascendancy. But everywhere around in the defences and monuments of the city, but, above all, in the morals of its inhabitants, were the signs that the victorious enemy had been there, and had left behind them the seeds of a sure national decay. No more depraved population had ever troubled themselves or their neighbors with their bad practices or worse principles than that which had emerged from this extraordinary series of successes and adversities. A last excess of general licentiousness, dating from the plague, had taken possession of men's minds; might was accepted as the test of right; oaths had lost their sanctity; there was no obligation that could bind men, except mutuality in some secret and terrible crime; secret revenge did the work of private malice or public justice, by new and terrible punishments; and Athens, like the other States of Greece, lay honeycombed by secret brotherhoods, that made all the relations of kindred and all the ties of morals subordinate to obligations of membership that were enforced by unheard-of cruelties.*

The principle that made Socrates decline imitation in the Eleusinian mysteries probably kept him aloof from these secret organizations. He stood alone, therefore, among

men who were not permitted to act except under concerted arrangements independent of their own volition; and if we would understand the full force of his courage, we have only to reflect that every foe his frankness made among the members of these secret societies commanded against him, probably, the hostility of the rest. They were the men, thus excited and organized, that brought Socrates to trial. The all-potent master of the weapons of rhetoric and logic had avenged, on the corrupt men who trafficked in the vices and weaknesses of their fellow-citizens, all the superiority of his genius and virtue; and, cut to the heart by rebukes that discredited their influence, they pursued him with all the malignity of natures that had been accustomed to look to the indulgence of their lowest instincts for the source of their pleasures. Strong, and numerous as they were strong, they chose the appropriate moment. The people, engaged in pleasures so far as they could command them, had no interest in his morals, and detested his politics. They knew all his stops, and, bored with his illustrations from homely life of truths they would have nothing to do with, were ready to do more than to surrender their friend,—to help to hunt him to the death. It was on this point that his three enemies—Melitus, backed by an organization of poets, Anytus, supported by an organization of government people, and Lycon, helped by an organization of rhetoricians or orators—brought him into court as a disloyal citizen and unbelieving worshipper.

The defence of Socrates—who must have known the ground he stood on—was a defiance and a despair. Foreseeing his doom, he welcomed it, and spoke for his honor, not his life. The secret societies were too much for him, the moral feeling of his countrymen not enough. The evil element he had been battling with all his life had conquered, and he surrendered with the wounded feeling but conscious honor of a beaten admiral of the fleet who gives up his sword. In his death, as in his life, “he marched with a victorious and triumphant pace, in pomp and at his ease, without opposition or disturbance.” No suppliant voice left his lips: “That lofty virtue of his did not strike sail in the height of its glory.”* But enough. As he wrapped his face in his robe, as the best gift his countrymen had for him began to do its work, we, who share their nature without being exempted, it may be, from their weaknesses, will withdraw our eyes from a survey which can only be continued under a sentiment of sorrow and humiliation.

* See the description which Thucydides gives of Greek manners in the narrative of the siege of Corcyra.

* Montaigne.

HOW TO MAKE A NOVEL.

A SENSATIONAL SONG.

AIR — "*Bob and Joan*."

TRY with me and mix
What will make a Novel,
All folks to transfix
In house, or hall, or hovel.
Put the cauldron on,
Set the bellows blowing;
We'll produce anon
Something worth the showing.
Toora-loora loo,
Toora-loora leddy;
Something neat and new,
Not produced already.

Throw into the pot
What will boil and bubble;
Never mind a *plot*;
'Tisn't worth the trouble.
Character's a jest;
Where's the use of study?
This will stand the test
If only black and bloody.
Toora-loora, etc.

Here's the "*Newgate Guide*,"
Here's the "*Causes Célèbres*;"
Tumble in beside
Poison, gun, and sabre.
These Police reports,
Those Old Bailey trials,
Horror of all sorts,
To match the Seven Vials.
Toorn-loora, etc.

Down into a well,
Lady, thrust your lover;
Truth, as some folks tell,
There he may discover.
Stepdames, sure though slow,
Rivals of your daughters,
Bring us from below
Styx and all its waters.
Toora-loora, etc.

Crime that knows no bounds,
Bigamy and arson;
Murder, blood, and wounds
Will carry well the farce on.
Now its just in shape;
But with fire and murder,
Treason, too, or rape,
Might help it on the further.
Toora-loora, etc.

Tame is *Virtue's* school;
Paint, as more effective,
Villain, knave, and fool,
And always a detective.
Hate instead of Love,
Gloom instead of Gladness;
Wit and sense remove,
And dash in lots of Madness.
Toora-loora, etc.

Stir the broth about;
Keep the flame up steady:
Now we'll pour it out;
Now the Novel's ready.
Some may jeer and jibe;
We know where the shop is,
Ready to subscribe
For a thousand copies!
Toora-loora loo,
Toora-loora leddy;
Now the dish will do,
Now the Novel's ready!
—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

LET IT PASS.

Let former grudges pass.—*Shakspeare*.
Be not swift to take offence;
Let it pass.
Anger is a foe to sense;
Let it pass.
Brood not darkly o'er a wrong
Which will disappear ere long,
Rather sing this cheery song,—
Let it pass,
Let it pass.
Strife corrodes the purest mind;
Let it pass.
As the unregarded wind,
Let it pass.
Any vulgar souls that live
May condemn without reprieve;
'Tis the noble who forgive.
Let it pass,
Let it pass.
Echo not an angry word;
Let it pass.
Think how often you have erred;
Let it pass.
Since our joys must pass away,
Like the dewdrops on the spray,
Wherefore should our sorrows stay?
Let it pass;
Let it pass.
If for good you've taken ill;
Let it pass.
Oh! be kind and gentle still;
Let it pass.
Time at last makes all things straight;
Let us not resent, but wait,
And our triumph shall be great;
Let it pass,
Let it pass.
Bid your anger to depart;
Let it pass.
Lay these homely words to heart,—
Let it pass.
Follow not the giddy throng;
Better to be wronged than wrong;
Therefore sing the cheery song,—
Let it pass,
Let it pass.

PART XII.—CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE little assembly which met in the vestry of Carlingford Church to inquire into the conduct of the Perpetual Curate had so many different interests in hands when it dispersed, and so much to do, that it is difficult for the narrator of this history to decide which thread should be taken up first. Of all the interlocutors, however, perhaps Mr. Proctor was the one who had least succeeded in his efforts to explain himself, and accordingly demands in the first place the attention of an impartial historian. The excellent man was still laboring under much perplexity when the bed of justice was broken up. He began to recollect that Mr. Wentworth's explanation on the previous night had convinced him of his innocence, and to see that it was indeed altogether inconceivable that the curate should be guilty; but then, other matters still more disagreeable to contemplate than Mr. Wentworth's guilt came in to darken the picture. This vagabond Wodehouse, whom the curate had taken in at his sister's request—what was the meaning of that mystery? Mr. Proctor had never been anyhow connected with mysteries; he was himself an only son, and had lived a straightforward, peaceable life. Neither he nor his estimable parents, so far as the late rector was aware, had ever done anything to be ashamed of; and he winced a little at the thought of connecting himself with concealment and secrecy. And then the curate's sudden disappearance on the previous evening perplexed and troubled him. He imagined all kinds of reasons for it as he walked down Grange Lane. Perhaps Miss Wodehouse, who would not receive himself, had sent for Mr. Wentworth; perhaps the vagabond brother was in some other scrape, out of which he had to be extricated by the curate's assistance. Mr. Proctor was perfectly honest, and indeed, determined, in his "intentions;" but everybody will allow that for a middle-aged lover of fifty or thereabouts, contemplating a sensible match with a lady of suitable years and means, to find suddenly that the object of his affections was, not only a penniless woman, but the natural guardian of an equally penniless sister, was startling, to say the least of it. He was a true man, and it did not occur to him to decline the responsibility altogether; on the contrary, he was, perhaps, more eager than he would have been otherwise, seeing

that his elderly love had far more need of his devotion than he had ever expected her to have; but, notwithstanding, he was disturbed by such an unlooked-for change of circumstances, as was natural, and did not quite know what was to be done with Lucy. He was full of thoughts on this subject as he proceeded toward the house, to the interview which, to use sentimental language, was to decide his fate. But, to tell the truth, Mr. Proctor was not in a state of very deep anxiety about his fate. The idea of being refused was too unreasonable an idea to gain much ground in his mind. He was going to offer his personal support, affection, and sympathy to Miss Wodehouse at the least fortunate moment of her life; and if there were anything consolatory in marriage at all, the late rector sensibly concluded that it must be doubly comforting under such circumstances, and that the offer of an honest man's hand and house and income was not a likely thing to be rejected by a woman of Miss Wodehouse's experience and good sense,—not to speak of his heart, which was very honest and true and affectionate, though it had outlived the fervors of youth. Such was Mr. Proctor's view of the matter; and the chances were strong that Miss Wodehouse entirely agreed with him; so, but for a certain shyness which made him rather nervous, it would not be correct to say that the late rector was in a state of special anxiety about the answer he was likely to receive. He was, however, anxious about Lucy. His bachelor mind was familiar with all the ordinary traditions about the inexpediency of being surrounded by a wife's family; and he had a little of the primitive male sentiment, shared one way or other by most husbands, that the old system of buying a woman right out, and carrying her off for his own sole and private satisfaction, was, after all, the correct way of managing such matters. To be sure, a pretty, young, unmarried sister was, perhaps, the least objectionable ennumbrance a woman could have; but, notwithstanding, Mr. Proctor would have been glad, could he have seen any feasible way of disposing of Lucy. It was utterly out of the question to think of her going out as a governess; and it was quite evident that Mr. Wentworth, even were he perfectly cleared of every imputation, having himself nothing to live upon, could scarcely offer to share his poverty with poor

Mr. Wodehouse's cherished pet and darling.

"I dare say she has been used to live expensively," Mr. Proctor said to himself, wining a little in his own mind at the thought. It was about one o'clock when he reached the green door,—an hour at which, during the few months of his incumbency at Carlingford, he had often presented himself at that hospitable house. Poor Mr. Wodehouse! Mr. Proctor could not help wondering at that moment how he was getting on in a world where, according to ordinary ideas, there are no lunch nor dinner parties, no old port nor savory side-dishes. Somehow, it was impossible to realize Mr. Wodehouse with other surroundings than those of good living and creature comfort. Mr. Proctor sighed, half for the departed, half at thought of the strangeness of that unknown life for which he himself did not feel much more fitted than Mr. Wodehouse. In the garden he saw the new heir sulkily marching about among the flower-beds, smoking, and looking almost as much out of place in the sweet tranquillity of the English garden as a churchwarden of Carlingford or a Fellow of All-Souls could look, to carry out Mr. Proctor's previous imagination, in the vague beatitude of a disembodied heaven. Wodehouse was so sick of his own company that he came hastily forward at the sight of a visitor, but shrank a little when he saw who it was.

"I suppose you have brought some news," he said, in his sullen way. "I suppose he has been making his statements; has he? Much I care! He may tell what lies he pleases; he can't do me any harm. I never did anything but sign my own name, by Jove! Jack Wentworth himself says so. I don't care *that* for the parson and his threats!" said Wodehouse, snapping his fingers in Mr. Proctor's face. The late rector drew back a little, with a shudder of disgust and resentment. He could not help thinking that this fellow would, most likely, be his brother-in-law presently, and the horror he felt made itself visible in his face.

"I am quite unaware what you can mean," said Mr. Proctor. "I am a parson; but I never made any threats that I know of." I wish to see Miss Wodehouse. I—I think she expects me at this hour," he said, with a little embarrassment, turning to John, who, for his part, had been standing by in a way which

became his position as a respectable and faithful servant, waiting any opportunity that might come handy to show his disgust for the new *regime*.

"Yes, sir," said John, promptly, and with emphasis. "My mistress expects you, sir. She's come down to the drawing-room for the first time. Miss Lucy keeps her room, sir, still; she's dreadfully cut up, poor dear young lady. My mistress will be glad to see you, sir," said John. This repetition of a title which Miss Wodehouse had not been in the habit of receiving was intended for the special advantage of the new master, whom John had no intention of recognizing in that capacity. "If you should know of any one, sir, as is in want of a steady servant," the man continued, as he led the way into the house, with a shrewd glance at Mr. Proctor, whose "intentions" were legible enough to John's experienced eyes,—“not as I'm afraid of getting suited, being well known in Carlingford; but it would come natural to be with a friend of the family. There aint a servant in the house, sir, as will stay when the ladies go, and I think as Miss Wodehouse would speak for me," said John, with natural astuteness. This address made Mr. Proctor a little uneasy. It recalled to him the unpleasant side of the important transaction in which he was about to engage. He was not rich, and did not see his way now to any near prospect of requiring the services of "a steady servant," and the thought made him sigh.

"We'll see," he said, with a troubled look. To persevere honorably in his "intentions" was one thing, but to be insensible to the loss of much he had looked forward to was quite another. It was, accordingly, with a grave and somewhat disturbed expression that he went to the interview which was to "decide his fate." Miss Wodehouse was seated in the drawing-room, looking slightly flushed and excited. Though she knew it was very wrong to be thus roused into a new interest the day after her father's funeral, the events altogether had been of so startling a description that the usual decorum of an afflicted household had already been ruthlessly broken. And, on the whole, notwithstanding her watching and grief, Mr. Proctor thought he had never seen the object of his affections looking so well as she did now in the long black dress, which suited

her better than the faint, dove colors in which she arrayed herself by preference. She was not, it is true, quite sure what Mr. Proctor wanted in this interview he had solicited; but a certain feminine instinct instructed her in its probable eventualities. So she sat in a subdued flutter, with a little color fluctuating on her cheek, a tear in her eyes, and some wonder and expectation in her heart. Perhaps in her youth Miss Wodehouse might have come to such a feminine crisis before; but if so, it was long ago, and the gentle woman had never been given to matrimonial speculations, and was as fresh and inexperienced as any girl. The black frame in which she was set made her soft color look fresher and less faded. Her plaintive voice, the general softness of her demeanor, looked harmonious and suitable to her circumstances. Mr. Proctor, who had by no means fallen in love with her on account of any remnants of beauty she might possess, had never admired her so much as he did now; he felt confused, good man, as he stood before her, and, seeing her so much younger and fairer than his former idea, began to grow alarmed, and wonder at his serenity. What if she thought him an old fogey? What if she refused him? This supposition brought a crimson color to Mr. Proctor's middle-aged countenance, and was far from restoring his courage. It was a wonderful relief to him when she, with the instinct of a timid woman, rushed into hasty talk.

"It was very kind of you to come yesterday," she said; "Lucy and I were very grateful. We have not many relatives, and my dear father"—

"Yes," said the late rector, again embarrassed by the tears which choked her voice, "he was very much respected: that must be a consolation to you. And he had a long life—and—and I suppose, on the whole, a happy one," said Mr. Proctor, "with you and your sister"—

"Oh, Mr. Proctor, he had a great deal to put up with," said Miss Wodehouse, through her tears. She had, like most simple people, an instinctive disinclination to admit that anybody was or had been happy. It looked like an admission of inferiority. "Mamma's death, and poor Tom," said the elder sister. As she wiped her eyes, she almost forgot her own little feminine flutter

of expectancy in respect to Mr. Proctor himself. Perhaps it was not going to happen this time, and as she was pretty well assured that it would happen one day or another, she was not anxious about it. "If I only knew what to do about Tom," she continued, with a vague appeal in her voice.

Mr. Proctor got up from his chair and walked to the window. When he had looked out, he came back, rather surprising Miss Wodehouse by his unlooked-for movements. "I wanted very much to have a little conversation with you," he said, growing again very red. "I dare say you will be surprised,—but I have accepted another living; Miss Wodehouse;" and here the good man stopped short in a terrible state of embarrassment, not knowing what next to say.

"Yes?" said Miss Wodehouse, interrogatively. Her heart began to beat quicker; but perhaps he was only going to tell her about the new work he had undertaken; and then she was a woman, and had some knowledge, which came by nature, how to conduct herself on an occasion such as this.

"I don't know whether you recollect," said Mr. Proctor—"I shall never forget it—one time when we all met in a house where a woman was dying,—I mean your sister and young Wentworth, and you and I,—and neither you nor I knew anything about it," said the late rector, in a strange voice. It was not a complimentary way of opening his subject, and the occurrence had not made so strong an impression upon Miss Wodehouse as upon her companion. She looked a little puzzled, and, as he made a pause, gave only a murmur of something like assent, and waited to hear what more he might have to say.

"We neither of us knew anything about it," said Mr. Proctor,—"neither you how to manage her, nor I what to say to her, though the young people did. I have always thought of you from that time. I have thought I should like to try whether I was good for anything now—if you would help me," said the middle-aged lover. When he had said this, he walked to the window, and once more looked out, and came back redder than ever. "You see we are neither of us young," said Mr. Proctor; and he stood by the table turning over the books nervously, without looking at her, which was certainly an odd commencement for a wooing.

"That is quite true," said Miss Wodehouse, rather primly. She had never disputed the fact by word or deed, but still, it was not pleasant to have the statement thus thrust upon her without any apparent provocation. It was not the sort of thing which a woman expects to have said to her under such circumstances. "I am sure I hope you will do better—I mean be more comfortable—this time," she continued, after a pause, sitting very erect on her seat.

"If you will help me," said Mr. Proctor, taking up one of the books and reading the name on it, which was lucky for him; for it was Miss Wodehouse's name, which he either had forgotten or never had known.

And here they came to a dead stop. What was she to say? She was a little affronted, to tell the truth, that he should remember more distinctly than anything else her age, and her unlucky failure on that one occasion. "You have just said that I could not manage," said the mild woman, not without a little vigor of her own; "and how, then, could I help you, Mr. Proctor? Lucy knows a great deal more about parish work than I do," she went on in a lower tone; and for one half of a second there arose in the mind of the elder sister a kind of wistful half-embarrassment of Lucy, who *was* young, and knew how to manage,—a feeling which died in unspeakable remorse and compunction as soon as it had birth.

"But Lucy would not have me," said the late rector; "and indeed, I should not know what to do with her if she would have me;—but you—It is a small parish; but it's not a bad living. I should do all I could to make you comfortable. At least, we might try," said Mr. Proctor, in his most insinuating tone. "Don't you think we might try? At least, it would do"—He was going to say "no harm," but on second thoughts rejected that expression. "At least, I should be very glad if you would," said the excellent man, with renewed confusion. "It's a nice little rectory, with a pretty garden, and all that sort of thing; and—and perhaps—it might help you to settle about going away—and—and I dare say there would be room for Lucy. Don't you think you would try?" cried Mr. Proctor, volunteering, in spite of himself, the very hospitality which he had thought it hard to require of him; but somehow, his

suit seemed to want backing at the actual moment when it was being made.

As for Miss Wodehouse, she sat and listened to him till he began to falter, then her composure gave way all at once. It was not difficult to make her cry at any time, and now she broke into irrepressible sobs and tears. "But as for trying," she gasped, in broken mouthfuls of speech, "that would never—never do, Mr. Proctor. It has to be done—done for good and all—if—if it is done at all," sobbed the poor lady, whose voice came somewhat muffled through her handkerchief and her tears.

"Then it shall be for good and all!" cried Mr. Proctor, with a sudden impulse of energy. This was how it came about that Miss Wodehouse and the late rector were engaged. He had an idea that he might be expected to kiss her, and certainly ought to call her Mary after this, and hovered for another minute near her seat, not at all disinclined for the former operation. But his courage failed him, and he only drew a chair a little closer and sat down, hoping that she would soon stop crying. And indeed, by the time that he produced out of his pocket-book the little photograph of the new rectory, which he had had made for her by a rural artist, Miss Wodehouse had emerged out of her handkerchief, and was perhaps in her heart as happy in a quiet way as she had ever been in her life. She who had never been good for much was now, in the time of their need, endowed with a home which she could offer Lucy. It was she, the helpless one of the family, who was to be her young sister's deliverer. Let it be forgiven to her if, in the tumult of the moment, this was the thought that came first.

When Miss Wodehouse went up-stairs after this agitating but satisfactory interview, she found Lucy engaged in putting together some books and personal trifles of her own which were scattered about the little sitting-room. She had been reading "In Memoriam" until it vexed her to feel how inevitable good sense came in and interfered with the enthusiasm of her grief, making her sensible that to apply to her fond old father all the lofty lauds which were appropriate to the poet's hero would be folly indeed. He had been a good, tender father to her; but he was not "the sweetest soul that ever looked with human eyes;" and Lucy could not but stop in her

reading with a kind of pang and self-reproach as this consciousness came upon her. Miss Wodehouse looked rather aghast when she found her sister thus occupied. "Did you think of accepting Miss Wentworth's invitation, after all?" said Miss Wodehouse; "but, dear, I am afraid it would be awkward; and oh, Lucy, my darling, I have so many things to tell you," said the anxious sister, who was shy of communicating her own particular news. Before many minutes had passed, Lucy had thrown aside all the books, and was sitting by her sister's side in half-pleased, disconcerted amazement to hear her story. Only half pleased; for Lucy, like most other girls of her age, thought love and marriage were things which belonged only to her own level of existence, and was a little vexed and disappointed to find that her elder sister could condescend to such youthful matters. On the whole, she rather blushed for Mary, and felt sadly as if she had come down from an imaginary pedestal. And then Mr. Proctor, so old and so ordinary, whom it was impossible to think of as a bridegroom, and still less as a brother. "I shall get used to it presently," said Lucy, with a burning flush on her cheek, and a half feeling that she had reason to be ashamed; "but it is so strange to think of you, Mary. I always thought you were too—too sensible for that sort of thing," which was a reproach that went to Miss Wodehouse's heart.

"Oh, Lucy dear," said the mild woman, who in this view of the matter became as much ashamed of herself as Lucy could desire, "what could I do? I know what you mean, at my time of life; but I could not let you be dependent on Tom, my darling," said Miss Wodehouse, with a deprecating, appealing look.

"No, indeed," said Lucy; "that would be impossible under any circumstances; nor on you either, Mary dear. I can do something to make a living, and I should like it. I have always been fond of work. I will not permit you to sacrifice yourself for me," said the younger sister, with some dignity. "I see how it has been. I felt sure it was not of your own accord."

Miss Wodehouse wrung her hands with dismay and perplexity. What was she to do if Lucy stood out and refused her consent? She could not humble herself so far as to confess that she rather liked Mr. Proctor, and

was, on the whole, not displeased to be married; for the feeling that Lucy expected her to be too sensible for that sort of thing overawed the poor lady. "But, Lucy, I have given him my promise," said poor Miss Wodehouse. "It—it would make him very unhappy. I can't use him badly, Lucy dear."

"I will speak to him, and explain if it is necessary. Whatever happens, I can't let you sacrifice yourself for me," said Lucy. All the answer Miss Wodehouse could make was expressed in the tears of vexation and mortification which rushed to her eyes. She repelled her young sister's ministrations for the first time in her life with hasty impatience. Her troubles had not been few for the last twenty-four hours. She had been questioned about Tom till she had altogether lost her head, and scarcely knew what she was saying; and Lucy had not applauded that notable expedient of throwing the shame of the family upon Mr. Wentworth, to be concealed and taken care of, which had brought so many vexations to the Perpetual Curate. Miss Wodehouse at last was driven to bay. She had done all for the best; but nobody gave her any credit for it; and now this last step, by which she meant to provide a home for Lucy, was about to be contradicted and put a stop to altogether. She put away Lucy's arm and rejected her consolations. "What is the use of pretending to be fond of me if I am always to be wrong, and never to have my—my own way in anything?" cried the poor lady, who, beginning with steadiness, broke down before she reached the end of her little speech. The words made Lucy open her blue eyes with wonder; and after that there followed a fuller explanation, which greatly changed the ideas of the younger sister. After her "consent" had been at last extracted from her, and when Miss Wodehouse regained her composure, she reported to Lucy the greater part of the conversation which had taken place in the drawing-room of which Mr. Proctor's proposal constituted only a part, and which touched upon matters still more interesting to her hearer. The two sisters, preoccupied by their father's illness and death; had up to this time but a vague knowledge of the difficulties which surrounded the Perpetual Curate. His trial, which Mr. Proctor had reported to his newly-betrothed, had been

unsuspected by either of them ; and they were not even aware of the event which had given rise to it,—the disappearance of Rosa Elsworth. Miss Wodehouse told the story with faltering lips, not being able to divest herself of the idea that, having been publicly accused, Mr. Wentworth must be more or less guilty ; while, at the same time, a sense that her brother must have had something to do with it, and a great reluctance to name his name, complicated the narrative. She had already got into trouble with Lucy about this unlucky brother, and unconsciously in her story, she took an air of defence. “ I should have thought more of Mr. Wentworth if he had not tried to throw the guilt on another,” said the perplexed woman. “ Oh, Lucy dear, between two people it is so hard to know what to do.”

“ I know what I shall do,” said Lucy, promptly ; but she would not further explain herself. She was, however, quite roused up out of “ In Memoriam.” She went to her desk and drew out some of the paper deeply edged with black, which announced before words its tale of grief to all her correspondents. It was with some alarm that Miss Wodehouse awaited this letter, which was placed before her as soon as finished. This was what, as soon as she knew the story, Lucy’s prompt and generous spirit said :—

“ DEAR MR. WENTWORTH,—We have just heard of the vexations you have been suffering, to our great indignation and distress. Some people may think it is a matter with which I have no business to interfere ; but I cannot have you think for a moment that we, to whom you have been so kind, could put the slightest faith in any such accusations against you. We are not of much consequence ; but we are two women, to whom any such evil would be a horror. If it is any one connected with us who has brought you into this painful position, it gives us the more reason to be indignant and angry. I know now what you meant about the will. If it were to do over again, I should do just the same ; but for all that, I understand now what you meant. I understand also how much we owe to you, of which, up to yesterday, I was totally unaware. You ought never to have been asked to take our burden upon your shoulders. I suppose you ought not to have done it ; but all the same, thank you, with all my heart. I don’t suppose we ever can do anything for you, to show our gratitude ; and indeed, I do not believe in paying back. But in the mean time, thank you,—

and don’t, from any consideration for us, suffer a stain which belongs to another to rest upon yourself. You are a clergyman, and your reputation must be clear. Pardon me for saying so, as if I were qualified to advise you ; but it would be terrible to think that you were suffering such an injury out of consideration for us.

“ Gratefully and truly yours,
“ LUCY WODEHOUSE.”

The conclusion of this letter gave Lucy a great deal of trouble. Her honest heart was so moved with gratitude and admiration that she had nearly called herself “ affectionately” Mr. Wentworth’s. Why should not she ? “ He has acted like a brother to us,” Lucy said to herself ; and then she paused to inquire whether his conduct had indeed arisen from brotherly motives solely. Then, when she had begun to write “ faithfully ” instead, a further difficulty occurred to her. Not thus likely and unsolicited could she call herself “ faithful ;” for did not the word mean everything that words could convey in any human relationship ? When she had concluded it at last, and satisfied her scruples by the formula above, she laid the letter before her sister. This event terminated the active operations of the day in the dwelling of the Wodehouses. Their brother had not asked to see them, had not interrupted them as yet in their retreat up-stairs, where they were sedulously waited upon by the entire household. When Miss Wodehouse’s agitation was over, she, too, began to collect together her books and personalities, and they ended by a long consultation where they were to go and what they were to do, during the course of which the elder sister exhibited with a certain shy pride that little photograph of the new rectory, in which there was one window embowered in foliage, which the bride had already concluded was to be Lucy’s room. Lucy yielded during this sisterly conference to sympathetic thoughts even of Mr. Proctor. The two women were alone in the world. They were still so near the grave and the death-bed that chance words spoken without thought from time to time awakened in both the ready tears. Now and then they each paused to consider with a sob what *he* would have liked best. They knew very little of what was going on outside at the moment when they were occupied with those simple calculations. What was to become of them, as people say,—what money

they were to have, or means of living,—neither was much occupied in thinking of. They had each other; they had, besides, one a novel and timid middle-aged confidence, the other an illimitable youthful faith in one man in the world. Even Lucy, whose mind and thoughts were more individual than her sister's, wanted little else at that moment to make her happy with a tender, tremulous consolation in the midst of her grief.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

WHILE matters were thus arranging themselves in the ideas at least of the two sisters, whose prospects had been so suddenly changed, explanations of a very varied kind were going on in the house of the Miss Wentworths. It was a very full house by this time, having been invaded and taken possession of by the "family" in a way which entirely obliterated the calmer interests and occupations of the habitual inhabitants. The three ladies had reached that stage of life which knows no personal events except those of illness and death; and the presence of Jack Wentworth, of Frank and Gerald, and even of Louisa, reduced them altogether to the rank of spectators, the audience, or at the utmost the chorus, of the drama; though this was scarcely the case with Miss Dora, who kept her own room, where she lay on the sofa, and received visits, and told the story of her extraordinary adventure, the only adventure of her life. The interest of the household centred chiefly, however, in the dining-room, which, as being the least habitable apartment in the house, was considered to be most adapted for anything in the shape of business. On the way from the church to Miss Wentworth's house, the curate had given his father a brief account of all the events which had led to his present position; but though much eased in his mind, and partly satisfied, the squire was not yet clear how it all came about. His countenance was far from having regained that composure which, indeed, the recent course of events in the family had pretty nearly driven out of his life. His fresh, light-colored morning dress, with all its little niceties, and the fresh color which even anxiety could not drive away from his cheeks, were somehow contradicted in their sentiment of cheerfulness by the puckers in his forehead and the harassed look of his face. He sat down in

the big leathern chair by the fireplace, and looked round him with a sigh, and the air of a man who wonders what will be the next vexation. "I'd like to hear it over again, Frank," said the squire. "My mind is not what it used to be: I don't say I ever was clever, like you young fellows; but I used to understand what was said to me. Now I seem to require to hear everything twice over; perhaps it is because I have had myself to say the same things over again a great many times lately," he added, with a sigh of weariness. Most likely his eye fell on Gerald as he said so; at all events, the Rector of Wentworth moved sadly from where he was standing and went to the window, where he was out of his father's range of vision. Gerald's looks, his movements, every action of his, seemed somehow to bear a symbolic meaning at this crisis in his life. He was no longer in any doubt; he had made up his mind. He looked like a martyr walking to his execution as he crossed the room; and the squire looked after him, and once more breathed out of his impatient breast a heavy, short sigh. Louisa, who had placed herself in the other great chair at the other side of the forlorn fireplace, from which, this summer afternoon, there came no cheerful light, put up her handkerchief to her eyes and began to cry with half-audible sobs, which circumstances surrounding him were far from being encouraging to Frank as he entered anew into his own story,—a story which he told with many interruptions. The squire, who had once "sworn by Frank," had now a terrible shadow of distrust in his mind. Jack was here on the spot, of whom the unfortunate father knew more harm than he had ever told, and the secret dread that he had somehow corrupted his younger brother came like a cold shadow over Mr. Wentworth's mind. He could not slur over any part of the narrative, but cross-examined his son to the extent of his ability, with an anxious inquisition into all the particulars. He was too deeply concerned to take anything for granted. He sat up in his chair with those puckers in his forehead, with that harassed look in his eyes, making an anxious, vigilant, suspicious investigation, which was pathetic to behold. If the defendant, who was thus being examined on his honor, had been guilty, the heart of the judge would have broken; but that was all the more

reason for searching into it with jealous particularity, and with a suspicion which kept always gleaming out of his troubled eyes in sudden, anxious glances, saying, "You are guilty? Are you guilty?" with mingled accusations and appeals. The accused, being innocent, felt this suspicion more hard to bear than if he had been a hundred times guilty.

"I understand a little about this fellow Wodehouse," said the squire; "but what I want to know is, why you took him in? What did you take him in for, sir, at first? Perhaps I could understand the rest if you would satisfy me of that."

"I took him in," said the curate, rather slowly, "because his sister asked me. She threw him upon my charity,—she told me the danger he was in"—

"What danger was he in?" asked the squire.

The curate made a pause, and as he paused, Mr. Wentworth leaned forward in his chair, with another pucker in his forehead and a still sharper gleam of suspicion in his eyes. "His father had been offended time after time in the most serious way. This time he had threatened to give him up to justice. I can't tell you what he had done, because it would be breaking my trust; but he had made himself obnoxious to the law," said Frank Wentworth. "To save him from the chance of being arrested, his sister brought him to me."

The squire's hand shook a good deal as he took out his handkerchief and wiped his forehead. "Perhaps it would be the best way, if one had not too much regard for the honor of the family," he said, tremulously, like a man under a sudden temptation; "but the sister, sir, why did she bring him to you?" he added, immediately after, with renewed energy. Mr. Wentworth was not aware that, while he was speaking, his eldest son had come into the room. He had his back to the door, and he did not see Jack, who stood rather vaguely on the threshold, with a certain shade of embarrassment upon his ordinary composure. "It is not everybody that a woman would confide in her brother's life to," said the squire. "Who is the sister? Is she—is there any—any entanglement that I don't know of? It will be better for all of us if you tell me plainly," said the old man, with a querulous sound in his

voice. He forgot the relationship of his own girls to Jack, and groaned within himself at what appeared almost certain evidence that the sister of a criminal like Wodehouse had got possession of Frank.

"Miss Wodehouse is about the same age as my Aunt Dora," said the curate. It was an exaggeration which would have gone to the poor lady's heart; but Frank Wentworth, in the unconscious insolence of his youth, was quite unaware and careless of the difference. Then he paused for a moment with an involuntary smile. "But I am a clergyman, sir," he continued, seriously. "If a man in my position is good for anything, it is his business to help the helpless. I could do no good in any other way; I took him into my house."

"Frank," said the squire, "I beg your pardon. I believe in my heart you're true and honest. If I were not driven out of my senses by one thing and another," said Mr. Wentworth, with bitterness. "They make me unjust to you, sir,—unjust to you! But never mind; go on. Why didn't you tell these fellows what you've told me? That would have settled the business at once, without any more ado."

"Mr. Morgan is a great deal too much prejudiced against me to believe anything I said. I thought it better to let him prove to himself his own injustice; and another still more powerful reason"—said the curate.

"Stop, sir, stop; I can't follow you to more than one thing at a time. Why is Mr. Morgan prejudiced against you?" said the squire, once more sitting upright and recommencing his examination.

Frank Wentworth laughed in spite of himself, though he was far from being amused.

"I know no reason except that I have worked in his parish without his permission," he answered, briefly enough, "for which he threatened to have me up before somebody or other,—Dr. Lushington, I suppose, who is the new Council of Trent, and settles all our matters for us nowadays," said the curate, not without a little natural scorn, at which, however, his father groaned.

"There is nothing to laugh at in Dr. Lushington," said the squire. "He gives you justice, at all events, which you parsons never give each other, you know. You ought not to have worked in the rector's

parish, sir, without his permission. It's like shooting in another man's grounds. However, that's not my business;—and the other reason, sir?" said Mr. Wentworth, with his anxious look.

"My dear father," said the curate, touched by the anxiety in the squire's face, and sitting down by him with a sudden impulse, "I have done nothing which either you or I need be ashamed of. I am grieved that you should think it necessary to examine me so closely. Wodehouse is a rascal; but I had taken charge of him; and as long as it was possible to shield him, I felt bound to do so. I made an appeal to his honor, if he had any, and to his fears, which are more to be depended on, and gave him until noon to-day to consider it. Here is his note, which was given me in the vestry; and now you know the whole business, and how it is that I postponed the conclusion till to-night."

The squire put on his spectacles with a tremulous hand to read the note which his son gave him. The room was very still while he read it, no sound interrupting him except an occasional sniff from Louisa, who was in a permanent state of whimpering, and, besides, had ceased to be interested in Frank's affairs. Jack Wentworth, standing in the background behind the squire's chair, had the whole party before him, and studied them keenly with thoughts which nobody guessed at. Gerald was still standing by the window, leaning on it with his face only half turned to the others. Was he thinking of the others? was he still one of them? or was he saying his office from some invisible breviary abstracted into another life? That supposition looked the most like truth. Near him was his wife, who had thrown herself, a heap of bright fluttering muslin, into the great chair, and kept her handkerchief to her red eyes. She had enough troubles of her own to occupy her, poor soul! Just at that moment it occurred to her to think of the laburnum berries in the shrubbery at the rectory, which, it was suddenly borne in upon her, would prove fatal to one or other of the children in her absence,—the dear rectory which she had to leave so soon! "And Frank will have it, of course," Louisa said to herself, "and marry somebody;" and then she thought of the laburnum berries in connection with his problematical children, not without a movement of satisfaction. Op-

posite to her was the squire, holding Wodehouse's epistle in a hand which shook a little, and reading aloud slowly as he could make it out. The note was short and insolent enough. While it was being read, Jack Wentworth, who was not easily discomposed, grew red and restless. He had not dictated it certainly, nor even suggested the wording of the epistle; but it was he who, half in scorn and half in pity of the vagabond's terrors, had reassured Wodehouse, and convinced him that it was only the punishments of public opinion which the curate could bring upon him. Hardened as Jack was, he could not but be conscious that thus to stand in his brother's way was a shabby business enough, and to feel that he himself and his *protege* cut a very poor figure in presence of the manifold old squire with all his burdens, and of Frank, who had, after all, nothing to explain which was not to his honor. Notwithstanding that he was at the present moment his brother's adversary, actually working against him and prolonging his difficulties, an odd kind of contempt and indignation against the fools who could doubt Frank's honor, possessed the prodigal at the moment. "A parcel of asses," he said to himself; and so stood and listened to Wodehouse's little note of defiance, which, but for his prompting, the sullen vagabond would never have dared to send to his former protector. The letter itself was as follows:—

"I have consulted my friends about what you said to-day, and they tell me it is d—d nonsense. You can't do me any harm; and I don't mean to get myself into any scrape for you. You can do what you like,—I sha'n't take any notice. Your love-affairs are no business of mine.—Yours truly.

"T. WODEHOUSE."

Mr. Wentworth threw the miserable scrawl on the table. "The fellow is a scoundrel," said the squire; "he does not seem to have a spark of gratitude. You've done a deal too much for him already; and if the sister is as old as Dora,"—he continued, after a long pause, with a half-humorous relaxation of his features. He was too much worn out to smile.

"Yes," said the curate. The young man was sensible of a sudden flush and heat, but did not feel any inclination to smile. Matters were very serious just then with Frank Wentworth. He was about to shake him-

self free of one vexation, no doubt ; but at this moment, when Lucy Wodehouse was homeless and helpless, he had nothing to offer her, nor any prospects even which he dared ask her to share with him. This was no time to speak of the other sister, who was not as old as Miss Dora. He was more than ever the Perpetual Curate now. Perhaps, being a clergyman, he ought not to have been swayed by such merely human emotions ; but honor and pride alike demanded that he should remain in Carlingford, and he had no shelter to offer Lucy in the time of her need.

After this there followed a pause, which was far from being cheerful. Frank could not but be disconsolate enough over his prospects when the excitement died away ; and there was another big, terrible event looming darkly in the midst of the family, which they had not courage to name to each other. The long, uneasy pause was at length broken by Louisa, whose voice sounded in the unnatural silence like the burst of impatient rain which precedes a thunder-storm.

"Now that you have done with Frank's affairs, if you have done with them," said Louisa, "perhaps somebody will speak to Gerald. I don't mean in the way of arguing. If some one would only speak *sense* to him. You all know as well as I do how many children we've got, and—and—an—other coming," sobbed the poor lady, "if something doesn't happen to me, which I am sure is more than likely, and might be expected. I don't blame dear grandpapa ; for he has said everything, and so have I ; but I do think his brothers ought to take a little more interest. Oh, Frank, you know it doesn't matter for you. You are a young man, you can go anywhere ; but when there are five children and—and—an—other— And how are we to live ? You know what a little bit of money I had when Gerald married me. Everybody knows Gerald never cared for money. If I had had a good fortune, it would have been quite different," cried poor Louisa, with a little flow of tears, and querulous sob, as though that, too, was Gerald's fault. "He has not sent off his letter yet, Frank," said the injured wife ; "if you would but speak to him. He does not mind me or grandpapa ; but he might mind you. Tell him we shall have nothing to live on ; tell him"—

"Hush !" said Gerald. He came forward

to the table, very pale and patient, as became a man at the point of legal death. "I have sent away my letter. By this time I am no longer Rector of Wentworth. Do not break my heart. Do you think there is any particular in the whole matter which I have not considered,—the children, yourself, everything ? Hush ! there is nothing now to be said."

The squire rose, almost as pale as his son, from his chair. "I think I'll go out into the air a little," said Mr. Wentworth. "There's always something new happening. Here is a son of my own," said the old man, rising into a flush of energy, "who has not only deserted his post, but deserted it secretly, Frank. God bless my soul ! Don't speak to me, sir ; I tell you he's gone over to the enemy as much as Charley would have done if he had deserted at the Alma,—and done it when nobody knew or was thinking. I used to be thought a man of honor in my day," said Mr. Wentworth, bitterly ; "and it's a mean thing to say it came by their mother's side. There's Jack"—

The eldest son roused himself up at the mention of his own name. Notwithstanding all his faults, he was not a man to stand behind backs and listen to what was said of him. He came forward with his usual ease, though a close observer might have detected a flush on his face. "I am here, sir," said the heir. "I cannot flatter myself you will have much pleasure in seeing me ; but I suppose I have still a right to be considered one of the family." The squire, who had risen to his feet, and was standing leaning against the table when Jack advanced, returned to his chair and sat down as his eldest son confronted him. They had not met for years, and the shock was great. Mr. Wentworth put his hand to his cravat and pulled at it with an instinctive movement. The old man was still feeble from his last illness, and apprehensive of a return of the disease of the Wentworths. He restrained himself, however, with force so passionate that Jack did not guess at the meaning of the gasp which, before the squire was able to speak to him, convulsed his throat, and made Frank start forward to offer assistance, which his father impatiently rejected. The squire made, indeed, a great effort to speak with dignity. He looked from one to another of his tall sons as he propped himself up by the arms of his chair.

"You are the most important member of the family," said Mr. Wentworth; "it is long since you have been among us; but that is not our fault. If things had been different, I should have been glad of your advice as a man of the world. Anyhow, I can't wish you to be estranged from your brothers," said the squire. It was all any one could say. The heir of Wentworth was not to be denounced or insulted among his kindred; but he could not be taken to their bosom. Perhaps the reception thus given him was more galling than any other could have been to Jack Wentworth's pride. He stood at the table by himself before his father, feeling that there existed no living relations between himself and any one present. He had keen intellectual perceptions, and could recognize the beauty of honor and worth as well as most people; and the contrast between himself and the others who surrounded him, presented itself in a very forcible light to Jack. Instead of Gerald and Frank, Wodehouse was *his* allotted companion. For that once he was bitter, notwithstanding his habitual good-humor.

"Yes," he said, "it would be a pity to estrange me from my brothers. We are, on the whole, a lucky trio. I, whom my relations are civil to; and Frank, who is not acquitted yet, though he seems so confident; and Gerald, who has made the greatest mistake of all"—

"Jack," said the curate, "nobody wants to quarrel with you. You've dealt shabbily by me; but I do not mind. Only talk of things you understand; don't talk of Gerald."

For a moment Jack Wentworth was roused almost to passion. "What is Gerald that I should not understand him?" said Jack; "he and I are the original brood. You are all a set of interlopers, the rest of you. What is Gerald, that I should not talk of him? In the world, my dear Frank," continued the heir, superciliously, "as the squire himself will testify, a man is not generally exempted from criticism because he is a parson. Gerald is"—

"I am a simple Catholic layman, nothing more," said Gerald; "not worth criticism, having done nothing. I am aware I am as good as dead. There is no reason why Jack should not talk if it pleases him. It will make no difference to me."

"And yet," said Frank, "it is only the other day that you told us you were nothing, if not a priest."

Gerald turned upon him with a look of melancholy reproach that went to the curate's heart. "It is true I said so," he replied; and then he made a pause, and the light died out of his pale face. "Don't bring up the ghosts of my dead battles, Frank. I said so only the other day. But it is the glory of the true Church," said the convert, with a sudden glow, which restored color for a moment to his face, "to restrain and subdue the last enemy, the will of man. I am content to be nothing, as the saints were. The fight has been hard enough; but I am not ashamed of the victory. When the law of the Church and the obedience of the saints ordain me to be nothing, I consent to it. There is nothing more to say."

"And this is how it is to be!" cried Louisa. "He knows what is coming, and he does not care—and none of you will interfere or speak to him! It is not as if he did not know what would happen. He tells you himself that he will be nothing; and even if he can put up with it after being a man of such consideration in the country, how am I to put up with it? We have always been used to the very best society," said poor Louisa, with tears. "The duke himself was not more thought of; and now he tells you he is to be nothing!" Mrs. Wentworth stopped to dry her eyes with tremulous haste. "He may not mind," said Louisa; "for at least he is having his own way. It is all very well for a man, who can do as he pleases; but it is his poor wife who will have to suffer. I don't know who will visit me after it's all over, and people will give over asking us, if we don't ask them again; and how can we ever have anybody, with five children—or more—and only a few hundreds a year? Oh, Frank, it kills me to think of it. Don't you think you might speak to him again?" she whispered, stretching up to his ear, when Gerald, with a sigh, had gone back to his window. The squire, too, cast an appealing glance at his younger son.

"It is all true enough that she says," said Mr. Wentworth. "She mayn't understand *him*, Frank; but she's right enough in what she's saying. If things were different between your brother and me, I'd ask his advice," said the squire, with a sigh. He gave

a longing look at his eldest son, who stood with his usual ease before the fireplace. Matters had gone a great deal too far between the father and son to admit of the usual displeasure of an aggrieved parent,—all that was over long ago; and Mr. Wentworth could not restrain a certain melting of the heart towards his first-born. "He's not what I could wish; but he's a man of the world, and might give us some practical advice," said the squire, with his anxious looks. Of what possible advantage, advice, practical or otherwise, could have been in the circumstances, it was difficult to see; but the squire was a man of simple mind, and still believed in the suggestions of wisdom. He still sat in the easy-chair, looking wistfully at Jack, and with a certain faith that matters might even yet be mended, if the counsel of his eldest son, as a man of the world, could be had and could be trusted, when Frank, who had an afternoon service at Wharfside, had to leave the family committee. Gerald, who roused up when his younger brother mentioned the business he was going upon, looked at Frank almost as wistfully as his father looked at Jack. "It may be the last time," he said to himself: "if you'll let me, I'll go with you, Frank;" and so the little conclave was broken up. The people in Prickett's Lane were greatly impressed by the aspect of Gerald Wentworth, as he went, silent and pale, by his brother's side, down the crowded pavement. They thought it must be a bishop at least, who accompanied the Curate of St. Roque's; and the women gathered at a little distance, and made their comments, as he stood waiting for his brother after the service. "He don't look weakly nor sickly no more nor the clergyman," said one; "but he smiles at the little uns for all the world, like my man smiled the night he was took away." "Smilin' or not smilin'," said another, "I don't see as it makes no matter; but I'd give a deal to know what Elsworthy and them as stands by Elsworthy can say after that." "Maybe, then, he'd give the poor fatherless children a blessing afore he'd go," suggested a poor Irish widow, who, having been much under Mr. Wentworth's hands "in her trouble," was not quite sure now what faith she professed, or at least which Church she belonged to. Such was the universal sentiment of Prickett's Lane. Meanwhile Gerald stood

silent, and looked with pathetic, speechless eyes at the little crowd. He was no priest now; he was shorn of the profession which had been his life. His hope of being able to resign all things for Christ's sake had failed him. Too wary and politic to maintain in a critical age and country the old license of the ages of Faith, even his wife's consent, could he have obtained it, would not have opened to the convert the way into the priesthood. A greater trial had been required of him; he was nothing,—a man whose career was over. He stood idly, in a kind of languor, looking on while the curate performed the duties of his office,—feeling like a man whom sickness had reduced to the last stage of life, and for whom no earthly business remained; while, at the same time, his aspect struck awe, as that of a bishop at the least, to the imagination of Prickett's Lane.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

MR. MORGAN did not go home direct from the investigation of the morning; on the contrary, he paid various visits, and got through a considerable amount of parish business before he turned his face towards the rectory. On the whole, his feelings were far from being comfortable. He did not know, certainly, who Mr. Wentworth's witness was; but he had an unpleasant conviction that it was somebody who would clear the curate. "Of course I shall be very glad," the rector said to himself; but it is a fact, that in reality he was far from being glad, and that a secret conviction of this sentiment, stealing into his mind, made matters still more uncomfortable. This private sense of wishing evil to another man, of being unwilling and vexed to think well of his neighbor, was in itself enough to disturb the rector's tranquillity; and when to this was added the aggravation that his wife had always been on the other side, and had warned him against proceeding, and might, if she pleased, say, "I told you so," it will be apparent that Mr. Morgan's uneasiness was not without foundation. Instead of going home direct to acquaint his wife with the circumstances, about which he knew she must be curious, it was late in the afternoon before the rector opened his own gate. Even then he went through the garden with a reluctant step, feeling it still more difficult to meet her now than

it would have been at first, although his delay had arisen from the thought that it would be easier to encounter her keen looks after an interval. There was, however, no keen look to be dreaded at this moment. Mrs. Morgan was busy with her ferns, and she did not look up as her husband approached. She went on with her occupation, examining carefully what withered fronds there might be about her favorite maidenhair, even when he stopped by her side. Though her husband's shadow fell across the plants she was tending, Mrs. Morgan, for the first time in her married life, did not look up to welcome the rector. She made no demonstration, said no word of displeasure, but only showed herself utterly absorbed in, and devoted to, her ferns. There was, to be sure, no such lover of ferns in the neighborhood of Carlingford as the rector's wife.

As for Mr. Morgan, he stood by her side in a state of great discomfort and discomfort. The good man's perceptions were not very clear; but he saw that she had heard from some one the issue of the morning's inquiry, and that she was deeply offended by his delay, and that, in short, they had arrived at a serious difference, the first quarrel since their marriage. Feeling himself in the wrong, Mr. Morgan naturally grew angry too.

"I should like to have dinner earlier to-day," he said, with the usual indiscretion of an aggrieved husband. "Perhaps you will tell the cook, my dear. I think I should like to have it at five, if possible. It can't make much difference for one day."

Mrs. Morgan raised herself up from her ferns, and no doubt it was a relief to her to find herself provided with so just a cause of displeasure. "Much difference!" cried the rector's wife; "it is half-past four now. I wonder how you could think of such a thing, William! There is some lamb, which of course is not put down to roast yet, and the ducks. If you wish the cook to give warning immediately, you may send such a message. It is just like a man to think it would make no difference! But I must say, to do them justice," said the rector's wife, "it is not like a man of your college!" When she had fired this double arrow, she took off her gardening gloves and lifted her basket. "I suppose you told Mr. Proctor that you

wished to dine early?" said Mrs. Morgan, with severity, pausing on the threshold. "Of course it is quite impossible to have dinner at five unless he knows."

"Indeed I—I forgot all about Proctor," said the rector, who now saw the inexpediency of his proposal. "On second thoughts, I see it does not matter much. But after dinner I expect some people about Mr. Wentworth's business. It was not settled this morning, as I expected."

"So I heard," said Mrs. Morgan. "I will tell Thomas to show them into the library;" and she went indoors, carrying her basket. As for the rector, he stood silent, looking after her, and feeling wonderfully discomfited. Had she found fault with him for his delay,—had she even said, "I told you so!" it would have been less overwhelming than this indifference. They had never had a quarrel before, and the effect was proportionately increased. After standing bewildered at the door for a few minutes, he retired into his study, where the change in his wife's demeanor haunted him, and obscured Mr. Wentworth. Mrs. Morgan sat at the head of the table at dinner with an equal want of curiosity. Even when the subject was discussed between the rector and Mr. Proctor, she asked no questions,—a course of procedure very puzzling and trying to Mr. Morgan, who could not make it out.

It was after eight o'clock before the tribunal of the morning was reconstituted at the rectory. Most of the gentlemen came late, and the little assembly brought with it a flavor of port, which modified the serious atmosphere. When the bed of justice was again formed, Mr. Wentworth entered with the bodyguard of Wentworths, which numbered half as many as his judges. Half from curiosity, half from a reluctant inclination to please his father, Jack had joined the others, and they came in together, all of them noticeable men, profoundly different, yet identified as belonging to each other by the touching bond of family resemblance. After the four gentlemen had taken possession of their corner, Mr. Waters made a somewhat hurried entry, bringing after him the sullen, reluctant figure of Wodehouse, who made an awkward bow to the assembled potentates, and looked ashamed and vigilant, and very ill at ease. Mr. Waters made a hasty explanation to

the rector before he sat down by the side of his unlucky client. "I thought it possible there might be some attempt made to shift the blame upon him, therefore I thought it best to bring him," said the lawyer. Mr. Morgan gave him a dry little nod without answering. To tell the truth, the rector felt anything but comfortable; when he glanced up at the stranger, who was looking askance at the people in the room as if they had been so many policemen in disguise, a disagreeable sudden conviction that this sullen rascal looked a great deal more like the guilty man than Mr. Wentworth did came into Mr. Morgan's mind, and made him sick with annoyance and embarrassment. If it should turn out so! If it should become apparent that he, for private prejudices of his own, had been persecuting his brother! This thought produced an actual physical effect for the moment upon the rector; but its immediate visible consequence was simply to make him look more severe, almost spiteful, in a kind of unconscious self-vindication. Last of all, Elsworthy, who began to be frightened too, but whose fears were mingled with no compunction nor blame of himself, stole in and found an uncomfortable seat on a stool near the door, where scarcely any one saw him, by favor of Thomas, and screened by the high back of the rector's easy-chair. When all were assembled, Mr. Morgan spoke.

"We are met this evening, gentlemen, to complete, if there is sufficient time, the investigation we began this morning," said the rector. "I have no doubt I express the sentiments of every one present when I say I shall be glad—*unfeignedly* glad," said Mr. Morgan, with a defiant emphasis, which was meant to convince himself, "to find that Mr. Wentworth's witness is of sufficient importance to justify the delay. As we were interrupted this morning solely on his account, I presume it will be most satisfactory that this witness should be called at once."

"I should like to say something in the first place," said the curate. Mr. Morgan made an abrupt nod indicative of his consent, and, instead of looking at the defendant, shaded his eyes with his hand, and made figures with his pen upon the blotting-paper. A conviction, against which it was impossible to strive, had taken possession of the rector's soul. He listened to Frank Wentworth's

address with a kind of impatient annoyance and resistance. "What is the good of saying any more about it?" Mr. Morgan was saying in his soul. "For Heaven's sake, let us bury it and be done with it, and forget that we ever made such asses of ourselves." But at the same time the rector knew this was quite impossible; and as he sat leaning over his blotting-book, writing down millions after millions with his unconscious pen, he looked a very model of an unwilling listener—a prejudiced judge—a man whom no arguments could convince; which was the aspect under which he appeared to the Curate of St. Roque's.

"I should like to say something first," said the Perpetual Curate. "I could not believe it possible that I, being tolerably well known in Carlingford as I have always supposed, could be suspected by any rational being of such an insane piece of wickedness as has been laid to my charge; and consequently it did not occur to me to vindicate myself, as I perhaps ought to have done, at the beginning. I have been careless all along of vindicating myself. I had an idea," said the young man, with involuntary disdain, "that I might trust, if not to the regard, at least to the common sense, of my friends"—

Here John Brown, who was near his unwary client, plucked at the curate's coat, and brought him to a momentary half-angry pause. "Softly, softly," said Dr. Marjoribanks; "common sense has nothing to do with facts; we're inquiring into facts at this moment; and, besides, it's a very foolish and unjustifiable confidence to trust to any man's common sense," said the old doctor, with a humorous glance from under his shaggy eyebrows at his fellow-judges; upon which there ensued a laugh, not very agreeable in its tone, which brought the rector to a white heat of impatience and secret rage.

"It appears to me that the witness ought to be called at once," said Mr. Morgan, "if this is not a mere expedient to gain time, and if it is intended to make any progress to-night."

"My explanations shall be very brief," said Frank Wentworth, facing instantly to his natural enemy. "I have suspected from the beginning of this business who was the culprit, and have made every possible attempt to induce him to confess, and, so far as he could, amend the wrong that he had

done. I have failed; and now the confession, the *amende*, must be made in public. I will now call my witness," said the curate. But this time a commotion rose in another part of the room. It was Wodehouse, who struggled to rise, and to get free from the detaining grasp of his companion.

"By Jove! I aint going to sit here and listen to a parcel of lies," cried the vagabond. "If I am to be tried, at least I'll have the real thing, by Jove!" He had risen up, and was endeavoring to pass Mr. Waters and get out, casting a suspicious defiant look round the room. The noise he made turned all eyes upon him, and the scrutiny he had brought upon himself redoubled his anxiety to get away. "I'll not stand it, by Jove! Waters, let me go," said the craven, whose confused imagination had mixed up all his evil doings together, and who already felt himself being carried off to prison. It was at this moment that Jack Wentworth rose from his place in his easy, careless way, and went forward to the table to adjust the lamp, which was flaring a little. Wodehouse dropped back into a chair as soon as he caught the eye of this master of his fate. His big beard moved with a subterranean gasp like the panting of a hunted creature, and all the color that had remained died away out of his haggard, frightened face. As for Jack Wentworth, he took no apparent notice of the shabby rascal whom he held in awe. "Rather warm this room for a court of justice. I hope Frank's witness is not fat," said Jack, putting himself up against the wall, and lifting languidly his glass to his eye,—which byplay was somewhat startling, but totally incomprehensible, to the amateur judges, who looked upon him with angry eyes.

"I must request that the proceedings may not be interrupted," said Mr. Morgan; and then everybody looked toward the open door: the sight they saw there was enough to startle the calmest spectator. Elsworthy, who was seated close by, sprang from his stool with a low, resounding howl of amazement, upsetting his lowly seat, and staggering back against the wall, in the excess of his wonder and consternation. The judges themselves forgot their decorum, and crowded round upon each other to stare,—old Mr. Western putting his arm round the rector's neck in his curiosity, as if they had

been two boys at a peep-show. It was Miss Leonora Wentworth's erect iron-gray figure that appeared in the doorway, half leading in, half pushing before her, the unfortunate cause of all the commotion,—Rosa Elsworthy herself. A change had passed upon the little girl's rosy, dewy, April beauty. Her pretty dark eyes were enlarged and anxious, and full of tears; her cheeks had paled out of their sweet color, her red lips were pressed tightly together. Passion and shame had set their marks upon the child's forehead,—lightly, it is true, but still the traces were there; but beyond all other sentiments, anxiety, restless, breathless, palpitating, had possession of Mr. Wentworth's all-important witness. It was very clear that, whatever might be the opinion of her judges, Rosa's case was anything but hopeless in her own eyes. She came in, drooping, shrinking, and abashed, as was natural; but her shame was secondary in Rosa's mind, even in the moment of her humiliation. She came to a dead stop when she had made a few steps into the room, and cast furtive glances at the dread tribunal, and began to cry. She was trembling with nervous eagerness, with petulance and impatience. Almost all her judges, except the rector and Mr. Proctor, had been known to Rosa from her earliest years. She was not afraid of them, nor cast down by any sense of overwhelming transgression; on the contrary, she cast an appealing look round her, which implied that they could still set everything right if they would exert themselves; and then she began to cry.

"Gentlemen, before you ask any questions," said Miss Leonora Wentworth, "I should like to explain why I am here. I came, not because I approve of *her*, but because it is right that my nephew should have a respectable woman to take charge of the witness. She was brought to my house last night, and has been in my charge ever since;—and I come with her now, not because I approve of her, but because she ought to be in charge of some woman," said Miss Leonora, sitting down abruptly in the chair some one had placed for her. The chair was placed close by the spot where Rosa stood crying. Poor, pretty, forsaken child! Perhaps Miss Leonora, who sat beside her, and occupied the position of her protector, was, of all the people present, the only one who had not

already forgiven Rosa, the only one who would have still been disposed to punish her, and did not pardon the weeping creature in her heart.

"Now that you're here, Rosa," said Dr. Marjoribanks, "the only sensible thing you can do is to dry your eyes and answer the questions that have to be put to you. Nobody will harm you if you speak the truth. Don't be frightened, but dry your eyes, and let us hear what you have to say."

"Poor little thing!" said old Mr. Western; "of course she has done very wrong. I don't mean to defend her—but, after all, she is but a child. Poor little thing! Her mother died, you know, when she was a baby. She had nobody to tell her how to behave,—I don't mean to defend her; for she has done very wrong, poor little"—

"We are falling into mere conversation," said the rector, severely. "Rosa Elsworthy, come to the table. The only thing you can do to make up for all the misery you have caused to your friends is to tell the truth about everything. You are aged—how much? eighteen years?"

"Please, sir, only seventeen," said Rosa; "and, oh, please, sir, I didn't mean no harm. I wouldn't never have gone, no, not a step, if we hadn't a-promised that we was to be married. Oh, please, sir"—

"Softly a little," said John Brown, inter-
fering. "It is not you who are on your trial, Rosa. We are not going to question you about your foolishness; all that the rector wants you to tell him is the name of the man who persuaded you to go away."

At which question, Rosa cried more and more. "I don't think he meant no harm either," cried the poor little girl. "Oh, if somebody would please speak to him! We couldn't be married then, but now if anybody would take a little trouble! I told him Mr. Wentworth would, if I was to ask him; but then I thought perhaps as Mr. Wentworth mightn't like to be the one as married me," said Rosa, with a momentary gleam of sanity through her tears. The little simper with which the girl spoke, the coquettish looks askance at the Perpetual Curate, who stood grave and unmoved at a distance, the movement of unconscious self-deception and girlish vanity which for a moment distracted Rosa, had a great effect upon the spectators. The judges looked at each other across the

table, and Dr. Marjoribanks made a commentary of meditative nods upon that little exhibition. "Just so," said the doctor; "maybe Mr. Wentworth might have objected. If you tell me the man's name, I'll speak to him, Rosa," said the old Scotchman, grimly. As for the rector, he had put down his pen altogether, and looked very much as if he were the culprit. Certainly his shame and confusion and self-disgust were greater than that of any one else in the room.

"Oh, doctor, please don't be angry. Oh, if somebody would only speak to him!" cried poor Rosa. "Oh, please, it wasn't my fault—I haven't got no—nobody to speak for me!" At this moment she caught a glimpse of her uncle's face, dark and angry, looming behind the rector's chair. Rosa shrank back with a frightened movement, and caught fast hold of Miss Leonora's dress. "Oh, please, don't let him kill me!" cried the terrified girl. She sank down at Miss Wentworth's feet, and held tightly by her unwilling protectress. She was a frightened child, afraid of being whipped and punished; she was not an outraged woman, forsaken and miserable. Nobody knew what to do with her as she crouched down panting with fright and anxiety by Miss Leonora's side.

"We must know who this man is," said John Brown. "Look here, Rosa; if anybody is to do you good, it is necessary to know the man. Rise up and look round, and tell me if you can see him here."

After a moment's interval, Rosa obeyed. She stood up trembling, resting her hand to support herself on Miss Leonora's chair,—almost, she trembled so, on Miss Leonora's shoulder. Up to this moment the ignorant little creature had scarcely felt the shame of her position; she had felt only the necessity of appealing to the kindness of people who knew her,—people who were powerful enough to do very nearly what they pleased in Carlingford; for it was in this light that Rosa, who knew no better, regarded the doctor and her other judges. This time her eye passed quickly over those protectors. The tears were still hanging on her eyelashes; her childish bosom was still palpitating with sobs. Beyond the little circle of light round the table, the room was comparatively in shadow. She stood by herself, her pretty face and anxious eyes appearing over Miss Wentworth's head, her fright and her anx-

iety both forgotten for the moment in the sudden hope of seeing her betrayer. There was not a sound in the room to disturb the impartiality of her search. Every man kept still, as if by chance he might be the offender. Rosa's eyes, bright with anxiety, with eagerness, with a feverish hope went searching into the shadow, gleaming harmless over the Wentworth brothers, who were opposite. Then there was a start and a loud cry. She was not ashamed to be led before the old men, who were sorry for her, and who could protect her; but now at last the instinct of her womanhood seized upon the unfortunate creature. She had made an involuntary rush toward him when she saw him first. Then she stopped short, and looked all round her with a bewildered, sudden consciousness. The blood rushed to her face, scorching and burning; she uttered a sudden cry of anguish and shame. "Oh, don't forsake me!—don't forsake me!—listen to the gentlemen!" cried poor Rosa, and fell down in a sudden agony of self-comprehension at Wodehouse's feet.

For a few minutes after, there was nothing but confusion in the room. Elsworthy had been standing behind backs, with a half-fiendish look of rage and disappointment on his commonplace features, "Let them help her as likes; I washes my hands of her," he cried, bitterly, when he saw her fall; and then rushed into the midst of the room, thrusting the others out of his way. The man was beside himself with mortification, with disgust, and fury, and at the same time with a savage natural affection for the creature who had baffled and disgraced him, yet still was his own. "Let alone,—let alone, I tell you! There's nobody as belongs to her but me," cried Elsworthy, pushing up against the doctor, who had lifted her from the ground. As for Wodehouse, he was standing seowling down upon the pretty figure at his feet; not that the vagabond was utterly heartless, or could look at his victim without emotion; on the contrary, he was pale with terror, thinking he had killed her, wondering in his miserable heart if they would secure him at once, and furtively watching the door to see if he had a chance of escape. When Mr. Waters seized his arm, Wodehouse gave a hoarse outcry of horror.

"I'll marry her,—oh, Lord, I'll marry her! I never meant anything else," the

wretched man cried, as he sank back again into his chair. He thought she was dead, as she lay with her upturned face on the carpet, and in his terror and remorse and cowardice, his heart seemed to stop beating. If he could have had a chance of escaping, he would not have hesitated to dash the old doctor out of his way, and rush over the body of the unhappy girl whom he thought he had murdered. But Waters held him fast; and he sank back, panting and horrified, on his seat. "I never touched her; nobody can say I touched her," muttered the poor wretch to himself, and watched with fascinated eyes and the distinct apprehension of terror every movement and change of position, calculating how he might dart out when the window was opened, having forgotten for the moment that Jack Wentworth, as well as the companion who kept immediate watch over him, was in the room.

"She'll come to herself presently," said Dr. Marjoribanks. "We'll carry her upstairs. Yes, I know you don't approve of her, Miss Wentworth; nobody said you were to approve of her. Not that I think she's a responsible moral agent myself," said the doctor, lifting her up in his vigorous arms; "but in the mean time she has to be brought to life. Keep out of my way, Elsworthy; you should have looked better after the little fool. If she's not accountable for her actions, *you* are," he went on with a growl, thrusting away with his vigorous shoulder the badly-hung frame of Rosa's uncle, who was no match for the doctor. Thus the poor little girl was carried away in a kind of procession, Miss Leonora going first. "Not that I think her worth all this fuss, the vain little fool," said Miss Leonora; "she'll come to herself, no fear of her;" but notwithstanding her protest, the strong-minded woman led the way. When the room was cleared, the gentlemen who remained took their seats mechanically, and stared at each other. In the shame and confusion of the moment, nobody could find anything to say, and the curate was magnanimous, and did not take advantage of his triumph. The silence was broken by the rector, who rose up solemnly from his chair to speak. Probably no one in the room had suffered so acutely as Mr. Morgan; his face was crimson, his eyes suffused and angry. Frank Wentworth rose involuntarily at the same moment, expecting,

he could not tell why, to be addressed, but sat down again in a little confusion when he found that the rector had turned his eyes in a totally different direction. Mr. Morgan put the lamp out of the way, that he might be able to transfix with the full glow of his angry eyes the real offender, who sat only half conscious, absorbed with his own terror, by the lawyer's side.

"Sir!" said the rector, in a tone which, severe as his voice was by nature, nobody had ever heard from his lips before, "you have put us all in a most ridiculous and painful position to-night. I don't know whether you are capable of feeling the villainess of your own misconduct as regards the unhappy girl who has just been carried out of the room, but you certainly shall not leave the house without hearing!"—

Wodehouse gave such a start at these words that Mr. Morgan paused a moment. The rector was quite unaware of the relief, the sense of safety, which he had inadvertently conveyed to the mind of the shabby rascal whom he was addressing. He was then to be allowed to leave the house? "I'll leave the damned place to-night, by Jove!" he muttered in his beard, and immediately sat up upon his chair, and turned round with a kind of sullen vivacity to listen to the remainder of Mr. Morgan's speech.

"You shall not leave this house," said the rector, more peremptorily still, "without hearing what must be the opinion of every gentleman, of every honest man. You have been the occasion of bringing an utterly unfounded accusation against a—a young clergyman," said Mr. Morgan, with a succession of gasps, "of—of the very highest character. You have, as I understand, sir, abused his hospitality, and—and done your utmost to injure him when you owed him gratitude. Not content with that, sir," continued the rector, "you have kept your very existence concealed until the moment when you could injure your sisters. You may, perhaps, be able to make a miser-

able amends for the wrong you have done to the unfortunate girl up-stairs; but you can never make amends to me, sir, for betraying me into a ridiculous position, and leading me to do—an—an absurd and—incredible injustice—to a—to my—to Mr. Frank Wentworth. Sir, you are a scoundrel!" cried Mr. Morgan, breaking down abruptly in an access of sudden fury. When the rector had recovered himself, he turned with great severity to the rest of the company: "Gentlemen, my wife will be glad to see you up-stairs," said Mr. Morgan. The sound of this hospitable invitation was as if he had ordered the entire assembly to the door; but nevertheless, most of the company followed him as he rose, and, without condescending to look round again, marched out of the library. The squire rose with the rest, and took the hand of his son Frank and grasped it closely. Somehow, though he believed Frank before, Mr. Wentworth was easier in his mind after the rector's speech.

"I think I will go up-stairs and shake hands with him," said the squire, "and you had better come too, Frank. No doubt he will expect it. He spoke up very well at the last, and I entirely agree with the rector," he said, looking sternly, but with a little curiosity, at the vagabond, who stood recovering himself, and ready to resume his hopeless swagger. It was well for Mr. Wentworth that he left the room at once, and went cheerfully up-stairs to pay his respects to Mrs. Morgan. The squire said, "Thank God!" quietly to himself when he got out of the library. "Things are mending, surely, — even Jack, — even Jack," Mr. Wentworth said under his breath; and the simple gentleman said over a part of the general thanksgiving, as he went slowly, with an unusual gladness, up the stair. He might not have entered Mrs. Morgan's drawing-room with such a relieved and brightened countenance, had he stayed ten minutes longer in the library, and listened to the further conversation there.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

OF SLOWCOME AND SLIGO, BUT MORE ESPECIALLY
OF SLOWCOME.

THE business premises of Messieurs Slowcome and Sligo occupied the ground-floor of one of the best houses in the best part of the High Street of Silverton. It was, and was well known by everybody who knew anything in Silverton to be, one of the best, most roomy, and most substantial houses in the old city; but it by no means asserted itself as such by its outward appearance. There was a Grammar School of very ancient foundation at Silverton—so ancient that it looked down on all the crowd of Edward the Fourth and Elizabeth's foundations as mere mushroom growths,—and the venerable and picturesque, but very dingy and somewhat dilapidated-looking, collegiate buildings, stood in the High Street, withdrawing themselves with shy pride, as such old buildings often will, from the frontage line of the rest of the street, and shrinking backwards from the modern light, and the noise, and the traffic, some fifteen or eighteen feet to the rear, so as to leave a vacant space of that extent between the footpath of the modern street and the dark old Gothic frontage, the work of one of those centuries, which, inarticulate as they were in comparison to our own many-voiced times, yet contrived, somehow or other, to make the sermons that their stones preached very unmistakable and eloquent ones.

The old Grammar School had reason to be shy and retiring; for the fact was it had seen much better days. It had been richly endowed and wealthy in its time, with advowsons, and rent charges, and great tithes, and small tithes, and bits of fat land here and there all over the country. But things had gone very hard with the old college at the time of the Reformation. It had not been wholly and solely a school. A chantry with a choral establishment had been comprised in the intentions of the founder,—palpably superstitious uses, and flagrant in proportion to the amount of the wealth devoted to them,—and the old college had been very mercilessly pruned by those to whom all such things were an abomination. There was still one endowed mastership, a piece of preferment in the gift of the Principal and Fellows of Silverton College, Oxford; and there was one fellowship in the same college, to which no one save a scholar of the old school in the

High Street was eligible. Of course the master's son was duly sent up to Oxford to be endowed with this not severely contested fellowship, and, unless when the time came for appointing a new master to Silverton school he was already better provided for, the fellow so elected was usually sent back again to his native city in the character of master of the school.

There was also a "High Bursar" of the college. I do not suppose that many persons in Silverton, with the exception of the local antiquaries and historians, ever heard of this dignity. What or whether any functions were discharged by the High Bursar, or whether any profit or other advantage accrued to that officer or to the "Grammar School and Chantry of St. Walport de Weston prope Silverton,"—as, despite all changes of manners and creeds, the old foundation still delighted to style itself, whenever its feeble senile voice could find force to make itself heard at all,—I am not aware. Nor do I at all know how, why, or by what authority, the High Bursar became such. But I *do* know what few Silvertonians, I take it, did,—that Silas Slowcome, Esq., was the High Bursar; and I have been told that the memory of man in Silverton ran not to the contrary of the fact of a Slowcome occupying the same position. Nor do I know whether it was by virtue of the office so held that the reigning Slowcome always dwelt in the substantial but dim-looking old house I have been speaking of above, which was next to the school, standing back from the street like it, and which, as the local guide-books tell you, formerly constituted a part of the old foundation. I fancy, that it was, and is, the property of the school still, and probably about the only property remaining to it; and that the rent—not an excessive one probably—paid by the Messrs. Slowcome, with some addition, perhaps, from Silverton College, forms the main portion of the master's money endowment. The whole practice and theory of this High Bursarship is, however, an obscure subject. I know that old Slowcome always went accompanied by a clerk carrying an ancient-looking box, lettered "Grammar School and Chantry of St. Walport de Weston prope Silverton," into the old schoolroom on the morning of St. Walport's day, that he remained there with the master for perhaps three minutes; and that the master always dined with the High

Bursar on the evening of that day. I know, too, that old Slowcome, who had a son a gentleman commoner, at Silverton College, used to go up to Oxford now and then, and always dined at the high table in Hall when he did so. But this, beyond the fact of his inhabiting the old house by the side of the school buildings, is absolutely all I could ever learn about the connection between the High Bursar and the Walport's.

It is not to be supposed that the house as it at present exists is, though evidently older than its neighbors, by any means of the same date as the picturesque Gothic building by its side. No doubt it was entirely changed and modernized, when it was diverted from its original uses to that of a family dwelling-house. And the building as it now is dates probably from the beginning of the eighteenth or the close of the seventeenth century. It is very dingy-looking, especially on the ground-floor; on the upper floors, Mrs. Sligo, who, much to her discontent, is compelled to live there, takes care that all that paint and washing can do to brighten it up shall not be neglected. The windows and door-posts, however, of the ground-floor in the front of the house are yellow with the effect of time. The great black hall-door in the centre, between its heavy stone columns, stands open—like gate of black Dis—at least during business hours, and admits all who choose to enter into a large hall, closed on the opposite side by a modern glazed door, on which is a brass plate, bearing the names of Slowcome and Sligo. One large room to the right of this entrance is, or at least forty years ago was, occupied entirely by a vast quantity of boxes, some of wood and some of metal, with the names of most of the Sillshire aristocracy painted on them. There were heavy bars before the windows of this prison-like room, and other internal precautions both against fire and thieves. Another equally large room on the other side of the entrance was fitted up as a clerk's office, and was tenanted by the younger members of the legal family. The principals of the firm, and the managing clerk, Mr. Benjamin Wyvill,—(it is curious how, in small old-fashioned country towns, not much exposed to changes by emigration or immigration, the same names occur again and again in various strata of the body social)—the principals and Mr. Wyvill, I say, had their rooms at the much pleasanter and brighter-looking back of the house.

The upper part of the building was inhabited, as has been mentioned, by the Sligos; and was in truth a very much better residence than Mrs. Sligo could have hoped to enjoy elsewhere. Nevertheless, that lady, who was not of Sillshire birth, but who held rather a remarkable position in the Silverton world, and who was indeed herself a remarkable woman,—though I fear I may hardly have an opportunity of making the reader acquainted with her in the course of this history.—Mrs. Sligo, I say, was much discontented with the arrangement. The senior partner resided with his wife and family in an extremely pretty little villa residence just outside the town on the top of the high ground behind the cathedral, looking toward the Lindisfarn woods. The firm had been Slowcome and Sligo for more than two generations, the senior partner always maintaining his position in it. The present Mr. Slowcome was an old man, and the present Mr. Sligo a young one, who had inherited his late father's share of the business.

On that same day on which Frederick and Margaret were to have emancipated themselves, in the manner that has been described, from bondage to Mr. Slowcome's parchments and papers, that gentleman was sitting as usual at his work in his warm and comfortable room at the back of the old house in the High Street. There he sat at his library table, thickly strewn with papers, very leisurely writing a letter. Whatever old Slowcome did, he did it leisurely. Whenever any old acquaintance came into his room, he would speak of the tremendous press of business, which made it impossible ever to get away from the office. And, in truth, he never did get away from the office, save on Sundays. There was no vacation-time for him. He lived always in his office from ten o'clock in the morning till five in the evening, and often till a much later hour. For if anything chanced to detain him, his principles as to the duty of punctuality at his own dinner-table proved to be of the loosest description, as Mrs. Slowcome was wont bitterly to complain. And yet when thus enlarging to any chance comer upon the grievous burden of his work, and the insufficiency of the hours of the day for the doing of it, he would spend half an hour in chatting over the subject. He never seemed to be in a hurry, and though always behindhand, always kept plodding on

with a slow, steady sort of tortoise-like pertinacity, which, it must be supposed, did contrive to transact the business to be done somehow or other. For Slowcome and Sligo had the business of almost all the gentry of Sillshire in their hands, and the business did not come to grief, and none of their customers ever dreamed of leaving the old firm.

On the contrary, old Slowcome was one of the most highly respected men in Sillshire.

Nor was it at all true that Slowcome was a beast, as Frederick had protested to Margaret, in his indignation,—not at all. Old Slowcome was nearly seventy years old, and he was and had been all his life an attorney-at-law. It is true that he had a bald round head, with a pigtail, rather aggressive in its expression, sticking horizontally out behind it, and a comfortable little round protuberance in front of him, from the apex of which dangled a somewhat exuberant gold watch-chain with three or four extra sized seals appended to it, which swayed and swagged in a manner that perhaps rather too ostentatiously spoke of their owner being able to pay his way, and being beholden to no man; true also that the extraordinarily ample frills of his shirt-fronts, always exquisitely plaited, perked themselves up rather aggravatingly; that his white waistcoat, black coat, ditto shorts, with their gold buckles at the knees, black silk stockings, irreproachably drawn over somewhat thick and short legs, and admirably blacked square-toed shoes, all carried with them a certain air of self-assertion; true, moreover, that nobody ever suspected any past or present member of the firm of Slowcome and Sligo of wearing their hearts upon their sleeves; and undeniably true that if you asked Mr. Slowcome any question the answer to which you were waiting for with breathless suspense, he would always take a huge pinch of snuff, in the most leisurely manner, before answering you. Still, all these things do not make a man utterly a beast.

It may be admitted, perhaps, that old Slowcome, as observed in his little round, low-backed Windsor chair, in his office, was not apt to strike a student of mankind, visiting him there, as a genial, lovely, or large-hearted specimen of the *genus homo*; that the specific differentiation was more obtrusively prominent than the generic characteristics, and the man was, in some degree, merged in the

attorney. Yet in that pretty little suburban villa, up near the Castle Head, where the whole place, from the overarched entrance gateway, all round the shrubberies, enclosing the exquisitely shaven lawn, to the porch of the elegant little dwelling, seemed to be one bower of roses, wherein a Mother Slowcome and three blossoming daughters were nested; there it may be that old Slowcome was recognized as human, and that the man reasserted, for a few all too fleeting hours, his ascendency over the attorney. It is possible to imagine, even, that the time may have been when he himself was impatient for the approaching day of his union with her who has been the presiding genius of Arcady Lodge for now more than forty years,—possible that he, also, may in his green and inexperienced youth, have cursed the law's delay, and the tardiness of the drawers of draft settlements. There must have been memories. Daughters must exercise a humanizing influence even on an attorney-at-law! He can talk to his sons of capias, and such-like; but he must come out from among these to hold converse with his daughters. Even if rating them for permitting a garrison captain to dangle after them in their progress up the High Street, from the circulating library and fine art emporium of Mr. Glossable to the workshop of little Miss Piper over the perfumer's, he does not, I suppose, ask them *quo warranto* they so offended. No! there must have been humanizing influences at Arcady Lodge. The mischief was that old Slowcome was there for so small a portion of his existence. And Mrs. Slowcome complained that he got worse and worse, in the matter of coming home too late for dinner. He seemed, literally, to have lost all perception of the lapse of time, and would go on prosing and boring, as if the minutes were not growing into hours the while.

The dinner-hour at Arcady Lodge was half-past five; and Mr. Slowcome ought to have left his office at four. The great outer door was shut at that time; and the junior clerk was punctual enough in performing *that* duty. But that did not get old Slow, as the young men in the office called him, out of his room. And people knew very well that he was, in all probability, to be found there long after office-hours; and would come and knock at the door, to the infinite disgust of the smart young gent who had to open it, and who, af-

ter having once replied, "After office hours," as shortly and sharply as the appearance of the applicant made it safe for him to do, dared not answer in the negative to the reiterated demand, "Is Mr. Slowcome now in the house?"

It was just about the hour for shutting, on the day on which Frederick, as the reader knows, did *not* run off with Margaret Lindisfarn, that a person called at the office of Messrs. Slowcome and Sligo in the High Street.

"Mr. *Sligo* is in his room," said the clerk, knowing very well that no visitor, be his errand what it might, would keep *that* gentleman at the office beyond the proper hour for shutting it, whereas he might likely enough detain old Slow, and consequently himself, the young gent in question,—which was of much greater consequence,—for the next three hours. Either of the elder clerks of Messrs. Slowcome and Sligo would probably have known the stranger by sight; but the young gent, who had only recently been promoted to his stool, had never seen him before, and could not make him out at all.

He was a remarkably handsome, and yet not a prepossessing, man, even to the not as yet perfectly developed and cultivated æsthetic sentiments of young Bob Scott, the clerk in question. He was unusually tall, and slenderly made. But there was a something sinister in the expression of the handsome features, and repulsive in the swagger of self-assertion, which had been generated by an habitual feeling of the need of it, and which produced its effect on Bob Scott, though he could not have explained as much in words. Then, the style of the stranger's dress was objectionable to men and gods. A somewhat loudly smart style of toilet would not have offended the taste of the youthful Bob Scott. A grave propriety would have commanded his respect. Even consistent shabbiness, though it might have added some sharpness to the tone of Bob's reply, would have failed to arouse the sentiment of suspicion and dislike with which he viewed the applicant for an interview with the head of the firm. A very threadbare pair of Oxford-mixture trousers, ending in still more dilapidated boots, clothed the lower part of his person, and might with propriety enough, have formed the costume of some member of Bob Scott's

own profession, at odds with fortune. But a green cut-away coat, much weather-stained, and a bright blue, exuberant, and very smart neck-handkerchief, seemed quite out of character with any such theory; and a shallow-crowned, broad-brimmed hat, put on very much over one knowing-looking eye, seemed neither to belong to any of the walks of life to which the trousers and boots might be supposed to belong, nor to the "horsy" sporting style of the man's upper habiliments. In short, Bob Scott could make nothing out of him except that he was a very queer customer.

"Mr. *Sligo* is in his room!" said Bob.

"I said nothing about Mr. *Sligo*," returned the stranger; "I asked if Mr. Slowcome was here. If not, I must go up to him at the Castle Head, that's all."

"Yes, Mr. Slowcome is in. I'll ask him if he chooses to see you," said Bob, sulkily, taking the stranger's measure with a stare that travelled all over him leisurely, without the least attempt to disguise itself.

"What are you going to ask him?" said the stranger.

"Why, if he'll see you, if that's what you want," said Bob.

"See who, you blockhead?"

"Come, I say! I'll trouble you to speak civilly, whoever you are!" remonstrated Bob, in very considerable indignation.

"You don't half know your business, young man. Go and tell old Slow that Mr. Jared Mallory, of Sillmouth, wants to speak to him on business of importance."

"Mr. Jared Mallory, of Sillmouth!" repeated Bob; "oh, how was I to know?"

So he left Mr. Mallory at the door, and in a minute came back to say that Mr. Slowcome would see him.

The reader has already made the acquaintance of one Mr. Jared Mallory; but it will be seen at once that the man standing at the door of Messrs. Slowcome and Sligo's office is not the same individual. It was his son; Mr. Jared Mallory, junior, attorney-at-law, of Sillmouth, was the son of old Jared Mallory, the parish clerk at Chewton, and the brother of Bab Mallory, "the moorland wild-flower," whom we last saw clambering up the side of the *Saucy Sally*, to be received on that vessel's deck by Julian Lindisfarn, on his way back to France.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

A PAIR OF ATTORNEYS.

MR. JARED MALLORY of Sillmouth, attorney-at-law, had a practice there of a rather peculiar sort, not quite so profitable as it ought to have been in proportion to its extent, and in consideration of the not always agreeable nature of the business involved in it. Still it was a kind of business that suited the man. He was an attorney and so was Slowcome. But the lives and occupations of no two men could be more different; and no amount of reward, in cash, Arcady Villas, and respectability, could have induced Jared Mallory to sit seven or eight hours in a snug, warm office every day of his life. The nature of the population of Sillmouth, and the circumstance of the elder Mallory's connection with one class of its inhabitants, will suffice to explain as far as needs be the general nature of the branch of business to which Mr. Mallory, junior, devoted himself. It was not a class of business which was in the ordinary nature of things calculated to make a man nice or scrupulous; nor was it at all of a nature likely to bring Mr. Mallory into contact with the members of that sleek, prosperous, and eminently respectable firm, the Messieurs Slowcome and Sligo, of Silverton; so that the Sillmouth attorney was very nearly, though not absolutely a stranger to his compeer of Silverton.

"Mr. Mallory, of Sillmouth, I believe," said old Slowcome, half rising from his chair for an instant as his visitor entered, and then very deliberately putting his double gold eyeglass on his nose, and as leisurely looking him over from head to foot.

"Yes, Mr. Slowcome. We have met before— But you gentlemen in our old-fashioned little Sillshire metropolis here hold your heads so mighty high—that"—

"Nevertheless, Mr. Mallory," replied Mr. Slowcome, very deliberately, and almost, we might say, sleepily, and provokingly accepting and avowing, as a fact which admitted of no dispute, the Sillmouth attorney's statement of the wide social space which separated them from each other,—"ne-ver—the-less, Mis-ter Mal-lo-ry, I shall be very happy to give you my best at—ten—ti—on."

"Not a doubt about that, Mr. Slowcome!" returned Mallory, nettled, and eyeing the respectable man with a glance of malicious triumph,—"not a shadow of a doubt or mis-

take about that, as soon as you shall have heard the nature of my business."

"And pray what may the nature of that business be—a—Mis—ter Mallory?" said old Slow, with the most imperturbable and aggravating composure, speaking the words with a *staccato* sort of movement, as if some self-adjusting utterance measurer were ticking them off and making them up into six-and-eightpenny worths. "You must excuse me if press of business compels me to observe that my time is very precious," he continued, still speaking in the most leisurely manner, and throwing himself back in his chair, as he crossed one fat, silk-covered calf over its brother's knee, and pushed up his gold eyeglasses on his forehead, as if to peer out under them at his visitor.

"Oh, yes. Of course, of course. I'm in a deuce of a hurry myself,—always am; but duty to a client, you know, Mr. Slowcome, and—very important case—delicate matter; you understand."

"Ay—ay—ay! Mister Mallory, I dare say you have many cases of a—hum—delicate description;" and old Slow nodded his chin and his gold eyeglasses and his bald round head up and down with the slow, regular motion of the piston-rod of a steam-engine.

"Not such as brings me here to-day though, Mis—ter Slow—come," said Mallory, winking at that outraged old gentleman. "I do not wish to be abrupt, nor to distress you more than is inevitable,—in—evitable, I am sorry to say; but I may mention at once that my business is of a nature calculated to be disagreeable to you."

"Ay,—ay,—ay," said old Slow, without a shadow of variation in his tone or manner. "And what may the disagreeable business be, Mr. Mallory?" he added, nursing his leg with infinite complacency?

"I believe your firm are solicitors to the Lindisfarns, Mr. Slowcome?"

"Any business matters touching Mr. Lindisfarn, of Lindisfarn Chase, may with propriety be communicated to me, Mr. Mallory, and shall receive my best attention."

"If I am not misinformed, I may consider you as the legal friend of Dr. Lindisfarn, of the Close, also?"

"You may consider me as perfectly ready to hear anything which it may be useful for my good friend, Dr. Lindisfarn, that I should

hear," said the old man, with an appearance of perfect nonchalance, though in fact he was observing his visitor's face all the time with the keenest scrutiny.

"The Lindisfarn estates — magnificent property it is, Mr. Slowcome — were entailed, I believe, by the late Oliver Lindisfarn, Esq., the father of the present possessor, on the issue male of his eldest son, Oliver, and failing such issue, on the issue male of his younger son, Theophilus; failing such issue also, the daughters of the elder son become seised in tail. I believe I am correct in stating such to have been the disposition?" said Mr. Mallory, pausing for a reply.

"Very possibly it may have been. I cannot pretend to carry all the dispositions ruling the descent of half the estates in Sillshire in my head, Mr. Mallory. It would be too much to expect, you know, — really altogether too much. And it would be very easy to look into the matter, — if anybody authorized or justified in making the inquiry were to ask for information."

"Quite so, Mr. Slowcome, quite so. I admire caution myself, Mr. Slowcome. There is nothing like it!"

"Well, sir?"

"Well, sir, Mr. Oliver Lindisfarn has no sons. He has two daughters. Dr. Theophilus Lindisfarn had a son, Julian, who, under his grandfather's will, became heir in tail to the estates. I believe that even you, Mr. Slowcome, will have no difficulty in admitting the facts so far?"

"Well, sir?"

"Julian Lindisfarn, the son of Dr. Lindisfarn, of the Close, some ten years or so ago, left Silvertown, under circumstances which it is not now necessary to speak of more particularly, and was understood to have afterwards died in America."

"Well, sir?"

"The facts as I have stated them are of public notoriety. The heir in tail died; the daughters of the elder brother became heiresses to the estates. Nothing clearer or more simple! But what should you say, Mr. Slowcome, if I were to tell you that Julian Lindisfarn did not die in America?"

"I am surprised, Mr. Mallory, that a gentleman of your experience should put such a question to me!" said old Slow, leaning his head on one side, and smiling pleasantly and

tranquilly at his visitor. "Surely, it must occur to you," he continued, speaking very leisurely, "that I should say nothing at all, not being called upon to do so, — not being called on, you see, Mr. Mallory."

"Well, Mr. Slowcome, say nothing at all. I don't want you to say anything. I give you the information, free, gratis, for nothing. I tell you that Julian Lindisfarn did not die in America. He was supposed to have been killed by the Indians. He was nearly killed, — but not quite."

Mr. Slowcome bowed in return for this free, gratis communication, but said nothing.

"Do you feel called upon, Mr. Slowcome, may I ask, to pay any attention to the statement I have made?"

"Well, really, Mr. Mallory, I cannot say that I do; to speak quite frankly, I do not see that I am called on to pay any attention to it."

It was by this time much too late for Mr. Slowcome, by any possibility, to reach Arcady Lodge, where Mrs. and the three Misses Slowcome were discontentedly coming to the conclusion that they must sit down to table without papa again, in time for his dinner. But he did not on that account show the slightest symptom of impatience, or even accelerate his own part of the interview, either in matter or manner, one jot.

"And yet," pursued Mallory, "the fact would be a somewhat important one to your clients at the Chase, and not less so to those in the Close."

"That is perfectly true, Mr. Mallory; the facts you speak of would undoubtedly have important consequences, if authenticated — if authenticated, you know, Mr. Mallory."

"Oh, there will be no difficulty about that! — authentication enough, and to spare. Julian Lindisfarn was alive at Sillmouth, a few days ago."

"If Julian Lindisfarn be really, as you state, alive, in spite of the very great improbability that he should have, during all this time, allowed his family to suppose him dead, and if he can prove his identity to the satisfaction of a jury, the young ladies at the Chase would consequently not be the heirs to the property."

"And what if I were further to tell you, Mr. Slowcome, that although Julian Lindisfarn was alive, and at Sillmouth, — and I am in

a position to prove these facts beyond the possibility of doubt or cavil,—what, I say, if I were further to tell you, that he is now dead?”

“The latter statement would, I should imagine, so far diminish the importance of the former as to make it hardly worth while inquiring whether it could be authenticated or not. The young ladies at Lindisfarn would be heiresses to the property, as they have always been supposed to be; and it would apparently matter very little, at what precise date they became such,” said Slowcome, a little thrown off his guard by the prospect, unexpectedly thus hung out to him for a moment, that, after all, there was no coming trouble to be feared.

“Now you must forgive me, Slowcome, if I say that I am astonished that you, of all men in the world, should jump at a conclusion in that way! If it had been the young gent who opened the door of your office to me just now—but, really, for a gentleman of your experience”—

“May I ask what is the conclusion I have jumped at, Mister Mallory?” said old Slow, as placidly as ever, but with a very marked emphasis on the “Mister,” intended to rebuke the Sillmouth attorney for venturing to address him as “Slowcome.”

Mr. Mallory perceived and perfectly well understood the hint. “Very good,” thought he to himself; “it is all very well Mr. Slowcome; but we’ll come a little nearer to a level, perhaps, before I have done.”

“Why, you have jumped at *this* conclusion, Mr. Slowcome,” said he, in reply to the old gentleman’s last words,—“that if Julian Lindisfarn died a short time since, it puts matters into the same position as if he had died years ago. Suppose he has left heirs? How about that, Mr. Slowcome?”

“It is true that for the moment I had lost sight of that contingency. But really, Mr. Mallory, this mere gossip, though exceedingly agreeable, I am sure, as gossip, is so unimportant in any more serious point of view that one may well be excused for not bringing one’s legal wits to bear upon it. No doubt, again, if Julian Lindisfarn has left an heir male, legitimate and capable of being undisputably authenticated as such, that heir would inherit the Lindisfarn property.”

“The fact is, Mr. Slowcome, though I

could not refrain from being down upon you for making such an oversight, it would have come to the same thing whether Julian Lindisfarn had died in America years ago, or when he did. He has left a son born before he left this country for America.”

“A son born in wedlock, Mr. Mallory?”

“Of course. I should not be here to give you and myself trouble by talking of an illegitimate child.”

“Am I to understand, then, that you come to me, Mr. Mallory, as the legal representative of the child in question, and that you are prepared to put forward a claim to the Lindisfarn property on his behalf?”

“You could not have stated the case more accurately, Mr. Slowcome, if you had tried for an hour! That is exactly it. I come to make, and in due course to establish, the claim of Julian Lindisfarn, an infant, son of Julian Lindisfarn, formerly of the Close in Silverton, and of Barbara Mallory, his lawful wife, to be declared heir-at-law to the lands and hereditaments of Lindisfarn.”

“Son of Julian Lindisfarn and of Barbara Mallory, you say, Mr. Mallory. Any relative, may I ask?” said Slowcome, in the most indifferent manner in the world, but shooting a sharp glance at the provincial lawyer from under his eyebrows as he spoke.

“Yes; Barbara Lindisfarn, formerly Barbara Mallory, the widow of the late, and mother of the present, heir to the property, is my sister. But as that fact is wholly unessential to the matter in hand I did not think it necessary to trouble you with it.”

“Nay, it is one of the many facts that may perhaps—*may*, you know—be felt to have a bearing in the case, when it goes before a jury. Miss Mallory, your sister, was a native of Chewton in the Moor, if I mistake not?”

“Yes, she was, though I do not see what that has to do with the matter in hand any more than her being my sister has.”

“Not at all, not at all! Only it seems to me as if I could remember having heard something years ago about that unfortunate young man in connection with Chewton in the Moor. Yes, surely, surely, it was at Chewton in the Moor!”

“It was at Chewton in the Moor that Julian Lindisfarn met with Barbara Mallory, if you mean that,—at Chewton in the

Moore that he was married to her, and at Chewton in the Moor that his son was born."

"Ay, ay, ay, ay! Born subsequently to the marriage, of course?" said old Slow, with a very shrewd look out of the corner of his eye at the other.

"Subsequently to the marriage! Of course. Why, what the devil do you mean to insinuate, Mr. Slowcome?"

"I insinuate! Oh, dear, me, I never insinuated anything in my life! When I don't make a statement, I ask a question. I only mean to ask a question for information's sake, you know."

"All right, Mr. Slowcome; and I am happy to be able to give you the information you wish. Yes, the child, Julian Lindisfarn, was born in due time and season, so as to entitle him as fully to the name as he is entitled to the estates of Lindisfarn."

"And now Julian Lindisfarn, the father, is truly and certainly dead, at last, you say, Mr. Mallory."

"Yes; he died on the night of the twentieth of this month, at sea; and his death can be proved by several eye-witnesses of it."

"Have you any objection to say under what circumstances it took place?"

"None in the world, my dear sir, not the least in the world, if the press of business, and the value of your precious time, which you were speaking of just now, will allow you leisure to listen to such matters."

"Well, I can mostly find time for doing what has to be done, Mr. Mallory. I am naturally interested, you know, in the fate of that poor young man, whom I can remember as handsome a lad as I ever saw. His father is an old and valued friend of mine. And then, you know we are not engaged in business,—mere gossip,—mere idle chat, you know. Of course, when we come to talk of these things in earnest, we must look into documents,—do—cu—ments, Mr. Mallory,—which alone are of any avail in such matters. And how did the poor young man come to his death? On the twentieth—dear me! Only the other day."

"Only the other day, Mr. Slowcome. Ay! we are here to-day, and gone to-morrow, as the saying is. And that was specially his case, poor fellow, as one may say, for he was, as I told you, at Sillmouth, and, it seems,

had been ill, or wounded in some fray, or something of the kind, and so had been prevented from returning to France, whence, as I am given to understand, he had come. I have not troubled myself to obtain any accurate information upon all these points, seeing that they do not in any way bear on the important facts of the matter. What is certain is that the unfortunate young man engaged a passage for himself, his wife, and child, by a vessel called the *Saucy Sally*, of which one Hiram Pendleton was master and owner; that he sailed in her on the evening of the twentieth, in company with Mrs. Lindisfarn and their child; and that when off the coast of France on that night,—or rather on the following morning—it being very dark and foggy at the time, the *Saucy Sally* was run down by a larger vessel, the *Deux Maries* of Dunkirk, in which accident the passenger Julian Lindisfarn, as well as two others of the crew, perished. The body of one of the two sailors and that of Mr. Lindisfarn were recovered, and identified; of which due certificates and vouchers can be furnished by the French authorities; so that there is no doubt of his being dead this time, beyond the possibility of a mistake."

"And the lady who was with him, and the child?" asked Mr. Slowcome, who had listened to the above statement with more evident attention and interest than he had previously condescended to bestow upon Mr. Mallory's communications.

"The mother and the child were both saved by the exertions of Hiram Pendleton, the owner and skipper of the unlucky craft. He succeeded in placing both of them on the deck of the French vessel, and subsequently in saving himself in the same manner; though it seems by all accounts to have been touch and go with him."

"Hiram Pendleton; ay, ay, ay, ay! So it was Hiram Pendleton who saved the mother and child?" said old Slow musingly.

"Yes, indeed; and at great risk of his own life too, so it would seem."

"And lost his vessel; dear, dear, dear!" rejoined Slowcome, still musing.

"Yes, saved his passengers, and lost his ship. I suppose the loss will make Hiram Pendleton something like a ruined man."

"I have heard, I think, that he and the king's revenue officers were sometimes apt to differ in their views of things in general."

"Maybe so, Mr. Slowcome. I don't know much of him, and nothing of his affairs."

"No, no, of course not. It is not likely you should. How should you, Mr. Mallory? But now, as to this extraordinary and really very interesting story, which you have been telling me, perhaps it would suit you to mention when the do—cu—ments will be forthcoming. Of course without seeing the do—cu—ments I should not be justified in giving the matter any serious attention at all."

"Well, Mr. Slowcome, as far as satisfying you that you would *not* be justified in omitting to give the matter your most serious and immediate attention, and to lay the circumstances at once before your clients,—as far as that goes, I think I may be able to do *that* before we bring this sitting to a conclusion. Allow me to call your attention, sir, to these two documents, copies, you will observe; I do not carry the originals about in my pocket, as you will easily understand; but they can and will be produced in due time and place;" and the Sillmouth attorney drew from the breast-pocket of his very unprofessional-looking cut-away green coat, a pocket-book, from which he selected from among several other papers, two small strips. "The first," continued he, with glib satisfaction, "is, you will observe, a copy of the marriage certificate of Barbara Mallory with Julian Lindisfarn, Esquire, duly extracted from the register of Chewton Church, by the Rev. Charles Mellish, who performed the ceremony, and attested under his hand."

"Ay, ay, ay, ay! I see, yes. The paper seems to be what you state; and the other?"

"The other is a copy of certain affidavits duly made and attested, sworn by the medical man and nurse, who attended Mrs. Lindisfarn in her confinement, serving to remove any doubt which might arise respecting the date of the child's birth."

"Would it not be simpler and more satisfactory to produce the baptismal register?" said Mr. Slowcome, while closely examining the papers submitted to him.

"Simpler, certainly, it would be," returned Mr. Mallory; "but I do not see that it would be at all more satisfactory. But, the fact is, we have been driven to this mode of proof by the impossibility of finding any register at Chewton."

"Ay, indeed! impossibility of finding any register at Chewton?" rejoined old Slow, with the same appearance of almost careless indifference which he had hitherto maintained; but with the shrewd gleam of awakened interest in his eye, which did not escape the practised observation of his sharp companion. "May I ask if the other document has been confronted with the original record in the register?"

"No such register can be found at Chewton, Mr. Slowcome," returned Mallory. "No doubt the loss of the baptismal register, and that of the marriage register, is the loss of one and the same volume. When old Mellish, the late curate, died, about eight years ago, no register could be found. I don't know whether you are at all aware, Mr. Slowcome, what sort of a person Mr. Mellish was—the strangest creature!—about as much like one of your respectable city clergy here as a tame pigeon in one of your town dovecots is like a woodpigeon. He had lived all alone there out in the Moor, without wife or child, all his life, till he was as wild as the wildest of the Moorfolk. Things went on in a queer way in his parish. If the Saturday night's carouse went too far into the small hours of the Sunday morning, the inhabitants were not so unreasonable as to expect any morning service, and waited very patiently till the Sunday afternoon; and then my father—my father was and still is clerk of Chewton, Mr. Slowcome—my father used to go and see what condition the parson was in, before he rang the bell. Oh, it was a queer place, was Chewton in the Moor, in old Mellish's time! It was thought that he had probably kept the registers at his own residence, and every search was made, but all to no purpose. Births and marriages don't take place in that small population—only a few hundreds, Mr. Slowcome!—so often as to cause the register to be very constantly needed, you know."

"Ay, ay, ay! a very remarkable state of things. And your good father was parish clerk during the curacy of this exemplary gentleman, Mr. Mallory?"

"He was, Mr. Slowcome; and has been so, and is so still, under his successor, a very different sort of a man. If matters did not go on worse than they did in old Mellish's days, it was mainly due to my father, who

was far more fitted to be the parson, in every respect, than the drunken old curate, though I say it who should not, Mr. Slowcome."

"Nay, nay! I do not see any reason why you should not say so, since such was the case. But I suppose that even at Chewton it was the custom for a marriage to be solemnized before witnesses, Mr. Mallory?"

"Well, I should not wonder if that was very much as it happened. With a parson who saw double, one witness would easily do for two, you know; he, he, he!—but, however, there were two witnesses to my sister's marriage, as you will see by reference to the copy before you. My father took care that it was all right in her case, you may swear."

"Ay, ay, ay, ay! I see, I see—'James Martinscombe, of the Back Lane, Sillmouth,' and 'Benjamin Brandreth, of Chew Haven.' These witnesses, I suppose, will be forthcoming at need, Mr. Mallory?"

"Martinscombe will not, certainly; poor fellow. He was a friend of mine, Mr. Slowcome, and is since dead. Of Brandreth we have not been able to hear anything. He was a shipowner and master, of Chew Haven; and, I believe, a friend of my father's. He sailed, it seems, from Chew Haven, some five or six years ago, and has not been heard of since."

"Dear me! What, neither he, nor his ship, nor any of his crew? Are the ship-owners of Chew Haven (I don't know what sort of a place it is) apt to disappear in that way?"

"Chew Haven is a poor little place enough,—just a little bit of a fishing village, at the mouth of the creek that runs down off the Moor past Chewton. And, I take it, the fact was, that Brandreth was in reduced circumstances. I don't know that he was on a vessel of his own when he left Chew Haven and came back no more. No. It would have been satisfactory to find the witnesses, no doubt. But witnesses wont live forever, no more than other men. And failing the living men, I need not tell you, Mr. Slowcome, that their signature to the register is as good evidence as if they were to rise from the grave to speak it."

"No doubt, no doubt, Mr. Mallory. But we have not got their signature to the register,—only the parson's copy of it—and I have seen only the copy of that, you know."

"The curate's extract from the register,

duly made, signed, and certified in proper form, will be forthcoming in due time, Mr. Slowcome, and that is undeniable evidence, as you are well aware. Old Mellish's handwriting was a very peculiar one; and abundant evidence may be got as to that point."

"Well, Mr. Mallory," said Slowcome, suddenly, after a short pause, during which he had all the appearance of being on the point of dropping off to sleep, but was, in fact, deeply meditating the points of the statement that had been made to him,—“well, Mr. Mallory, of course, I can say nothing to all this. You allege a marriage between the late Julian Lindisfarn, recently deceased, under such painful circumstances, and your sister, Miss Barbara Mallory. Of course, every part of the evidence of such a statement must be expected to be subjected to the severest possible scrutiny; of course, you are as much aware of that as I can be. Of course, we say nothing. You will take such steps as seem good to you; and, in the mean time, I am much obliged to you for favoring me with this visit. Good-morning, Mr. Mallory."

"Good-morning, Mr. Slowcome. Of course it would be most agreeable and best for all the parties concerned, if such a family affair could be settled quietly and amicably,—of course it would. But we are ready for war or peace, whichever your clients may decide."

"Thank you, Mr. Mallory; of course, in reply to any such observation, I can say nothing,—absolutely nothing, upon the present occasion. Your statement shall receive all consideration, and the family will decide on the course to be pursued. Good-morning, Mr. Mallory."

And so the Sillmouth attorney bowed himself out, to the infinite relief of Mr. Bob Scott, who had begun to think that, if Slowcome and Sligo intended to keep their office open day and night, he had better look out for another service.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

MR. FALCONER IS ALARMED.

WHEN his visitor was gone, Mr. Slowcome sat still in his Windsor chair, apparently in deep meditation, so long, that the hardly used Bob Scott really began to give it up as a bad job, for that night at least. At last, however, he heard the old gentleman get up from his chair, and proceed to put on his

great-coat. So he came out of the dingy, prison-like office, in which he was condemned to pass his days, and which he had already made utterly dark, by putting up the shutters, so that he might lose no time in being off home when at last old Slow should think fit to bring his day's work to an end, and stood by the side of the hall-door, ready to let his master out, and to follow him as soon as he had gone half a dozen steps from the door.

But, just as Mr. Slowcome at last appeared at the door of his room, leisurely buttoning up his great-coat, as he came out into the hall, Mr. Bob Scott was startled by another sharp rap at the door close to him. Springing to open it, with the hope of getting rid of the applicant before old Slow could catch sight of him, he found himself in the worshipping presence of Mr. Falconer, the banker.

Bob Scott's face fell, and the sharp, angry "After office-hours!" to be accompanied by a slamming-to of the door in the new-comer's face, died away upon his lips.

"Is Mr. Slowcome within?" said the banker.

"Yes, sir, *he's* within," said Bob, with a deep sigh; "but I think, sir, he has put his great-coat on to go. It's *long* past office-hours, *you* know, sir. But we don't count hours here, oh, dear, no, nothing of the kind!"

"Well, ask Mr. Slowcome if he will allow me to speak to him, for just one minute; I wont keep him a minute."

"Just one minute," Bob muttered to himself, as he turned away to execute the banker's behest,—"*just one minute!*" As if old Slow could say, "*How do you do?*" under five minutes. It takes him that to open his blessed old easy-going mouth."

"Walk in, please, sir. Mr. Slowcome *has* got his great-coat on, sir; but he'll be happy to see you," added the despondent youth, returning into the hall.

"Only one word, my dear Slowcome, one word! No, I wont sit down, thank you; I only just looked in to ask you how we were getting on? The young folks are growing desperately impatient."

"Ay, ay, ay! I suppose so, I suppose so. Well, we were all young once. But, Mr. Falconer," and old Slow deliberately

stepped across the room and closed the door, which the banker, meaning only to say one hurried word, had not shut behind him, "I am very glad you happened to look in; for I have just this instant had a very strange visit, which may very possibly—possibly, I say—cause some little delay in bringing this matter to a satisfactory conclusion."

"Delay!" replied the banker, evidently ill at ease; "why, there is nothing wrong, I hope,—nothing"—

"Well! that we shall see; I hope not, I sincerely hope not; but"—

"For Heaven's sake, my dear sir, what is it? Pray speak out."

"Well, yes, to you, Falconer; but it is a delicate matter. However, in your position—Lindisfarn settles, you know, half the property on Miss Margaret."

"Yes, a very proper settlement, surely?"

"Oh, very, very,—if—he have the power to make it!" said the old lawyer, dropping his words out, one after the other, like the ominous drop, drop of heavy blood-drops on a pavement.

"Power to make it—Lindisfarn? And you have just had a strange visit? What is it? What difficulty or doubt can there be?"

"I suppose you know the history of the entail of the property? Male heir of Oliver, eldest son;—failure of male issue there, male heir of Theophilus, younger son; failing male issue there, return to female children of eldest brother."

"Yes, yes, of course! I know all that; all the country knows it."

"Just so, just so. You no doubt know also the circumstances under which Dr. Theophilus Lindisfarn, having had a son, became childless; in consequence of which event, the estates reverted to the daughters of the elder brother?"

"To be sure I do; nobody better. I remember all the circumstances as well as if they had happened yesterday. I have reason to, by George! But the poor fellow died; and there is an end of that—killed in America by the savages. A great mercy, too, for all parties concerned, between you and me, Mr. Slowcome. Quite a providential arrangement!"

"Oh! quite so—if it had been carried out. But what if Providence neglected that means

of making all snug and comfortable. Suppose the story of the murder by the Indians was all false?"

"What! you don't mean to say"—stammered the banker, turning pale.

"Yes, I do; just so, just that," said old Slow, making a balancing piston-rod of his chin and pigtail; "at least," he added, "that is what I have been told by a man who left this office not two minutes before you entered it."

"Good Heavens! That man alive still! And the result, therefore, is, that the Misses Lindisfarn have no longer any claim to be their father's heirs?"

"Precisely so, Mr. Falconer. That is the very lamentable and unfortunate state of the case."

"But if Julian Lindisfarn were a convicted felon, Mr. Slowcome?"

"But he was not a convicted felon, Mr. Falconer; no proceedings were ever taken against him."

"But it is not too late to do so!" cried the old banker, eagerly, with an excited gleam in his eye.

Old Slow shook his head gently, and a quiet smile came over his face, as he answered,—

"Wont do, Mr. Falconer. There's no hope of disposing of the difficulty in that way."

"Why? If he comes forward to make any claim"—said the other, eagerly.

"You might put salt on his tail; but he has beat us, Mr. Falconer. He is dead now; though he did not die in America."

"But then—if I understand the matter at all, Slowcome, the girls become the heiresses after all."

"You are in such a hurry, Falconer. One is sure to run one's head into some mistake, when one suffers one's self to be hurried. That is why I never do. If Julian Lindisfarn had died without legitimate issue, it would have been as you state; but that, as I am told, is not the case. The object of the man who was here just now was to set up a claim on behalf of a son of Julian Lindisfarn."

"And such a son would inherit to the ousting of Mr. Lindisfarn's daughters?"

"Unquestionably he would; there can be no doubt about that at all," said Slowcome, raising his head and looking point-blank into his companion's face.

"And this statement—or rather all these statements, Mr. Slowcome—did they come to you, may I ask, from a trustworthy source,—from such a source as would lead you to put faith in them?"

"Ah! there we come to the marrow of the question. The gentleman who was kind enough to communicate these facts to me is—not a—person—on whose unsupported statement I should be disposed to place implicit reliance. But neither is he one who would for a moment suppose that his statement could be of any avail. No, he has got his proofs,—his documents."

"You think, then"—said Falconer, cursing in his heart old Slow's dilatory and tantalizing mode of dribbling out the contents of his mind.

"I think, Mr. Falconer,—for to you I have no objection whatsoever to give, not my opinion, mind; for I cannot be expected to have had either the time or the means to form an opinion upon the case as yet; but my impressions, my merely *primâ facie* impressions,—though you will of course understand that I said no word to my informant which could lead him to infer that I either believed or disbelieved any portion of his statement,—my impression is that it is true that Julian Lindisfarn did not die years ago in America, but that he did die, as stated, the other day at sea off the neighboring coast of France. I am further disposed to believe that he really did leave a son behind him, who is now to be put forward as the heir-at-law to the property."

"It is all up, then!" cried the banker, throwing up his hands as he spoke.

"You are in such a hurry, Falconer! You are making a most prodigious jump to a conclusion, and a wholly unwarrantable one. I believe, as I say, that Julian Lindisfarn left a son. Did he leave a legitimate son?" said the lawyer, dropping the words like minute guns, and aiming a poke with his forefinger at the third button of the banker's waistcoat, as he finished them; "that is the question. That is the only direction, to speak the plain fact frankly, as between you and me, in which I see any loophole—any hope."

"But the child is stated to be legitimate."

"Stated! of course he is stated to be legitimate. What is the use of *statements*. They have more than that. The copy of a document professing to be an extract from the

marriage register, duly made and signed by the clergyman, and attesting the marriage of Julian Lindisfarn and Barbara Mallory, was shown to me."

"Barbara Mallory!"

"And I have no doubt but that the original of that document will be forthcoming. Also I have seen the copies of affidavits proving the birth of the child at a due and proper period after the marriage. And I have little doubt but that the date of the child's birth can be substantiated."

"Well, then, where on earth do you see any loophole of hope, I should like to know?"

"Well, Mr. Falconer, it must have occurred to your experience to discover that every document is not always exactly what it professes to be in every respect. I do not know. I cannot say anything. But there are certain circumstances that I think I may call—ahem!—suspicious, in the statement which was made to me. The register, from which the extract certifying the marriage professes to have been taken, is stated to be lost. It may be so; many registers have been lost before now. Of course we shall leave no stone unturned to see whether any hole can be picked in the case put forward. Strict search must be made for this missing register. The father of the woman said to have been married to young Lindisfarn is, and has for many years been, parish clerk of the village where the marriage was celebrated,—a rather ugly and suggestive fact."

"Mallory, Mallory—why, that is the name of the old clerk at Chewton in the Moor, Dr. Lindisfarn's parish!"

"Just so; and the person who was with me just now, and who is getting up this case, is a son of the old man, and brother of the so-called Mrs. Lindisfarn, an attorney—of no very good repute, between ourselves—at Sillmouth. He tells me a great deal—most of which I knew very well before he was born—of the careless and unclerical habits of old Mellish, the late curate at Chewton, which is put forward to account for the loss of the register. If that register could only be found!"

"Please, sir, it only wants a quarter to six!" said Bob Scott, opening the door of his master's room, and making this an-

nouncement in the utter desperation of his heart.

"Good Heavens! so late?" exclaimed Falconer, turning as white as a sheet.

"Oh, it is no matter," said old Slow, as placidly as possible; "there is no hurry; there is time enough for all things!"

"I beg pardon, my dear sir. Not another second for the world,—a thousand pardons!"

And to old Slow's no little surprise and perplexity, but to Bob Scott's infinite delight, the banker brushed off in the greatest possible hurry, and almost ran up that short portion of the High Street which intervened between the office of Slowcome and Sligo, and the lane which led from it into that part of the Close in which his own residence was situated.

Only a few minutes to six; Good Heavens! and in another ten minutes his son would be speeding, as fast as post-horses could carry him, toward Gretna, to join himself indissolubly to a girl not worth a penny. Heavens and earth, what a merciful escape! If indeed there be yet time to stop him.

"Gregory, Gregory!" cried Mr. Falconer, bursting into the private parlor at the bank, where he knew that the old clerk was fortunately still engaged with his books, and throwing himself panting on a chair, as he spoke,—*"Gregory! Mr. Frederick is going to run off with Miss Lindisfarn from the door in the wall of her uncle's garden in Castle Head Lane, at six this evening. It only wants a few minutes. Run for your life, and stop him; at all hazards, mind you! Cling to him if necessary. Tell him you come from me; and bring him here to me. Mind now, everything depends on your being there in time and preventing his starting. Off with you!"*

And that is why and how the elopement did not take place, and Margaret was betrayed in the shameful manner that has been related.

CHAPTER XL.

THE TIDINGS REACH THE CHASE.

"MERCIFUL Heaven!" thought the panting banker to himself, as he sat, exhausted with the unwonted exertion he had made, in the chair into which he had thrown himself while speaking to Greatorex, "what an escape! what a marvellously providential es-

cape! If only Gregory Greatorex is in time! But yes, yes, there is time, there is time. To think that if that young scamp of a clerk had not got tired of waiting, and put his head into the room to say that it was near six o'clock, I should have let the precious moments slip to a certainty. They would have been off, and Fred would have married a beggar. 'Twas a mere chance, too, my looking in at Slowcome's, as I went down the High Street, a mere chance. How thankful we ought to be to a mercifully overruling Providence! A beggar,—yes, those poor Lindisfarn girls are no better,—evidently no better. It is all very well for Slowcome to make the best of it, and talk about a loophole and a hope. Of course, it is his business and his duty to do so. Of course a fight on the subject will suit his book; but it is as plain as a pikestaff that they have not a chance, and that is Slowcome's opinion too. A most wonderful dispensation, truly. 'There goes six o'clock!' cried Mr. Falconer, jumping from his chair, and going nervously to the window of the room. 'Heaven grant that Gregory may have been in time, and that Fred has listened to reason. Oh, yes, he never would!—but I should be very thankful to have him safe here.'

And the old gentleman, with his hands plunged into the pockets of his superfine black shorts, kept nervously moving from the window to the fireplace, and from the fireplace to the window, looking at his watch every minute.

'Thank goodness, you are here, my dear boy!' he exclaimed, as Frederick entered the room at last, seizing him by the hand, and shaking it again and again,—'thank God, you are here! Greatorex has done it like a faithful servant! I will not forget him. My boy, what an escape we have had!'

'But will you have the kindness to explain the meaning of all this, sir? You first tell me'—

'Yes, yes, I know, I know. But, my dear boy, such an extraordinary circumstance. You shall hear. There was only just time, barely time to stop you. A minute or two more, and you would have been off, and'—the banker finished his phrase in dumb show, by throwing up his eyes, hands,

chin, and nether-lip, to heaven,—or at least, toward the ceiling of the bank parlor.

'But I'll be shot if I can make out head or tail in the matter!' cried his son.

'Have a moment's patience till I can tell you,' remonstrated the senior.

'You yourself put me up to going off with the girl, and then at the last moment—Do you consider, sir, that you have made me behave very ill to Miss Lindisfarn?'

'My dear Fred, let her alone, let her alone. Thank Heaven, you have no need to trouble yourself any further about her!'

'To think of her, poor little darling, waiting and waiting there, at that garden-door.'

'My dear boy, she has not a penny.'

'Getting into a scrape with her aunt, most likely'—

'I tell you, Fred, she is a beggar!'

'Catching her death of cold in that damp garden'—

'Don't I tell you she has not a sixpence in the world? Do you hear? Do you understand what I say? Not a sixpence! And I have been mercifully permitted to become cognizant of the truth in the most extraordinary manner, just in time,—barely in time to save you from marrying yourself to a beggar. Ten minutes more, and you would have been off; and nothing could have saved you.'

'But what on earth is the meaning of all this? Will you have the kindness to explain to me what has happened, or what you have heard?'

'Sit down then, Frederick,—sit down quietly, and you shall hear all. I am so shaken with the surprise, and my anxiety about you, and the run I had, that I am all of a tremor. But once again, thank God, all is safe! Think of my stepping by chance—quite by chance—into Slowcome and Sligo's, as I was walking down the street,—thinking of the job you were after, you dog!—just to ask whether they were getting on with the settlements. I do not know what prompted me to go in. But it is a wonderful instance how a merciful Providence overrules our actions. I think it must have been a feeling that it would be just as well for me to show in that way that I knew nothing about the elopement, you know. So I just stepped in; and Slowcome told me the news.'

"What news, in Heaven's name?"

"Do be patient a moment, Frederick? Am I not telling you? 'Settlements!' said Slowcome; 'it will be well if Lindisfarn is ever able to make any settlement at all on his girls,' or something to that effect. And then he told me that he had just had a man with him, who had made a formal claim on the inheritance on behalf of a son of Julian Lindisfarn, who, the man said, had not died in America long ago, as supposed, but quite recently in this immediate neighborhood."

"A son of Julian Lindisfarn!"

"Yes; a son by a certain Miss Mallory out at Chewton in the Moor, his father's living, you know."

"What, a legitimate son?" asked Frederick, eagerly.

"Yes; it would seem so; a son born in wedlock, of Julian Lindisfarn and his wife, Barbara Mallory!"

"His wife? I do remember, sir, that at the time of his unhappy detection and escape, there was something about some girl out on the Moor. Of course, you know, sir, I was not in his confidence, and knew little or nothing about the matter; but I know that he had some tie of the sort out there. But his wife,—is it possible? Well, he was just the sort of man, soft enough and reckless enough to be led into anything of the kind. Up to think that his son should now turn up to cut the Misses Lindisfarn out of their inheritance!"

"Ay, indeed! Slowcome talked about some possibility that the child might turn out to be illegitimate after all. But he admitted that the man had shown him copies of documents,—extracts from the register and that sort of thing; and he evidently had little or no hope of being able to resist the claim himself. Yes, the property will go to the child of that scamp, Julian, and Miss Margaret and Miss Kate will be nowhere! Don't you feel, Fred, that you have had a most narrow, a most providential escape?"

"An escape, indeed!" cried Frederick. "It makes my head go round to think of it. But it is very painful, too, to think of that poor girl; she will be furious,—absolutely furious; and will feel that I have used her very ill."

"Pshaw, let her think what she pleases! What signifies it what she thinks? She has not a sixpence in the world, I tell you. She

will have enough to think about as soon as this terrible news reaches her. Of course it will be Slowcome's duty to communicate it to the Lindisfarns immediately. It will be all over the town to-morrow. Good Heavens! I should never have forgiven myself, Fred, if this elopement business had taken place. You will be pleased to hear, too, that there is much less need for any hasty step of the sort. The news from Lombard Street to-day has been very good. I am in considerable hopes that we shall get over the danger with no more damage than a mere scratch. A merciful escape there, too. But it would have made it doubly unfortunate if you had gone and irretrievably linked your fortunes to those of a beggar. As it is, your prospects are as bright as ever. And a word in your ear, my boy! Blakistry told me he did not like the sound of Merriton's cough at all; and look at his narrow chest. In that case, you know, little Emily Merriton would be a prize in the lottery worth catching, eh?"

In fact, the last posts from London had brought the Silverton banker tidings from his correspondents in Lombard Street, which gave him great hope that the serious danger which had threatened him would pass over with very little damage; and for the last day or two his heart had been very much more at ease.

The result of this had been that the old gentleman's mind had returned, with its usual zest, to those learned recreations which were his delight; and he had been able once more to take that interest in the proceedings of the Silverton archæologists, which, during the period of sharp anxiety about the fortunes of the bank, graver cares had put to flight. It was time, too, that he should do so. The great annual meeting of the Silshire Antiquarian Society was to take place next month. Several important papers from various leading members were to be read, and one especially by Dr. Lindisfarn on the "History and Antiquities of the Church of Chewton in the Moor."

Chewton Church was one of the specimens of ecclesiastical architecture of which Silshire was most proud. Next to Silverton Cathedral, it was, probably, the finest church in the county. Its remote position had hitherto prevented it from receiving all the attention which it merited. But there were several points of especial architectural and

ecclesiological interest attaching to it, and much was expected from Dr. Lindisfarn's promised paper. It was, in a special degree, his own ground, as he was the rector of the parish. He was understood to have bestowed long and careful study on the subject, and a great treat was expected by his learned brethren, and a considerable triumph by himself.

Mr. Falconer did not at all relish the prospect which was so pleasant to his old rival and (archæological) enemy. It was gall and wormwood to him to think that the canon should have it all to himself, and be permitted to walk over the course, as it were. He was sure that Lindisfarn would be guilty of some grievous error, some absurdity or other, which it would be a delicious treat to him to expose at the general meeting of the society,—a very learned man, the doctor; no doubt a very learned man; but so inaccurate, so careless, so hasty in jumping to a conclusion!

The doctor's memoir had, it was well known to his brother archæologists, been some months in preparation; and the banker had already more than once been out to Chewton quietly by himself to ascertain as far as possible the probable scope and line of the doctor's inquiries and researches, and to find, if possible, the means of tripping him up. It was thus that he had become acquainted with the fact that old Jared Mallory was the clerk of Chewton; and had indeed made some little acquaintance with that worthy himself; inasmuch as the banker's inquiries and examinations had necessarily been mainly conducted through him. Now, having his mind more at ease respecting his business anxieties, and returning therefore to his pet object of spoiling, if possible, his rival's expected triumph, he determined to pay another visit to the locality on the following Sunday. That day was the best for the purpose for two reasons; first, because the banker could then absent himself from Silverton for the entire day, without interfering with business; and, secondly, because on that day he could be sure that Dr. Lindisfarn would be safe in Silverton, and that there would be no danger of meeting him on the battle-field. The strange circumstances which he had heard from Slowcome made him curious, moreover, to see that old man again, and possibly also his daughter, the

soi-disant Mrs. Lindisfarn, and the child, who had become all at once of so much importance. The news of the loss of Hiram Pendleton's vessel, and of the stranger, who had taken passage in her back to France, and of the gallant rescue of a woman and child by the bold smuggler himself, had become partially known in Silverton; and it had reached the banker's ears that the rescued mother and child had gone back to the house of the woman's father at Chewton.

Before the Sunday came, however, which the banker had fixed for his excursion, others of those more nearly interested in the extraordinary tale which had been told to Mr. Slowcome were beforehand with him in a visit to the little moorland village.

Of course, Mr. Slowcome lost no time in communicating his tidings to the persons most nearly concerned in them. He had himself, the very next thing the morning after his interview with Mallory, driven up to the Chase, and been closeted with the squire in his study. Thus Kate was forestalled in the disclosure she was, in accordance with the agreement come to with her sister, to have made to her father that same morning. And it became unnecessary for her to say anything on the subject. The news the lawyer brought was necessarily a tremendously heavy blow to the stout and hearty old man. Would to God, he said, that the truth could have been known some years earlier! He might then have been enabled to make some provision for his poor dear undowered girls. It was now, alas! almost too late. He could not expect to hold the property many more years. Still, he might yet do something. Anyway, God's will be done; and God forbid that he should wish or make any attempt to set aside the just right of his brother's grandson.

"Those are the sentiments, Mr. Lindisfarn, which, if I may take the liberty of saying so, I felt sure that I should find in you. At the same time," said Mr. Slowcome, "you will permit me to observe that it is our bounden duty to ascertain beyond all doubt, that the child in question is in truth the legal heir to the estates."

"Is there any doubt upon that point, Slowcome?"

"I cannot tell you, I am sorry to say, Mr. Lindisfarn, that I have any very strong doubts upon the subject,—or rather, perhaps,

I should say that I have not any very strong hope of being able to prove that any such doubt in my own mind is justified by the facts of the case. But I have some doubt; I certainly *have some* doubt,—not that the child now brought forward is the son of your nephew Julian Lindisfarn, but doubt whether or no he were really born in wedlock.”

“Well, Slowcome; you know how incompetent I am even to form an opinion upon the subject. Let right be done. That is all I say. And I know I may leave the matter wholly in your hands, with no other expression of my wishes on the subject save that.”

“Certainly, certainly, Mr. Lindisfarn. Quite so. Of course I have not had time as yet to make any, even the most preliminary, inquiry in the matter,—hardly even to think of the subject with any due degree of consideration. But you may depend on all being done that ought to be done.”

“Thank you, Slowcome. And now comes the cruellest part of the business: I must break the news to my poor girls! I know my Kate will bear it bravely. And my poor, poor Margaret—hers is a hard case! But, any way, it is a mercy that this was discovered before she made a marriage under false pretences, as it were. Falconer is now at liberty to do as he likes about it. You will let Mr. Falconer understand that I consider him perfectly released from every shadow of a promise or intention made under other circumstances.”

“And now, Mr. Lindisfarn, I must lose no time in waiting on your brother. My first duty was, of course, to you.”

So the lawyer bowed himself out; and the poor old squire went bravely to work at the cruelly painful task before him.

Kate said all she could to comfort him. To her the most painful part of the conversation with her father was the necessity of concealing from him the fact that she already knew all he had to tell her. She doubted long as to her true duty in the matter, and was more than once almost inclined to yield to the temptation of telling him all. But the recollection of her promise to Margaret,—though according to the letter of it, she was now at liberty to speak, and if the facts had not become otherwise known, she would have spoken,—and the thought of the position she would have been placed in by the avowal, kept her silent.

Mr. Mat was absolutely furious,—utterly refused to believe in the legitimacy of Julian’s son,—swore it was all a vile plot; he knew those Mallorys, and knew they were up to anything. He had known poor old Mellish well. He did not believe but that the register could be found. It must and should be found somehow! In short, Mr. Mat was utterly rebellious against fate and facts.

Margaret of course was still at her unele’s house; and the task of breaking the news to her would therefore fall on others.

Mr. Slowcome’s duty in the Close was of a less disagreeable nature than it had been up at the Chase. Nevertheless, his tidings were not received there with any kind of satisfaction or exultation. It was some little time before Dr. Lindisfarn could be brought to remember all the old circumstances, and piece them together with those new ones which had come to light sufficiently to understand the present position of the matter. When he did so, his distress for his brother and his nieces was evidently stronger in his mind than any gratification at the prospect opened before his own grandchild. The thought that his poor lost son—lost so long, and, truth to tell, so nearly forgotten—had been all those years alive (and under what circumstances) and had died so miserably but the other day, and almost within sight of his paternal home! All this was a stirring up of harrowing memories and painful thoughts that brought with them nothing of compensation in the changed destinies of the family acres.

As for Lady Sempronia, she went into violent hysterics, and shut herself up in her own room, of course. It was a gratification to her that this tremendous trial should be added to her store of such things, much of the same sort as that experienced by a collector who adds some specially fine specimen of anything hideous to his museum.

Dr. Lindisfarn requested Mr. Slowcome to undertake the duty of breaking the news to Margaret; and the delicate task was accomplished by that worthy gentleman, with all the lengthy periphrasis and courtly pomposity which he deemed fitting to the occasion. It is needless to say that Margaret played her part to perfection. Of course she knew perfectly well from the moment of his solemn entry into Lady Sempronia’s drab drawing-room, and still more solemn introduction of

himself, every word that he was going to say. But he left her with the conviction that it was impossible for any young lady in her unfortunate position to show a greater or more touching degree of natural sensibility, tempered by beautiful resignation and admirable good sense, than she had done. She had listened with marked attention to the possibilities he had hinted at of error or fraud in the statements made, and had cordially adhered to his declarations of the propriety of taking every possible step with a view to discovering the real truth.

"Ah!" said old Slow to himself, as he left the drawing-room, "such a girl as that, with one half of the Lindisfarn property, would have been a pretty catch for my young friend Fred. It is a sad business,—a very sad business."

But before leaving the doctor's house, Mr. Slowcome caused himself to be again shown into the study; and set before the doctor his very strong desire that Dr. Lindisfarn should

himself accompany one of the firm on a visit to Chewton, with a view to seeing on the spot what could be done with a hope of discovering the missing register.

"I would go myself, Dr. Lindisfarn," he said, "if my presence were not imperatively required in Silverton, or if Mr. Sligo were not in every respect as competent as myself to do all that can be done. But it would be a great assistance to us, if you would consent to accompany him, both on account of your knowledge of the people and the localities, and more especially because your authority, as rector of the parish, would be exceedingly useful to us."

To this proposal the doctor, who was by no means loath to pay yet another visit to the scene and subject of his ecclesiological labors, and who began to speculate on the possibility of finding or creating a disciple in Mr. Sligo, made no difficulty. And it was decided that the visit should be made, as unexpectedly as possible, on the morrow.

Miss WATT, the only surviving child of the greatest British bibliographer, Dr. Watt, has lately died at Glasgow in a workhouse. Hardly a fit place this, for the country to have let the daughter of such a man die in; hardly a fitting reward by our country for the production of a work, of which, the latest writer on bibliography (Mr. S. Austin Allibone), confirming the opinion of many predecessors, has said, "Having examined every article pertaining to British authors (about 22,500) in the work, we consider ourselves qualified to give an opinion . . . the *Bibliotheca* of Dr. Watt will always deserve to be valued as one of the most stupendous literary monuments ever reared by the industry of man." Last year, a petition was presented to Lord Palmerston, praying for a grant of £100 a year, for the benefit of Miss Watt. The petition was signed by Alfred Tennyson, John Ruskin, Thomas Carlyle, George Grote, Sir Frederick Madden, Holman Hunt, Mrs. Gaskell, and many another name of note. An answer to it was promised in February, but none came till last week, some days after the death of the poor lady had been announced to one of the Premier's secretaries. Then a fellow-secretary wrote to ask if Miss Watt could be supported on £50 a year; if so, that

sum might probably be given to her. It was well, perhaps, that the offer came to a corpse.

DR. SEEMAN, who has been several months in Venezuela, for the purpose of inspecting an estate of 100 square leagues on the banks of the river Tocuyo, has returned to England by the last West India steamer. Whilst exploring the valley of the Tocuyo, he has discovered what may prove of the utmost importance to the railways and steamers now establishing in that part of the world,—extensive coal-beds, the coal being valued in London at thirty shillings per ton, and resembling the best Welsh steam coal. This part of South America is, as yet, little known, but abounds in natural wealth; in it are situated some of the richest copper mines in the world,—those of Aroa, to which an English company is now making a railroad, sixty miles in length, ten of which have already been finished. The soil is of extreme fertility, and mahogany and other precious woods abound. Public companies would do well, if, instead of sending out unknown agents to draw up reports, which the public only half believe, they were to induce travellers of reputation, as in this instance, to give their opinion on the land which is to become the field of their operations.

From The Saturday Review.

OLD LETTERS.

NEXT to going to a funeral or a wedding, one of the most melancholy tasks is the examination of old letters,—not old letters belonging to others, but letters once upon a time addressed to yourself or written by yourself. It is wonderful how they accumulate,—and that, owing to perfectly distinct causes. The prudent have a horror of burning business letters. The warm-hearted cannot bring themselves to destroy letters from friends. We do not mean that only men laboring under imbecility or notorious for hardness of heart, neglect to preserve their letters, but that, in a general way, motives of prudence or instincts of affection tend to rescue letters from the waste-paper basket or the fire.

Space is limited, or it is doubtful whether some persons would ever destroy any letters at all. Table-drawers grow plethoric with ancient correspondence, desks spring open under the pressure of epistolary congestion, india-rubber bands, with a sudden explosion, flatly refuse any longer to hold in confinement the tightly packed papers committed to their charge. It demands a painful exercise of ingenuity to pick out the letters you received yesterday and must answer to-day, from amongst letters received months, nay, years ago,—waifs and strays of social life, whose writers are perchance dead and buried. At such a juncture, it becomes imperative to disregard prudence and repress affectionate impulses. You must do something decisive. The time has arrived for holding an inquest on these defunct communications from friends, relatives, and strangers, and, with a few exceptions, consigning them to annihilation. And, after all, how little comfort does the letter of a friend who has passed away give to an aching heart! The familiar handwriting, the characteristic thoughts and fancies, the tokens of a true and faithful attachment, often seem to add poignancy to the bitter sense of solitude and isolation. The yearning “for the touch of a vanished hand and the sound of a voice that is gone,” comes back upon us with renewed intensity, and the faded lines upon the outstretched page become dimmer as we gaze. We doubt the wisdom of preserving a multitude of such memorials. Choose out a very few from the

melancholy pile before you, and reverently burn the remainder.

But your own letters, what will you do with them, should they fall into your hands? Suppose an admiring sister or doting mother has treasured them up, and the rich spoil is carefully returned to you, will you burn them unread, with the modest conviction that they are worthless? Or will you, with anxious circumspection, fold them anew in foolscap paper, tie the parcel up with trustworthy red tape, and store it away in your fireproof closet, alongside of the family title-deeds, and the silver soup-tureen privately presented to your grandfather, the dean, by the unanimous vote of the chapter, in testimony of their affectionate respect? If you are wise, you will do neither the one nor the other. You will snuff the candles and stir the fire, and quietly look them through. It is said that when death is very imminent, not introduced gradually by pain or disease, but suddenly brought home by unexpected peril, there will flash through the mind in rapid succession the series of events that make up the history of a life. It may be so. But certain it is that a heap of old letters, written at different periods of your past life, when duly examined and read, will present to you some such representation of the scenes and thoughts of youth and manhood and middle age—a spectral diorama, for the most part sad, yet softened here and there by touches of tenderness, and not without a wholesome lesson to a man whose heart retains a little of the freshness of other days.

Take up that venerable packet of letters, scribbled hastily and joyously when you were in the pride of early manhood. You remember something about them! How clever your friends thought them! How your sisters praised them! How even that parent you loved best, though she could not approve of all she read in them, confessed she felt proud of the bright sallies of fancy, the original thoughts carelessly flung out, filling those foolscap sheets! What do you think of them now? Do not look so much ashamed of yourself, but hold up your head and reply. Barring a certain joyous fluency common to youthful letter-writers, when they have something to say, barring here and there a sparkle of pleasantry reflected from the page of some favorite author, we fear your verdict will be

summed up in the word, rubbish. Nay, here and there you will see something less innocuous,—possibly a spice of jaunty profanity thrown in by way of bravado,—possibly a bit of ill-natured gossip, veneered by a few additions from your own imagination,—possibly some contemptuous scoff at that respectable old uncle, whom you were always quizzing behind his back, and who heaped coals of fire on your head, by leaving you in his will a comfortable income for life. Look through the letters page by page; do they not make you feel a trifle uncomfortable? How silly is that attempt at wit—how shabby that sneer—how feeble that show of logical argument! Well, you were a good deal younger in those days. But then, are we always so sure that, twenty years hence, we may not look back upon our present epistolary efforts with something, be it ever so little, of the mingled self-reproach and shame with which we regard the letters of our early manhood?

But what is this neatly assorted and carefully-labelled packet? For the most part, copies of letters of your own on a rather important family "complication." See how the first is headed. "Copy of my First Letter to my Sister M. on her intended marriage with Mr. J——J——." Then another. "Copy of my Second Letter to my Sister M., etc., etc."—and so on—a dozen or so of admirably composed and forcibly argued remonstrances against this most preposterous union. But "Sister M." was meekly obstinate, and Mr. J——J——humbly pertinacious; and so they married; and truth to say, the marriage has turned out fairly happy. Mr. J——J——was promoted, in due time, from a clerkship to a partnership. Mrs. J——J——, or "Sister M.," is blooming still; and on New Year's Day, you purchase a cabful of appropriate toys, and distribute them, in an ungrudging manner, to a small but obstreperous mob of nephews and nieces, amongst whom—on that occasion, at least—you are tolerably popular. We have no admiration for foolish marriages, but in the present instance, you will admit, on glancing over your letters, *re* Sister M.'s marriage, that, for a young man, the style was decidedly pompous, and the matter unquestionably priggish; so the sooner that budget is burnt the better.

Then comes a mass of business letters—they make your flesh creep even now—in the

handwriting of the family solicitor, a man of clear head and comprehensive views, who, with the best intentions, landed you in the quagmire of a Chancery suit, and then was inconsiderate enough to fall ill and die, leaving you to scramble out as best you might. This feat you accomplished after two years' racking anxiety, and emerged a rather wiser, and very much poorer, member of society than you were before. Those letters of the much respected family solicitor irritate like a blister. Burn them immediately, and expedite their combustion with the poker. After all, the poor man meant well; he was neither a knave nor a fool, but only studied your affairs through those abominable lawyer's glasses. Turn to something else. Here is a carefully-preserved correspondence. "Letters connected with my *fracas* with Colonel Filbert." Filbert, late of the Demerara Rifles, was, at the time of the *fracas*, leading director and honorary secretary of the "Santa Vacua Silver Mining Company, Peru." How did that little misunderstanding arise? It was a commonplace affair enough. The colonel made acquaintance with you at the club; then used your name to get into society; and having succeeded, spoke of you as a young friend from the country—raw, but not ungentlemanly,—whom the colonel had been particularly requested to "keep an eye upon." Whereupon arose angry words and angrier letters. Friends interposed, and, as is not uncommon, fanned the flame of strife. There was even talk of a duel,—for men fought duels in those days,—hence the draft of a rather absurd will that drops from among the letters. But in the midst of the angry correspondence and the officious attentions of friends inconveniently anxious for your honor, "the Santa Vacua Silver Mining Company" crumbled into nothingness, and Colonel Filbert, late of the Demerara Rifles, escaped to Brussels, much in debt to West End tradesmen, in the temporary disguise of a footman in livery.

What is this dusty roll of manuscript, much corrected and interlined? The draft of an article entitled "May-Day Dreams. By a Young Freethinker. Chapter I."—tendered to one of the leading magazines of the day, in sanguine expectations of a prompt and hearty welcome. The copy of a note to the editor is pinned to the manuscript, inti-

mating, in a vein of quiet confidence, and gentlemanly familiarity that, should he prefer poetry, you would be happy to oblige him. Somehow or other, the editor never acknowledged the receipt of the article, nor replied to your letter. For a year or two you laid the blame on the imperfect postal arrangements of the locality. Then you gradually came to the conclusion, that your style was too original for the respectable old periodical you had honored by your notice. Now, after the lapse of so long a time, you perfectly understand why the "Young Free-thinker's May-Day Dreams" did not exactly suit the respectable old periodical, and are not sorry that you did not devote your energies to scribbling the thirteen additional chapters that were dimly fermenting in your youthful brain. Throw the packet aside,—burn it by all means,—and take another.

Here is a rather bulky pile of letters in a woman's hand, graceful, clear, and flowing. How came these letters to be preserved? Cannot you summon up before your mind's eye the little hand that traced those characters, and the eyes of violet blue, so tender, yet so playful, that once gazed upon those mildewed sheets? Why did you keep those letters? There had been a bitter quarrel. You had heard that—who shall we say?—Jessie had laughed at you, made fun of you

with that ugly barrister with a cast in his eye, and had retailed to him half the foolish things you had told her in the warmth of your heart. Was it true? Who can say now? But she would not or could not deny it, and so you parted. What a fury you were in, and yet how wretched? Do you remember how you sternly denied yourself the luxury of shaving for three days, and then started for a six months' solitary sojourn in North Wales? And then, how you felt it wonderfully dull, and in a week returned to the family mansion, to the utter discomposure of your loving parents, who had meantime invited two maiden aunts to occupy your vacant apartment, on a long-promised visit of a couple of months? Well, angry you were with Jessie, no doubt. But still, you did not burn her letters, nor the lock of soft brown hair, which, if we mistake not, lurks coiled up in that envelope with the black edge. And Jessie, what became of her? It matters not. You will never see her again. Fold up the letters very gently, and put them by.

The candles are low in the socket. The fire burns dim. The grate is choked up with half-burnt letters. You may lock your desk, and sweep up those ashes of the past, and seek repose.

A NEW COPPER PAINT.—A new pigment, says the *Mining Journal*, calculated at the same time to increase the resources of the decorative painter, and to afford a ready means of preserving iron and other metals, has recently been introduced at Paris by Mr. L. Oudry, of the Auteuil Electro-Metallurgic Works. He first obtains an absolutely pure copper by throwing down the metal by the galvanic process; he then reduces the precipitate to an impalpable powder, by stamping. This powder is then combined with a particular preparation of benzine, and used in the same way as ordinary paint; beautiful bronzed effects are produced upon it by means of dressing with acidified solutions and pure copper powder. The articles painted with the new material have all the appearance of electro-bronze, whilst its cost is less than one-sixth; it will last from eight to ten years. Mr. Oudry

also proposes to substitute benzine oil for linseed and other oils, over which it possesses great advantages.

TO PURIFY INFECTIOUS AIR.—At the late meeting of the British Scientific Association at Newcastle, Dr. Richardson said the best way to destroy organic poison in rooms was to place iodine in a small box with a perforated lid. During the epidemic of the small-pox in London, he had seen this used with great benefit. Though not so powerful as chlorine or bromine, we may remark iodine is less offensive, and not quite so injurious to gilding or other metal work. Dr. Murray Thompson said charcoal was now used in the hospitals in India, with beneficial effect. It was hung up in bags from the rafters.

THE LIVING AGE.

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THE KNOTTED CORDS.

"Take these things hence."

In the great temple made with hands,
Where Jewish altars drip with blood,
Behold! the true Messiah stands—
In lowly guise, but loftiest mood;
And bids the sons of Traffic flee—
His spirit stirred to shame's deep sense,
Their merchandise and gold to see,
With scourge and voice, "Take these things
hence!"

From scourge and voice the guilty throng,
With fear amazed, a sudden rush,
And Zion's courts and halls along
There spreads a strange and solemn hush;
Nor Priest, nor Pharisee, the ire
Fierce seething in his bosom vents,
Awed by the brightness of the fire
Which flames the words, "Take these things
hence!"

This vision comes from out the Past,
There is no Jewish temple more;
And Time and Death their spells have cast
O'er the long-buried scene of yore:
"Oxen and sheep and doves" not yet,
To God's high courts, as shambles, come;
Then why not we the speech forget,
Which smote those old offenders dumb?

Ah, never words of Christ may die,
Nor while they live their savor lose;
Instinct with force and import high,
Or if we heed them, or refuse;
The lesson of the knotted cords
Has for our souls an inner sense;
Still sound for us the Master's words
On Zion's hill: "Take these things hence!"

We sit within our sacred fanes,
One temple to a thousand grown;
And deem a glory each contains,
To dim Shekinah all unknown;
Nor mourn we altar-fires gone out,
Nor sigh for sacrifices done;
Such nobler worth we fold about
Our bleeding Lamb, God's only Son.

Yet there, ay, there, before his cross,
Its blood-prints reddening in our gaze,
We sometimes count our yellow dross,
And sometimes tread our week-day ways;
Our fields and flocks grow far more real
Than heaven's divinest influence;
Till echoes on our memory steal
Of the old tones: "Take these things hence."

Ah, lighter sin was theirs of old,
Who trafficked on the Temple's floor,
Than ours, who build a shrine to Gold,
Within the church's hallowed door.
Not sacrificial doves and sheep
Profaned so much God's ancient place
As sordid thoughts our souls that steep
Within the pale of his sweet grace.

We carry not along the aisle
Our week-day airs, our week-day dress;
What matters this, if we, the while,
Are wedded to our worldliness!
Our lands, our stocks, our gold are there,
For barter, in a fearful sense;
And clearer than our murmured prayer
Rings the stern cry, "Take these things
hence!"

The knotted scourge may be restrained,
That we the gentler speech may heed:
But God's own house too long profaned—
The guilty soul is sure to bleed:
With flaming zeal the Lord will come,
To drive the rash intruder thence,
Who, stricken sorrowful and dumb,
Will heed the voice: "Take these things
hence."

How sweeter far to hold the place
Where God our supplications hears,
And pours the beauty of his face,
Like sunshine through our falling tears,
Too dear, too pure, for aught below
To wile us there on vain pretence;
And never more the shame to know
Of Christ's reproach: "Take these things
hence!"

W. C. RICHARDS.

—*Examiner*.

LIGHT ON THE WHITE HILLS.

A LEADEN sky is bending dark
Above me as I stand,
The north wind, cold, and thick with storms,
Is chilling half the land;
But, far away, a hundred hills
Stand bathed in mellow light,
All covered deep with winter's snow,
All radiant and white.

And so to me, who stand alone
'Neath threatening heavens furled,
Those far-off mountains seem to be
Hills of a holier world;
And old Franconia's ragged sides,
Letting the glory in,
Like the transparent gates of pearl,
Shutting out grief and sin.

And other skies will gather dark,
And other winds blow cold,
And storms of sorrow, fierce and strong,
Come rushing o'er the wold;
But, brighter, seen through mists and tears,
Will gleam the distant light,
God's glory, on those shining hills,—
His promise still in sight.

J. A. E.

—*N. Y. Observer*.

From The Reader, 18 June.

UNPOPULARITY OF GREAT BRITAIN ABROAD.

GREAT BRITAIN, it seems, is at this moment extremely unpopular with all the rest of the world. By some of the great powers she is absolutely detested; others are unusually cold in their estimates of her; and the one or two that are still kindly to her as a nation are sad on account of her present statesmanship. Such, at least, is the report from all quarters; and there seem to be corroborations of its truth. Neither of the two powers now at war with each other in North America is satisfied with the conduct of Great Britain in reference to their struggle; and the feeling of the Federals toward her is one of actual bitterness. On the Continent, for some time past, but more especially since the war between the Germans and the Danes began, there has been a universal pointing of fingers, with hisses or other unflattering expressions, towards our tight little island. We have been snubbed by Russia for our officiousness in the matter of Poland, without any compensation in the way of respect or gratitude from the Poles. In France the selfishness and insular narrow-mindedness of Britain are at present the favorite themes of journalists. As to Germany—why, there, it is said, we are in such disfavor on account of our behavior in the Schleswig-Holstein business that English tourists are everywhere, throughout the German States, received with the cold shoulder, and are even in risk of insult. The statement has been contradicted; but it has been made and repeated so strongly that it is impossible to suppose it wholly false. And then, in poor little Denmark, where they do love us for the sympathy so generally shown among us for their cause, they are sorely disappointed that our sympathy has been so barren of aught save words. In short, if there never has been a time when Britain was generally popular with other nations, she seems at present to be exceptionally unpopular all round.

In Mr. Auberon Herbert's volume, just published under the title of "The Danes in Camp: Letters from Sønderborg"—a volume which we briefly noticed last week, and which we again recommend as containing graphic sketches, by an enthusiastic English friend of the Danes, of scenes and incidents

of the warfare in Schleswig in March last,—there are several passages in which the author calls the attention of his fellow-countrymen to this present unpopularity of our nation abroad, and to the causes of it. Here are the most notable of these passages:—

"*A German's Talk about Us on the Railway from Hanover to Hamburg.*—Some of his remarks on England struck me as containing grains of truth. 'You are personally disliked,' he said, 'because you affect a superiority over other nations. No nation can submit patiently to be despised; and yet this is what your speech and your writing and your manner require of us to bear. You have now no right to be surprised if, when your foreign policy has made you the laughing-stock of Europe, we take advantage of the opportunity to hurl back this contempt at you.' After that he relapsed into wildness, with only occasional gleams of reason. 'You do not understand in England such questions as the Dano-German. Your people are uneducated, and forced to follow the teaching of the press, which is corrupt. The Manchester school is coming to the head of affairs, and they will never allow you to go to war, however many a "*dröhnungs-note*" you may write. You are no longer a military power; you could not even raise, during the Crimean War, as many soldiers as you wanted in England. You are very great at spinning cotton or working iron,—at making money, but not at making war.' There are two ideas, as you will notice here, which have taken fast hold of the German mind,—the one that our press has entirely lost its independence, and the other that England could not and would not sustain the burden of a great war."

"*What they think of Us in Denmark.*—The Danes are sorely hurt at our desertion of their fortunes. They feel it the more acutely because between them and England there has existed a silent brotherhood. English is the language which is taught in their schools and colleges, and which forms a regular part of their education. Their customs, their feelings, their ways of thought, their character, and sometimes their very look, are English. To English literature they have turned in the attempt to oppose it to that of Germany, which, during the last years, has been creeping silently northwards; English is the language which they seem to have chosen even in preference to French or German, which would have afforded a better link of communication between themselves and the nations of that great continent on whose outer edge their fortunes are cast, and

to which they cling desperately, with nothing but the bravery and the stern virtues of the old Norse race to maintain them on their narrow foothold. Whatever the Danes feel on the subject of England, they say but little to an Englishman. It always touches me to see how much their courtesy seals their lips. Sometimes, however, the thought escapes indirectly from them."

"Universal Opinion of Us on the Continent."

—It is well for an Englishman as he travels through Germany, if he understands no language but his own. The most undisguised contempt is poured upon us. We have not been liked for some time past in Prussia; but, until the present, we were at least respected. Let me try and put before you something of that which I have heard from educated foreigners, not Danes, about our behavior.

"'You in England,' say my friends, 'have taken up a neighbor's quarrel; you have taken the cards out of his hands, and played them for him; you have played them for him in such a way as to give all that his antagonist asked; you have made him separately and severally concede every point demanded; nowhere and at no moment has he refused to follow the course on which you have insisted, or turned aside from the sacrifices which you have dictated; nor has he taken his cards back into his own hands until the last moment, when you yourselves have thrown them up, and have left him alone and friendless to play the remnant of this miserable game out for himself. Is not this literally what you have done? I do not want to judge your conduct by what men think of it in Denmark; I am willing that it should stand on its trial in any court or country which you choose to name in Europe; but if, at Vienna, at Berlin, at Paris, at Turin, or anywhere else out of England you choose, you find but one opinion, and that of such a sort as would, could you hear it, disturb even your self-esteem, are you willing to remain quite happy in your share of the past, and quite satisfied with what you have done? Are you quite sure that, after all, these foreign nations, who from different points of view have formed but one opinion about your writings and your doings, are not as likely to be right as you who are judging from one point of view of what relates to yourselves? . . . Of what weight will your voice be hereafter in the councils of Europe to protest against a wrong, or to uphold a right? Of what value will be your seal? Why, even the voice and seal of Prussia—whom you have been in the habit of calling fearful and selfish—will count for more than yours! Of what use now are you, or will you be henceforward, in main-

taining order in the great European family? You can have no external policy. Your Eastern, your Italian, your Grecian, or your Portuguese policy will break as a bubble beneath any finger which touches it. You may fight when your own possessions are threatened; but, as a member of the European family, with a controlling voice in the interests and happiness of Christendom, you have vacated your place. What right have you to do this? What right, as a first-class nation, have you to try and free yourself from the obligations of your position? . . . Nor, in all probability, will peace be the reward of your peaceful policy. Some minister or people, presuming on the past, will insult you; and you are still too proud a nation to bear, without resenting it, a national insult. You will then find yourselves engaged in some great war, standing alone and apart from the sympathy of Europe, and with the bitter reflection that this had been spared, had you known how to speak in season a few words of brave and honest meaning when the peace of Europe demanded it.'

"What can I say? What do you find to say in England; or are you silent as I am? That, perhaps, which mortifies one most deeply is the remembrance that twice, even without time to change our dresses, we have played the same character. There was but one feeling in England that we had either spoken too much or done too little for unhappy Poland; and yet, loudly as we reproached ourselves, we were only repenting to be free to sin again. But the subject is hateful."

Deducting as much as we choose from these reports of Mr. Herbert, on account of the one-sided susceptibility which we may suppose his passionate affection for the Danish cause may have given him,—and one does note in his book a certain innocence and juvenility of feeling which, while it makes us like him, would hardly dispose us to receive implicitly his judgments or even his impressions,—we have still enough left to be matter of thought. His testimony that we are very unpopular at present throughout Europe accords with too many other testimonies to be set aside; and, though a nation ought not, any more than an individual, to set so much store on popularity with its neighbors as to be greatly downcast by the cessation of it, provided it has the approval of its own conscience, yet a nation cannot, any more than an individual, be quite indifferent to the fact that it is generally disliked. It is for political journalists to investigate the causes of

the present universal unpopularity of Great Britain, in so far as they lie in the peculiar course of diplomatic action which has been pursued by our Government in such recent international questions as those of the American war, the Polish insurrection, and the quarrel between the Danes and the Germans. There are aspects of the subject, however, of less exclusively political interest.

In so far as our unpopularity may have arisen from the resentment of other nations at the general tone of British opinion and feeling in reference to questions which are of life-and-death importance to those nations, the contemplation of this unpopularity need not disturb our equanimity unless we are conscious of having neglected the duty that lies upon us always to qualify ourselves for having an opinion on a foreign question before pronouncing one. What is the means by which we can qualify ourselves for judging of a foreign question and for honestly letting one side or the other of those actively engaged in the question have the benefit of our good wishes and expressions of sympathy? There is no other means than the study of the question. This phrase "the study of the question" is one which we ought to keep frequently repeating to ourselves in these days when we are called upon, almost by the habits of society, to be so opinionative all of a hurry upon matters far beyond our own personal range. There are, perhaps, few questions, however complex,—the terrible American war itself being hardly an exception,—in which it would not be competent for an intelligent man, if only he would take a little pains, to arrive at such a distinct preponderance of affection for one side or the other as would at least be sufficient for himself. They are comparatively few, however, in any community who make this trouble in forming their politics. We rush into decisions on the impulse of a few stock-notions or prejudices, or simply because, when all around us are vehement, we must be vehement too, in order to do our part in the talk. What we have to ask ourselves now, accordingly, in presence of the fact of our unpopularity abroad, is whether we have, of late, and in reference to recent questions of international interest, been more than usually hurried and careless of real inquiry in the formation of our opinions. If our consciences acquit us of any such

fault, we need not take our unpopularity much to heart. In a country like this there will always be such oppositions and differences of view on contemporary foreign questions, even among those who do base their judgments on study and inquiry, that what is called the national tone of feeling on any such question can only be the tone of feeling of a more or less considerable majority. It is to be remembered also that, when parties are in conflict, we can never please them all, and that, whatever amount of anger may be directed against us because of the tone of feeling which is prevalent, there would probably have been as much anger if the tide of feeling had gone the other way. Still, the lesson for us is the necessity there always is of a study of the question respecting which events call us, if only as spectators, to come to a conclusion. In the war between Germany and Denmark, for example, what we behold is history making a step forward,—a tendency to some new adjustment at that point in the map of Europe where the Scandinavian and the German races, and the political systems which they respectively represent, come into mutual contact, and where there has long been a disturbed equilibrium. We are called upon, if only as spectators, to say how we should like to see history taking this step,—what particular adjustment would best satisfy us. It does not seem impossible that, as spectators, we should arrive at a notion of an adjustment which should be equitable and expedient in all the circumstances of the case,—which should remedy the original causes of discontent in Schleswig-Holstein, and, while gratifying as far as may be our natural British sympathies with brave little Denmark, and also that general Scandinavianism which seems to have been suddenly awakened in our fibre (as if we felt more akin to the Scandinavians than to the Germans, and more bound up with them in the near future of Europe), should yet recognize the respect due from all the world to any idea on which a nation so great intellectually as the Germans declares itself to be unanimous.

How we should judge and wish in such matters, is one question; what we ought to do, if our judgment and wishes are thwarted, and our recommendations scouted and rejected, is another. There are among us at pres-

ent who are rampant for a war, on certain easy contingencies, in behalf of Denmark. What leads them to this is, partly indignation at the fixed idea of foreign powers and peoples that Britain, now that she has the Manchester party in such influence at the heart of her, will never go to war with anything whatever, and that, consequently, in any arrangements concerning other parts of the earth, no attention need be paid to her. They long to see an end put to this state of things,—to see Great Britain go to war, if only to prove that she can go to war. A very unsatisfactory reason, we think, for resorting to the last action of nations! When, and for what, a country should go to war, is a question removed by a dark intervening gulf from the question, when, and for what, a country should avow its convictions of right, or its predilections of expediency. The gulf can hardly be too broad. There may, indeed, come occasions when it must be overleaped; but they ought, surely, and especially for an island like ours, to be few and far between. May the next occasion for us be distant! And yet, in the state in which the whole world now is, who can tell how near it may be?

From the *Volks-Zeitung* (Berlin: Democratic),
11 June.

THE ILL-WILL TO ENGLAND ON THE CONTINENT.

In the latest newspaper reports from Paris, an incident in so-called public life is related, which in itself is so insignificant that it will soon be forgotten, but which, as a symptom of the state of feeling which, on another more serious occasion, may lead to important results, merits a word or two of notice.

At a race at the Bois de Boulogne, in Paris, a prize of 100,000 francs was offered, for which, an English and a French horse, which had won triumphs elsewhere, were competitors. The French horse gained the victory, and the enthusiasm of the French spectators rose to such a height, that the French papers designate it "a real political event." The accounts of German newspapers complete the description of the scene. "The Court," says a correspondent, "left for Fontainebleau—the emperor, the empress, and her son, in an open carriage. So long as I have been here, I have never, excepting on parades, when the *Vive l'Empereur!* regularly rolls like thunder, heard such a hurrah. The two cries alternated: Long live the Emperor!

Down with England! Long live the Imperial Prince! Down with England!"

We have no need to explain to our readers, who are Germans, what value is to be given to the vivats of a Paris crowd, as they have a disgust for all such homage to the gods of the age. But, even in the crimes of a nation, there is something to be seen of its convictions, and sometimes there is a deep tone in a mere cry, which may grow to great importance.

It is this deep tone in the outcry against England which merits attention, and which we refer to all the more freely, as we are devoid of that ill-will toward England which is prevalent in Germany.

We now speak of a matter which we should be glad if thinking men in England would reflect on. The opinion and clamor of a people are often the forerunners of great historical events, which overwhelm those who will not listen to them. England appears to have long suffered by this crime. A warning from such a quarter, where, as in Germany, old sympathies are difficult to eradicate, should make the English think, in the midst of their national pride, that it is time to consider the cause and effects of such phenomena.

We need not say that we have a predisposition for England, which it would be difficult for us to get over. There is not a good law, a useful invention, or practical arrangement, in which England has not been our model. In comparison to what we have learnt from our teacher of German descent, all that we have learnt from our Romanic neighbor is of doubtful nature. What we have taken from him in legislation is the oppression of freedom, the *surveillance* and *espionage* of centralization officials. We only give England her due when we say that we have to thank her for every step we have made in the way of reform.

In spite of this fact, the ill-will towards England has been increasing and increasing until it almost amounts to hostility, and as what we speak of in Germany, in this respect, prevails all over Europe, the cause must, according to all the rules of scientific investigation, lie in England, and we would earnestly urge all thinking men in England, for the good of their nation, to seek it. We will only indicate what appears to us to be the cause of this phenomenon. . . .

England is now in a transition state, in which she is descending from the height of a State dictating to the world to a community anxious only to get wealth. . . . Hence it is that England talks big, in the old English style, on every European affair; and hence it is, also, that she is silent, and sinks down to inactivity so soon as it comes to doing something for an idea.

From The Spectator, 18 June.

HOW THE LYONS PRIESTS FARED IN ROME.

It is probably within the knowledge of most persons who pay any attention to what is going on abroad, that an angry suit is now pending between the clergy of the diocese of Lyons, backed by the French Government, and the Court of Rome, although it probably exceeds the knowledge of most persons to give an account of the points at issue, and of the specific matter which makes the litigants so hot and stubborn in their respective causes. From all times, suits in ecclesiastical courts have not only been notoriously incomprehensible, but the Court of Rome has especially studied to cloak from profane inspection its own proceedings in such matters in an almost impenetrable mystery. It is therefore a real surprise to find ourselves unexpectedly furnished with a narrative, which, in the clearness of its revelations as to what has been going on in the innermost sanctuary of those jealously guarded penetralia of the ecclesiastical world, is like a shaft that has suddenly laid bare the hidden wonders of the earth's inner doings. A more curious or a more instructive document has not come to light for many a day, and we will epitomize it, for the information of the English public.

The immediate cause of conflict arises from the attempt of the Court of Rome, in pursuance of its centralizing principles of policy, to impose upon the diocese of Lyons the Roman liturgy, in the place of the one which it has been the especial boast of that diocese to use, as a badge of distinction, and to which the clergy of that diocese ascribe a highly venerable antiquity. Accordingly, this clergy, animated with a strong sense of dutiful reverence, subscribed a memorial to the pope, which was signed by 14,000 priests, that is to say, by nearly every ecclesiastic in the diocese, and then carried to Rome by five members of their body deputed to present it to the pope. These five priests have been to Rome on the duty intrusted to their charge, and have addressed to their fellow-clergy at Lyons a report of what befell them on their mission, which report has been published by a leading paper in Turin. It should be stated, for those who have no previous acquaintance with the subject, that the practically unanimous feeling of the clergy of the diocese was not participated in by their archbishop, Cardinal Bonald, who had been at

Rome for some time when the deputation was sent thither, and actively advocated submission to the changes which the pope was anxious to introduce. These views, however, had not always been those of the archbishop; for twenty years ago, but before he was a cardinal, he had both published an edition of the impugned breviary and issued an episcopal *mandement*, dwelling on the special grounds for cherishing it. Before starting on their errand to lay their petition at the pope's feet, the five priests were furnished, for their guidance, with certain instructions which were settled in a meeting of priests, and are characteristic of their deferential temper. They were told immediately to wait on Cardinal Bonald, so as to remove all ground for any impression that they wished to act independently of their ecclesiastical superior, to pay their respects to Cardinal Antonelli, to arm themselves with patience in the event of the pope declining to receive either deputation or petition, and to refrain as much as possible from having recourse to the friendly intervention of the French ambassador, so as not to offend the susceptibilities of the Holy See, about the intervention of civil authorities, in matters within the pale of purely religious jurisdiction. Accordingly, to Cardinal Bonald the deputation went at once, on arrival in Rome the 23d January, and the reception they met with, as recounted in the simplicity of confidential communication, was marked by truly singular admissions on the part of the high dignitary. "Straight off," write the delegates, "the cardinal pitied us for the untoward mission we had undertaken, calling us poor victims, neither whose person nor whose petition would be received by the sovereign pontiff, adding, that, as for that big bundle of papers with its fourteen hundred signatures, the best that could be done with it would be to throw it into the fire in the sharp, cold weather." But the five priests were not men to be got rid of by facetiousness, and pertinaciously insisted on worrying their archbishop into a serious conversation. Perhaps he thought to relieve himself by boldly taking the initiative into his own hands. Instead of waiting for what the delegates had to say, the cardinal broke out into complaints at the part which he affirmed the clergy to have taken, in exciting through the press agitation on the score of the change

in the ritual. This charge was distinctly denied. The clergy had absolutely abstained from all steps not strictly legitimate. "But," exclaimed the cardinal, "I ought to have been left to act here by myself; I am in Rome about the question of the liturgy; your intervention can only prevent the conservation of things which I could have obtained." To this the astonished delegates replied, by bringing out a letter of the archbishop's, of the 11th December, in which he had himself encouraged and recommended the scheme of a petition to be presented to the pope. "Oh! my letter, my letter!" cried the cardinal, "I never meant to say more than, after all, Do just as you choose." The sturdy and earnest priests still would not desist. They now came to close quarters, and discussed the particular points at issue. The cardinal said that misapprehension existed as to what was intended, "We shall preserve our liturgy, that is to say, our ceremonies; it is only our breviary and our missal which we cannot keep, for they are not canonical." This observation was met with much force. "In this manner," it was answered, "the great and capital ground will be abandoned, which, up to now, has been brought forward against us, that we were not in uniformity. If our ceremonies are preserved, which are so different from the Roman ones, will our flocks be more apt to think themselves in uniformity?" Besides, the delegates affirmed that the breviary and the missal were in their eyes quite as venerable, and referred in support to their archbishop's own words, twenty years before. At this home-thrust the cardinal cried out, "I made a mistake; it was an error on my part; I had no right to republish the breviary of the diocese." " Astonished at this renunciation, we replied, 'But, Eminence, it is a right and custom perpetually enjoyed by your predecessors, as you have yourself shown in your *mandement* of the 23d November, 1843.' — 'But no,' said he, 'the pope alone has the right.'" Still the five priests stood up for their view, supporting it temperately by a string of cogent arguments which evidently grated on the cardinal's temper; for he broke out in the exclamation, "Gerges! just go and say these things in Rome, and you'll see what you will get by them!" and then wound up by saying, "The Lyons clergy is doing itself

a deal of harm by the opposition; for on all sides it is freely said that you reject the recital of the Roman breviary, only because it is longer than your own." "With a real sadness at hearing their archbishop giving expression to so grievous and unjust imputations," the five delegates withdrew from his presence, and proceeded to pay their respects to Cardinal Antonelli. Here everything was most charming and affable, so that the good priests of Lyons do not conceal their high sense of the extraordinary condescension shown them by this dignitary of the Church, and their firm conviction of his sincere readiness to prove their good friend. Only unfortunately they discovered that the cardinal was practically debarred from giving that effect to his warm zeal in their behalf with which they trustingly credited him. The matter did not lie within his department, and so, after a conversation marked with the warmest protestations, they had to leave Cardinal Antonelli with no greater result than having been fascinated by his manner,—the assurance that it was not he, but Monsignore Paeca who must be applied to for an audience of the pope, and the advice to go and discuss the object of their mission with Monsignore Bartolini, Secretary of the Congregation of Rites, within whose special jurisdiction the question lay. With heartfelt thanks for the cordial disposition he had evinced, by rendering them such essential service, and an inward conviction that if it depended on him alone, the rights of the Church of Lyons would be inviolate, these simple-minded delegates now trudged away to Monsignore Bartolini.

But here, such "a change came o'er the spirit of their dream," as can be expressed only by those who experienced it. "Coming from a person highly distinguished for his education, the courtesy of his language, the perfect tone of his manners, here we fell suddenly on a man whose coarseness bore the stamp of his origin. As soon as he was told who we were, and why we came, this man of an enormous and deeply-colored face flew into a very paroxysm of frenzy; his too vehement speech could utter none but stammering and inarticulate words; his face became suffused with blood and made one fear a stroke, and in the midst of those furious transports we could with difficulty pick up the following incriminations: "We were

matineers, insurgents, schismatics, and other pleasant objects of the same kind.' Holding in his hand a volume by M. Bouix, the intrinsic merit of which he enhanced, he suddenly shied the volume across the room." In spite of the savage grotesqueness of this Roman Jefferies, the delegates tried for some time to converse with him; but at last, "half smiling with pity, half feeling a sense of shame, they got up to take leave of this strange authority," being determined never to visit him again.

So far the Lyons delegates had had some rather strange interviews, but were really not whitened in their business; namely, to see the pope, and present to him the petition. Now, it is an established usage that the pope is accessible to every priest. Nothing is wanted but to express a desire for an audience and the ecclesiastic is admitted with the shortest possible delay to the presence of his highest superior. On this occasion, however, the established rule was departed from; for although the five priests duly demanded an audience with the prescribed formalities, no reply was for some time vouchsafed. The truth is that the pope was at a loss how to see them without getting entangled in awkward discussions, and Monsignore Dupanloup exactly stated the case when he said that the petition was felt to be a weapon too terrible to encounter. Still for a pope bound to refuse audience to pious professed Catholic ecclesiastics was an impossible act; and so one morning Cardinal Bonald sent for the delegates, and submitted to them in writing the terms on which they were to be received. They ran thus: "1st. The pope consents to receive you. 2d. I shall be present, and it is I who will present you. 3d. You will merely have to listen to the words which the pope will address to you, and which afterwards I shall get printed. 4th. You are interdicted from making any reply to the pope's words, unless he addresses some individual question, otherwise I alone shall lead. 5th. It is distinctly understood that you will not present your petition, and will not speak about the liturgy." The first impulse was to decline an audience on these humiliating conditions; but the reflection that they would thus miss hearing the pope's allocution induced them to bow to them. On the 4th February they were accordingly admitted to the pope's presence, when,

we are told, "everything went off, in strict accordance with the programme." The cardinal stood at the right, his vicar-general at the left hand of the pope. Several times the delegates attempted to utter a few words, but immediately the cardinal was there, sometimes taking hold of the speaker's arm, sometimes thrusting his hand before the face of him who wished to speak, and so imposed silence. "Thus we went away without having been able to say a word or present the petition of a whole diocese." With this abortive audience, the official actions of the delegates in Rome came to an end, and they returned home, leaving their petition with Cardinal Antonelli, who, they fondly believed, would do his best to promote their business. It happened, however, that one of their body had to stay behind in Rome from sickness, which had previously prevented his accompanying his colleagues to the audience. This ecclesiastic now determined to seek in his individual capacity of mere priest a private audience of the pope, with the view of finding an opportunity of enlightening him as to the temper of the Lyons clergy. The difficulties thrown in his way were great, and he had already been assured that his request would not be attended to when one morning he was suddenly summoned to the Vatican.

The interview that now took place between the French priest and Pius IX., who this time was quite alone, was marked by all the characteristic features of the pope's hasty, explosive, and weak temperament. No sooner was the priest ushered into his presence than the pope, as if bursting with impatience, accosted him outright in a voluble and excited strain, which ended by his calling the Lyons clergy oppositionists. The French priest appears to have been a man of quiet nerve; for instead of losing his head at this unexpected harangue, he simply waited until the pope had exhausted his passion, and then respectfully taking up the talk, he simply but firmly went through, step by step, the historical grounds on which he and his fellow-clergy took their stand. Gradually the pope felt at a loss how to rebut these calm arguments, and plainly revealed his own sense of his position in the remarks which he feebly ejaculated. The pope having exclaimed, in reference to the petition, that he could not receive it, the priest elo-

quently dwelt on the painful impression which must be produced in the diocese, by this resolution. "What will be said, what will be thought, O Holy Father!" he said, "when we return to our diocese and report to so large a number of priests of all ages, 'Your humble and respectful prayers, your numerous and respectable signatures have been rejected as worthless by the supreme pontiff, who has not even chosen to receive them.' " To this the pope, somewhat moved, lisped out the words, "Obedience, obedience!" whereupon the priest exclaimed, boldly, "Obedience! oh, beyond denial the diocese has never failed in it, but yet, especially under present circumstances, would not a feeling of sincere affection and of hearty thankfulness be of greater worth than a constrained and forced obedience?" With these warning words ended this remarkable interview. Softly murmuring obedience once again, the pope gave his parting blessing,

and the French ecclesiastic went out, "with the consciousness of having done his duty, but sadly penetrated with the conviction that the cause of Lyons was lost."

To append any commentary to this striking narrative would be an act of supererogation. What can be more demonstrative of the foolish self-will and inflated arrogance, which has possessed the papacy in these latter times, of its visible decrepitude, than this exhibition on the part of Pius IX. of a determination, at all events, to humiliate, by an exercise of such authority as remains to him? The pride of this proceeding—a proceeding that gratuitously aims at wounding the dearest feelings of a powerful section of faithful Catholics, by depriving them arbitrarily of privileges sanctioned by immemorial practice, and solemnly confirmed by former popes—smacks truly of the suicidal folly which is proverbially inflicted by the gods on those doomed to destruction.

Liability of the Government of Great Britain for the Depredations of Rebel Privateers on the Commerce of the United States considered.
By Charles P. Kirkland. New York: Anson D. F. Randolph. Pp. 37.

WHEN we occasionally hear of the depredations and burnings committed by the *Alabama*, and suchlike vessels on the high seas, we find a certain consolation in the idea that such terrible visits on the commerce of the North must of necessity be few and far between; but when we turn to the appendix of the pamphlet before us, and glance down page after page of the long tabulated list of vessels destroyed or captured by "the rebel privateers," as they are termed in the North, we begin to form something like an approximate notion of the matter, and can the more readily believe how terrible this war on the continent of America must be when at sea, even with means so inadequate, the destruction of property is so tremendous. Up to the first of October, 1863, the number of vessels destroyed by the Southerners was one hundred and seventy-eight, representing over eighty thousand tons. Now, were any of our readers to stand on the seashore—say at Yarmouth, or at Hastings—on an av-

erage English summer day, and gaze from horizon to horizon, he would find that the one hundred and seventy-eight vessels would fill the space, and the impression left on the mind would be that the sea was swarming with ships. Such a sea of ships have the Southern cruisers destroyed; and since the first of last October, their efforts have been rather renewed than abated. The object of Mr. Kirkland's pamphlet is to prove, by international law, that England is responsible for all this destruction, and that America is entitled to indemnity.—*Reader*, 28 May.

CULTIVATION OF CINCHONA TREES IN INDIA.
—Dr. Anderson, Superintendent of the Calcutta Botanic Garden, is inspecting the introduction of Cinchona into the Sikkim Himalayas. His nursery is reported to be in a most flourishing condition, and he has seven species under cultivation. He states that it promises to be a most successful experiment on those moist hills.

From The Spectator.

ONGCOR THE GREAT.*

HENRI MOUHOT belongs to a class of travellers very rare in England, but very valuable,—the *savans* who travel, not to describe or enjoy, but to acquire and to diffuse knowledge. A teacher, and the son of a teacher, he resided ten years in Russia as a “professor,” and acquired, among other things, a good knowledge of the Russian, and a profound hatred of the social and political system of the empire. Quitting the country on the outbreak of the Crimean War, he visited England, sustaining himself as a photographer, and then retired to Jersey to devote himself to the smaller departments of natural history. An English book placed in his hands, however, excited in him a passionate desire to visit the great Asiatic peninsula which divides the British possessions from China. The Geographical Societies found the funds, and he succeeded in traversing Siam, Laos, Cambodia, and other regions almost or quite unknown to Europeans, and was about to explore North-Western China, when he fell a victim to a fever, 10th November, 1861. These volumes are the rough notes of his travels, only partly corrected, and waft something of the life and vigor he would doubtless have communicated to them. They are, however, though somewhat bald, full of observation conveyed with the true lucidity of a Frenchman. The narrative, from its excessive barrenness, is not interesting, but it is simple, and leaves on readers, the majority of whom, like ourselves, are probably unacquainted with Siam, the impression of conscientious accuracy.

By far the most valuable chapter, and the most considerable addition made by M. Mouhot to our knowledge, is the account of Ongcor, the ancient capital of Cambodia, a city full of ruins, so vast and so finished as to suggest the former presence of a highly civilized race; but we must not pass by altogether his account of Bangkok, the capital of Siam. This city is built on a river, which seems to have excited M. Mouhot's warm admiration, the Menam, or, as English geographers generally spell it, the Meinam, “Mother of Waters,” a really magnificent river, so deep that the “largest vessels can coast along its

banks without danger.” It contains from three to four hundred thousand inhabitants, at a guess which M. Mouhot believes, but which is probably exaggerated, and may be shortly described as an Asiatic Venice. “Whether bent on business or pleasure, you must go by water. In place of the noise of carriages and horses, nothing is heard but the dip of oars, the songs of sailors, or the cries of the Cipayes (Siamese rowers). The river is the high street and the boulevard, while the canals are the cross streets, along which you glide, lying luxuriously at the bottom of your canoe.” The ships float into the very centre of the town, and the larger houses are all approached from the water's edge. M. Mouhot had the honor of an interview with the kings, of whom there are two, bearing to each other much the relation of the Augustus and Cæsar of the later ages of Rome. The two were supposed to reign with a co-ordinate though unequal authority; but M. Mouhot discredits this political theory. He says the second king, though he has an army and establishment of his own, is really only the first subject, can spend no money without the first king's consent, and has no privileges except exemption from the duty of prostration when the sovereign enters. The statement is valuable as clearing up an error; but as a matter of fact, we believe the second king, like the Cæsar, is always the heir-apparent, is invested with “sanctity,”—i. e., cannot publicly be sentenced by his sovereign,—is personally absolute, has power of life and death, is entitled to a voice in affairs, and, when an able man, exercises many of the functions of a prime minister. Just at present, both he and his brother, the first king, are white-washed Asiatics, i. e., men who have studied European learning and acquired many European ideas, but remain Oriental sovereigns nevertheless.

Aided by the Catholic missionaries and royal favor, M. Mouhot penetrated to Cambodia, the State east of Siam, also governed by a first and second king, and also very aquatic, and there reached, or we might say discovered, Ongcor, the ancient capital, lying on the Mekon, in about 14 deg. north lat., and 104 deg. east long. (Greenwich), one of the least visited and least explained spots of earth. The kingdom is now an unimportant section of a remote peninsula, its best provinces comprised in a worthless French colony;

* “Travels in Indo-China, Cambodia, and Laos.”
By Henri Mouhot. London: Murray.

yet this ancient capital, unnamed in good maps, like Professor Keith Johnston's or those of M. Petermann, is full of ruins which seem like the work of giants, is approached, for example, by this kind of engineer's work: "From the north staircase, which faces the principal entrance, you skirt, in order to reach the latter, a causeway 747 feet in length by 30 feet in width, covered or paved with large slabs of stone, and supported by walls of great thickness. This causeway crosses a ditch 715 feet wide, which surrounds the building; the revetement, 10 feet high by 3 1-4 feet thick, is formed of ferruginous stone, with the exception of the top row, which is of freestone, each block being of the same thickness as the wall." The description is so bald as to be almost unintelligible, but it is assisted by a sketch, and from the two we gain the idea of a temple constructed "of three distinct parts, raised on terraces one above the other," all of stone, all on the scale of Luxor, and all profusely ornamented with bas-reliefs, some of exceeding elegance. "The building forms a square each side of which is fifty-six metres, sixty centimetres, and at each angle is a tower. A central tower, larger and higher, is connected with the lateral galleries by colonnades, covered, like the galleries, with a double roof; and both galleries and colonnades are supported on a base 3 1-4 feet from the floor of the interior courts. This central tower is 150 feet from the base of the building, all stone, all profusely ornamented.

"What strikes the observer with not less admiration than the grandeur, regularity, and beauty of these majestic buildings, is the immense size and prodigious number of the blocks of stone of which they are constructed. In this temple alone are as many as 1,532 columns. What means of transport, what a multitude of workmen, must this have required; seeing that the mountain out of which the stone was hewn is thirty miles distant! In each block are to be seen holes two and a half centimetres in diameter and three in depth, the number varying with the size of the blocks; but the columns and the sculptured portions of the building bear no traces of them. According to a Cambodian legend, these are the prints of the fingers of a giant, who, after kneading an enormous quantity of clay, had cut it into blocks and carved it, turning it into a hard and, at the same time, light stone by pouring over it some marvellous liquid. All the mouldings; sculptures, and

bas-reliefs appear to have been executed after the erection of the building. The stones are everywhere fitted together in so perfect a manner that you can scarcely see where are the joinings; there is neither sign of mortar nor mark of the chisel, the surface being as polished as marble. Was this incomparable edifice the work of a single genius, who conceived the idea, and watched over the execution of it? One is tempted to think so; for no part of it is deficient, faulty, or inconsistent. To what epoch does it owe its origin? As before remarked, neither tradition nor written inscriptions furnish any certain information upon this point; or rather, I should say, these latter are a sealed book for want of an interpreter; and they may, perchance, throw light on the subject when some European *savant* shall succeed in deciphering them."

The work must either have occupied generations,—always an improbable supposition in Asia,—or it must have been executed by a sovereign having at his disposal resources infinitely exceeding those now existing in the entire peninsula. The architect can be accounted for. The phenomenon of a genius differing not only in degree but in kind from his fellow-men, surpassing them as angels might surpass Englishmen, is not unfrequent in Asia, and not quite unintelligible. Such a man once recognized would be so completely freed from all restraints, whether of convention, or creed, or humanity, or social pressure, or lack of artificers, that he would be sure to execute something which seemed superhuman in magnitude as well as ability; no European, for instance, even if he had conceived the Taj Mehal,—the Italian story is visible rubbish,—would have found either the means or the audacity to execute a work which required a subject population. But granting the architect, whence the artificers? Siam and Cambodia together could not repeat the building, Cambodia has not six millions of people, and we are driven back on that most certain yet most disheartening of theories that the races who could build structures like these could yet utterly pass away; that there are many Baalbecs; that in fact there is no security whatever visible to man for the permanence of civilization. The race who built Baalbec cannot erect a decent village; why should not the race who built the railways live one day amid the ruins they are unable to keep up? Christianity? The people who built Palmyra lived this side of

the Christian era, and Antioch was once Christian.

This temple, moreover, is no isolated building. Round and near it are others almost as great, a mountain covered with columns, an arch of towers 40 feet high, a pagoda of 37 towers, one of 135 feet high and 70 feet in diameter, connected by a maze of galleries covered with bas-reliefs, a place full of sculptured blocks and statues, a treasury of sixteen towers, all deeply carved, and all of stone. The city itself, Ongcor-Thôm, Ongcor the Great, is surrounded by a wall of sandstone, such as no contractor on earth would now undertake to build. "The outer wall is composed of blocks of ferruginous stone, and extends right and left from the entrance. It is about 24 miles square, 11 feet thick, and 22 feet high, and serves as a support to a glacis which rises almost from the top. At the four cardinal points are doors, there being two on the east side. Within this vast enclosure, now covered with an almost impen-

etrable forest, are a vast number of buildings, more or less in ruin, which testify to the ancient splendor of the town. In some places, where the heavy rains have washed away the soil, or where the natives have dug in search of treasure, may be seen immense quantities of porcelain and pottery." Who built all that? Local tradition says, "The Leprous King," and then is silent. In the year 3000, will any one know who cut the Box Tunnel? Had M. Mouhot lived, these wonderful ruins would have probably been described, as they are worth describing. As it is, we must wait for the *savan* whom Napoleon III. will one day intrust with the task of copying this glorious testimony to the progress of French arms. Meanwhile, M. Mouhot's account, to all who love to hear of the marvellous and speculate on empires which have passed away, is worth the price of his two volumes, and the labor—for it is a labor—of wading through them.

REMARKABLE EQUIVOQUES.—In a cause recently tried in the Court of Queen's Bench, the plaintiff being a merchant's widow, and the defendants two medical men who had treated her for *delirium tremens*, and put her under restraint as a lunatic, witnesses were called on the part of the plaintiff, to prove that she was not addicted to drinking. One of them, a Mr. Tate, a surgeon, of Sunderland, who had been the lady's medical adviser, was asked, whether, during the time he attended her, she seemed like a person addicted to excessive drinking? "No," replied Mr. Tate, "she never presented the appearance even of a person who drank moderately." A laundress, more skilled in linen than in language, was also called to prove the habitual sobriety of the lady; and being asked by Mr. Huddleston, "Was she obstemious?" naively replied, "I never saw her so." The last witness called by Mr. Montagu Chambers, the leading counsel on the part of the plaintiff, was Dr. Tunstal, who closed his evidence by describing a case of *delirium tremens* treated by him, in which the patient recovered in a single night. "It was," said the witness, "a case of gradual drinking, sipping all day, from morning till night." These words were scarcely uttered, than Mr. Chambers, who had examined the witness, turning to the Bench,

said, amidst roars of irrepressible laughter, "My lord, *that is my case!*"

THE CALABAR POISON BEAN (*PHYSOSTIGMA VENENOSUM*).—The seed of this plant has lately been much noticed for the medicinal properties which reside in it. The most energetic results are obtained from the kernel. These are chiefly marked upon the spinal cord, producing muscular paralysis. When applied locally to the eyeballs or eyelids, destruction of the contractility of muscular fibre and contraction of the pupil result. This property is advantageously employed by the oculist.

SOMETHING LACKING.—Hook was walking one day with his friend, Mr. F——, an artist, in the neighborhood of Kensington, when the latter, pointing out on a dead wall, an incomplete or half-effaced inscription, running, "WARREN'S B——," was puzzled at the moment for the want of the context. "'Tis *lacking* that should follow," observed Hook, in explanation.

CHAPTER XLI.

IN MR. SLIGO'S OIG.

THE church at Chewton in the Moor was, as has been said, a remarkable and beautiful building, the lofty nave and side-aisles of which were admirable specimens of the severe and yet graceful style, which ecclesiologists of a later generation than Dr. Lindisfarn have taught us to call "Early English," while the transepts, tower, and chancel evidently belonged to a still earlier period. Had it not been that certain untoward circumstances prevented the publication of Dr. Lindisfarn's elaborate and profound Monograph on the subject, I might have been able to gratify the reader with a more detailed and circumstantial description of this interesting structure than I can now pretend to lay before him. As it is, I must content myself with mentioning one specially curious feature, to the elucidation of which the learned canon had particularly applied himself, and which formed the subject of one chapter of the Memoir, headed, "On the remains of the ancient panelling in the passage leading to the sacristy of Chewton Church, and on certain fragments of inscriptions still legible thereon."

There was in fact at Chewton a singular little building almost detached from the church, at the end of the south transept of which it stood, and which had evidently in old times formed the sacristy, and was now known by the more Protestant sounding title of the vestry,—a thoroughly good Protestant word, though its first cousin "vestment" has a suspiciously Romish twang in the sound of it! Well, this whilom sacristy was reached from the church by a sort of corridor, which opened out of the eastern wall of the transept, and which seemed to be an unnecessarily costly means of communication, inasmuch as a door at the extreme corner of the transept would have equally effected the purpose. But those "noble boys at play," our ancestors, did not always, as we all know, practise an enlightened economy in their playing. The appearance of the detached building and of the corridor was extremely picturesque both on the inside and the outside; and was universally felt to be so by all visitors. And it does seem just possible that the aforesaid noble old boys spent their money and toil

with the express intention of producing that result.

Anyway, there was the passage, with its remains of cut-stone mouldings and various ornamentation grievously obliterated and destroyed by the layers of Protestant whitewash, which the zeal of many generations of un-aesthetic church-wardens had laid stratum over stratum upon them. And then, near the sacristy door in the right-hand wall of the passage, going toward that apartment, there were still visible through these coatings of a purer faith the ornamented cornices and mouldings of a small but very beautiful arch, which seemed too low to have ever been intended for a doorway. And beneath this arch, there were certain remains of panelling, partially, and indeed almost entirely whitewashed over, on which the greedily prying eyes of the learned canon had detected, in certain spots, where the whitewash had been rubbed off, those fragments of ancient inscriptions, alluded to in the heading to that chapter of the Monograph which has been quoted. The rubbing off of the whitewash had been very partial and irregular but enough of the ancient woodwork beneath it had been uncovered to permit certain remains of painting to be seen, and especially the letters TANTI VI TANTI AI TAN in an extremely rude and archaic character!

It was known among the Silshire archæologists, that Dr. Lindisfarn had expended an immense amount of erudition in the elucidation of these mysterious syllables, and had constructed on the somewhat slender scaffolding poles thus furnished him a vast fabric of theory and conjecture, embracing various curious points in the social and ecclesiastical history and manners of the English clergy during the reigns immediately following the Norman invasion; and a very great treat was expected to result from his labors. It was evident that something was lost between the adjective "tanti" and the substantive "vi"! They could not be joined in lawful syntax together! And what could the missing word or words have been? The learned Silshire world was on the tiptoe of expectation.

More than once already had the doctor strained his eyes to descry if possible the very faintest outline or smallest portion of a

letter in the space, which separated those given above; but all in vain! And now he proposed profiting by the trip proposed to him by Mr. Slowcome, to take the opportunity of bringing the younger eyes of the gentleman who was to be his companion to bear upon the subject.

For Mr. Sligo was, it must be understood, quite a young man, and was supposed, indeed, by most of those who knew him, to be able to see as far into a millstone as most men. He was in all respects a very different man from his senior partner, Mr. Slowcome. In contradiction to what had been the practice of the firm for several generations, young Sligo had been educated for his profession, not in the paternal office in Silverton, but in London; and indeed, had only come down to the western metropolis when the sudden death of his father, old Sligo, had opened to him the inheritance of a share in the old-established firm.

Mr. Slowcome did not altogether like young Mr. Sligo. One understands that such should be the case. I believe that old Slow had more real knowledge of law in his pigtail than Sligo had in his whole body. Nevertheless, the younger man came down from London with airs and pretensions of new-fangled enlightenment, and was full of modern instances, and an offensive "*nous-avons-changé-tout-cela*" sort of assumption of superiority, which the greater part—including all the younger portion—of the provincial world were disposed to accept as good currency. Then young Sligo was very rapid; and old Slowcome was very slow; and there were other points of contrast, too marked to escape either the Silvertonians or the partners themselves. Young Mr. Sligo, however, proved himself an efficient and useful member of the firm, keen, active, and intelligent. He was, moreover, "Young Sligo" the son of "Old Sligo;" and that was all in all to Mr. Slowcome. So, though the two men were as different in all respects as any two men could be, they got on pretty well together.

Old Slowcome was admitted to the society of the clergy in the Close, and of the squirearchy in the neighborhood on tolerably equal terms; but this standing had hardly yet been accorded to Mr. Sligo. So that he was all but a stranger to Dr. Lindisfarn when he waited upon the canon immediately

after breakfast on the morning subsequent to the conversation between that gentleman and Mr. Slowcome, according to the arrangement which had been made between them.

Mr. Sligo had a very neat gig and a spanking, fast-trotting mare; and his offer of driving Dr. Lindisfarn over to Chewton had been willingly accepted by the doctor. The road by which Chewton could be reached in this manner was, for the latter half of it, a different and a somewhat longer one than that by which Dr. Blakistry had ridden across the moor, the track which he had followed being altogether impossible for wheels.

"I confess, Dr. Lindisfarn," said Sligo to his companion, after they had quitted Silverton, and had exchanged a few remarks on the beauty of the morning, the qualities of Mr. Sligo's fast-trotting mare, etc.,—"I confess that I have hopes of the result of our investigations to-day."

"I am truly delighted to hear you say so!" replied Dr. Lindisfarn.

"I have, indeed; and it is very gratifying to feel that all the parties are of one mind in the matter."

"Oh! there is no doubt of that. All the county are anxious about it."

"No doubt,—no doubt. Our investigation will be a delicate one," added Mr. Sligo, after a short pause.

"Oh, excessively so; you can have no idea to what a degree that is the case!" cried the doctor, with great animation; "the traces are so slight!"

"They are so, that must be admitted; they are very slight certainly. Nevertheless, to a sharp and practised eye, Dr. Lindisfarn, if you will not think it presumptuous of me to say so, there are certain appearances which"—

"Indeed! you don't say so?" exclaimed Dr. Lindisfarn, hardly more delighted than surprised; "I was not aware, Mr. Sligo, that you had ever turned your attention to investigations of this character."

"Turned my attention? Why, if you will excuse my saying so, Dr. Lindisfarn, I flatter myself that matters of this sort are my speciality."

"You don't say so! I am truly delighted to hear it. We shall be rejoiced to welcome you among us as a fellow-laborer, Mr. Sligo."

"Any assistance I may be able to give, in

any stage of the business, I shall be proud and happy to afford. I am sure, Dr. Lindisfarn," replied the lawyer, rather surprised at the warmth of his companion's expressions of gratitude.

"You are very kind, I am sure, Mr. Sligo," returned the doctor, drawing up a little; for the young lawyer's proposal of meddling with any other stage of the case had instantly alarmed his antiquarian jealousy, and he began to suspect a plot for robbing him of a portion of the credit of his discovery,—“you are very kind, but I think I shall not need to trespass on your kindness in respect to any part of the matter, with the exception of the researches to be made to-day.”

“Oh, indeed, Dr. Lindisfarn! You are the best judge. I may say, however, that when I was with Draper and Duster, all the work of this kind there was to be done passed through my hands. But you know best, sir.”

“Draper and Duster,—I do not remember either of the names. Are they members of the Society?” asked Dr. Lindisfarn, much puzzled.

“Yes, sir; they are. Gray's Inn. One of the first houses in London.”

“I don't think I quite follow you, Mr. Sligo. I have heard of Gray's Inn, as a place of abode for gentlemen of your profession. But though I believe I know most of the distinguished men who cultivate our delightful science, I do not think that I ever heard of the antiquaries you mention.”

“Well, sir,—they do cultivate the delightful science, as you are complimentary enough to call it,—not a little. But I never said that they were antiquaries; and I don't much see what that has to do with the matter.”

“Then I am afraid, Mr. Sligo, that we shall differ *toto cælo* on the most fundamental notions of the spirit in which the pursuit should be taken up and conducted,” said the doctor, very sententiously, “unless the light of profound erudition and scholarship be brought to bear upon these investigations, they sink to the rank of mere twaddling and trifling.”

Mr. Sligo faced round in the gig at this, and looked at the senior canon with a sharp and shrewd eye, as in doubt whether the oddness he had heard of in Dr. Lindisfarn, did not extend to the length of what he called, in common people, not canons of ca-

thedral churches, stark, staring lunacy. He saw the old gentleman's florid and clean-shaven face was a little flushed,—for the doctor had been speaking with the energy of profound conviction on a point that touched him nearly,—and he therefore answered in a very mild voice.

“It would not become me to differ with you on the subject, Dr. Lindisfarn; far from it. No doubt you are right. I dare say what we have got to do to-day *may* seem twaddling and trifling to a gentleman like you; but I can assure you that it is only by such twaddling and trifling that we have any chance of saving the Lindisfarn property from going to an illegitimate brat.”

“Saving the Lindisfarn property! Bless my heart, Mr. Sligo, I was not thinking anything about the Lindisfarn property.”

“Then what, in the name of Heaven—I beg your pardon, Dr. Lindisfarn—but what, if you please, have we been talking about all this time?”

“Talking about, Mr. Sligo? Why, about the partially defaced inscription in the sacristy, to be sure. What else should we have been talking about?”

“Oh, dear, dear me. There is a case of mistaken identity now. Why, if you will believe me, Dr. Lindisfarn, I was speaking, and thought you were speaking, all the time about the search for the missing register that we are going to make at Chewton.”

“I was mistaken then in supposing that you are interested in antiquarian investigations, Mr. Sligo?” said the old man, much disappointed.

“I am afraid so, sir,” said Sligo.

“And you never have paid any attention to the deciphering of ancient inscriptions?”

“Not that I am aware of, sir.”

Dr. Lindisfarn heaved a deep sigh, but was nevertheless somewhat comforted by the reflection that he was in no danger of being robbed by a rival, if he had no chance of assistance from a brother.

“Nevertheless,” he said, “it may be that you might be able to desery with your young eyes what my old ones, though aided by, perhaps I may be allowed to say, no incompetent amount of study, have failed to make out. I will show you the spot, and perhaps you will try if you can discover any further remains of letters.”

“With all the pleasure in life, Dr. Lin-

disfarn; and you shall assist me with your authority as rector, and your acquaintance with the late curate's character and ways. I am told he was a very queer one."

"The fact is, I am ashamed to say, Mr. Sligo, that I knew very little about him; less, perhaps, than I ought to have done. I found him there when I succeeded to the living, which had previously been held by old Dean Burder. He was quite one of the old school, I take it."

"Ah! not very regular in his ways, nor quite up to the mark, I suppose. I believe Mr. Matthew Lindisfarn knew him well?"

"Yes. I fancy Mr. Mat and poor Mellish used to be rather cronies in those old times. Mellish was very musical, and that was enough for Mr. Mat."

"Oh, musical, was he? But he was a little too fond of this sort of thing, was he not?" said Mr. Sligo, raising his elbow in a significant manner.

"Ah, too fond of his glass of wine, you mean, Mr. Sligo? Well, it was said so. I am afraid to a certain degree it was so. We all have our failings, Mr. Sligo."

"Too true, Dr. Lindisfarn. I am not the man to forget it. I only ask these things because they may have a bearing on our present business. Under the circumstances, I suppose that some degree, perhaps a considerable amount, of irregularity in church matters may have prevailed in his parish?"

"It may have been so. There were never any complaints, however. He certainly was very popular in the parish. The people were very much attached to him."

"Did he inhabit the parsonage-house at Chewton?" asked the lawyer.

"There is no parsonage-house, unfortunately, nor has there been one for several generations. When the old house fell down in one of the great storms that often sweep his moorland district, it was never rebuilt."

"Are you aware where the late curate did live then, sir?" asked Mr. Sligo.

"For many years, for all the latter part of his life,—indeed, during all the time that he held the curacy under me,—he lodged at the house of the parish clerk, a man of the name of Mallory, a very decent sort of a person, I fancy."

"O—h! the late curate lived in the house of Mr. Jared Mallory, did he?" rejoined Mr. Sligo, with a special expression of voice

and feature, that was quite lost on Dr. Lindisfarn.

"Yes, it was convenient in many ways. Mallory lived in a good house of his own, larger than he needed; and it was near the church?"

"And perhaps all the farther from—you know the saying, Dr. Lindisfarn, and will excuse me for being reminded of it on this occasion," said the lawyer.

"No. I am not aware of any such popular saw or saying!" replied Dr. Lindisfarn. "But the fact was that it was convenient for him also to be in the same house with the parish clerk, you understand."

"I see, sir,—I see! many years under this Mallory's roof; a man of that sort necessarily falls under the influence of those about him,—parish clerk especially; I see,—I see! I suppose this is Chewton, down in the hollow here in front of us, sir?"

"Yes, here we are; this is Chewton, but you don't get so good a first view of the church coming this way, as by the other road over the moor."

"I suppose our plan will be to drive direct to the clerk's house, sir? Do you know which it is?"

"Oh, yes; follow down the main street of the village straight on; the church is a little to the left at the further end; and Mallory's is near the bottom of the street on the left-hand side."

So Mr. Sligo drew his fast-trotting mare and smart gig sharply up to the door of the stone house with the iron rail in front of it; and rather unceremoniously throwing the reins to Dr. Lindisfarn, and saying shortly, "I will announce you, sir," sprung from the gig, almost before it had stopped, and dashed precipitately into the house, without any ceremony of knocking or asking leave, whatever.

CHAPTER XLII.

LADY FARNLEIGH RETURNS TO SILLSHIRE.

MARGARET waited at the little door leading from the canon's garden into the Castle Head Lane till the cathedral clock chimed the half-hour past six.

It was a raw night, and her bodily condition at the end of that half-hour was not a pleasant one. But her sufferings from that cause were as nothing—absolutely nothing—to the mental torture she endured during at least the latter half of those never by her to

be forgotten thirty minutes. Nothing but her own very strong reason for wishing that the proposed elopement should be carried into effect could have induced her to swallow her bitter burning indignation so long, and force herself to take yet a little more patience. We know how important it was to all her hopes that the thing should come off; and very, very cruel was the gradual growth during those minutes of misgiving into despairing conviction that it was not to be. For the first ten minutes, she was very angry with her lover for his ungallant want of punctuality. And as she stood with her ear on the stretch, she kept rehearsing to herself the eloquent upbraiding with which she promised herself to punish his misdemeanor. During the second ten minutes, anxiety was gradually growing into dread; and during the last ten, she was suffering from the sickening, despairing certainty that all was lost.

Still, the true cause of the miscarriage of her hopes and plans never occurred to her. There was no possibility apparent to her by which the fatal news could have yet reached her lover's ear; that fatal news which she had all that month past concealed in her heart with a fortitude analogous to that of the Spartan boy, who held the fox beneath his cloak, while he gnawed his vitals. Among all the conjecturings which chased each other tumultuously through her mind during the whole of that night, therefore, the real nature of her misfortune never unveiled itself to her in its full extent.

She stole back to the house as the half-hour struck, shivering without and burning with shame and indignation within; and succeeded in slinking up to her room without having been seen. It did not very much signify to her; for if she had chanced to meet Elizabeth on the stairs, she would merely have said that, finding her head very bad, she had gone down to see whether the cool, fresh air of the garden would do it any good.

The next morning, her looks, when she descended to her uncle's breakfast-room, vouched abundantly for the truth of her statement respecting her headache.

Then in the course of the morning came Mr. Slowcome on his return from the Chase, with the great news; to the communication of which she listened, as has been said, with

all propriety. Then the causes of the disappointment of the previous evening became intelligible to her. She had at least very little doubt upon the subject. The truth was known to Mr. Slowcome yesterday. There was very little room to doubt that Falconer had heard it from him, and had thereupon abandoned the projected elopement and the marriage together.

That Falconer should, on learning the real state of the case, give up all idea of the marriage, seemed to her so much a matter of course, and was so wholly conformable to the line of conduct which she would have pursued herself in similar circumstances, that she could not, in her heart, blame him for it. Nor did she pretend to herself that she did so. But it was the manner of the thing. To leave her there, exposed to all the inconveniences, the risks, the mortifications, the uncertainty. It was brutal, it was cowardly, it was ungentlemanlike, it was unmanly. And Falconer's conduct assuredly was all this. And if the gentle and lovely Margaret had had power to give effect to the promptings of her heart, it would have been well that day for Frederick Falconer, if he could have changed lots with the most miserable wretch that crawled the earth.

The next day,—that on which Mr. Sligo drove Dr. Lindisfarn over to Chewton, as has been narrated,—Margaret returned to the Chase. She would have given much to have escaped from the necessity of doing so and of meeting Kate under the circumstances; but there was no possibility of avoiding it. It was too obviously natural that her father should wish to speak with her; and in fact the intimation that she had better return home came to her from him. Mr. Mat came for her in the gig, soon after the doctor and Mr. Sligo had started on their excursion.

"'Tis a bad business,—a cruel bad business," said Mr. Mat, feeling deep sympathy with Margaret on this occasion, though there was generally so little of liking between them, but though very sincerely feeling it, finding himself much at a loss to express it. Mr. Mat could not be considered an eloquent man, certainly, yet he had found no difficulty in speaking out what was in his heart to Kate on this occasion. It was different with Margaret: "A bad business; and I don't know what I wouldn't ha' done sooner than it should

have happened, Miss Margaret. Still, when all is said and done, money is not everything in this world, Miss Margaret, and"—

"I am aware, Mr. Mat," replied the young lady, with tragic resignation, "that virtue alone is of real value, or can confer real happiness in this world."

Mr. Mat gave her a queer, furtive look out of the tail of his shrewd black eye; but he only said, "Ay, to be sure, and with such looks as yours, too"—

"Beauty is but a fleeting flower," said Margaret, in very bad humor, but still minded as usual to play her part correctly, and say the proper things to be said.

"But 'tis the sweetest flower that blows while it does last," said the gallant Mr. Mat.

"I have ever been taught to set but small store by it," sighed Margaret; and then there was a long pause in their conversation, which lasted till Mr. Mat began to walk his horse up the steepest part of the hill, going up from the Ivy Bridge to the Lindisfarn lodges.

"I don't believe it; I wont and can't believe it," he then said, as the result of his meditations.

"Believe what, Mr. Mat?" asked Margaret.

"Believe that the child they want to set up as the heir is your Cousin Julian's lawful son, Miss Margaret."

"You don't say so, Mr. Mat?" cried Margaret, in a very different tone of voice from that in which she had before spoken.

"I *du*," said Mr. Mat, very decisively; "but not believing is one thing, mind you, and finding out is another."

"What do you think is the truth, then, Mr. Mat?" said Margaret, in a more kindly tone than she had ever before used to her companion.

"I don't know; but I zem there's a screw loose somewhere; I don't believe 'tis all right."

"Oh, Mr. Mat! do you think it would be possible to find it out?"

"Ah, that's the thing; they are 'cute chaps; and that fellow Jared Mallory, the attorney, is a regular bad 'un. But maybe the play is not all played out yet. Here we are, Miss Margaret; and welcome home to the old place!"

Kate was on the steps waiting to meet her

sister, and seized her in her arms as she got down from the gig.

"Come up-stairs, dear. Papa is out about the place somewhere. He will see you before dinner."

Margaret kissed her sister somewhat stiffly and ungraciously, and proceeded to follow her up the stairs in silence. When they were together in Kate's room, the latter said,—

"You know, I suppose, Margaret, how the news came out. You are aware that it was communicated to Mr. Slowcome, and he came up here to tell us yesterday?"

"Oh, yes, I know it all!" said Margaret.

"And—and—yourself—your own affairs?" hesitated Kate, whose great anxiety on her sister's behalf would not let her be silent, though she felt a difficulty in asking for explanations which, according to her own feelings, should have come so spontaneously from sister to sister.

"Everything is broken off between me and Mr. Falconer, Kate, if that is what you are alluding to,—broken off now and forever, whatever may be the result of the doubts that have arisen."

"Doubts that have arisen, dear Margaret? I fear the nature of the case has not been fully explained to you. Alas! there are no doubts about the matter."

"I have spoken with the lawyer myself, Kate, and prefer to trust to my own impressions," said Margaret, whose sole idea that there might be any doubt about the matter arose from the words which had dropped from Mr. Mat in the gig.

"I fear that you are deluding yourself with a baseless hope, Margaret," said Kate, shaking her head sadly. "But I know that the change in our position has not been the worst unhappiness you have had to struggle with, dearest Margaret; and my heart has been very heavy for you; for I feared,—I feared, Margaret, as I told you, that he was not worthy of the great faith and trust you placed in him."

"Mr. Falconer has behaved very badly. It would be agreeable to me never, if that were possible, to hear his name again. I hope, at all events, not to have to hear it from you, Kate!" And it was clear that Margaret intended that the whole topic of

her engagement should be closed and walled up between her and Kate.

"It was a very great shock to poor papa at first," said Kate; "and it was very painful to me, as you may suppose, to be obliged to conceal from him that I had known it all along; but there was no help for it. But the worst is not over, Margaret; Lady Farnleigh is coming home in a day or two; and I do dread the having a concealment between her and me. It is a great, great comfort that she is coming home,—a comfort that I have been longing for these many weeks. And now the happiness of seeing her is almost all spoilt by the necessity of keeping this miserable secret from her knowledge. And it is not so easy a matter, let me tell you, Margaret, to keep a secret from god-mamma as it is from dear old Noll."

"You don't mean to say, Kate, that you are going to break your promise, and betray me! You are not going to put it into the power of that woman to ruin me!"

"Margaret, Margaret—*that woman!* and *ruin you!* For Heaven's sake, do not speak in such a way; and worse still, have such thoughts in your heart."

"That's all nonsense, Kate; Lady Farnleigh is not *my* godmother. It is plain enough to see that she detests me, I saw that clearly the first day I came here; I saw her jealousy for her favorite—as if it were my fault that—I tell you she hates me; and it would be delightful to her to have it in her power to twit and expose me, and—I had rather die than that Lady Farnleigh, of all the people in the world, should know—all about it! I had rather die!" repeated Margaret, with a flash of her eyes that perfectly startled her sister.

On the next day but one to that on which this conversation passed between the two sisters, Lady Farnleigh returned to Wanstraw, and showed her impatience to see her darling Kate under the unhappy circumstances that had fallen upon her by driving over to Lindisfarn that same evening. She arrived at the Chase in time for dinner, but during that meal, of course, nothing was said of the subject that was uppermost in all their hearts.

After dinner, as the ladies were crossing the hall to the drawing-room, Lady Farnleigh made a sign to Kate to let Miss Immy and Margaret go on to the drawing-room, and to escape up-stairs with her to her room.

It was not an unprecedented escapade of her ladyship's.

"And now tell me all about it, my dear, dear girl—my poor dear Kate! Has it hit your father very hard?"

"It was a hard blow at first,—very hard. But you know my dear father,—dear old Noll! You know his cheery, hearty nature. Sorrow cannot stick to him; it runs off like water off a duck's back; his genial strong nature turns it. Nevertheless, I am sure he has felt it deeply; if he could only have known the truth earlier in life, he says. Poor dear, dear Noll! And I cannot say all that I would to comfort him, you see, because the misfortune hits poor Margaret more severely than it does me. Thanks to a certain good fairy that stood by at my christening, you know, I am sufficiently well provided for," said Kate, creeping close up to her godmother's side.

"Sufficiently provided for! You know very little, my poor child, of what pounds, shillings, and pence can do, and what they can't. If you mean that you need never come upon the parish, as far as that goes you may probably be easy. You want but little here below, and all the rest of it, I dare say. But Birdie wants her oats, and plenty of them, and a good groom to wait on her. It is all very fine talking, Kate, and the headings to the copybooks may say what they please; but poverty is a bitter thing to those who have to make acquaintance with it for the first time in the midst of a life of ease and abundance."

"Well, you are a Job's comforter, you bad fairy, I must say," cried Kate, laughing.

"I don't like it, Kate, and I can't pretend to say that I do. It is a great misfortune, and there is no wisdom in pretending to ourselves that it is not so."

"I have still so much to be thankful for,—so much that *ought* to make happiness," said Kate, with rather suspicious emphasis on the word "*ought*."

"Yes, that is all very pretty spoken, and proper—and it's true, indeed—which is more than could be said for all pretty and proper speeches. But now, goddaughter, we have got to discuss another chapter. Yes, you know what is coming, Miss Kate; I see your guilt in your face. How dare you take advantage of my back being turned to break my dear friend's heart?"

Kate looked up into Lady Farnleigh's face with an expression that caused her at once to change her tone.

"If I try to laugh, my own darling, it is to save crying," she said, putting her arm around Kate's neck, and pressing the gracious drooping head against her bosom; for they had been standing side by side in front of the low fire in Kate's room. What is it, my Kate? Tell me all that there is in this dear, good, honest heart, which I feel beating, beating, as if it would burst. Tell me all about it, my own child."

It was true enough, as Lady Farnleigh said, that Kate's agitation was becoming more and more painful, as her friend spoke. Her bosom rose and fell with long-drawn sighs, that, despite her utmost efforts to suppress them, gradually became sobs. Slowly the great clear tear-drops which had been gathering in her eyes beneath the downcast lids brimmed over, and rolled down her pale cheeks, till suddenly flinging herself into a chair by her side, she fell into such a storm of hysterical weeping that Lady Farnleigh became at once convinced, not without astonishment, that there was something more than the patent circumstances of the case could account for, to occasion so violent and so painful an emotion. For violence of emotion, hysterics, and the like, and even tears, were quite out of Kate's usual way. It was very evident to Lady Farnleigh, as she looked on the convulsed face and bosom of her dearly loved godchild, with sympathizing sorrow and almost with alarm expressed in her own face, that there was some serious cause for grief here, beyond those of which she was cognizant.

She had heard in a few short lines from Captain Ellingham of his rejection, and of the change of station which he had under happier circumstances looked forward to as such a misfortune, but which he was now disposed to consider as a most lucky escape from scenes and associations which had become intolerable to him. She had heard this, and had heard it with some surprise and a little vexation, but had flattered herself that some of the many misunderstandings, or shynesses, or cross-purposes, which are so apt to interfere with the precise intercommunication of people's sentiments and purposes in such matters, would be found to have caused

all the mischief, and a little judicious inter-mediation would put it all right. But now the fearful state of agitation into which Kate had been thrown by the mere mention of the subject, showed her that it was no mere affair of girlish coyness, or even of the rejection of a suitor whom she could not love. There was something else,—something more than all this; and influenced by the purest and truest desire to find the means of comfort for so great a sorrow, she determined to get to the bottom of the matter in some way.

But it was evident that the heart wound was not at that moment in a state to endure the probe, even in the tenderest hands. So she applied herself to soothing the weeping girl as well as she could, without any attempt to continue the subject.

"You have been too much shaken, my poor Kate, by all these things; we will not speak now on painful subjects. Hereafter, when you are calmer, and your spirits have recovered their usual tone,—hereafter you shall tell me all you can feel a comfort in telling."

"Indeed, indeed, godmamma, I have no wish to have secrets from you! I—I"—and hiding her face on Lady Farnleigh's shoulder, she burst anew into a passion of tears.

"There, there, my darling, we will speak no more of it now; another time, another time. There, my Kate, your tears will have done you good; there, you will be calmer now, my child!" and Lady Farnleigh soothed her on her bosom as she spoke, as a nurse soothes a suffering infant.

After a little while, Kate became calmer; and, having dried her tears, but with a still quivering lip, said to her friend,—

"But you know, dearest godmamma, that it was all for the best; what should we have done, think, if Captain Ellingham had been accepted by me, when he supposed that I possessed fortune enough for all our requirements, and then?"—

"Do you imagine, Kate, that Ellingham proposed to you because you were an heiress?"

"No, no, that I am sure, quite sure, he did not," replied Kate, with an energy which Lady Farnleigh marked, and made a note of in her mind.

"Well, then?" said she.

"But that is a very different thing from

proposing to a girl supposed to be a large heiress, and then finding that she has nothing."

"Yes, it is different. It would be fair in such a case to give back to a man his entire liberty,—fair too to hold him blameless if he availed himself of it to retire from a position he never intended to occupy."

"But it would be very unfair," exclaimed Kate, "to expose a man to such a painful ordeal."

"Very unfair; but you are talking nonsense, Kate, dear. Such unfairness as you speak of would imply that the lady was aware of the mistake respecting her fortune. Of course, no good girl would be guilty of such conduct as that. But what has that to do with the present case?"

"I only said, dear godmamma, that it was all for the best as it turned out, since Captain Ellingham had no intention of proposing to a girl who had nothing to help toward the expenses of a home."

"That, my dear Kate, is a matter for Captain Ellingham's consideration; and what his sentiments upon that point are, you have no means of knowing."

"I do know, at all events, that he does not imagine that I refused him because I had, or was supposed to have, much more money than he had. I do know that, for he told me so in the most noble and generous manner; and it is a great, great comfort," said Kate, and the now silent tears began to drop anew.

Lady Farnleigh observed the emotion which the mention of this circumstance caused Kate, and added a mem. of it to the note she had already taken.

"If, indeed, you had known of the strange circumstances which have come to light and have so materially altered your prospects, at the time you rejected Ellingham's offer, it would all have been intelligible enough; and it would have been for him to renew his suit under the changed circumstances of the case, or not, as he might think fit; but that was not the case. If he were now to do so, it would be insulting to suppose that you might accept a man in your poverty whom you had rejected in your wealth."

"Oh, Lady Farnleigh, the bare thought is hideous," cried Kate, seeming to shrink bodily, as from a stab, while she spoke,—
"hideous; and Captain Ellingham is inca-

pable of conceiving such an idea. He will never repeat his offer. As you say, it would be offensive to me to do so,—in a manner in which it is impossible that he should offend."

Again Lady Farnleigh silently added another note to her mental tablets.

"And what is all this about your sister Margaret?" continued she, willing to lead Kate's mind away, for the nonce, from the subject of her own affairs. "I hear that she was engaged to Mr. Falconer; and what is to become of that engagement now?"

"It is all true, godmamma, too true. She *was* engaged to Mr. Falconer. Papa had given his consent, and the settlements were being made out. But it is all broken off now."

"Oh, it's all off now. And how long had it been on, pray?"

"It is a little more than a month since she accepted him, I think," replied Kate, remembering vividly enough that miserable and memorable day so soon after that interview with her cousin in the cottage at Deep Creek.

"A month ago, was it?" said Lady Farnleigh, musing.

"Yes, about a month ago. But we have seen very little of it all up here at the Chase. Margaret has been almost constantly down in Silverton with Lady Sempronia and my uncle."

"And when did the break-off take place?"

"Oh, just the other day."

"On the news of this unlucky discovery about the property, of course?"

"I presume so, of course. But Margaret is not communicative about it. She does not like speaking on the subject, naturally enough."

"And what did the gentleman say for himself? How well I judged that man, Kate!"

"I have no idea how it was brought about, or what passed. I know that Margaret considers herself to have been very ill-treated. She said briefly that all was off between them, and that she wished she could never hear his name again."

"So, so, so, so. Well, my dear, I dare say she *has* been ill-treated. My notion is, that Master Fred is a man to behave ill in such circumstances. There are more ways than one of doing a thing. But still it is right to bear in mind what we were saying."

just now, you know, of the unfairness of holding a man to an engagement made under very different circumstances."

"Of course, godmamma. I don't know at all how matters passed between Margaret and Mr. Falconer. The making of the engagement and the breaking of it were both done down in the Close."

"—Unreasonable to expect that a man should consider himself bound by such an engagement under such circumstances," continued Lady Farnleigh, more as if she were talking to herself than to her companion, "and yet a man must be a great cur; I dare say Mr. Frederick Falconer did it very brutally. At all events, he lost no time about it. What day was it that the facts about this new claim were known?"

"Mr. Slowcome came up here to papa, on the Thursday morning. It must have been known to everybody in the course of that day. Mr. Falconer may have heard of it even on the previous evening."

"And *when* did you say the break-off between them took place?"

"I only know that when Margaret came home on the Saturday, she told me that it was all off."

"From the Thursday morning to the Friday night; that was the time he had to do it in. Upon my word, Master Freddy must have shown himself worthy of the occasion! Why, he must have jammed his helm hard up, and laid his vessel on her beam ends at the very first sight of the breakers ahead."

"He certainly could not have lost much time in making up his mind about it," Kate admitted.

"And what had I better say to her on the subject?" said Lady Farnleigh, after a short pause, during which she had been thinking over the circumstances of this broken match, as far as they were patent to her, with a resulting estimate of the actors in the little drama not very favorable to either of them.

"Well, I am sure Margaret would be best pleased by your saying nothing at all."

"Then nothing at all will I say; I am sure there is nothing agreeable or useful to be said; and I have no wish to pain or annoy her. And now I suppose, my pet, that we must go down into the drawing-room. Your father and Mr. Mat will have come in from their wine by this time; and I want to have a little chat with Mr. Mat. I suppose Mar-

garet won't think me a brute for saying no word of condolence to her, respecting the mangled condition of her heart."

"Now, godmamma, I must not let you be savage and spiteful about poor Margaret," said Kate, with a faint attempt at a smile. "I am sure she must have suffered."

"Well! I won't be savage and spiteful; *au contraire*, you unreasonable Kate, was I not debating with myself whether or no it would be more civil to attempt any binding up of her wounds by my condolences? But I suppose not; I do not think it is a case for my surgery; I am sure I wish to be civil, not spiteful. But—there! I don't want to meddle with it. But if you were to hang and quarter me, my dear, I cannot be sympathetic and tearful over the loves of Miss Margaret and Mr. Frederick, whether the course of them runs smooth or crosswise."

So Kate and her fairy godmother went down into the drawing-room; where they found the squire fast asleep in his favorite corner of the fireplace; Miss Immy sitting bolt upright in a small chair at the table, tranquilly reading her "*Clarissa Harlowe*," with a pair of candles immediately in front of her; Mr. Mat busily engaged in weaving the meshes of a landing-net, at a table by himself in the further part of the room, silently whistling a tune over his work,—if the phrase is a permissible one for the description of a performance which consisted, as far as outward manifestations went, only of the movement of the lips and eyebrows—and Miss Margaret half reclining elegantly on a sofa, unoccupied save in chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancy. Her attitude was unexceptionable, and her occupation very pardonable. Nevertheless, some hidden consciousness or other made her spring up and reseal herself in a primmer fashion, as the door opened and Lady Farnleigh and her sister came in.

"I was afraid Mr. Banting would have brought the tea in, Miss Immy, and that you would have waited for us," said Lady Farnleigh.

"Oh, dear, no!" said Miss Immy, as if her guest had suggested the most absurd impossibility; "it wants five minutes to teatime yet."

"Indeed! Well, I shall spend these five minutes in a *tête-à-tête* with Mr. Mat, over there at his separate establishment, and try

whether I can't make him miss a mesh at least once in every minute."

"Not you, Lady Farnleigh," said Mr. Mat. But, nevertheless, it might have been observed that Mr. Mat's netting made but very little progress from that time till the tea was brought.

CHAPTER XLIII.

LADY FARNLEIGH CATCHES AN IDEA.

LADY FARNLEIGH slept at the Chase that night, as she usually did on the occasion of her visits. She had, also, as her wont was, ridden over from Wanstrow, sending what she needed for her stay at the Chase through Silvertown, and retaining her own horse at Lindisfarn, but sending back to Wanstrow the groom who had ridden behind her. At breakfast the next morning she said,—

"I hope you have not forgotten your promise, Mr. Mat. Mr. Mat and I are going to ride into Silvertown this morning. It is not very civil, is it, Kate, to run off and leave you in such a fashion the first morning? But I can't help it. I have all sorts of things to do, and people to see, so that there would be no pleasant ride to be got. We will have a good gallop together to-morrow, Katie dear. But to-day I invite only Mr. Mat to ride with me, because there will be nothing but what is disagreeable to be done."

"Always ready for the worst that can happen in your ladyship's company," said Mr. Mat.

Margaret glanced up at Lady Farnleigh's face with a sharp, uneasy look, as the latter had spoken of the various things she had to do and people to see in Silvertown; but she quickly dropped her eyes again on her breakfast plate, and did not say anything. As soon, however, as Lady Farnleigh and Mr. Mat had, almost immediately after breakfast, mounted their horses and ridden away towards the lodge on the road to Silvertown, and the squire had somewhat listlessly sauntered back into his study, and Miss Immy had bustled off to her domestic cares, Margaret said to her sister,—

"I wonder, Kate, that your favorite god-mamma did not invite you to ride with her; it is so long since you have had a ride together."

"Yes, and I should have liked a good gallop over the common towards Weston well enough," said Kate; "but you heard her

say that she had several people to see in Silvertown."

"I wonder who it is she has gone to see?" rejoined Margaret, after a pause.

"How should I know? She has a great many friends in Silvertown, and business people to see besides, very likely."

"But all her friends are acquaintances of yours. Why should she not have taken you with her?" persisted Margaret.

"She would easily guess that I am not much in a humor for visiting," returned Kate, "as in good truth I am not."

"I wonder why she took Mr. Mat with her?" still continued Margaret, pondering, and evidently not at all satisfied with Kate's answers. "Will she call in the Close, do you suppose, Kate?"

"Very likely. She did not say anything to me about it," answered Kate, carelessly.

"Did you observe how closely she and Mr. Mat were talking together last night in the drawing-room?" said Margaret, still, as it seemed, uneasy about the visit to Silvertown.

"Not particularly. But it is very likely. They are very old friends and allies, my god-mamma and Mr. Mat."

"Yes; but I am sure they were planning something about what they are gone to Silvertown for this morning!" said Margaret.

"Nothing more likely. But what in the world have you got into your head, Margaret, about Lady Farnleigh's ride to Silvertown?"

"Oh, I know what I know, and I think what I think. I've a notion that she is gone to plot and plan, or meddle, or make in some way about our affairs. And however much you may like that, Kate, I don't like it. I don't like her, as you well know; and I don't at all want her to interfere with any affairs of mine."

"Why, how should she interfere, Margaret? I can't guess what you are thinking of," said Kate, much surprised; "and I am so sorry, more sorry than you can think," she added, "that you have taken such an unreasonable dislike to my dear, dear godmother. You may depend on it, Margaret, that we have not a better friend in the world than Lady Farnleigh."

"That is to say, she is *your* friend," returned Margaret, with a strong emphasis on the possessive pronoun.

"My friend, and your friend, and Noll's friend, and the dearest friend our mother had in the world, Margaret!"

"That's all very well, Kate, for you. But I like choosing my friends for myself," said Margaret.

Meanwhile Lady Farnleigh and Mr. Mat were walking their horses leisurely down the road that led toward the Ivy Bridge.

"This is a very sad affair, Mr. Mat. Do you think the squire feels it very deeply?" said her ladyship.

"It is the worst piece of business that ever happened at Lindisfarn, Lady Farnleigh. The squire—God bless him!—is one of those who think that care killed a cat; and he will none on't. But he feels it,—he feels it for all that, you may depend on it."

"And my darling Kate! she is not like herself,—neither mind nor body. Do you think, Mr. Mat, that she is fretting about it? I should not have thought that it would have affected her so deeply."

"Not a bit of it, Lady Farnleigh. Kate's not a-fretting after the acres. That's another bad matter,—another and not the same."

"How another—what other?" said Lady Farnleigh, who, having been obliged to quit the subject of Ellingham's offer to Kate, in the manner that has been seen, had failed to learn whether the fact had become known to any of the members of the family, and was anxious to ascertain this point.

"Ah! that's the question," said Mr. Mat, with a deep sigh,—“that's just what I should thank anybody to tell me. I don't suppose there's been a day for the last fortnight that he squire and I have not talked it over after dinner. Squire's a deal more down in the mouth about Kate than he is about the property. As you say, Lady Farnleigh, she's nowadays like the same girl she used to be. Body or mind, be it which it may, or both, he is amiss, and far amiss somehow.”

"It is some time, then, that she has been in the state she is?" asked Lady Farnleigh.

"Yes, a spell now,—ever since that silly business of a match between Miss Margaret and Freddy Falconer, ough!" grunted Mr. Mat, with an expression of infinite disgust.

"Ever since the announcement of her sister's engagement," said Lady Farnleigh, cautiously. "It has clearly nothing to do, then, with the discovery of her cousin's mar-

riage, and of the existence of a male heir to the property?"

"Oh, nothing,—nothing at all. That is what I say; it came before all that."

"And there has been nothing to which you can attribute it,—nothing has happened,—nothing of any sort?"

"Nothing that I can think of, and I am sure I never thought so much about anything before, in my life, as I have thought about that. There was that affair at Sillmouth,—at Pendleton's cottage; but there was nothing in that, so far as I can see, to make her out of sorts."

"Oh, by the by! tell me all about that story; it all happened, you know, after I went away."

"Well, there was nothing, as it turned out, to make Kate vex herself. It seems that Pendleton's boat, the *Saucy Sally* he called her, you know, poor fellow!—she was a beautiful boat as ever swam, and she's gone the way of all Sallys, however saucy they be, now,—well, the *Saucy Sally* was going to make a run from t'other side one night, with a big cargo; and the men were determined to make a fight of it, if they were meddled with, the stupid blockheads! And poor Winny Pendleton got wind somehow, that the cutter—Ellingham's vessel, the *Petrel*, you know—would be on the look-out for them. So poor Winny was frightened out of her wits,—natural enough!—and off she starts one terrible blustering night to walk up to the Chase, all a-purpose to beg Kate to try and persuade Ellingham—he was up at the Chase that night, as it chanced—to stay quiet where he was next day, and so let the lugger slip in quietly, and no bones broken; a likely story! and Winny must have been a bigger fool than I took her for, to think of such a thing. However, she did frighten Kate, with her rawhead-and-bloody-bones stories of what would be sure to happen if it came to a fight between the cutter and the smugglers, to such a degree that Kate went to Ellingham and told him all about it, one way or another; I don't know what she said to him. Of course he told her that he must do his duty, come what might. And we, Kate and I, had to ride over to Sillmouth, to tell Winny Pendleton that it was no go; and that if the men would fight, their blood must be on their own heads. And certainly,

Kate was in a desperate taking about it that night. She took it into her head that either Pendleton or Ellingham, or maybe both of them, would certainly be killed. But as good luck would have it, it was a terribly dirty night. The *Saucy Sally* managed to give the cutter a wide berth; and there was no fight at all, except with some of the coastguardmen on shore, in which Pendleton got hurt, and a French chap who was with him got a broken head, which nearly sent him into the next world. Well, the wounded man was carried to the cottage at Deep Creek; and up comes, or sends, Winny again, to say that the stranger is dying,—old Bagstock had given him over, and he could not speak a word of English, and Pendleton was away to the moor, and what on earth was she to do, and all the rest of it,—and would Miss Kate have the charity to come down to the cottage, and speak to the man who was dying without being able to speak a word to a Christian soul? There was no saying no to that. So we had to mount our nags and ride over again. And we found the man bad enough, to all appearance. But Kate, like a sensible girl and a good Christian, as she is, sent me off for Blakistry to mend old Bagstock's tinkering. And Blakistry managed to set the chap on his legs again; and he was on his way back to France, as I hear, in the *Saucy Sally*, when she was lost. That is the whole of the story. And though Kate certainly was very much put about—more than you would have thought—when she feared there was going to be bloodshed, and likely enough lives lost, still, as the matter turned out, there was nothing to vex her at the time even, let alone making her miserable from that time to this. No, no; *that* has nothing to do with it."

"And you can think of nothing else of any sort?" asked Lady Farnleigh, after she had pondered in silence for a few minutes, over all the details of Mr. Mat's history.

"Nothing at all, Lady Farnleigh. Somebody or something did put it into the squire's head, at one time, that she had cast a sheep's eye on that Jemmy Jessamy of a fellow, Fred Falconer, and was breaking her heart over her sister's engagement to him. But, Lord! it was no good to tell that to me! Our Kate pining after Master Freddy Falconer! No, that won't do!"

"No, I don't think that is at all likely. I flatter myself we know Kate, both you and I, Mr. Mat, a little too well to give any heed to *that* story."

"I should think so, and I was quite sure you would agree with me, Lady Farnleigh."

"But we are no nearer to guessing what is the matter; and something serious there is," said Lady Farnleigh, with grave earnestness.

"Ay, there is, and no mistake about it; sometimes I think 'tis all from being out of health."

"Well, I'll tell you what I will do for one thing,—and the first thing. We will ride first to Dr. Blakistry's, and I will have a talk with him. You shall leave me there for a little time, Mr. Mat."

"Very good, that will suit me very well; for I want to see Glenny about some new gleees that our club has been getting down from London."

So that matter being satisfactorily arranged, they rode directly, on reaching Silvertown, to Dr. Blakistry's door, and were fortunate enough to catch him before he had started on his round of professional visits. So Mr. Mat went off to his musical friend, and Lady Farnleigh was admitted to a *fête-à-tête* with the doctor.

"Doctor," said she, going directly to her object, after a few complimentary words had been said with reference to her return to Sillshire,—“doctor, I am unhappy and uneasy about my goddaughter and pet, Kate Lindisfarn. She is far from well. Whether the main seat of the malady is in the body or the mind, I do not know; but whichever it may be I equally come to you for help. Is it long since you have seen her?”

"Why, as it so happens, Lady Farnleigh, it is rather longer than usual since I have seen Miss Lindisfarn. It is—let me see—just about a month, or a little more, since I saw her, soon after paying a visit near Sillmouth to a patient to whose bedside she summoned me."

"Yes, I have heard the story of the wounded Frenchman at Pendleton's cottage. Mr. Mat told me all about it as we were riding in from the Chase this morning."

"Of course your ladyship has heard also of the very singular circumstances which have come to light, with the effect of changing in so important a degree the worldly

prospects of the Misses Lindisfarn?" asked the doctor.

"Of course. Yes, I have heard the strange story, as everybody in Sillshire has heard it by this time. It is a very strange story."

"Has it occurred to your ladyship to consider how far it may be possible that the depressed state of Miss Kate Lindisfarn's spirits may be attributable to this sad change in her social position?"

"The idea has occurred to me, doctor, but only to be scouted the next instant. No, that is not it. We must seek again. In the first place, all my knowledge of Kate's character—and it is a lifelong knowledge, remember, doctor—would lead me to say that such a misfortune would not affect her in such a manner. It is a misfortune,—a great misfortune. Of course Kate would feel it as such. But she would not pine or fret over it. It is not in her nature, I feel perfectly sure of it. But, in the second place, it cannot be that your conjecture is the true one, for another and a perfectly decisive reason. The effect was in action before the existence of the cause to which your suggestion would assign it. Kate's sad loss of spirits and of healthy tone was remarked on at the Chase a month ago or more; and this sudden change of fortune has been discovered only within the last few days."

Dr. Blakistry remained silent for a minute or two before he replied.

"I should be quite disposed to agree with you, Lady Farnleigh," he then said, "that such a cause as we are speaking of would not appear to me to furnish a probable explanation of the phenomena in question. But I think it right—under the circumstances of the case, I think it right—to let you know that you are in error respecting the time at which the knowledge of this sad misfortune may have begun to exercise its influence upon our young friend. The putting you right in this matter involves the disclosing of a secret which was confided to me, and which no consideration would have induced me to betray, were it not that death has made the further keeping of it altogether unnecessary. I do not know exactly by what means the facts which involve the change in the destination of the Lindisfarn property have been made generally known; but—Miss Kate Lindisfarn did not first become acquainted with these facts in the same manner or at the same

time. They were known to her and to her sister from the time of that visit of mine to the wounded stranger in Deep Creek Cottage."

"Dr. Blakistry!" exclaimed Lady Farnleigh, in the greatest astonishment.

"It is even so. Miss Lindisfarn is not aware that I am cognizant of the fact that such is the case; but it so happens that I know it to be so. The wounded man to whose bedside I was called was none other than Julian Lindisfarn, the same who is said to have recently perished at sea on his return to France; and Miss Kate was informed by him of the fact, and was made fully aware of the bearing that fact had upon her prospects."

"And Margaret?"

"Was equally made aware of the same facts. She was informed of them at the same time, by her sister, who bargained with her dying cousin, as he then fancied himself, for permission to share the secret with her."

Lady Farnleigh bent her head, and placed her hand before her eyes, as if in deep and painful thought, for some minutes.

"What can have been Kate's motive?" she said at last, raising her head and looking up into the doctor's face, but still seeming to speak more to herself than to him,—“what can have been Kate's motive for keeping this secret from her family and from me?"

"The motive of her secrecy up to the time of her cousin's departure from England is obvious enough. Doubtless she had given the same promise of secrecy to her cousin that was exacted from me. It seems to have been his earnest wish that it should not be known to his family that he was alive and in the immediate neighborhood. But what her motive has been in still keeping silence as to the fact since his departure, and yet more since his death has become known, I cannot imagine."

Again Lady Farnleigh remained plunged in deep thought, resting her head upon her hand for a long time.

At last, suddenly raising her head and speaking with rapid earnestness, as if a sudden thought had flashed across her mind, she said,—

"Can you recollect the exact date of your visit to the cottage at Deep Creek, doctor?"

"Undoubtedly. I can give it you with

the greatest certainty. It was—yes, here it is,” said the doctor, referring to a note-book as he spoke, “the date of my first visit to Deep Creek Cottage was the 20th of March last.”

“The 20th of March last!” exclaimed Lady Farnleigh, hurriedly searching among a variety of papers she drew from the *reticule* which ladies were wont to carry in those days,—“the 20th of March!” she repeated, looking eagerly at the date of a letter she had selected from among the other papers. “Doctor, I think I have discovered the *mot d’énigme*. I think I see it. I *think* I understand it all. You must excuse me if I make the bad return for your information of keeping my own surmises on the subject to myself. I must do so at least till they are something more than surmises. I *think* I see it all. My dear, dear, darling, high-minded, noble-hearted Kate! And then Miss Margaret! Heavens and earth! You have no idea, doctor, how many things this little secret of yours explains, or how much it is worth. Have a little patience, and you shall know all about it in good time.”

“I will bide my time, Lady Farnleigh, with such patience as I may. I only hope that the solution of the mystery is of a nature to bring back the roses to Miss Lindisfarn’s cheeks. Sillshire cannot afford to let them wither away.”

“That we shall see; I can’t promise,—we shall see. But I am not without my hopes. And now, doctor, while I am waiting for Mr. Mat, who is to come here for me,—and I must trespass on your hospitality till he does come; for he is my only squire,—I will ask you to have the kindness to give me the means of writing a letter. I want to post it before I leave Silvertown.”

And sitting down at the doctor’s writing-table, Lady Farnleigh, scribbling as fast as ever she could drive the pen over the paper, wrote the following letter:—

“DEAR WALTER,—If it is possible, come here without loss of time, on receiving this. And if it is not possible, make it so; I want you. *Basta!* come direct to Wanstrow, without going to Silvertown at all. I got back here only yesterday. I know you won’t fail me; and therefore say no more.

“Yours always and affectionately,

“KATHERINE FARNLEIGH.”

She sealed it in such haste and flurry that she burnt her fingers in doing it; addressed

it to “The Hon. Walter Ellingham, Moulsea Haven, North Sillshire,” and then jumping up from the table, said, “Where can Mr. Mat be? He told me he was going to Glenny’s, the organist’s. I suppose they are deep in quavers and semiquavers. And I want to be on my way back to Lindisfarn. If my horse were here, I would ride off by myself.”

“Here is Mr. Mat; I am sure he has not suffered himself to be detained from his allegiance long, Lady Farnleigh.”

“No, indeed! and I am very rude; but the fact is, Dr. Blakistry, that since I flatter myself that I have discovered what I was in search of when I came here, I am in a very great hurry to go and test my nostrum. Can’t you sympathize with that impatience?”

“I can, indeed, and admit it to be a most legitimate one. Mr. Mat,” continued the doctor, addressing that gentleman as he entered the room, “her ladyship’s service requires that you should sound to boot and saddle forthwith; sorry that it accords so ill with the duties of hospitality to tell you so, but”—

“We must be off, Mr. Mat; I want to get back to Lindisfarn.”

“I thought your ladyship had ever so many things to do in Silvertown!” said Mr. Mat, staring.

“All that remains to be done now, however, is to put this letter in the post; we will ride by the post-office, and if you are for a good gallop up from the Ivy Bridge to the lodge-gate, I am quite disposed for it.”

“With all my heart, Lady Farnleigh. Any pace you like, once we are down the steep Castle Head to the bridge.”

“I have heard a queerish thing since I came into the town, Lady Farnleigh. It reached my ears by an odd chance, and I hardly know what to make of it,” said Mr. Mat, as they were walking their horses down the steep pitch of hill above mentioned.

“Anything with reference to these sad affairs at Lindisfarn?” said Lady Farnleigh, to whom any other Silvertown gossip was just then altogether uninteresting.

“Why, I hardly know; I can’t help fancying that it *has* reference to some of us up at the Chase, Lady Farnleigh,” replied Mr. Mat, with a shrewd glance at his companion’s face. “But you shall judge for yourself. When I went into Glenny’s, the organist’s, just now, I found old Wyvil, the verger, in

his room. 'Here's the man that can tell us,' cried Glennny, meaning me. I saw with half an eye that old Wyvil was vexed, and that Glennny was letting some cat or other out of the bag; but it was too late then to put her in again. 'Tell you what?' said I. 'Why, this,' said Glennny: 'was Dr. Lindisfarn expected to dinner up at the Chase last Friday?' 'Not that I know of,' said I; 'and I certainly should have known if he had been.' 'There now! I thought as much!' said Glennny. 'Why, what about it?' said I. 'Well it is this,' said Glennny, without paying any heed to old Gaffer Wyvil's signs and winks: 'Jonas, at the Lindisfarn Arms,'—that is the postboy, Lady Farnleigh, who is cousin, or nephew, one or the other, to the old verger,—'Jonas,' says he, 'has been telling my old friend here that he was ordered by Mr. Frederick Falconer to take a chaise and pair that evening round to the door in the doctor's garden-wall, that opens into the Castle Head Lane; and if he met anybody who asked questions, he was to say, that he was going to take the doctor up to the Chase to dinner. Well, he was doing as he was ordered,—was coming along the Castle Head Lane just at six o'clock, which was the time he was told to be there,—when he met old Gregory Creatorex, Falconer's confidential clerk, who sent him back all of a hurry, telling him that the chaise was not wanted for that night. Looks queer; don't it?' said Glennny. 'Very queer!' said I. As if all Sillshire did not know that the squire lines at half-past five too! 'I hope you gentlemen wont go for to get a poor boy into a scrape,' said old Wyvil; 'he did not mean any harm by telling me, as we was having a bit of gossip over a mug of beer.' 'Never fear,' said I; 'the boy, as you call him,'—he's sixty if he is a day,—'shall come to no harm.' Now what does your ladyship think of that?' concluded Mr. Mat, looking up with another of his shrewd, twinkling glances.

"Upon my word, Mr. Mat, I hardly know. Was Margaret at her uncle's on that day?"

"Yes, she was, and has been there a deal more than at home lately."

"Was she to sleep there that night?" pursued Lady Farnleigh.

"Yes, and did sleep there!" said Mr. Mat.

"It is very odd!" said Lady Farnleigh.

"I see that your ladyship has taken the same notion into your head that came into mine," said Mr. Mat.

"What was that, then?" said Lady Farn-

leigh, smiling, and looking archly at Mr. Mat in her turn.

"Why, what does a postchaise, at a back-door in a by-lane on a dark night, where a young lady is living, mostly mean?" said Mr. Mat.

"It must be owned that it looks very like an elopement, *dans les regles!*" said the lady; "but I confess that that is an indiscretion which I should not have suspected either the gentleman or the lady of, in this case."

"It seems one or both of them thought better of it, anyway!" returned Mr. Mat.

"When was the claim put forward on behalf of Julian Lindisfarn's child first heard of in Silverton?"

"Old Slowcome heard of it from Jared Mallory, the attorney at Sillmouth, that same afternoon," replied Mr. Mat.

"Humph," said Lady Farnleigh, musingly, as she coupled this fact with the information she had just been put in possession of, respecting the date of Margaret's knowledge of the true state of the case concerning her cousin.

"What does your ladyship make out of it?"

"Well, I don't know; we shall see. But I am almost inclined to think, Mr. Mat, that I can make out of it that it was a great pity Mr. Gregory Creatorex did not abstain from meddling with Jonas Wyvil, the postboy," said her ladyship, with a queer look at Mr. Mat.

Mr. Mat's bright black eyes twinkled like two bits of live fire, and a rather grim smile mantled gradually over the hard features of his seamed face, as he answered,—

"What, let 'em do it? 'twould have served Jemmy Jessamy right, if that was what he was up to."

"I am never for separating two young and ardent hearts, if it can anyway be avoided. Don't you agree with me, especially in cases where one may say with the poet, 'Sure such a pair were never seen, so justly formed to meet by nature,' eh, Mr. Mat?"

"Young and ardent hearts be—stuck on the same skewer, the way they do in the valentines!" cried Mr. Mat, with an expression of intense disgust. "I can't say that I can make it out, Lady Farnleigh; they are not the sort, not if I know anything about them," added he.

"Well, perhaps we shall understand it better by and by, Mr. Mat," returned Lady Farnleigh.

And as they reached the Ivy Bridge and the bottom of the hill, while she was speaking, with the long ascent toward Lindisfarn before them, they put their horses into a gallop, and did not draw rein till they were at the lodge-gates.

PART VII.—CHAPTER XIX.

COLIN never ascertained what were the events immediately succeeding his plunge into the canal; all he could recall dimly of that strange crisis in his life was a sense of slow motion in which he himself was passive, and of looking up at the stars in a dark-blue, frosty, wintery sky, with a vague wonder in his mind how it was that he saw them so clearly, and whether it was they or he that moved. Afterwards, when his mind became clear, it grew apparent to him that he must have opened his eyes for a moment while he was being carried home; but there intervened a period during which he heard nothing distinctly, and in which the only clear point to him was this gleam of starlight, and this accompanying sense of motion, which perplexed his faculties in his weakness. While he lay feverish and unconscious, he kept repeating, to the amazement of the bystanders, two stray lines which had no apparent connection with any of the circumstances surrounding him.

“Each with its little space of sky,
And little lot of stars,”

poor Colin said to himself over and over, without knowing it. It had been only for a moment that he opened his eyes out of the torpor which was all but death; but that moment was enough to color all the wanderings of his mind while still the weakness of the body dominated and overpowered it. Like a picture or a dream, he kept in his recollection the sharp, frosty glimmer, the cold twinkling of those passionless, distant lights, and with it a sense of rushing air and universal chill, and a sound and sense of wending his way between rustling hedges, though all the while he was immovable. That feeling remained with him till he woke from a long sleep one afternoon when the twilight was setting in, and found himself in a room which was not his own room, lying in a great bed hung with crimson curtains, which were made still more crimson by a ruddy glow of firelight, which flashed reflections out of the great mirror opposite the end of the bed. Colin lay awhile in a pause of wonder and admiration when he woke. The starlight went out of his eyes and the chill out of his frame, and a certain sense of languid comfort came over him. When he said, “Where am I?” faintly, in a voice

which he could scarcely recognize for his own, two women rose hastily and approached him. One of these was Lady Frankland, the other a nurse. While the attendant hurried forward to see if he wanted anything, Lady Frankland took his hand and pressed it warmly in both hers. “You shall hear all about it to-morrow,” she said, with the tears in her eyes; “now you will do well; but you must not exert yourself to-night. We have all been so anxious about you. Hush, hush! You must take this; you must not ask any more questions to-night.” What he had to take was some warm jelly, of which he swallowed a little, with wonder and difficulty. He did not understand what had befallen, or how he had been reduced to this invalid condition. “Hush, hush! you must not ask any questions to-night,” said Lady Frankland; and she went to the door as if to leave the room, and then came back again and bent over Colin and kissed his forehead, with her eyes shining through tears. “God bless you and reward you!” she said, smiling and crying over him; “you will do well now; you have a mother’s blessing and a mother’s prayers;” and with these strange words she went away hastily, as if not trusting herself to say more. Colin lay back on his pillow with his mind full of wonder, and, catching at the clew she had given him, made desperate, feeble efforts to piece it out, and get back again into his life. He found it so hard fighting through that moment of starlight which still haunted him that he had to go to sleep upon it, but by and by woke up again when all was silent,—when the light was shaded, and the nurse reclining in an easy-chair, and everything betokened night,—and lying awake for an hour or two, at last began to gather himself up, and recollect what had happened. He had almost leaped from his bed when he recalled the scene by the canal,—his conviction that Frankland had gone down, his own desperate plunge. But Colin was past leaping from his bed, for that time at least. He followed out this recollection, painfully trying to think what had occurred. Was Harry Frankland alive or dead? Had he himself paused too long on the brink, and was the heir of Wodensbourne gone out of all his privileges and superiorities? That was the interpretation that appeared most likely to Colin. It seemed to him to explain Lady Frankland’s tears and pathos of grati-

tude. The tutor had suffered in his attempt to save the son, and the parents, moved by the tenderness of grief, were thankful for his ineffectual efforts. As he lay awake in the silence, it appeared to him that this was the explanation, and he, too, thought with a certain pathos and compunction of Harry,—his instinctive rival, his natural opponent. Was it thus he had fallen, so near the beginning of the way,—snatched out of the life which had so many charms, so many advantages for him? As Colin lay alone in the silence, his thoughts went out to that unknown life into which he could not but imagine the other young man, who was yesterday—was it yesterday?—as strong and lifelike as himself, had passed so suddenly. Life had never seemed so fair, so bright, so hopeful to himself as while he thus followed with wistful eyes the imaginary path of Harry into the unknown awe and darkness. The thought touched him deeply, profoundly, with wistful pity, with wonder and inquiry. Where was he now, this youth who had so lately been by his side? Had he found out those problems that trouble men for their life long? Had existence grown already clear and intelligible to the eyes which in this world had cared but little to investigate its mysteries?

While Colin's mind was thus occupied, it occurred to him suddenly to wonder why he himself was so ill and so feeble. He had no inclination to get up from the bed on which he lay. Sometimes he coughed, and the cough pained him; his very breathing was a fatigue to him now and then. As he lay pondering this new thought, curious half-recollections, as of things that had happened in a dream, came into Colin's mind; visions of doctors examining some one,—he scarcely knew whether it was himself or another,—and of conversations that had been held over his bed. As he struggled through these confusing mazes of recollection or imagination, his head began to ache and his heart to beat; and finally his uneasy movements woke the nurse, who was alarmed, and would not listen to any of the questions he addressed to her.

"My lady told you as you'd hear everything to-morrow," said Colin's attendant; "for goodness gracious' sake, take your draught, do, and lie still; and don't go a-noidering and a-bothering, and take away a

poor woman's character, as was never known to fall asleep before, nor wouldn't but for thinking you was better and didn't want nothing." It was strange to the vigorous young man, who had never been in the hands of a nurse in his life, to feel himself constrained to obey,—to feel, indeed, that he had no power to resist, but was reduced to utter humiliation and dependence, he could not tell how. He fell asleep afterward, and dreamed of Harry Frankland drowning, and of himself going down, down through the muddy, black water—always down, in giddy circles of descent, as if it were bottomless. When he awoke again, it was morning, and his attendant was putting his room to rights, and disposed to regard himself with more friendly eyes. "Don't you go disturbing of yourself," said the nurse, "and persuading of the doctor as you aint no better. You're a deal better, if he did but know it. What's come to you? It's all along of falling in the canal that night along of Mr. Harry. If you takes care and don't get no more cold, you'll do well."

"Along with Mr. Harry—poor Harry!—and he"—said Colin. His own voice sounded very strange to him, thin and far-off, like a shadow of its former self. When he asked this question, the profoundest wistful pity filled the young man's heart. He was sorry to the depths of his soul for the other life which had, he supposed, gone out in darkness. "Poor Frankland!" he repeated to himself, with an action of mournful regret. *He* had been saved, and the other lost. So he thought, and the thought went to his heart. ♦

"Mr. Harry was saved, sir, when you was drowned," said the nurse, who was totally unconscious of Colin's feelings; "he's fine and hearty again, is Mr. Harry. Bless you, a ducking aint nothing to him. As for you," continued the woman, going calmly about her occupations,—"they say it wasn't the drowning, it was the striking against"—

"I understand," said Colin. He stopped her further explanations with a curious sharpness which he was not responsible for, at which he himself wondered. Was not he glad that Harry Frankland lived? But then, to be sure, there came upon him the everlasting contrast,—the good fortune and unfailing luck of his rival, who was well and hearty, while Colin, who would have been in no dan-

ger but for him, lay helpless in bed! He began to chafe at himself, as he lay, angry and helpless, submitting to the nurse's attentions. What a poor weakling anybody must think him, to fall ill of the ducking which had done no harm to Harry! He felt ridiculous, contemptible, weak,—which was the worst of all,—thinking with impatience of the thanks, which, presently, Lady Frankland would come to pay him, and the renewed obligations of which the family would be conscious. If he only could get up, and get back to his own room! But, when he made the attempt, Colin was glad enough to fall back again upon his pillows, wondering and dismayed. Harry was well, and had taken no harm; what could be the meaning of *his* sudden, unlooked-for weakness?

Lady Frankland came into the room, as he had foreseen, while it was still little more than daylight of the winter morning. She had always been kind to Colin,—indifferently, amiably kind, for the most part, with a goodness which bore no particular reference to him, but sprung from her own disposition solely. This time there was a change. She sat down by his side with nervous, wistful looks, with an anxious, almost frightened expression. She asked him how he was, with a kind of tremulous tenderness, and questioned the nurse as to how he had slept. "I am so glad to hear you have had a refreshing sleep," she said, with an anxious smile, and even laid her soft white hand upon Colin's, and caressed it as his own mother might have done, while she questioned his face, his aspect, his looks, with the speechless scrutiny of an anxious woman. Somehow, these looks, which were so solicitous and wistful, made Colin more impatient than ever.

"I am at a loss to understand why I am lying here," he said, with a forced smile; "I used to think I could stand a ducking as well as most people. It is humiliating to find myself laid up like a child, by a touch of cold water!"

"Oh, Mr. Campbell, pray don't say so!" said Lady Frankland; "it was not the cold water; you know you struck against—Oh, how can we thank you enough!—how can I even now express my gratitude!" said the poor lady, grasping his hands in both hers, her eyes filling unawares with tears.

"There is no need for gratitude," said

Colin, drawing away his hand with an impatience that he could not have explained. "I am sorry to find myself such a poor creature that I have to be nursed, and give you trouble. Your son is all right, I hear." This he said with an effort at friendliness, which cost him some trouble. He scorned to seem to envy the young favorite of fortune; but, it was annoying to feel that the strength he was secretly proud of had given way at so slight a trial. He turned his face a little more towards the wall, and away from Harry's mother, as he spoke.

"Oh, yes," said Lady Frankland, "he is quite well, and he is very, very grateful to you, dear Mr. Campbell. Believe me, we are all very grateful. Harry is so shy, and he has never once had an opportunity to pay you that—that attention which you deserve at his hands, and it showed such noble and disinterested regard on your part!"

"Pray, don't say so," said Colin, abruptly; "you make me uncomfortable; there was no regard whatever in the case."

"Ah, yes! you say so to lighten our sense of obligation," said Lady Frankland. "It is so good, so kind of you! And when I think what it has made you suffer,—but I am sure you will believe that there is nothing we would not do to show our gratitude. If you were our own son, neither Sir Thomas nor I could be more anxious. We have sent for Sir Apsley Wendown, and I hope he will arrive to-day; and we have sent for your dear mother, Mr. Campbell."

"My mother?" said Colin. He was so much startled that he raised himself up on his pillows without thinking, and as he did so, was seized by a horrible pain which took away his breath. "Sir Apsley Wendown and my mother? What does it mean?" the young man said, gasping, as he managed to slide down again into his former recumbent position. "Am I ill? or does all this commotion arise simply from an unlooked-for ducking, and a knock against the side of the canal?" He got this out with difficulty, though he strove with all his might to conceal the trouble it gave him; then he turned his eyes to Lady Frankland, who sat wringing her hands, and full of agitation by his bedside. The poor lady had altogether lost her good-natured and amiable composure. Whatever she had to say to him,—whatever the

character of the communication might be, disturbed her greatly. She wrung her hands, gave a painful, hurried glance at him, and then withdrew her eyes from his inquiring looks. All this time, Colin lay impatient, looking at her, wondering, with a sharp sensation of anger, what she could have to say.

"Dear Mr. Campbell," she said at length, "you are ill; you have been wandering and insensible. Oh, it is hard to think you are suffering for your goodness,—suffering for us! We could not trust you to our doctor here after we knew; we thought it best to have the best advice, and we thought you would prefer to have your mother. I would have nursed you myself and tended you night and day," said Lady Frankland, with enthusiasm; "I owe you that and a great deal more,—you who have saved my dear boy."

"What is the matter with me?" said Colin. It appeared to him as if a great cloud was rolling up over the sky, throwing upon him a strange and ominous shadow. He scarcely heard what she said. He did not pay any attention to her. What was Henry Frankland's mother to him, or her thanks, or the things she was willing to do to show her gratitude? He wanted to know why he was lying there powerless, unable to move himself. That was the first thing to be thought of. As for Lady Frankland, she wrung her hands again, and hesitated more and more.

"I hope God will reward you!" said the agitated woman; "I would give everything I have in the world to see you well and strong as you were when you came here. Oh, Mr. Campbell, if you only could know the feeling that is in all our hearts!" It was her kindness, her reluctance to give him pain, her unfeigned distress; that made her prolong Colin's suspense, and drive him frantic with these exasperating professions of regard, for which, true as they doubtless were, he did not care.

"I suppose I've broken some of my bones," said Colin; "it would be real kindness if you would tell me what is the matter. Will it take a long time to mend me? I should be glad to know, at least, what it is."

Impelled by his looks and his tone, Lady Frankland burst into her statement at last. "You have broken some of your ribs," she said; "but I don't think that is of so much importance; Sir Apsley, when he comes, will tell us. He is coming to-day and you are

looking so much better. It was old Mr. Eyre who gave us such a fright yesterday. He said your lungs had been injured somehow, and that you might never—that it might be a long time—that it might keep you delicate; but even if that were the case, with care and a warm climate—oh, Mr. Campbell! I think he is mistaken; he is always such a croaker. I think—I hope—I am almost sure Sir Apsley will set you all right."

Again Colin had risen in his bed with a little start. This time he was scarcely sensible of the pain which every motion caused him. He fancied afterwards that for that moment his heart stood still in his bosom, and the pulses in his veins stopped beating. The shock was so strange, so sudden, so unlooked for. He sat up—struggled up—upon his pillows, and instinctively and unawares faced and confronted the new Thing which approached him. In that moment of strange consciousness and revelation he felt that the intimation was true,—that his doom was sealed and his days numbered. He did not look at the anxious woman who was wringing her hands by his bedside, nor at any external object; but with an irresistible impulse confronted dumbly the new world,—the changed existence. When he laid himself down again, it seemed to Colin as if years had passed over his head. He said some vague words of thanks, without being very well aware what he was saying, to Lady Frankland; and then lay silent, stunned, and bewildered, like a man who had received a blow. What she said to him afterward, or how long she remained in the room, he was scarcely aware of. Colin belonged to a race which had no weak members; he had been used to nothing but strength and health—wholesome rural life and vigor—all his days. He had even learned, without knowing it, to take a certain pride in his own physical gifts, and in those of his family, and to look with compassionate contempt on people who were "delicate" and obliged to take care of themselves. The idea that such a fate might by any possibility fall to himself had never once occurred to him. It was an impossible contingency at which, even a week ago, the strong young man, just entering upon the full possession of his powers, would have laughed, as beyond the range of imagination. He might die, no doubt, like any other man,—might be snatched out of the

world by violent disease or sudden fever, as other strong men had been; but to have his strength stolen from him while still his life remained had appeared a thing beyond the bounds of possibility to Colin. As he lay now, stunned by this unlooked-for fall, there came before his eyes, as vividly as if he saw them in actual presence, the sick people of his native district,—the young men and the young women who now and then paid, even on the sweet shores of the Holy Loch, the terrible toll which consumption takes of all the nations of the north. One of them, a young man about his own age, who, like himself, had been in training for the Scotch Church, whom Colin had pitied with all his kind heart,—with the deepest half-remorseful sense of his own superior happiness,—came before him with intense distinctness as he lay silent-struck by the cold shadow of fate. He could almost have thought that he saw the spectral, attenuated form, with its hectic cheeks, its thin, long, wasted hands, its preternatural length of limb, seated in the old, high-backed easy-chair which harmonized well enough with the other articles in the farmhouse parlor, but would have been oddly out of place in the room where Colin lay. All the invalid's life appeared to him in a sudden flash of recollection,—the kindly neighbors' visits; the books and papers which were lent him; the soup and jellies which the minister's wife and the other ladies of the parish, few in number as they were, kept him provided with. Colin could even remember his own periodical visits; his efforts to think what would interest the sick man; his pity and wonder and almost contempt for the patience which could endure, and even take a pleasure in, the poor comforts of the fading life. God help him! was this what he himself was coming to? was this all he had to anticipate? Colin's heart gave a strange leap in his breast at the thought. A sudden wild throb, a sense of something intolerable, a cry against the fate which was too hard, which could not be borne, rose within him, and produced a momentary sickness, which took the light out of his eyes, and made everything swim round him in a kind of dizzy gloom. Had he been standing, he would have fallen down, and the bystanders would have said he had fainted. But he had not fainted; he was bitterly, painfully conscious of everything. It was

only his heart that fluttered in his breast like a wounded bird; it was only his mind that had been struck, and reeled. So much absorbed was he that he did not hear the voice of the nurse, who brought him some invalid nourishment, and who became frightened when she got no answer, and shook him violently by the arm. "Lord bless us, he's gone!" exclaimed the woman; and she was but little reassured when her patient turned upon her with dry lips and a glittering eye. "I am not gone yet," said Colin; "there is no such luck for me;" and then he began once more to picture out to himself the sick man at the Holy Loch, with the little tray on the table beside him, and his little basin of soup. God help him! was this how he was to be for all the rest of his life?

This was how he sustained the first physical shock of the intimation which poor Lady Frankland had made to him with so much distress and compunction. It is hard enough at any time to receive a sentence of death; yet Colin could have died bravely, had that been all that was required of him. It was the life in death thus suddenly presented before his eyes that appalled his soul and made his heart sick. And after that, Heaven knows, there were other considerations still more hard to encounter. If we were to say that the young man thus stopped short in the heyday of his life bethought himself immediately of what is called preparation for dying, it would be both false and foolish. Colin had a desperate passage to make before he came to that. As these moments, which were like hours, passed on, he came to consider the matter in its larger aspects. But for Harry Frankland, he would have been in no danger, and now Harry Frankland was safe, strong, and in the full enjoyment of his life, while Colin lay broken and helpless, shipwrecked at the beginning of his career. Why was it? Had God ordained this horrible injustice, this cruel fate? As Colin looked at it, out of the clouds that were closing round him, that fair career which was never to be accomplished stretched bright before him, as noble a future as ever was contemplated by man. It had its drawbacks and disadvantages when he looked at it a week before, and might, perhaps, have turned out a commonplace life enough, had it come to its daily fulfilment; but now, when it had suddenly become impossible, what a career it

seemed! Not of selfish profit, of money-making, or personal advantage,—a life which was to be for the use of his country, for the service of his church, for the furtherance of everything that was honest and lovely and of good report. He stood here, stayed upon the threshold of his life, and looked at it with wonder and despair. This existence God had cut short and put an end to. Why? That another man might live and enjoy his commonplace pleasures; might come into possession of all the comforts of the world; might fill a high position without knowing, without caring for it; might hunt and shoot and fall asleep after dinner, as his father had done before him.

In the great darkness, Colin's heart cried out with a cry of anguish and terrible surprise to the invisible, inexorable God, "Why? Why?" Was one of His creatures less dear, less precious to him than another, that he should make this terrible difference? The pure life, the high hopes, the human purpose and human happiness, were they as nothing to the great Creator who had brought them into being and suffered them to bud and blossom only that he might crush them with his hands? Colin lay still in his bed, with his lips set close and his eyes straining into that unfathomable darkness. The bitterness of death took possession of his soul,—a bitterness heavier, more terrible than that of death. His trust, his faith, had given way. God sat veiled upon his awful throne, concealed by a horrible cloud of disappointment and incomprehension. Neither love nor justice, neither mercy nor equal dealing, was in this strange, unintelligible contrast of one man's loss and another man's gain. As the young man lay struggling in this hour of darkness, the God of his youth disappeared from him, the Saviour of his childhood withdrew, a sorrowful shadow, into the angry heavens. What was left? Was it a capricious Deity, ruled by incomprehensible impulses of favor and of scorn? Was it a blind and hideous Chance, indifferent alike to happiness and misery? Was it some impious power, owning no everlasting rule of right and wrong, of good and evil, who trampled at its will upon the hearts and hopes of men? Colin was asking himself these terrible questions when the curtain was softly drawn, and a face looked down upon him, in which tenderness and grief and pity had come to such a climax as no words

could convey any impression of. It was his mother who stood beside him, stretching out her arms like a pitying angel, yearning over him with the anguish and the impatience of love. Sometimes, surely, the Master gives us in the fellowship of his sufferings a human pang beyond his own,—the will to suffer in the stead of those we love, without the power.

CHAPTER XX.

"THEY'RE awfu' grateful, Colin; I canna but say that for them," said Mrs. Campbell; "and as anxious as if you were their own son. I'll no undertake to say that I havena an unchristian feeling myself to Harry Frankland; but, when you're a' weel and strong, Colin"—

"And what if I am never well and strong?" said the young man. His mother's presence had subdued and silenced, at least for a time, the wild questions in his heart. She had taken them upon herself, though he did not know it. So far human love can stretch its fellowship in the sufferings of its Master,—not to the extent of full substitution, of salvation temporal or spiritual, but, at least, to a modified deliverance. She had soothed her son and eased him of his burden, but in so doing had taken it to herself. The eagle that had been gnawing his heart had gone to fix its talons in hers; but she carried it, like the Spartan, under her mantle, and smiled while it rent her in twain.

"Whisht, whisht!" she said, in her martyrdom of composure and calm looks, and took her boy's hand and held it between hers—God only could tell how fondly—with a firm, warm grasp that seemed to hold him fast to life. "Colin, my man, it's a' in God's hands," said the mistress of Ramore; "whiles his ways are awfu' mysterious. I'm no one that proposes to read them; or see a' thing plain, like some folk; but I canna think he ever makes a mistake, or lets anything go by hazard. We'll bide his time; Colin; and who can tell what mercy and goodness he may have in his hand?"

"Mercy and goodness, or, perhaps, the contrary," said Colin. If he had not been a little comforted and eased in his heart, he would not have given utterance to words which he felt to be unchristian. But now, with his longing to be soothed and to accept the softening influence which surrounded

him, came an impulse to speak,—to use words which were even more strong than his feelings. As for his mother, she was too thoughtful a woman, and had in her own heart too heavy a burden, to appear shocked by what he said.

"Maybe what appears to us the contrary," she said, "though that maun be but an appearance, like most things in this life. I'm no one to deny my ain heart, or make a show as if I understood the ways of the Lord, or could, ay, in my poor way, approve of them, if a mortal creature might daur to say so, Colin. There's things he does that appear a' wrang to me,—I canna but say it. I'm no doubting his wisdom nor yet his love, but there's mony a thing he does that I canna follow, nor see onything in but loss and misery. But oh, Colin, my bonnie man, that's nae cause for doubting him! He maun have his ain reasons, and they maun be better reasons than ours. If you'll close your eyes, and try and get a sleep, I'll take a breath of air to myself before night sets in. I was aye an awfu' woman for the air; and eh, laddie! I think ye'll be thankful to get back to Ramore after this dreary country, where there's neither hill nor glen; though maybe it might be cauld for you in the spring, when there's so much soft weather," said the tender woman, smoothing his pillows, and bending over him with her anxious smile. "It minds me o' the time when you were my baby, Colin, to get you into my hands again. They say a woman's aye a queen in a sick-room," said the mistress. Her smile was such that tears would have been less sad; and she was impatient to be gone,—to leave her son's bedside,—because she felt herself at the furthest stretch of endurance, and knew that her strained powers must soon give way. Perhaps Colin, too, understood what it was which made his mother so anxious to leave him; for he turned his face to the waning evening light, and closed his eyes, and after a while, seemed to sleep. When he had lain thus quietly for some time, the poor mother stole down-stairs and out into the wintry twilight. Her heart was breaking in her tender bosom; her strength had been strained to the utmost bounds of possibility; and nature demanded at least the relief of tears. Two days before, she had been tranquil and content in her peaceful life at home. When Sir Thomas Frankland's telegram came late

at night, like a sudden thunderbolt into the quiet house, the Holy Loch was asleep and at rest, cradled in sweet darkness, and watched by fitful glances of that moon for which Colin and his friends had looked to guide them on the night of the accident; and no means of communicating with the world until the morning was possible to the inhabitants of Ramore. The anxious mother, whose eyes had not been visited with sleep through all the lingering winter night, set off by dawn to thread her weary, unaccustomed way through all the mazes of the railways which were to convey her to Wodensbourne. She had neither servant nor friend to manage for her; and no fine lady, accustomed to the most careful guardianship, could be more unused to the responsibilities of travelling than Mrs. Campbell. When she arrived, it was to find her boy, her first-born, stretched helpless upon his bed, to see the examination made by the great doctor from London, to hear his guarded statements, his feebly-expressed hopes, which conveyed only despair, and with that sudden arrow quivering in her heart, to undertake the duties of a cheerful nurse,—to keep smiling upon Colin, telling him the news of the parish, the events of the country-side, as if her coming here had been a holiday. All this together—though so many women have borne it, and though the mistress of Ramore was able to bear it, and more, for her boy's sake—was a hard strain upon her. When she got down-stairs into the air, the first thing she did was to sit down on the steps of the glass-door which led into the terrace and cry bitterly and silently. She was alone among strangers, with scarcely even a friendly feature of familiar nature to give her a little confidence. The aspect of the great house, stretching its long wings and solemn front into the twilight, containing a whole community of people unknown to her, whose very voices were strange, and sounded like a foreign tongue, completed the forlorn sense she had of absence from everything that could help or console; and when, in the restlessness of her musing, she got up and began to walk about upon that deserted terrace, which Colin had paced so often, all Colin's questions, all his doubts, rushed with double force and feminine passion into his mother's mind. As she pursued her uncertain way, her eye was attracted by the lights in the windows. One of them was large and low,

and so close upon the terrace that she could not help seeing the interior, and what was passing there. Harry Frankland was standing by the fire with his cousin. The long billiard-table behind them, and the cue which Miss Matty still held in her hand did not enlighten Mrs. Campbell as to what they had been doing. Matty had laid her disengaged hand on her cousin's shoulder, and was looking up, as if pleading for something, into his face; and the firelight, which gleamed upon them both, gave color and brightness to the two young faces, which seemed to the sorrowful woman outside to be glowing with health and love and happiness. When Mrs. Campbell looked upon this scene, her heart cried out in her breast. It was Colin's question that came to her lips as she hurried past in the cold and the gathering darkness:—

"Why? O God! why?" Her son struck to the earth in the bloom of his young life,—rooted up like a young tree, or a silly flower,—and this youth, this other woman's son, taking the happiness that should have been for Colin. Why was it? The poor woman called in her misery upon the heavens and the earth to answer her—Why? One deprived of all, another possessed of everything that soul of man could desire,—one heart smitten and rent asunder, and another reposing in quiet and happiness. As she went on in her haste, without knowing where she went, another window caught the mistress's eye. It was the nursery window where all the little ones were holding high carnival. Little boys and little girls, the younger branches of the large happy family, with again the light gleaming rosy over their childish faces. The eldest of all was having her toilet made for presentation in the drawing-room, and at sight of her, another blow keen and poignant went to Mrs. Campbell's heart. Just such a child had been the little maiden, the little daughter who once made sunshine in the homely house of Ramore. It came upon the poor mother in the darkness, to think what that child would have been to her now, had she lived,—how her woman-child would have suffered with her, wept with her, helped to bear the burden of her woe. Her heart yearned and longed in her new grief over the little one who had been gone four years. She turned away hastily from the bright window and the gay group, and sunk down upon her

knees on the ground with a sob that came from her heart,—“Why? oh, why?” God had his reasons; but what were they! The agony of loss, in which there seemed no possible gain; the bitterness of suffering, without knowing any reason for it, overpowered her. The contrast of her own trouble with the happiness, the full possession, the universal prosperity and comfort which she saw, struck her sharply with something which was not envy of her neighbor, but the appeal of an amazed anguish to God. “The ways of the Lord are not equal,” she was saying in her soul. Was it, as nature suggested, with natural groans, because he loved her less, or, as the minister said, because he loved her more, that God sent upon her those pangs, and demanded from her those sacrifices? Thus she cried out of the depths, not knowing what she said. “If I had but had my Jeanie!” the poor woman moaned to herself, with a vision of a consoling angel; a daughter, another dearer, fairer self, who would have helped to bear all her burdens. But God had not afforded her that comfort, the dearest consolation to a woman. When she had wept out those few bitter tears, that are all of which the heart is capable when it is no longer young, she gathered herself up out of the darkness and prepared to go in again to Colin's bedside. Though she had received no answer to her question,—though neither God himself, nor his angels, nor any celestial creature, had gleamed through the everlasting veil, and given her a glimpse of that divine meaning which it is so hard to read,—there was a certain relief in the question itself, and in the tears that had been wrung out of her heart. And so it was that, when Matty Frankland came lightly out of the billiard-room, on her way to dress for dinner, Mrs. Campbell, whom she met coming in from the terrace, did not appear to her to bear a different aspect from that of the mistress of Ramore. Matty did not lose a minute in making her advances to Colin's mother. She was, indeed, extremely sorry, and had even been conscious of a passing thought similar to that which had struggled passionately into being, both in Colin's mind and in his mother's,—a passing sense of wonder why Harry, who was good for nothing in particular, should have been saved, and Colin, who was what Miss Matty called “so very clever,” should have been the sufferer. Such

a doubt, had it gone deep enough,—had it become an outcry of the soul, as it was with the others,—would have made an infidel of that little woman of the world. She ran to Mrs. Campbell, and took her hand, and led her into the billiard-room, the door of which stood open. “Oh, dear Mrs. Campbell, come and tell me about him,” she said; and, as it had been the conjunction of a little real feeling with her habitual wiles that brought Colin under her influence, the same thing moved his mother at least to tolerate the inquiry. She drew away her hand with some impatience from the little enchantress, but her tender heart smote her when she saw an involuntary tear in Matty’s eye. Perhaps, after all, it was less her fault than her misfortune; and the mistress followed the girl into the room with less dislike, and more toleration, than she would have supposed possible. It might be, after all, the older people—to whom worldliness came by nature, as the Hindoos thought—who were to blame.

“Oh, Mrs. Campbell, I am so sorry,—I cannot tell you how sorry I am,” cried Matty,—and she spoke only the truth, and had real tears in her eyes,—“to think that he should save my cousin again, and suffer so for his goodness. Don’t be angry with us, though, indeed, I should not wonder if you could not bear our very name; I am sure I should not, if I were you.”

“Na, God forbid,” said the mistress. She was but half satisfied of the reality of the young lady’s professions, and this suspicion, so unusual to her, gave diguity to her speech.

“It wasna you nor ony mortal person, but his own heart, that moved my Colin. You could do an awfu’ deal,” said Colin’s mother, looking with a woman’s look of disapproving admiration on Matty’s pretty face; “but you couldna move my son like his ain generous will. He never was one to think of his ain—comfort”—continued Mrs. Campbell with a little shudder for something in her throat prevented her from saying his life—“when a fellow-creature was in danger. It was his ain heart that was to blame,—if anything was to blame,—and not you.”

And the homely woman’s eyes went past her questioner with that same look which in Colin had so often baffled Miss Matty, showing that the higher spirit had gone beyond the lesser into its own element, where only

its equals could follow. The girl was awed for the moment, and humbled. Not for her poor sake, not for Harry Frankland, who was of no great account to anybody out of his own family, but because of his own nature, which would not permit him to see another perish, had Colin suffered. This thought, imperfectly as she understood it, stopped the voluble sympathy, pity, and distress on Matty’s lips. She no longer knew what to say, and, after an awkward pause, could only stammer over her old commonplaces. “Oh, dear, Mrs. Campbell, I am so sorry; I would give anything in the world to make him well again, and I only hope you wont be angry with us,” said Matty, with a suppressed sob, which was partly fright and partly feeling. The eyes of the mistress came back at the sound of the girl’s voice.

“I’m no angry,” she said.—“God forbid; though I might have something to say to *you* if my heart could speak. The like of you whiles do mair harm in this world, Miss Frankland, than greater sinners. I’m no saying you kent what *you* were doing; but, if it had not been for you, my Colin would never have come near this place. You beguiled my son with your pleasant words and your bonnie face. He had nae mair need to come here to be tutor to yon bit crooked cal-lant,” said the mistress, with involuntary bitterness, “than Maister Frankland himself. But he thought to be near you, that had beguiled him, and made him give mair heed to your fables than to anything else that was true in life. I’m no blaming my Colin,” said the mistress, with an unconscious elevation of her head; “he never had kent onything but truth a’ his days, and, if he wasna to believe in a woman that smiled on him and enticed him to her, what was he to believe in at his years? Nor I’m no to call angry at you,” said Colin’s mother, looking from the elevation of age and nature upon Miss Matty, who drooped instinctively, and became conscious what a trifling little soul she was. “We a’ act according to our ain nature, and you wasna capable of perceiving what harm you could do; but, if you should ever encounter again one that was true himself and believed in you”—

Here Matty, who had never been destitute of feeling, and who, in her heart, was fond of Colin in her way, and had a kind of understanding of him, so far as she could go,

fell into such an outburst of natural tears as disarmed the mistress, who faltered and stopped short, and had hard ado to retain some appearance of severity in sight of this weeping, for which she was not prepared. Colin's mother understood truth, and in an abhorring, indignant, resentful way, believed that there was falsehood in the world. But how truth and falsehood were mingled—how the impulses of nature might have a little room to work even under the fictions of art, or the falseness of society—was a knowledge unimagined by the simple woman. She began to think she had done Matty injustice when she saw her tears.

"Oh, Mrs. Campbell, I know how good he is! I—I never knew any one like him. How could I help— But, indeed—indeed, I never meant any harm!" cried Matty, ingeniously taking advantage of the truth of her own feelings, as far as they went, to disarm her unconscious and single-minded judge. The mistress looked at her with puzzled but pitiful eyes.

"It would be poor comfort to him to say you never meant it," she said; and in the pause that followed, Matty had begun to recollect that it was a long time since the dressing-bell rung, though she still had her face hid on the table, and the tears were not dried from her cheeks. "And things may turn out more merciful than they look like," said the mistress, with a heavy sigh and a wistful smile. Perhaps it occurred to her that the gratitude of the Franklands might go so far as to bestow upon Colin the woman he loved. "I'll no keep you longer," she continued, laying her tender hand for a moment on Matty's head. "God bless you for every kind thought you ever had to my Colin. He's weel worthy of them all," said the wistful mother.

Matty, who did not know what to say, and who, under this touch, felt her own artifice to her heart, and was for a moment disgusted with herself, sprung up in a little agony of shame and remorse, and kissed Mrs. Campbell as she went away. And Colin's mother went back to her son's room to find him asleep, and sat down by his side, to ponder in herself whether this and that might not still be possible. Love and happiness were physicians in whom the simple woman had a confidence unbounded. If they came smiling hand in hand to Colin's pillow, who could

tell what miracle of gladness might yet fall from the tender heavens?

CHAPTER XXI.

BUT, though Mrs. Campbell's heart relented toward Matty, and was filled with vague hopes which centred in her, it was very hard to find out what Colin's thoughts were on the same subject. He scarcely spoke of the Franklands at all, and never named or referred to the ladies of the house. When his mother spoke, with natural female wiles to tempt him into confidence, of special inquiries made for him, Colin took no notice of the inference. She even went so far as to refer specially to Miss Matty with no greater effect. "There's one in the house as anxious as me," said the mistress, with tender exaggeration, as she smoothed his pillow and made her morning inquiries; but her son only smiled faintly and shook his head with an almost imperceptible movement of incredulity. He asked no questions, showed no pleasure at the thought, but lay most of the day in a silence which his mother could find no means of breaking, even now and then, for a moment. The first horror, the first resistance had gone out of Colin's mind; but he lay asking himself inevitable questions, facing the great problem for which he could find no solution, which no man has been able to explain. Had the thoughts of his mind been put into words, the chances are that to most people who have never themselves come to such a trial, Colin would have seemed a blasphemer or an infidel. But he was neither the one nor the other, and was indeed incapable by nature either of scepticism or of profanity. The youth had been born of a sternly-believing race, which recognized in all God's doings an eternal right, beyond justice and beyond reason,—a right to deal with them and theirs as he might please; but Colin himself was of the present age, and was fully possessed by all those cravings after understanding and explanation which belong to the time. Without any doubt of God, he was arrested by the wonderful mystery of Providence, and stood questioning, in the face of the unanswering silence, "Why?" The good God, the God of the Gospels, the Father of our Lord, was the divine Ruler whom Colin recognized in his heart; but the young man longed and struggled to find reasonableness, coherence, any recognizable,

comprehensible cause, for the baffling arrangements and disarrangements, the mysterious inequalities and injustices of life. He wanted to trace the thread of reason which God kept in his own hand; he wanted to make out why the Father who loved all should dispense so unequally, so differently, his gifts to one and another. This awful question kept him silent for days and nights; he could not make anything of it. Social inequalities, which speculatists fret at, had not much disturbed Colin. It had not yet occurred to him that wealth or poverty made much difference; but why the life of one should be broken off incomplete and that of another go on,—why the purposes of one should end in nothing,—why his hopes should be crushed and his powers made useless, while another flourished and prospered, confounded him, in the inexperience of his youth. And neither heaven, nor earth gave him any answer. The Bible itself seemed to append moral causes which were wanting in his circumstances to the perennial inequalities of existence. It spoke of the wicked great in power, flourishing like the green bay-tree, and of the righteous oppressed and suffering for righteousness' sake, which was, in its way, a comprehensible statement of the matter. But the facts did not agree in Colin's case. Harry Frankland could not, by any exertion of dislike, be made to represent the wicked, nor was Colin, in his own thinking, better than his neighbor. They were two sons of one Father, to whom that Father was behaving with the most woful, the most extraordinary partiality, and nothing in heaven or earth was of half so much importance as to prove the proceedings of the Father of all to be everlastingly just and of sublime reason. What did it mean? This was what Colin was discussing with himself as he lay on his bed. It was not wonderful that such thoughts should obliterate the image of Miss Matty. When she came into his mind at all, he looked back upon her with a pensive sweetness, as on somebody he had known a lifetime before. Sterner matters had now taken the place of the light love and hopes of bountiful and lavish youth. The hopes had grown few, and the abundance changed into poverty. If the Author of the change had chosen to reveal some reason in it, the young soul thus stopped short in its way could have consented that all was well.

And then Lady Frankland came every day to pay him a visit of sympathy, and to express her gratitude. "It is such a comfort to see him looking so much better!" Lady Frankland said; "Harry would like so much to come and sit with you, dear Mr. Campbell. He could read to you, you know, when you feel tired; I am sure nothing he could do would be too much to show his sense of your regard"—

At which words Colin raised himself up.

"I should be much better pleased," said Colin, "if you would not impute to me feelings which I don't pretend to. It was no regard for Mr. Frankland that induced me"—

"Oh, indeed! I know how good you are," said Harry's mother, pressing his hand, "always so generous, and disposed to make light of your own kindness; but we all know very well, and Harry knows, that there is many a brother who would not have done so much. I am sure I cannot express to you a tenth part of what I feel. Harry's life is so precious!" said my lady, with a natural human appreciation of her own concerns, and unconscious, unintentional indifference to those of others. "The eldest son,—and Sir Thomas has quite commenced to rely upon him for many things—and I am sure I don't know what I should do without Harry to refer to," Lady Frankland continued, with a little smile of maternal pride and triumph. When she came to this point, it chanced to her to catch a side-glimpse of Mrs. Campbell's face. The mistress sat by her son's bedside, pale, with her lips set close, and her eyes fixed upon the hem of her apron, which she was folding and refolding in her hands. She did not say anything, nor give utterance in any way to the dumb remonstrance and reproach with which her heart was bursting; but there was something in her face which imposed silence upon the triumphant, prosperous woman beside her. Lady Frankland gave a little gasp of mingled fright and compunction. She did not know what to say to express her full sense of the service which Colin had done her; and there was nothing strange in her instinctive feeling that she, a woman used to be served and tended all her life, had a natural claim upon other people's services. She was very sorry, of course, about Mr. Campbell; if any exertion of hers could have cured

him, he would have been well in half an hour. But, as it was, it appeared to her rather natural than otherwise that the tutor should suffer and that her own son should be saved.

"I felt always secure about Harry when you were with him," she said, with an involuntary artifice. "He was so fond of you, Mr. Campbell,—and I always felt that you knew how important his safety was, and how much depended"—

"Pardon me," said Colin,—he was angry in his weakness at her pertinacity. "I have no right to your gratitude. Your son and I have no love for each other, Lady Frankland. I picked him out of the canal, not because I thought of the importance of his life, but because I had seen him go down, and should have felt myself a kind of murderer, had I not tried to save him. That is the whole. Why should I be supposed to have any special regard for him? Perhaps," said Colin, whose words came slowly and whose voice was interrupted by his weakness,—“I would have given my life with more comfort for any other man.”

"Oh, Mr. Campbell! don't be so angry and bitter. After all, it was not our fault," said Lady Frankland, with a wondering offence and disappointment, and then she hurriedly changed her tone, and began to congratulate his mother on his improved looks.

"I am so glad to see him looking so much better! There were some people coming here," said my lady, faltering a little; "we would not have them come, so long as he was so ill. Neither Harry nor any of us could have suffered it. We had sent to put them off; but now that he is so much better"—said Lady Frankland, with a voice which was half complaint and half appeal. She thought it was rather ill-tempered of the mother and son to make so little response.

"When I almost asked their permission!" she said, with a little indignation, when she had gone down-stairs; "but they seem to think they should be quite masters, and look as black as if we had done them an injury. Send to everybody, and say it is to be on Wednesday, Matty; for Henry's interests must not be neglected." It was a ball, for which Lady Frankland had sent out her invitations some time before the accident; for Harry Frankland was to ask the suffrages of the electors of Earie at the approaching

election. "I don't mean to be ungrateful to Mr. Campbell," said the lady of Wodensbourne, smoothing those ruffled plumes. "I am sure nobody can say I have not been grateful; but at the same time, I can't be expected to sacrifice my own son." Such were the sentiments with which Lady Frankland came down-stairs. As for the other mother, it would be hard to describe what was in her mind. In the bitterness of her heart, she was angry with the God who had no pity upon her. If Harry Frankland's life was precious, what was Colin's? and the mistress, in her anguish, made bitter comparisons, and cried out wildly with a woman's passion. Down-stairs, in the fine rooms, which her simple imagination filled with splendor, they would dance and sing unconcerned, though her boy's existence hung trembling in the balance; and was not Heaven itself indifferent, taking no notice? She was glad that twilight was coming on to conceal her face, and that Colin, who lay very silent, did not observe her. And so, while Lady Frankland, feeling repulsed and injured, managed to escape partially from the burden of an obligation which was too vast to be borne, and returned to the consideration of her ball, the two strangers kept silence in the twilight chamber, each dumbly contending with doubts that would not be overcome, and questions which could not be answered. What did God mean by permitting this wonderful, this incomprehensible difference between the two? But the great Father remained silent and made no reply. The days of revelation and explanation were over. For one, joy and prosperity; for another, darkness and the shadow of death,—plain facts not to be misconceived or contested—and in all the dumb heavens and silent, observant earth no wisdom nor knowledge which could tell the reason why.

CHAPTER XXII.

"AY, I heard of the accident. No that I thought anything particular of that. You're no the kind of callant, nor come of the kind of race, to give in to an accident. I came for my own pleasure. I hope I'm old enough to ken what pleases myself. Take your dinner, callant, and leave me to mind my business. I could do that much before you were born."

It was Lauderdale who made this answer

to Colin's half-pleased, half-impatient, questioning. The new-comer sat, gaunt and strange, throwing a long shadow over the sick-bed, and looking, with a suppressed emotion, more pathetic than tears, upon the tray which was placed on a little table by Colin's side. It was a sad sight enough. The young man, in the flush and beauty of his youth, with his noble physical development, and the eager soul that shone in his eyes, lay helpless, with an invalid's repast before him, for which he put out his hand with a languid movement, like a sick child. Lauderdale himself looked haggard and careworn. He had travelled by night, and was unshaven and untrimmed, with a wild gleam of exhaustion and hungry anxiety in his eyes.

"Whatever the reason may be, we're real glad to see you," said Mrs. Canpbell. "If I could have wished for anything to do Colin good more than he's getting, it would have been you. But he's a great deal better,—a wonderful deal better; you would not know him for the same creature that he was when I came here; and I'm in great hopes he'll no need to be sent away for the rest of the winter, as the doctor said," said the sanguine mother, who had reasoned herself into hope. She looked with wistful inquiry as she spoke into Lauderdale's eyes, trying hard to read there what was the opinion of the new-comer. "It would be an awfu' hard thing for me to send him away by himsel', and him no well," said the mistress, with a hope that his friend would say that Colin's looks did not demand such a proceeding, but that health would come back to him with the sweet air of the Holy Loch.

"I heard of that," said Lauderdale, "and, to tell the truth, I'm tired of staying in one place all my life mysel'. If a man is to have no more good of his ain legs than if he were a vegetable, I see no good in being a man; it would save an awfu' deal of trouble to turn a cabbage at once. So I'm thinking of taking a turn about the world as long as I'm able; and if Colin likes to go with me"—

"Which means, mother, that he has come to be my nurse," said Colin, whose heart was climbing into his throat; "and here I lie like a log, and will never be able to do more than say thanks. Lauderdale"—

"Whisht, callant," said the tender giant, who stood looking down upon Colin with

eyes which would not trust themselves to answer the mother's appealing glances; "I'm terrible fatigued with my life, and no able to take the trouble of arguing the question. Not that I consent to your proposition, which has a fallacy on the face of it; for it would be a bonnie-like thing to hear you say thanks either to your mother or me. Since I've been in my situation,—which, maybe, I'll tell you more about by and by, now that my mouth's opened,—I've saved a little siller, a hundred pounds, or maybe mair," said the philosopher, with a momentary smile, "and I see no reason why I shouldna have my bit holiday as well as other folk. I've worked long for it." He turned away just then, attracted by a gleam of sunshine at the window, his companion thought, and stood looking out, disposing as he best could of a little bitter moisture that had gathered in the deep corners of his eyes. "It'll no be very joyful when it comes," he said to himself, with a pang of which nobody was aware, and stood forming his lips into an inaudible whistle to conceal how they quivered. He, too, had built high hopes upon this young head which was now lying low. He had said to himself, with the involuntary bitterness of a mind disappointed and forlorn, that here at least was a life free from all shadows,—free from the fate that seemed to follow all who belonged to himself,—through whom he might again reconcile himself to Providence, and reconnect himself with existence. As he stood now, with his back to Colin, Lauderdale was again going over the burning ploughshares, enduring the fiery ordeal. Once more his unselfish hope was going out in darkness. When he returned to them, his lips had steadied into the doleful turn of a familiar air, which was connected in Colin's mind with many an amusing and many a tender recollection. Between the two people who were regarding him with love and anguish so intense, the sick youth burst into pleasant laughter,—laughter which had almost surprised the bystanders into helpless tears,—and repeated, with firmer breath than Lauderdale's, the fragment of his favorite air.

"He never gets beyond that bar," said Colin. "It carries me back to Glasgow, and all the old days. We used to call it Lauderdale's pibroch. Give me my dinner, mother. I don't see what I should grumble about as long as you and he are by me. Help me to

get up, old fellow," the young man said, holding out his hands, and ate his invalid meal cheerfully, with eager questions about all his old companions, and bursts of passing laughter, which to the ears of his friend were more terrible than so many groans. As for the mistress, she had become by this time accustomed to connect together those two ideas of Colin and a sick-bed, the conjunction of which was as yet misery to Lauderdale; and she was glad in her boy's pleasure, and took trembling hope from every new evidence of his unbroken spirit. Before long the old current of talk had flowed into its usual channel; and, but for the strange, novel circumstances which surrounded them, one at least of the party might have forgotten for the moment that they were not in the pleasant parlor of Ramore; but that one did not see his own countenance, its eloquent brightness, its lashes of sudden color, and the shining of its so brilliant eyes.

But there could not be any doubt that Colin improved from that moment. Lauderdale had secured a little lodging in the village, from which he came every morning to be "callant," in whom his disappointed manhood, too careless of personal good, too meditative and speculative for any further ambition on his own account, had fixed his last hopes. He even came, in time, after he had accustomed himself to Colin's illness, to share, by moments, in the mistress's hopes. When Colin at last got up from his bed, it was Lauderdale's arm he leant on. That was an eventful day to the little anxious group in the sick-chamber, whose hopes sometimes leaped to certainty,—whose fears, with an intuition deeper still, sometimes fell to the other extreme, and were hushed in the silence of an anguish too deep to be fathomed, from which thought itself drew back. It was a bright winter day, with symptoms of spring in the air, when the young patient got up from his weary bed. Colin made very light of his weakness in the rising tide of his spirits. He faltered across the room upon Lauderdale's arm, to look out again, as he said, upon the world. It was an unfortunate moment for his renewal of acquaintance with the bright outside sphere of ordinary life, which had passed on long ago, and forgotten Colin. The room in which they had placed him when his illness began was one of the best rooms in the house; and looked out

upon the terrace and the big holly-trees which Colin knew so well. It was the morning of the day on which Lady Frankland's ball was to take place, and symptoms of excitement and preparation were apparent. Immediately in front of the window, when Colin looked out, Miss Matty was standing in animated talk with her cousin. They had been loitering about, as people do in the morning about a country-house, with no particular occupation,—for the sun was warm, though it was still only the end of January,—and Matty was at the moment engaged in indicating some special designs of her own, which were involved in Lady Frankland's alterations in the flower-garden, for Harry's approval. She had, indeed, just led him by the sleeve into the midst of the half-completed design, and was describing circles round him with the walking-stick which she had taken out of his hand for the purpose, as Colin stood tremulous and uncertain by the window, looking out. Nobody could look brighter than Miss Matty; nobody more happy than the heir of Wodenshourne. If the sick man had entertained any hope that his misfortune threw a sympathetic shadow over them, he must now have been undeceived very summarily. Colin, however, bore the trial without flinching. He looked at them as if they were miles or ages away, with a strange smile, which did not seem to the anxious spectators to have any bitterness in it. But he made no remark until he had left the window, and taken his place on the sofa which had been arranged for him by the fire. Then he smiled again, without looking at any one, with abstract eyes, which went to the hearts of his attendants. "How far off the world seems!" said Colin. "I feel as if I ought to be vexed by that paltry scene on the terrace. Don't you think so, mother? But I am not vexed, no more than if it was a picture. I wonder what it means?"

"Eh, Colin, my man, it means you're getting strong and no heeding about them and their vanities!" cried the mistress, whose indignant eyes were full of tears; but Colin only shook his head and smiled, and made no reply. He was not indignant. He did not seem to care or be interested one way or another, but, as a spectator might have done, mused on the wonderful contrast, and asked himself what God could mean by it?—a question which there was no one to answer.

Later the curate came to visit him, as indeed he had done several times before, praying out of his well-worn prayer-book by Colin's bedside in a way which at first scandalized the mistress, who had, however, become used to him by this time. "It's better to speak out of a book than to speak nonsense," Mrs. Campbell had said; "but eh, Colin, it's awful to think that a man like that hasna a word out of his ain heart to make intercession for his fellow-creatures when they're in trouble." However, the curate was kind, and the mother was speedily mollified. As for that excellent clergyman himself, he did not at all understand the odd company in which he found himself when he looked from Colin, of whom he knew most, to the mother with her thoughtful eyes, and to the gaunt, gigantic friend, who looked upon everything in a speculative way of which the curate had an instinctive suspicion. To-day Colin's visitor was more instructive and hortatory than was at all usual for him. He spoke of the mercy of God, which had so far brought the patient toward recovery, and of the motives for thankfulness; to which Mrs. Campbell assented with silent tears.

"Yes," said Colin; and there was a little pause that surprised the curate. "It is comfortable to be better," said the patient; "but it would be more than comfortable if one could but know, if one could but guess, what meaning God has in it all. There is Frankland down-stairs with his cousin, quite well," said Colin. "I wonder does he ever ask himself why? When one is on the wrong side of the contrast, one feels it more, I suppose." The curate had passed Harry Frankland before he came up-stairs, and had, perhaps, been conscious in his own mind of a momentary personal comparison and passing wonder, even at the difference between his own lot and that of the heir of Wodensbourne. But he had thought the idea a bad one, and crushed it at once; and Colin's thought, though more justifiable, was of the same description, and demanded instant extinction.

"You don't grudge him his good fortune, I am sure; and then we know there must be inequalities in this life," said the curate. "It is very mysterious, but nothing goes without compensation; and then we must always remember that 'whom the Lord lov-

eth he chasteneth,'" said the good clergyman. "You are young to have so much suffering; but you can always take comfort in that."

"Then you mean me to think that God does not love Harry Frankland," said Colin, "and makes a favorite of me in this gloomy way? Do you really think so?—for I cannot be of that opinion, for my part."

"My dear Mr. Campbell," said the curate, "I am very much grieved to hear you speaking like this. Did not God give up his own Son to sufferings of which we have no conception? Did not he endure?"—

"It was for a cause," said Colin. The young man's voice fell, and the former bitterness came back upon him. "He suffered for the greatest reason, and knew why; but we are in the dark, and know nothing; why is it? One with all the blessings of life—another stripped, impoverished, brought to the depths, and no reason in it, no occasion, no good!" said Colin, in the momentary outcry of his wonder and passion. He was interrupted, but not by words of sacred consolation. Lauderdale was sitting behind, out of the way, humming to himself, in a kind of rude chant, out of a book he held in his hand. Nobody had been taking any notice of him; for it was his way. Now his voice rose and broke in, in an uncouth swell of sound, not unharmonious with the rude verse,

"Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs but to do and die,"

said Lauderdale, with a break of strong emotion in his voice; and he got up and threw down the book, and came forward into the little circle. It was the first time that he had intimated by so much as a look his knowledge of anything perilous in Colin's illness. Now he came and stood opposite him, leaning his back against the wall. "Callant," said the strong man, with a voice that sounded as if it were blown about and interrupted by a strong wind, "if I were on a campaign, the man I would envy would be him that was chosen by his general for the forlorn hope,—him that went first, and met the wildest of the battle. Do you mean to tell me you're no ready to follow when he puts the colors in your hand?"

From The Spectator, 25 June.

THE COMING WAR.

THE Conference which ought never to have met has risen, and the possibilities of peace are slipping away by hours. One more formal meeting takes place to-day, and then the plenipotentiaries summoned to register and legalize an act of armed spoliation disperse to countries more deeply embittered than they were before the assemblage. Throughout the negotiations every country engaged has maintained the attitude which it had assumed in war; Prussia insolent, unreasoning, and aggressive; Austria courteous in seeming, but following steadily Herr von Bismark's lead; Denmark complaining, and moderate up to a point, but pressed beyond that, hard as iron, or as the oppressed are apt to be; Russia unintelligible; France watchful; and England, conciliatory to the verge, or over the verge, of national humiliation. After surrendering the treaty of 1852, which England herself prepared, after giving up Holstein and selling Lauenburg, after offering one large slice of the country whose integrity he was bound to defend, after compelling his unhappy ally to abandon the boundary of a thousand years, and suggesting that she might live without a defensible frontier, Earl Russell made his final effort in favor of peace, and accepted a crowning humiliation. He abandoned his own ultimatum, the line of the Schlei, and by agreeing to an award of any boundary between the Dannewerke and Apenrade, agreed to place purely Danish populations under the rule of their foes. Even that shameful concession was rejected, eagerly by Prussia, reluctantly by Austria, despairingly by Denmark, and then at last the uselessness of the Conference became clear even to the diplomatic mind, and it remained only to decide whether Germany should carry out the design which she has pursued all along, and Denmark cease to exist, or England should declare that concession being exhausted, she was prepared to defend the right of small nations to exist by arms. Then at last the thesis maintained from the first by Earl Grey alone among politicians, and the *Spectator* alone among journals, was felt to be true. Had England from the first preferred her honor and her policy to her comfort and the surplus, had she counselled the formal renunciation of Holstein, and sent twenty thousand men to the Dannewerke, the war would never

have broken out; and with Holstein assigned to Germany and Lauenburg to Prussia, the Danes might have remained the guaranteed and independent masters of all that is truly theirs,—the Peninsula north of the river which, before Latin ceased to be a colloquial tongue, was described as the Scandinavian frontier.

That chance was thrown away, and the second, which arose when Germany entered Jutland and commenced ravaging territories she does not profess to claim, was also allowed to slip, and we stand now reduced to the alternatives of a war, the gravity of which it is impossible to exaggerate, or of a peace which can by no sophism be made other than dishonorable. If we fight, every political magazine in Europe—and there is one in every country—may receive a shell; if we shrink, the system of Europe ends; for civilization has lost its last guarantee against the ultimate triumph of armed force. We are happy to believe that at the eleventh hour the Whig Government, which has been so weak, has recovered its nerve, has resolved that it will not surrender the right of England to plead effectually for justice and forbearance and freedom, and has agreed to encounter the dangers which may lie behind, which do lie behind, the armed support of the cause it has so very nearly betrayed. Lord Palmerston has promised to make his final statement on Monday, and no one doubts that it will contain a proposal for despatching the British fleet to the aid of Denmark. The doubt is whether it will contain more. There is a strong feeling among some members of the government and a large section of politicians in favor of "localizing" the coming war, that is, we fear, of waging it with as little heart, or energy, or definiteness of object as circumstances will allow. The country once fairly aroused, and it is very nearly awake, will very soon put a stop to this attempt to play with men's lives, but we protest against its adoption even as a theory. If by "localizing" the war, it is intended only to confine it to Northern Europe, to the North Sea and the Baltic, the plan may have some reason in its favor. If at that price Austria will hold aloof, no statesman will willingly force a great power into a contest from which she is from whatever motive willing to abstain. Without the price, to throw away the aid of the nationalities of Italy and Hungary and Poland

would be simple madness. But if by "localizing" the war, it is intended only to defend the Danish islands, leaving Prussia to keep the Duchy and to ravage Jutland, to encounter all the dangers of war without securing one of its objects, then we protest against a policy which breaks up the peace of Europe for no adequate end. The ministry may have been right in exhausting negotiation before they appealed to arms, may justify every proposal up to the ultimatum of the Schlei; beyond that point justification is impossible,—but once in war feebleness is ruin. The defence of the islands will not save Denmark, which, without Jutland and Schleswig, ceases to be a State. It will not conciliate the Germans, who are boiling over with hate, and in whom we can for the present hope only to inspire respect,—the respect which all men feel for a just but determined foe. The object of the war is to convince a great and over-military nation that whatever its strength, or unity, or enthusiasm, it cannot be permitted to extend its boundaries by a simple appeal to force, that strength, when it comes to the point, is on the side of the law, and that object can only be secured by a resolute adherence to the British proposal,—Denmark free to the Schlei. The treaty of 1852 has in the contest disappeared. The rights of King Christian in Holstein are not Danish, and England does not plunge into European wars for the sake of mere kings. Lauenburg is not in question on either side except as a make-weight, and Denmark has herself surrendered the territory between her old frontier and the Schlei. Up to that point concession is possible, but beyond that the aggression of Germany is conquest,—the acquisition of territory by arms; and it is to prevent the success of that appeal, as well as to maintain an influence without which Europe would be the prey of

three bad families, that we are about to draw the sword. A great war by itself and for itself is detestable; but there is one thing worse, and that is a little one waged by a great country without an object adequate to the loss to be incurred and the evil to be done. If this country begins at all, it must accept the magnitude as well as the existence of its liability, be prepared with soldiers as well as ships, if needful strike in the Adriatic as well as in the North Sea, defend the principle it arms to protect even when iron-clads are as powerless in the Baltic as armies within a morass. To attempt very little, and that little with half a heart, to keep hoping for peace when the cannon are sounding, and negotiating on the eve of battle, to rise to the circumstances only after months of contest, and then sign away victory just as it has been finally secured, is the regular sequence of events in a great English war. But to adopt that sequence as a policy, as something wise as well as inevitable, would argue a feebleness of judgment as well as a doubtfulness of heart which would from the first chill that national fervor which is the root of English strength in war. If there be still a qualm as to the justice of our cause, still a doubt as to the necessity of action, still a possibility of a return to reason in a German court, let us hesitate yet longer; but for God's sake, let us not enter on a war with seventy millions of people believing that it is a light or temporary undertaking! For the maintenance of England's word and England's imperial honor, for the existence of all free States and the maintenance of a threatened civilization, for honorable defence of the powerless and just resistance to violent wrong, we believe this war to be both righteous and expedient; but it must be as great as the principles it involves and the wrong which has provoked it.

From Our Daily Fare.

SONG OF THE CROAKER.

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.

An old frog lived in a dismal swamp,
In a dismal kind of way;
And all that he did, whatever befell,
Was to croak the livelong day.
Croak, croak, croak,
When darkness filled the air,
And croak, croak, croak,
When the skies were bright and fair.

"Good Master Frog, a battle is fought,
And the foe-man's power is broke,"
But he only turned a greener hue,
And answered with a croak.
Croak, croak, croak,
When the clouds are dark and dun;
And croak, croak, croak,
In the blaze of the noontide sun.

"Good Master Frog, the forces of Right
Are driving the hosts of Wrong;"
But he gives his head an ominous shake,
And croaks out "*Nous verrons!*"
Croak, croak, croak,
Till the heart is full of gloom,
And croak, croak, croak,
Till the world seems but a tomb.

To poison the cup of life
By always dreading the worst,
Is to make of the earth a dungeon damp
And the happiest life accursed.
Croak, croak, croak,
When the noontide sun rides high,
And croak, croak, croak,
Lest the night come by and by.

Farewell to the dismal frog;
Let him croak as loud as he may;
He cannot blot the sun from heaven,
Nor hinder the march of day.
Though he croak, croak, croak,
Till the heart is full of gloom,
And croak, croak, croak,
Till the world seems but a tomb.

Very *apropos* indeed to this poem, though different in "treatment," is the following, translated from Goethe, by the Rev. Prof. F. H. Hedge, who contributes it to *Our Daily Fare*.

THE CROAKERS.

FROM GOETHE, BY REV. DR. HEDGE.

The pond in the meadow was frozen tight,
The frogs beneath, in a doleful plight,
Could no more leap as they had done,—
Their gambols stopped, and all their fun.
Half numb, they murmured dreamily
What they would do when they were free.
Once clear of winter's icy yoke,
They promised never more to croak;

No more in concert would they rail,
But each should sing like a nightingale.
The south wind blew, the ice gave way,
The frogs once more could frisk and play;
They stretched their limbs, they leaped ashore,
And they—croaked as drearily as before.

A MOTHER'S WAKING.

All night the dew's in silence wept,
And through the pane, the moon's pale
beams
Played on the floor in silver streams,
While by my side, my baby slept.

So soft, so sweet, the midnight stole,
It stilled the breezes on the lea,
And hushed the murmur of the sea,
And hushed the strife within my soul;

And silenced all the questions wild,
That come between our faith and God,
And bade me lie beneath the rod,
Calmly, as lay the sleeping child.

Then slumber on my eyelids pressed,
And dimmed the moonbeam, silver clear,
And hid the sound I loved to hear,—
The breathing of the babe, at rest;

Till o'er the sea, in rosy light,
The flush of morning slowly crept,
And whispering breezes softly swept
The silent shadows of the night.

Then wrapped in dreamland far away,
I saw the angels come and go,
And flutter of their white wings show
Like ocean bird at dusk of day.

They came and looked within my eyes,
With their sweet eyes so pure and true,
And sung low songs, all strange and new,
The music of the eternal skies.

But, waking, lo! a cherub smiled,
Heaven in his soft eyes' azure deep
And radiant from his rosy sleep,
An angel half, and half a child.

And little hands were touching me,
And tiny rills of laughter broke
From lips that kissed me as I woke,
And called my name in baby glee.

And all the vision heavenward swept,
Lost in the gold and crimson sky,
Their farewell whispers floating by;
One angel in my arms I kept.

E. M. MURRAY.

—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

PALINGENESIS.

I LAY upon the headland height, and listened
To the incessant sobbing of the sea
In caverns under me.
And watched the waves, that tossed and fled and
glistened,
Until the rolling meadows of amethyst
Melted away in mist.

Then suddenly, as one from sleep, I started ;
For round about me all the sunny capes
Seemed peopled with the shapes
Of those whom I had known in days departed,
Appareled in the loveliness which gleams
On faces seen in dreams.

A moment only, and the light and glory
Faded away, and the disconsolate shore
Stood lonely as before ;
And the wild roses of the promontory
Around me shuddered in the wind, and shed
Their petals of pale red.

There was an old belief that in the embers
Of all things their primordial form exists,
And cunning alchemists
Could re-create the rose with all its members
From its own ashes, but without the bloom,
Without the lost perfume.

Ah, me ! what wonder-working, occult science
Can from the ashes in our hearts once more
The rose of youth restore ?
What craft of alchemy can bid defiance
To time and change, and for a single hour
Renew this phantom-flower ?

“ Oh, give me back,” I cried, “ the vanished
splendors,—
The breath of morn, and the exultant strife,
When the swift stream of life
Bounds o’er its rocky channel, and surrenders
The pond, with all its lilies, for the leap
Into the unknown deep ! ”

And the sea answered, with a lamentation,
Like some old prophet wailing, and it said,
“ Alas ! thy youth is dead !
It breathes no more ; its heart has no pulsation ;
In the dark places with the dead of old
It lies forever cold.”

Then said I, “ From its consecrated cerements
I will not drag this sacred dust again,
Only to give me pain ;
But, still remembering all the lost endearments,
Go on my way, like one who looks before,
And turns to weep no more.”

Into what lands of harvests, what plantations
Bright with autumnal foliage, and the glow
Of sunsets burning low ;

Beneath what midnight skies, whose constellations
Light up the spacious avenues between
This world and the unseen !

Amid what friendly greetings and caresses,
What households, though not alien, yet not mine,
What bowers of rest divine ;
To what temptations in lone wildernesses,
What famine of the heart, what pain and loss,
The bearing of what cross !

I do not know ; nor will I vainly question
Those pages of the mystic book which hold
The story still untold ;
But without rash conjecture or suggestion
Turns its last leaves in reverence and good heed,
Until “ The End ” I read.

— *Atlantic Monthly.*

GREENBACKS.

GREEN be thy back upon thee !
Thou pledge of happier days,
When bloody-handed Treason
No more its hand shall raise ;
But still, from Maine to Texas,
The Stars and Stripes shall wave
O’er the hearts and homes of freemen,
Nor mock one fettered slave.

Pledge—of the people’s credit,
To carry on the war,
By furnishing the sinews
In a currency at par—
With cash enough left over,
When they’ve cancelled every note,
To buy half the thrones of Europe,
With the crowns tossed in to boot.

Pledge—to our buried fathers,
The sons of patriot sires,
On Freedom’s sacred altars,
Relight their glorious fires—
That fortune, life, and honor,
To our country’s cause we give ;
Fortune and life may perish,
Yet the Government shall live.

Pledge—to our unborn children,
That, free from blot or stain,
The flag hurled down at Sumter,
Shall yet float free again ;
And, cleansed from foul dishonor,
And rebaptized in blood,
Wave o’er the land forever,
To Freedom and to God !

THE LIVING AGE.

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SLEEPING AND DREAMING.

BY J. G. HOLLAND.

I softly sink into the bath of sleep.

With eyelids shut, I see around me close
The mottled violet vapors of the deep,
That wraps me in repose.

I float all night in the ethereal sea
That drowns my pain and weariness in balm,
Careless of where its currents carry me,
Or settle into calm.

That which the ear can hear is silent all;
But, in the lower stillness which I reach,
Soft whispers call me, like the distant fall
Of waves upon the beach.

Now, like the mother who with patient care
Has soothed to rest her faint, o'erwearied boy,
My spirit leaves the couch, and seeks the air
For freedom and for joy.

Drunk up like vapors by the morning sun
The past and future rise and disappear;
And times and spaces gather home, and run
Into a common sphere.

My youth is round me, and the silent tomb
Has burst to set its fairest prisoner free,
And I await her in the dewy gloom
Of the old trysting tree.

I mark the flutter of her snowy dress,
I hear the tripping of her fairy feet,
And now, pressed closely in a pure caress,
With ardent joy we meet.

I tell again the story of my love;
I drink again her lips' delicious wine,
And, while the same old stars look down above,
Her eyes look up to mine.

I dream that I am dreaming, and I start;
Then dream that nought so real comes in
dreams;

Then kiss again to reassure my heart
That she is what she seems.

Our steps tend homeward. Linger at the
gate,
I breathe, and breathe again, my fond good-
night.

She shuts the cruel door, and still I wait
To watch her window light.

I see the shadow of her dainty head
On curtains that I pray her hand may stir,
Till all is dark; and then I seek my bed
To dream I dream of her.

Like the swift moon that slides from cloud to
cloud,
With only hurried space to smile between,

I pierce the phantoms that around me crowd,
And glide from scene to scene.

I clasp warm hands that long have lain in dust;
I hear sweet voices that have long been still,
And earth and sea give up their hallowed trust
In answer to my will.

And now, high-gazing toward the starry dome,
I see three angel forms come floating down—
The long-lost angels of my early home—
My night of joy to crown.

They pause above, beyond my eager reach,
With arms enwreathed and forms of heavenly
grace;
And smiling back the love that smiles from each,
I see them, face to face.

They breathe no language; but their holy eyes
Beam an embodied blessing on my heart,
That warm within my trustful bosom lies,
And never will depart.

I drink the effluence, till through all my soul
I feel a flood of peaceful rapture flow,
That swells to joy at last, and bursts control,
And I awake; but lo!

With eyelids shut, I hold the vision fast,
And still detain it by my ardent prayer,
Till faint and fainter grown, it fades at last
Into the ambient air.

My God! I thank thee for the bath of sleep,
That wraps in balm my weary heart and
brain,
And drowns within its waters still and deep
My sorrow and my pain.

I thank thee for my dreams, which loose the
bond
That binds my spirit to its daily load,
And gives it angel wings, to fly beyond
Its slumber-bound abode.

I thank thee for these glimpses of the clime
That lies beyond the boundaries of sense,
Where I shall wash away the stains of time
In floods of recompense;—

Where, when this body sleeps to wake no more,
My soul shall rise to everlasting dreams,
And find unreal all it saw before,
And real all that seems.

—Transcript.

From Good Words.
NOTES ON ANIMAL LIFE IN A PRIMEVAL
FOREST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE NATURALIST ON THE
RIVER AMAZONS."

THE little town of Ega, on the Upper Amazons in the heart of South America, originally a mission village of the Jesuits, hut now a thriving Brazilian settlement, lies pretty nearly in the centre of the most extensive unbroken forest on the surface of our globe. It requires little effort of imagination, even to those who have not travelled beyond the limits of Europe, to form some general idea of what such a realm of arboreal vegetation must be, lying within a few degrees of the equator, bathed all the year through in an atmosphere like that of a forcing-house for plants, drenched by tropical rains and heated by a vertical sun. The total length of this vast forest from west to east, is 1260 miles, its breadth varying from 600 to 800 miles. Towards the east, indeed, it continues 700 miles further, terminating only on the shores of the Atlantic. This easterly portion, however, or that which clothes the valley of the Lower Amazons, I exclude from the present description, since it is, in one part, much broken and contracted in breadth by large tracts of open grassy land. The forest of the great plain of the Upper Amazons has sufficient compactness and peculiarity to be treated of as a separate area. But as there is no complete break of continuity, the statement of Humboldt (who had a glimpse of the immeasurable wilderness only from its western commencement, in Peru) still holds good, to the effect that a flock of monkeys might travel amongst the tree-tops, were it not for the rivers, for two thousand miles in a straight line without once touching ground; namely, from the slopes of the Andes to the shores of the Atlantic.

It is in the region of the Upper Amazons that the most characteristic features in the animal life of this great wilderness are to be seen: and no better station for a traveller's head-quarters can be found than our little settlement of Ega. I made it my chief place of residence during four years and a half, employed in investigating the natural history of the district. It is built within the mouth of the Tefé, one of the large tributary streams flowing from the south,—a river of clear, dark-green water, which, after a course of some two or three hundred miles, on

reaching the middle part of the level country, spreads out into a lakelike expanse, five miles broad, and finally creeps into the trunk stream by a narrow channel a couple of hundred yards wide. The population of the town (about twelve hundred souls) consists chiefly of half-castes and Indians; many of the former being educated persons, ambitious of being thought civilized and fond of showing hospitality to strangers. Few pure whites reside in the place, but amongst these are four or five stray Frenchmen and Italians who are settled here and married to native women. To complete our brief description of the place, it is necessary to mention that it ranks as a city and is the centre of a comarca or county; add that, although the remotest county town in the Brazilian empire (distant twenty-eight hundred miles from Rio Janeiro), the authority of the central government is as much respected, and the municipal, educational, military, and ecclesiastical details of management as closely observed as though it lay within a few miles of the capital.

At the top of the grassy slope on which the town is built, rises a compact wall of foliage, with a small narrow gap in its midst; the leafy barrier is the frontier line of the forest, kept from encroaching on the few acres of cleared space only by the inhabitants doing constant battle with the powers of vegetation, and the gap is the entrance to the only road by land that the townspeople possess. A few minutes' walk under the shady arcade, and the traveller finds himself in the heart of the solitude. The crowns of the tall trees on both sides meet overhead, and admit the rays of the sun only at rare intervals, where some forest monarch has been uprooted by the storm. The path leads to a few small plantations belonging to the poorer inhabitants, and at the distance of about a mile dwindles into a mere hunter's track, which none but a native can follow. Beyond this point, all traces of the presence of man cease,—the land untrodden and unowned,—and so it continues for hundreds of miles.

To enable my readers to form some idea of the animal life harbored in the warm and teeming shades of this great wilderness, I will invite them to accompany me, in imagination, on an excursion into the untrodden solitudes lying beyond the mouth of the Tefé. Let us accept the invitation kindly offered by

an old friend of ours,—an experienced woodsman, named Lauriano,—who is about to start on a journey to collect sarsaparilla in the retired channels leading to the river Juruá, some thirty miles to the west of Ega, and says he will be glad of our company. We are but humble naturalists and have no means of supporting an establishment of Indians of our own, even if they were willing to stay with us, which they would not be, as they prefer the service of traders like our friend, who has canoes and merchandise, and offers plenty of excitement of the kind which the redskin loves,—journeys months long and a crowd of hands to share the labor of paddling. All that Lauriano requires of us is a small contribution towards the expense of provisions. We can return, as we propose, at the end of a week; for he will have occasion to send a canoe to Ega about that time. The opportunity is too good a one to be lost.

Lauriano is a half-caste, and his wife, Perpetua, who accompanies us, is a pure-blood Indian, but has an oval European face, regular features, and quiet, obliging manners: on her we may rely for well-cooked and regularly-served meals. They have no children, but take with them two young nephews, whose father, Manoel, also belonging to the expedition, has gone forward some days previously to the place fixed upon, with a view to prepare the first encampment. These, with an ugly, broad-faced, taciturn old Indian woman, and four stout lads, made up the whole of Lauriano's party. We ourselves take with us only our Indian servant, Sebastian, a dark-skinned young savage, recently brought from a remote village of his tribe, who will be a useful companion in the jungle. Two small chests, one containing provisions, such as tea, coffee, sugar, biscuits, and so forth, and the other materials for preserving specimens and store boxes; a large bundle containing our hammocks and mosquito tents; and, lastly, a canvas bag with change of clothing, constitute the whole of our baggage. We remain at home during the afternoon of a sultry January day to pack up, having received orders to get ready, so as to embark in the cool of the evening.

The glowing sun has set behind the dark-green wall of forest; the short twilight is past; the last flock of squalling parrots has crossed over the village in going from their

feeding to their roosting places; the howling monkeys have vented their last bellow for the evening, and we sit at the door of our cottage waiting for the summons to embark. But we wait in vain, and are becoming tired of listening to the melancholy hooting of owls, and the duets of night-jars, stationed at a distance from each other on the borders of the forest: so we proceed to the house of our friend to ascertain the cause of the delay. On approaching the dwelling, we perceive lights gleaming from the windows in the pitchy darkness of the night, and hear sounds of music and merriment within. Lauriano, with the usual easy-going habits of his class, seems to have forgotten all about the voyage. We find the large mud-floored chamber, full of company, a couple of wire guitars tingling in a corner, and a sort of ball going forward, Lauriano himself being in the act of dancing a fandango, with his wife as partner, in the centre of the room. A number of people, women and men, are squatted around, smoking out of long wooden pipes, and waiting their turns to stand up in the jig. It is useless remonstrating with the good-natured folks for their want of punctuality; for it is the habit of the country to postpone business to pleasure; so the best thing to do is to take the proffered cup of coffee, trust in the assurance that we shall start in the morning, and go home, re-sling the hammock, and have a good night's rest.

Just as day is beginning to dawn, a rap at the door arouses us, and two strong lads are soon carrying our heavy boxes down to the beach. We sling our gun, nets, and game-sacks over our shoulders, hand the shot-belts and a bag full of small boxes and miscellanea to our dusky little follower, and are quickly at the water-side. The canoe, a large and stout-built boat, with mast and two arched awnings of wicker-work thatched with palm-leaves, is pushed off and the Indians, with their battledore-shaped paddles, begin to propel us quickly along. Lauriano and his wife seem sleepy after their night's revelry, and do not interrupt our quiet enjoyment of the noble river scenery amidst which we are travelling.

We glide along close to the banks, and note the infinite diversity of foliage of the lower trees and the variety of creeping plants which drape the water-frontage of the forest as with a mantle. We hear scarcely any sounds of

animals. A loud splash in the water under the shade of overhanging trees occasionally startles us. This is produced either by large fishes of the Salmonidæ family (*Tambakí*) rising to seize fruits that fall from above, or by heavy lizards or snakes suddenly dropping in alarm from the boughs as we brush past. A faint chorus of singing birds, at times, reaches the ear from a distance, and aloft is heard frequently the cawing of parrots; but as the morning is fine and calm, the travelling flocks pass at so great an elevation that the sounds are scarcely perceptible.

Although animal life does not make itself very obtrusive by its noises, nor disturb the feeling of intense calm and solitude which soothingly creeps over the mind, there is no lack of signs of its presence to the sight. What are those strange figures, like human head and shoulders, which suddenly pop up here and there above the glassy surface of a quiet bay as we round a wooded point? They stare for a few moments at the approaching canoe, and then quickly disappear again under the water. These are otters, of a peculiar large dark-brown species which tenants all the still by-streams of the Amazonian system. They are so shy that it is almost impossible to get within gunshot of them, and we very rarely see a skin in the possession of the natives, although the animals are extremely common. We pass also, throughout the day, a continual succession of huge alligators, never very closely, however; for they are exceedingly wary. A huge scabby carcass, or rather a double lump,—the top of the head and back,—is seen at a distance, resting like a floating log on the water. You may rely upon it the monster is eyeing us very closely; for if the prow of the canoe is turned but for a moment in his direction, a little movement is perceived toward the tail-part of the animal, and the beast is gone from the surface.

The season in which we are making this journey—the end end of January—is, perhaps, the pleasantest time of the year on the Upper Amazons. It is the commencement of the second summer, the “*Verao do Umarí*,” as it is called by the inhabitants. The scorching dry season, or the summer proper (June to October), during which the river and its by-streams and lakes sink to a level of forty feet below the high-water mark, is long past, and the heavy rains of Novem-

ber and December have clothed all the banks, left bare by the retiring waters, with a mantle of verdure, besides raising the water-level some twenty or thirty feet, and brought a period of fine weather and cool air and refreshing winds. Mosquitoes and all other insect pests along the banks of the rivers are much less numerous, whilst, on the other hand, animal life in the shades of the forest, or on its borders, is much more active than in other seasons. On entering the main Amazons, we notice that the waters have already commenced to sink again; flocks of white terns are flying over the shallow places, and troops of sandpipers and plovers, some with bright red legs and white and black plumage, are coursing along the edges of the sandbanks. The present is the season of ripening for many kinds of wild fruit, and the hosts of richly-plumaged, fruit-eating birds, which in other months are scattered sparingly over the whole region, flock to the places where the fruit-trees grow. The season may be likened to the autumn of temperate zones; but the parallel will scarcely hold good, for in this central zone of the earth, every day in the year is autumn, with regard to the development of vegetable life, in the same way as it is spring and summer; for every day leaf-budding, flowering, fruiting, and leaf-shedding are going on in some species or other.

On the morning of the second day of our journey, just as we have crawled from our sleeping-place under the palm-thatched awning of our canoe, we behold, on the opposite side of the sluggishly-rolling, turbid stream of the Amazons, here three miles broad, a wide gap in the low, dark line of forest that bounds the view. Within the space stretches a vacant horizon of water and sky, dotted on one side only by a broken line of trees vanishing in the distance. This is the principal mouth of one of the great tributary streams, the Japurá, which, rising eight hundred miles off, in the Andes of New Granada, here blends its waters with those of the king of rivers. The low wooded land to the west is the abode of the scarlet-faced monkey, one of the most singular of the animal tenants of this region. It is of moderate size, has a long coat of glossy white hair, and a face of so vivid a hue that the animal, at a short distance, looks as though some one had laid a thick coat of vermilion paint on his countenance. One of its most remarkable features is its short,

stumpy tail, all the other monkeys of the New World being distinguished by the length and flexibility of this member, which, in most of them, serves as a fifth hand in climbing. It might be thought, on this account, that the species has some near relationship to the short-tailed and tailless apes and baboons of the Old World, which live on the ground; but it has no further resemblance whatever to these Old World groups, being in all essential points of structure a species of the New World type of monkeys, and, like all its relatives, an exclusively arboreal animal. The singular creature is much sought after by the people of Ega; its grotesque appearance and confiding habits, when tame, making it an acceptable present to offer to a distinguished personage, such as a judge or president of a province, whom the subordinate authorities of the town wish to propitiate. It is found in no other part of America than the tract of low land we now see before us, and is there limited to an area of a few score miles in circumference. It travels in small bands along the boughs of the lofty trees, generally at a height of eighty feet or more from the ground, and the hunter, stumbling amongst the rotting logs and entangled underwood of the gloomy shades beneath, has great difficulty in getting within shot of the flocks. The weapon used is the blow-gun, a wooden tube eight feet long, through which, when at last a steady aim can be taken, the Indian propels with his breath a little poisoned arrow; the poison is previously diluted with water, so that there may be no difficulty in reviving the animal when it falls wounded into the arms of its persecutor.

Lauriano, who knows the Japurá well, has many stories to relate of his adventures amongst the tribes of warlike Indians which people its banks, and these beguile the way until breakfast-time, when we look out for a nice shady place in-shore, where to land, make a fire, and cook our breakfast.

Whilst the fire is being made and the slabs of salt fish washed and cooked, our companion, wishing to obtain a little fruit to serve as dessert to our uninviting breakfast, takes us by a faint track through the thicket to some wild-fruit trees, the situation of which is known to him, as the place is regularly frequented by the Ega people for the purpose of collecting Brazil nuts in March

and April. The distance is not more than about a furlong; but from the difficulty of the path, the necessity of cutting our way with our hunting-knives through the mazes of woody lianas, and the numerous detours we make round the denser parts, it seems more than a mile. In the end, we find ourselves again on the banks of the inlet, at a place where it is much broader than at the mouth. On the opposite side, there is a tall tree, the branches of which are ruddy with fruit,—a sweet berry called pamá; as we look at it, a number of birds of a bright scarlet hue are seen gambolling and chasing each other. It is a flock of the black-throated tanager,—a handsome species which abounds in these forests. Other trees of the same kind rise near to the place where we are standing, and signs of the presence of many birds are manifest in the subdued chattering and fluttering, and in the continual shower of berries falling around us. This, then, is one of the places where the handsome fruit-eating birds of the country love to congregate. We find great difficulty in getting a distinct view of them, owing to the density of the intervening canopy of lower trees; but after remaining quiet for a short time, our patience is in some measure rewarded. Parrots and toucans appear to be the most numerous; the latter distinctly visible only when hopping along the boughs in going from one part of the tree to another, and the parrots when quarrelling and driving some weaker companion from the thick cluster of foliage in which the flocks are concealed.

The sight of a toucan, with its monstrous beak ornamented with bright colors, is alone sufficient to give the scene a strange exotic aspect. We can distinguish easily two kinds on the trees: one of very large size, with white and yellow breast, and crimson and saffron-colored plumes near its tail, and the other not larger than a jackdaw, of an olive-green shade, with silky black breast, banded with yellow. Let us watch closely the movements of that grotesque, stealthily-moving fellow with the beak half a foot, at least, in length. He hops from the large bough to a slender branch, steps along the latter as far as it will bear his weight, and then, eyeing a bunch of fruit that is apparently out of his reach, stretches forth his long body and neck, in vain attempts to seize it. He seems in the

act of falling off his perch, but recovers himself by beating his wings: he has secured the fruit, and, stepping backwards, tosses up his head and lets the juicy morsel slide down the ungainly bill into his œsophagus. The purpose of the long, cumbrous-looking beak is now easy to divine; it is to enable the heavy, gluttonous bird to reach, from a firm perch, the fruit that lies at the end of slender twigs, which, were his beak of the ordinary size, would be inaccessible to him.

All the parrots we see are of a light-green color, a hue which serves them as a disguise and protection against their enemies; for it renders them almost indistinguishable amongst the masses of foliage. There are evidently many distinct kinds on the trees, to judge from size alone; for some of them, the noisiest of all, are not much larger than sparrows (the *perroquito do Espirito Santo*, or paroquet of the Holy Ghost of the natives), whilst others are giants in comparison, and one kind shows bright patches of scarlet in its plumage. Besides tanagers, toucans, and parrots, we can distinguish many other species of birds less conspicuous in shape and color: amongst them numbers of elegant little creatures of dark blue and green hues with yellow legs, allied to the honey-eaters, and one large, coal-black species, which we descry hopping singly among the boughs, and which wears a patch of rich crimson on its breast (*Coracina rubricollis*). But we cannot delay any longer in this interesting spot; for a loud halloo, from the direction of our encampment, announces that breakfast is ready; so Lauriano mounts nimbly up one of the lower trees, cuts off two or three of the heavily-laden branches, and, with these, we trudge back to the canoe.

Our breakfast finished, we again embark, and continue our voyage. The weather is magnificent,—sunshine, without a cloud; and a light easterly breeze is blowing, which moderates the heat of the sun. Towards midday, the wind strengthens, and we then hoist our sail, and bowl along merrily, keeping always near the southern bank, where the current is generally slack.

In gliding along the quiet waters of this part of the coast, we surprise a small herd of capybáras, a strange kind of rodent animal of very large size and compact form, with a face like a rat, webbed feet, claws in the form of hoofs, and a rough coat of long,

bristly hair. It belongs to a group peculiar to South America, which seems partly to connect the rodent order of mammals with the pachyderms,—the hare and rabbit with the tapir and rhinoceros. The capybára takes readily to the water, and dives well: if we were to approach the herd from the land side, the animals would be sure to plunge into the river, and secure their retreat by diving and swimming; but now, on perceiving us, they simply turn round and enter the forest. The gap through which they disappear is evidently an old one, and this, together with the laid condition of the grass, and other signs, shows that the animals are in the habit of emerging from the shades to sun themselves, or feed on these grassy terraces. Two other large rodents, near relatives of the capybára, also abound in these forests; namely, the páca, a species intermediate in size and appearance between the hog and the hare, and the cutia, similar to the páca, but smaller in size, of which there are several distinct varieties. Both take to the water when closely pursued; but they are not so decidedly aquatic in their tastes as the capybára. They live in the forest, in burrows which they excavate amongst the roots of trees, and come forth to feed on fallen fruits only in early morning, or on moonlit nights.

We arrive at our destination a little before sunset; the place of encampment of the sarsaparilla collectors is distant several miles within the mouth of a shady by-channel, which communicates with a network of lakes and streams forming a portion of the outlets of the great tributary, the Juruá. Leaving the broad stream of the Amazons, we paddle for an hour or more along a narrow, echoing passage, hemmed in between two lofty walls of forest, and then turn up a still narrower and shadier channel, which we follow for a mile or so, and in the end find it suddenly expanding into a spacious pool, a couple of miles in circumference. At the farther end of this solitary sheet of water, the land lies low, and the water is covered with masses of aquatic plants, swarming with ghostly wading-birds; but in the remainder of the circuit the banks are high, with a gradual slope, and the shore is scooped out into a succession of little bays fringed with beaches of clean white sand. A sombre but richly varied forest encompasses the whole. We

have not proceeded far before we desery a thin column of smoke winding amongst the trees; then is heard the barking of dogs, and soon after we glide round a projecting point of land, and see, in the corner of a snug little harbor, the canoes, tents, and fires of our friends.

The situation chosen by Lauriano and his party for their operations seems a very good one. It has not been worked by sarsaparilla gatherers for many years: the forest on the higher land is not filled with impenetrable thickets; so that the men can scour it for many miles in all directions in search of the plants. Besides, when the ground is exhausted, the different channels of the river lie very convenient for removal to other suitable spots, still further in the interior. Game is plentiful: of this we have immediate proof in the slabs of tapir meat which are now roasting for supper, transixed by wooden spits secured by one end in the ground and slanted over the fire, and in the numbers of smoke-dried quarters of the peccary, or wild hog, lying on wooden stages elevated over the smouldering embers of other fires. Manoel, Lauriano's partner, a broad-set, middle-aged man, three parts Indian, in reply to our questions concerning the tapir, tells us that the animal whose remains were being cooked had been killed in a singular manner two days previously. It had rushed into the encampment in the dead of the night, tearing through the mosquito-tent of one of the Indians, tossing him out of his hammock, and scattering the burning wood of the fires in all directions. The men were, of course, aroused; and thinking, as is always the case in nocturnal alarms, that a jaguar was the cause of the uproar, seized each the first weapon they could lay their hands on. Flight is never thought of by the stolid, unexcitable Indian. Manoel himself grasped a harpoon, and as the infuriated beast was advancing toward him, drove the iron with great force into his breast, after which he was soon despatched. Tapirs, although common in these forests, are scarcely ever encountered by hunters in the daytime; so that we have little chance of seeing anything more than the footmarks of this largest of the tropical American mammals in our wanderings.

We sup heartily on the roasted tapir meat, which we find of very rich flavor, something

between pork and beef, and then, after arranging our plans for the morrow, retire to our hammocks, slung between trees or poles fixed in the ground, under rude sheds thatched with palm-leaves.

In the morning, a little before dawn, the encampment is all alive again. Perpetua and her morose Indian servant, who bears the classical name of Eleuteria, prepare the coffee, and the men go down for a refreshing plunge in the lake. Before the sun is well up above the high wall of trees, the various parties are told off for the day's work, and depart to search the woods in various quarters for roots, each person taking with him his provisions for the day, his hunting-knife, and his gun. Manoel and Lauriano intend making a longer excursion, to explore new ground, and we, with our little helpmate Sebastian and one steady adult Indian, are to accompany them.

Our course lies southward, straight for the heart of the forest. The early morning air strikes almost cold in the twilight shades, as we enter on a low, moist tract, after crossing the elevated land bordering the lake. We follow for the first hour or two the tracks made by the men on previous excursions, and at the end of that time, finding the paths becoming very faint and uncertain, begin to mark our road by breaking off branches of the lower trees, at intervals of a few yards. The underwood is not very dense in these forests of the terra firma, a few dwarf palm-trees, saplings, and bushes of mimosa, with occasionally a group of tree-ferns, only dotting the narrow spaces that lie between the trunks of the taller trees. These latter, however, rise very close together, and all of them, the slender stems as well as the monstrous trunks twenty to forty feet in circumference, shoot up perpendicularly to a height of sixty feet or more before sending out a branch, their crowns intermingling and closing in above, so as to shut out the light of day. There is no regularity or distinctness in the masses of foliage and branches overhead: in very few cases can the individual tree be traced, stem and crown; for the delicate feathery foliage of one kind is inextricably mingled with the laurel-shaped leaves of another, or the huge palmate forms of a third; and, to increase the confusion, branches and strings of parasitic and climbing trees span from one tree to another, interweaving their

different forms of leaf with the varied greenery of the rest. Through the dark, mouldy, silent shades beneath we trail our way, seeing no living object but a tortoise, which Sebastian secures with lianas and slings over his back, until we reach the banks of a rivulet, where we halt for a short time.

We can see, on the opposite bank of the stream as we descend the slope, a cluster of scarlet and blue macaws hanging about huge bunches of fruit, under the crown of a stately palm-tree; a harsh cawing is heard in other directions,—the place evidently abounds in these large and richly-colored parrots. We unsling our guns, lower our voices, and walk stooping in the shade of the underwood toward the spot. It will be better for us, however, to let the three men follow up the chase; for there, a little further on, is a pair of birds seated aloft on a naked branch, more worthy our attention. They are two species of *ampelis*, or chatterer, a group comprising some of the handsomest of the feathered tribes to be found in the forest; one of them of a dark-purple hue, with snow-white wings, and the other of a beautiful light-blue color. We are about to leap the narrow brook in pursuit of them, when Sebastian calls our attention to another object,—a little sooty-black monkey with white mouth, which lies over a bough not far above our heads, and is staring and grinning at us with an air of great curiosity. On our returning the stare, it soon takes alarm and runs off, followed by two, three, four of the same kind. The impish-looking troop has not gone far before the foremost utters a sudden scream and falls headlong to the mass of foliage beneath, followed by its companions. It has doubtless encountered the glittering eyes of some serpent coiled round the branch; for no other possible enemy is seen or heard to account for the panic. The effect of the noise, however, is to alarm our chatterers, for they are gone; and if we wish not to return empty-handed, we must follow that flock of chirping birds which have also been started from their feeding-places by the same scream. We soon come up to the tree on which they have settled, and picking out one of the band, fire, and down it falls. What a pleasant surprise! It seemed some dull-hued finch at that height; but now that we hold it in our hands we are dazzled by its exquisite beauty. Its lead golden-green, back half velvety-jet, half

bright scarlet, breast light-blue, and throat purple:—it is the *sete cores* of the natives, the seven-colored tanager, one of the most richly-colored species of its genus, which is amply represented in this part of the country. Our firing has scared away the remainder of the flock, and being succeeded by two other loud shots from our companions, the whole animal population of the vicinity has taken flight, amidst a piercing din of alarm notes. The result of the shots of our two friends is not alike in both cases; for Manoel has brought down, instead of a bird, a large, heavy gray monkey, with black wrinkled face, for all the world like that of an old negro. It is the *barrigudo*, or big-bellied monkey, of the Portuguese colonists (*Lagothrix olivaceus* of zoölogists), a species belonging to a numerous group peculiar to tropical America, all the members of which have long muscular tails, with naked palms underneath the tips, to fit them for a fifth hand in climbing. The poor animal is scarcely yet dead, when its limbs are bound and its palpitating body slung over the shoulders of our Indian attendant.

We resume our march, tracking our way over a gently undulating district beyond the rivulet. Our progress, however, is now much slower, as Manoel and Lauriano spend much time in examining the ground for *sarsaparilla* plants, their number seeming to increase as we advance. The plant is a climber, found always in the shade of the lower trees and bushes, to the branches of which it clings for support. The stem is green and spiny, somewhat resembling that of the bramble of our own country; but it grows straight upwards from the ground, and the leaves are oval and strongly veined. The roots, which constitute the drug, grow horizontally for many yards within a few inches of the surface of the ground, and are very difficult to dig up without breaking: yet this must be done; for, if collected in fragments, it is much lessened in value. We cross, in the course of another hour's march, two more brooks. On the banks of one of these we start an *inambú* from its nest, and shoot another bird of the same species as it is trotting along the slope. The nest of the *inambú* is simply a hollow place smoothed out at the foot of a tree; but how beautiful are its eggs, almost as large as a hen's, of the texture of porcelain, and of a clear light-blue color! It

is impossible to go far in any part of the forests of the Upper Amazons without seeing these birds, of which there are many distinct species. They have the habits and also the general appearance of partridges, near to which they are usually classed in natural history works; but, according to a recent investigator of high authority, Mr. Parker, they are in reality more closely allied to the ostrich group than to the gallinacea, being struthionous, or ostrich-like birds, of dwarfed size and forest habitat, which have merely a superficial resemblance in form and color to the partridge and grouse families.

On the banks of a fourth and broader rivulet we make halt, and eat our frugal dinner. It is now past midday, and the glowing vertical sun pierces the thick canopy of foliage, making the air warm and oppressive in the shades beneath. We have walked perhaps nine or ten miles from the encampment, and are now in the very core of the wilderness,—in a part probably never before trodden by man. There is a lull in the movements of animal life on the sunny borders of the brook, and the only sounds heard are the reedy notes of cicadas and the tapping of a large red-headed woodpecker on a hollow tree. The insect world, however, appears to be more active now than in early morning. We can see from our dining-place on the top of the sloping bank numbers of huge blue butterflies (*Morpho cisseis*), more than half a foot in expanse, sailing with outstretched wings across the sunny spaces between the crowns of trees; and many smaller kinds, some of a glowing scarlet hue, others of a rich purple, are darting about, or settling on the ground close by us. There is a tree-trunk a few paces off which seems very attractive to these creatures. A sweet sap is exuding from cracks in the bark, and a great crowd of most varied and handsome insects surrounds the places, all the butterflies having their wings closed, and packed together as close as they can stand. One kind has large spots, resembling the eyes of owls, on the under surface of the wings and others are adorned with marks of various colors, like many-hued hieroglyphics. Many large beetles, too, are booming round and round, apparently searching for a place to alight on and imbibe the sweet liquor. Some of these, on capture, prove to be most richly-marked creatures,

being of a coppery hue, with radiating orange-colored streaks on their wing-cases.

From this point we commence our return journey, Lauriano and Manoel having decided that it will not be practicable to collect roots at a further distance from the canoes. But before leaving, we add another barrigundo monkey to our load of game, shooting it as it was swinging along some twisted lianas, over which a flock of a smaller species was passing, and this time have the luck, so much craved by the Amazonian hunter, to find a young one, unhurt, clinging to the back of the poor animal as it falls. My undemonstrative young savage, at the sight of this, is almost beside himself for joy. The men detach carefully and fondly the screaming baby-ape from its hold on the fur of its mother, and nurse it in turns with as much pleasure as they would one of their own children. For all these half-civilized people are fond of pets, and are successful, to a degree scarcely creditable, in taming the wild animals of their country. Our march home is much more rapid and noisy than our walk in the morning, and we reach the encampment long before sundown.

An acquaintance with the beautiful and strange forms of animal life harbored in these boundless shades can only be made gradually, and the best way of attaining this is to go alone, or with one quiet companion, daily into those parts of the forest where animals are most likely to be seen, and move about leisurely and silently. It is in this way that we occupy the succeeding four days. There is no fear of being lost with such a follower as Sebastian, who is endowed with the topographical instinct of a dog. A favorite spot is a dry hollow, distant about a mile from the encampment, where the colossal trunks of a number of Brazil-nut trees tower up from the ground, and a line of gigantic arum plants marks the course of a little rill, now parched up by the long continuance of dry weather. Whilst seated here, during the panting hours of midday, we never fail of seeing several of those sprite-like denizens of the shadiest parts of the forest, the phaethorninæ humming-birds, creatures very different in habits from the winged gems which swarm about blossoming trees in open sunny places. The phaethorninæ have plain olive-green or brownish colors, and long

wedge-shaped tails, tipped with white. They do not frequent flowers, but search for food (minute insects) amongst the foliage of the underwood, moving with whirring flight and arrowy swiftness from one bush to another, and passing above and beneath the leaves with great rapidity. They vary much in size; for we find here one kind not much larger than an humble-bee, perched sometimes on the top of a stem of grass; and another, almost as large as a swallow, which flies up to us boldly, and remains poised in the air for a short time, within a few inches of our face. The nests of these shade-loving humming-birds are built at the tips of the undivided fronds of dwarf palm-trees. We are sure to meet with one or more of them by searching carefully, and often surprise the diminutive mother, with twinkling black eyes, sitting on her eggs.

One day, whilst slowly wandering in the same pleasant spot in search of insects, we have the good fortune to meet with two of the strangest and most characteristic forms of the larger animals of tropical America. One is the sloth, and the other the ant-bear, the tamandua bandeira, or banner ant-eater, of the European colonists. Of the sloth we do not see much. The keen eyes of Sebastian detect it clinging to a branch of the ceeropia, or candelabrum tree, a species which has large palmate leaves, the favorite fruit of the sloth. The color of the bark and under side of the leaves of this tree is precisely the same as that of the shaggy hide of the animal; and this similarity of hue gives it a means of protection against the searching eyes of its deadly enemy, the eagle. Whilst we are looking, the creature begins to move; it secures itself, by the claws of its hind feet, to the branch, rears its body, and sways about until it has found a secure foothold for the next step; this done, it draws its body up, and then repeats the process. Sebastian, whom I have been all along restraining from climbing the tree to take the animal alive, now begins to mount; but, at the first shake of the stem, it quickens its steps, and is soon lost to view in the dense crown of a neighboring tree.

The ant-eater introduced himself in a different manner from this. We are lying at full length on the ground, amused with the antics of squirrels, black and gray, in the trees overhead; when we hear a rushing noise

amongst the underwood a short distance from us. We start up, with the involuntary exclamation, "A jaguar at last!" and grasp our gun. But we are mistaken. Instead of the leopard-like jaguar, a couple of black objects emerge from the thicket, chasing and wrestling with each other, and careering round and round. They move past, taking no notice of our presence; but during a pause of a few moments which ensues on one of them being thrown on his back, we discern plainly the long narrow snout and broad gray flank stripe which distinguish the ant-eater. The two bearlike creatures chase each other in the same helter-skelter manner quite round the place where we are standing, and astonish us by the nimbleness of their movements, seeing that these animals are forced to tread on the sides of their feet, owing to the very long curved claws with which they are armed. The ant-bear, seen in a state of semi-domestication in the houses of natives, appears a most listless and inactive animal; but he is clearly no sluggard in the woods. His mode of life, the nature of his food and manner of taking it, are all pretty well known. He devours great quantities of termites, or white ants, the friable earthy hillocks or nests of which abound in every part of the forest; pulling the structures to pieces with his claws, and licking up the masses of fat, juicy insects out of their chambers with his flexible tongue.

On the last day of our stay, we make a toilsome excursion with the two masters and five Indians, in the low tract of forest which covers the level ground on the opposite side of the pool.

The results of our chase in these entangled thickets are very small, consisting only of a brace of curassow birds (*mutums* of the Indians), large fowls resembling turkeys, but having a rich plumage of a glossy black hue, and bright red beaks. Unlike all other gallinaceous birds, they reside habitually in the crowns of lofty trees, where the males with their numerous partners move about, hidden in the foliage, the flocks betraying their presence only by the emission, now and then, of a long-drawn whistling note, resembling a sigh. Five distinct species of these magnificent birds inhabit the forests of the Amazons, where they are much sought after by the natives, both as food and as pet animals. Our toilsome rauble is brought to a close just as

we have reached a tract of more open and higher ground, by an unexpected change in the weather. The signs of the change begin about noon. At this hour, the heat, which on the preceding days had been moderated by a pleasant breeze, is felt to be unusually great, and not a breath of air stirs in the tree-tops. An irresistible languor and desire for rest seize on all of us. The perspiration trickles down the faces and backs of the Indians, and our own clothes cling to the skin. After dinner, no one seems inclined for further exertion, except the persevering Manoel, who insists on *prospecting* a little over this new ground for sarsaparilla, and sets off with two of the men, leaving us to rest for a time on the trunk of a fallen tree. After the lapse of an hour, we perceive the air gradually darkening around us; the closeness becomes oppressive, the smaller birds begin to flit about in an agitated manner, and we feel an uneasy sensation, as though some vague calamity were impending. In a few minutes, a dark pall of clouds is seen, through the interstices of the foliage, to be spreading itself overhead, and this quickly obscures the sun, and brings with it a light watery wind from the side whence the clouds have arisen. Lauriano then starts to his feet. "Ahi vem trovoad!" (a squall is coming!) He shouts with all his might after Manoel and the men; but in attempting to repeat the call, his voice is drowned in a hurricane blast, which comes with a deafening roar, swaying the tree-tops, and making the lighter stems bend like bows. A shower of broken branches and heavy masses of air-plants, torn from their anchorages above, falls about us, driving us to the shelter of a large tree. The whole sky has become suddenly black, and in the dim light, the tearing wind, bending boughs and leaves all one way, and driving a stream of fragments before it, produces the effect of a gray torrent sweeping through the wilderness.

A flash of lightning, a rousing thunder-clap, and a deluge of rain increase the uproar; the pelting of the heavy drops on the thick canopy of foliage resounds like the beating of waves on the seashore, and the thunder, once commenced, continues without intermission in reverberating peals. The tree no longer offers us shelter, and we are drenched to the skin. A half-hour elapses before Manoel rejoins us, followed by the men, who have had a narrow escape from

being crushed beneath a huge tree that has been uprooted by the storm. After the violence of the wind has abated a little, we set off to return to the canoe. The rain continues to fall in torrents; but this, as generally happens in this sweltering climate, instead of depressing us, has an exhilarating effect, and we are inclined to joke over our discomforts, as we trudge along; and the Indians, who are usually so taciturn, now become quite chatty and companionable. We have no difficulty in finding our way, but have to wade through pools of water that fill all the hollow places, and run great risk of treading on poisonous snakes, which often lie in flooded parts of the forest. No mishap, however, occurs; and we arrive at the encampment in due time, with dripping clothes and ravenous appetites.

As a last night spent in the wilderness, for the purpose of observing the phenomena of animal life, it is a very appropriate one. The heavy rains, following a long period of dry weather, have given a sudden stimulus to all living creatures. Even before the short twilight commences, signs of unusual activity are manifested. The lower trees close to our encampment are animated with large flocks of a pretty little monkey with flesh-colored face and black mouth (*Callithrix sciureus*), that have come down to the shores of the lake, probably to feed on insects, which instinctive habit has taught them will be out in numbers after the rainfall. They scamper gayly from bough to bough, shaking the heavy drops of moisture in showers into the water. A little distance off, a small party of howling monkeys have taken their station near the summit of a tall tree, and are now venting their unearthly cavernous roar, which forms so great an item in the evening chorus of animals in these solitudes. The water-fowl at the end of the pool are unusually active. Straggling trains of *pisooca*, a species of water-hen, with extravagantly long legs and toes, which strides as though on stilts, from one water-lily leaf to another, are passing to and fro with disagreeable cackling cry, and disturbing flocks of teal,—elegant birds, with chocolate and drab-colored plumage,—which utter pleasing whistling notes as they fly from one spot to another. A large speckled gray kingfisher, as big as a crow, which abounds on low bushes on the margin of the water, makes a loud noise; some scores of them

ejaculating their notes in succession, or in chorus. Numbers of large gray storks, and herons of various species, increase the animation by frequently changing their places, loudly flapping their wings, and chasing each other. On the higher trees the harsh cawing of parrots is heard, and lower down the unmelodious songs of swarms of yellow finches and flycatchers. Loud and piercing notes come from the depths of the forest, amongst which can be distinguished the swaggering cachinnation of the laughing eagle (*Herpetotheres cachinnans*), and the shrill blay of the horned screamer (*Palameda cornuta*),—cries which wake dull echoes through the wilderness.

When darkness begins to close around, the noises of birds become gradually less numerous; but now the more continuous din of amphibia and insects takes their place. Swamp-frogs, tree-frogs, land-frogs, and toads—animals which, during the whole of the dry weather, scarcely made their presence known—now seem to start into new life. There seems to be an almost endless diversity of species, many of which can be distinguished by the difference in their notes. Some of them make a resonant drumming noise; others quack like ducks; others, again, have a plaintive, hooting cry. To these sounds are added the harsh whirring of cicadas in the trees, and the shrill chirping of hosts of locusts concealed in the herbage. When the concert, begun by little preparatory tunings,

attains its full swell, the jarring tintinnabulation is deafening, and we have to speak to one another in shouts, in order to make ourselves heard. Clouds of winged insects, mostly ants on the swarm, rise in the air, and are pursued by wheeling flocks of goat-suckers and large bats; whilst other hosts are attracted by the fires of the encampment, and alight on our clothing, or drown themselves in the hot coffee which is being served round to us, seated on the mats. Out upon the lake the fireflies are moving about, their pale phosphorescent lamps twinkling amongst the dark foliage, or swaying in pendulum motion above the tree-tops.

It is a great contrast to the comparative inactivity and stillness of preceding nights; our companions do not like it; but to us there is a charm and hidden meaning in this grand chorus of life. We ourselves have felt the cheering effects of the cooling showers on our spirits after the depressing heat of the preceding days, and why should not also the varied hosts of our lowly fellow-creatures? In some parts of the country this ringing music is of daily occurrence; but it is always more vivacious after refreshing afternoon rains. To our minds, it is as the evening hymn of the animal creation; it speaks of the gladness of heart felt in the midst of this genial nature, and gives the impression of general contentment, exuberant life, and easy subsistence.

HENRY WALTER BATES.

HAILSTONES.—Trustworthy observations on the form and nature of hailstones are always valuable, inasmuch as they tend to the formation of a true theory of their origin. They are, as is well known, generally flattened or rounded, and sometimes more or less angular, presenting, internally, a series of concentric layers, or showing a radiated structure. In a communication read at the last meeting of the French Academy, M. Barral described some which fell at Paris on the 29th ult., the form of which was widely different from any previously met with. They were of a conical shape, and fell point downwards, the base being slightly concave, and the sides added with small six-sided pyramids, directed towards the base, and transparent. A few

prisms were also found on the base, which was from eight to ten millims. in diameter, the total height of the hailstones being from ten to thirteen millims. Some of the small prisms are about three millims. in length. These hailstones had the appearance of having been formed by the successive adherence of a series of the small pyramids by their faces or edges, leaving, at the same time, a hollow in the centre. When held up to the light, in the direction of their length, they were perfectly transparent. Their weight was from 180 to 260 milligrammes; they were very hard, and, when partly melted, a flattened nucleus remained, which was still transparent, but from which all traces of crystalline structure had disappeared.—*Reader*, 14 May.

From *She Spectator*.

THE DOLOMITE MOUNTAINS.*

WELL known to Englishmen as are the more accessible districts of the Tyrol, the southern portion of that interesting province, though even more attractive, is still comparatively untouched by the irrepressible British tourist. Messrs. Gilbert and Churchill, together with their wives, started in 1856 for a tour in the Tyrol, and were attracted from the beaten route of tourists, by an announcement in Murray's "Southern Germany" that from a certain point "the traveller obtains a view of the Dolomite Mountains," "which impart an air of novelty and sublime grandeur to the scene, which can only be appreciated by those who have viewed it." There is a peculiarly "guide-book" tone in the above phraseology; but it nevertheless served to induce an English party to deviate from their original programme, and ultimately to explore thoroughly a most characteristic and little known tract of Alpine scenery. On their first cursory visit in 1856, the party spent eight weeks in travelling some two hundred miles within the shade of the Dolomites, and met not one single specimen of the tourist proper, either English or foreign, while in a large number of the villages visited, they were the first English ever seen by the inhabitants.

But those of our readers who are neither conversant with Tyrol geography nor competent to pass a strict examination in Murray's handbooks, must already be wondering what and where the Dolomites are, and why one should desert the glories of the Rhine, or the fashionable mountain-tops of Switzerland, for a country where "other people" do not go, and which it is, consequently, in the eyes of many, almost a social crime to visit. The Dolomites, then, are a group of mountains of peculiar geological formation, and therefore imparting a peculiar character to the neighboring scenery, which extends throughout Carinthia, Carnia, and the district lying immediately to the north of Venetia. Geologists are now pretty well agreed in regarding the Alps as a system or zone of mountain

groups, each group consisting, as a rule, of an upheaved granite nucleus, covered by layers of schistous rock, and surrounded by beds of sedimentary formations, which isolate the group in question from its neighbors. But in the case of the Dolomitic groups, the granite nucleus is replaced by a crystalline rock, composed in varying proportions of carbonate of lime and carbonate of magnesia. The rock, the origin of which forms the subject of the wildest theories, and the occasion of the bitterest quarrels among geologists, was first recognized as a mineral possessing distinctive and important features by M. Deodatus Guy Silvanus Tancred de Gralet de Dolomieu, a personage whose career is as little familiar to people in general as the mountains bearing his name are to tourists. He was a Knight of St. John of Malta, born in Dauphiné in 1750, and was only saved from a sentence of death, recorded against him for fighting a duel, by the express pardon of the pope. After a short period of service in the army, he devoted himself exclusively to the study of chemistry and geology, which he had always cultivated, and in 1778, he became a correspondent of the Academy of Sciences. Fifteen years later, he commenced the observations which led to his great discovery, the distinctive features of the rock forming the mountain ranges of South Tyrol. He was one of the band of *savans*, whose presence in Egypt was the occasion for Napoleon's celebrated order, and when afterwards captured by the Neapolitan authorities, his release was made the subject of special negotiation after the battle of Marengo. Dolomieu died in 1801, and though the first application of the term is uncertain, it was not long before the mountains, which had formed the subject of his investigation, were known among English geologists as the "Dolomites," while Frenchmen more elegantly gave to the district, the name of "La Dolomieu." We do not intend to enter, for a moment, into the merits of the bitter feuds among geologists as to the origin of this unique formation, and can only mention the theory, adopted by Mr. Churchill, to the effect that Dolomite is merely a coralline structure, in which the action of sea-water has replaced a certain portion of carbonate of lime, by the deposition of carbonate of magnesia. Although actual observations as to the

* "The Dolomite Mountains." Excursions through Tyrol, Carinthia, Carniola, and Friuli, in 1861, 1862, and 1863. With a geological chapter, and pictorial illustrations, from original drawings on the spot. By Josiah Gilbert and G. C. Churchill, F. G. S. London: Longmans, 1864.

formation of coral reefs are far from absolutely confirming this, they are also far from affording evidence for its overthrow, and it is quite possible for a traveller thoroughly to enjoy his visit to South Tyrol without disquieting himself as to the origin of the strange and abnormal formation of the mountains around him. What concerns ordinary unscientific but observant travellers most, is the weird beauty of the scenery throughout "La Dolomié." Our authors are, as might be supposed from their assiduous devotion to the tour of their adoption, most enthusiastic in speaking of the effect produced by the eternal gray peaks, rising one above another, in every direction, now erect and needlelike, now wreathed and twisted in fantastic contortion, utterly different from any mountain scenery existing in the world. To heighten the unnatural effect produced by the scenery, the absence of glaciers, and consequently of mountain streams, adds to other influences that of an unbroken silence, strangely contrasting with the perpetual rushing of water in Switzerland. Of course the good Carinthians are ardent patriots in the matter of the beauties of their country. They attribute distinct and living individuality to each Dolomite peak, and each village looks upon its own especial favorite, almost as the tutelary genius of the district.

With regard to the population of the provinces of Carinthia, Carniola, and Carnia, which include the Dolomite group, it may be said, very briefly, that they pretty much resemble what the people of the more beaten routes of the Tyrol were before English tourists spoil them. In Carinthia, or Kärnten, the traveller is still looked upon at the village-inn as a guest, and not as a victim. The French hotel, with extravagant prices, and the typical "garçon," has not yet superseded the indigenous "Gast-haus," with the respectful but courtesy-expecting "Kellnerin." The people are, to the full, as honest, simple, pious, and perhaps even more superstitiously reverent, than their neighbors

in Tyrol. The parish priest is generally a kindly, warm-hearted man, who mixes, to the full, in his parishioners' daily life, plays skittles with them at the village-inn, consoles them in trouble, and, except when any Protestant tendency in his flock calls up the demon of ecclesiastical intolerance, is a most worthy and useful member of society.

Carinthia is not without historical and other associations of the greatest interest. Friesach, the capital, was the home of the daring race of Khevenhüller, one of whom routed the Turks so gallantly at Villach in 1492, while another of the same name was a redoubtable general of Maria Theresa. Near Klagenfurt stood, till recently, one of the most significant memorials of antiquity in Europe,—the stone "Die Fürstenstein," on which the Dukes of Carinthia received the first rites of investiture as princes only. It is now removed to the museum at Klagenfurt, and decided by the authorities to be the defaced capital of a Roman column. Not far off, stands the "Kärnthens Herzogstuhl," a rude stone throne, in the centre of a wild common, surrounded by an amphitheatre of Carinthian hills, where the duke, sitting back to back with the Count of Görz, received the oath of fealty. No devotee of art either should ever forget that Cadore was the birthplace of Titian Vecelli, and that his house may still be seen. A tablet in the side of the house records the fact, and a fountain close by is surmounted by a figure of St. Tiziano, the patron saint of the Vecelli family. The cottage is now occupied by an artisan. A curious effect of Titian's early associations is brought out for the first time by Mr. Gilbert, who finds unquestionable traces in the scenery of more than one of his paintings, of the influences of the peculiar Dolomite scenery. We cannot but recommend any one really wishing for some deviation from the ordinary routine of continental travel to take this volume with him,—it is a perfect guide, in the best sense of the word, to the whole district,—and start next autumn for "the Dolomites."

From The Saturday Review.

A FRENCH VIEW OF MR. CARLYLE.*

M. TAINE, whose essay on Mr. Mill as the representative of English Positivism we lately noticed, has published a companion sketch, in the shape of an essay on English Idealism as personified in Mr. Carlyle. Mr. Carlyle enjoys the distinction of having produced as much controversy in his own country as any living writer, if not more, and it would be no easy matter to mention any living author who is better fitted to bewilder foreigners of all kinds. Whatever else he is, he is before all other things national. Indeed, he is so radically national that he perceives, and always recognizes, the fact that between an Englishman and a Scotch Lowlander there is no substantial difference. To this it must be added, that he belongs emphatically to the humorous and enthusiastic type of Englishmen; and if there is in all nature a being utterly unlike Frenchmen, and altogether unintelligible to them, it is an Englishman of this character. This gives special interest to the criticisms of M. Taine, who has tried his very best to understand England in general and Mr. Carlyle in particular; and who certainly has studied his subject with great diligence, and with as much intelligence as is consistent with an absolute want of sympathy with the object of his criticisms. He begins by observing that when Englishmen, especially if they are under forty, are asked which of their countrymen think, they begin by naming Mr. Carlyle, "but, at the same time, they advise you not to read him, saying that you will not understand a word of what he says." M. Taine, however, determined to try. At first he found himself in a sort of nightmare. He did not know what to make of a man who headed chapters in the history of the French Revolution with "charades." He found, moreover, that these charades were at times altogether inconsistent with dignity and propriety. What are you to think of a grave historian who compares his country to an ostrich with its head in the sand, likely to be wakened "in a terrible *à posteriori* manner," or a politician with a newspaper reputation to a dead dog drifting up and down the Thames, and stinking as it drifts. At last he finds out that "cette disposition d'esprit produit l'humour; mot intraduisible, car la

chose nous manque." Humor may suit the German races, but "nos nerfs le trouvent trop âpre et trop amer." He illustrates the meaning of this strange "disposition d'esprit" by various extracts, not particularly well chosen, and goes on to say that a man with such wild tastes might be expected to be capable only of wandering and nonsense, but that this is not so. He has been kept in order by two barriers "tout anglaises"—"le sentiment du réel qui est l'esprit positif, et le sentiment du sublime qui fait l'esprit religieux." Hence, instead of being a sickly visionary, he is a philosopher and an historian. The union of these two sentiments leads him to respect facts, as being the only vehicle by and through which it is possible for us, not indeed to understand, but at all events to contemplate, the sublime and sometimes tremendous mysteries from which facts derive their significance and value. Hence comes, on the one side, Mr. Carlyle's passion for the investigation of details, even if they do not happen to be obviously important, so long as they are true; and, on the other, his constant habit of breaking out, as he would say, into the eternities and immensities. M. Taine quotes, as an illustration, the well-known passage in "Past and Present" about King John's visit to St. Edmondsbury in the Chronicle of Jocelyn de Brakelond; and he says, with justice, that the whole account of Jocelyn and the Abbot Sampson deserves to be considered as a wonderful feat of strength in this sort of writing.

Having thus described the general temper of Mr. Carlyle's mind, M. Taine goes on to discuss his doctrines. He is a philosopher and an historian. His great work as a philosopher has been, according to his critic, to transplant German theories into England, and to throw them into an English shape. He traces this through "Sartor Resartus," "Past and Present," the lectures on "Hero Worship," and other works, and arrives at the conclusion that Mr. Carlyle gets out of his German studies a practical mysticism well suited for English understandings, because it combines the energetic pursuit of the common objects of life with a belief in something lying beyond sensible experience, which something is sought out, and valued when discovered, because it affords a practical rule of conduct. M. Taine quotes (again with good judgment) a well-known passage from "Past and Pres-

* "L'Idealisme Anglais. Etude sur Carlyle." Par H. Taine. Paris: 1864.

ent: " "All true work is religion, and whatsoever religion is not work may go and dwell among the Brahmins, Antinomians, spinning dervishes, or where it will; with me it shall have no harbor." M. Taine's own remark upon this is perhaps the most characteristic sentence in his whole "*Etude*." Perhaps it will not harbor with you; but it will elsewhere. Here we come upon the narrow English side of this broad German conception. There are many religions which are not moral, and there are still more which are not practical. Carlyle wishes to reduce the human heart to the English sentiment of duty, and the human imagination to the English sentiment of respect. Half of human poetry escapes his grasp. For if one part of us raises us to self-denial and virtue, another part draws us to pleasure and enjoyment. Man is pagan as well as Christian. Nature has two sides; many races—India, Greece, Italy—have comprehended one side only, and have had no religions except the admiration of monstrous force and the ecstasy of wild imagination, or the admiration of harmonious forms and the worship of pleasure, beauty, and enjoyment."

Mr. Carlyle's criticism appears to M. Taine to be animated by the same spirit as his philosophy. It is, he says, harsh and vehement. He cannot understand French writers. Their merits appear to him faults. He cannot do justice to Voltaire. He says that "there is not one great thought in all his thirty-six quartos," and much more of a blasphemous character: "Voilà d'assez gros mots, nous n'en emploierons pas de pareils. Je dirai seulement que si quelqu'un jugeait Carlyle en Français comme il juge Voltaire en Anglais, ce quelqu'un ferait de Carlyle un portrait différent de celui que j'essaye de tracer ici."

From considering Mr. Carlyle's criticism M. Taine passes to his historical writings. He observes, with much truth, that the characteristic peculiarity of them is to be found in the importance which they attach to individuals,—that is, to their hero-worship, and to the notion, of which they are full, that the hero expresses the highest conception of which the age in which he lives is capable. Cromwell, he says, is Mr. Carlyle's great and favorite hero. The other Puritans are his spiritual ancestors,—subject, however, to the rights of our old friends the Vikings and Berserkirs, whom M. Taine considers to

be in various respects the spiritual fathers of the existing English nation. The religious gloom and practical turn of the Puritans, the capacity of getting into a desperate rage—a gift, by the way, of which the Parisian mob is not altogether devoid—seem to M. Taine to supply the governing principles of Mr. Carlyle's historical works. His view of life is solemn, pious, energetic, and exceedingly practical. For this reason he has failed to understand the French Revolution, which was certainly neither solemn, pious, nor practical, in the Puritan sense; but lively, joyous, sentimental, and generously impatient of all existing facts and established institutions. On the whole, M. Carlyle appears to his critic to be more or less of a demoniac, and too extravagant by half. The essay concludes as follows: "There is, perhaps, less genius in Macaulay than in Carlyle; but after living for some time upon this exaggerated and demoniac style, this extraordinary and unhealthy philosophy, this grimacing and prophetic history, these sinister and mad political theories, we return with pleasure to"—Lord Macaulay described in complimentary amplifications.

It is not easy to express in a few sentences the impression made by M. Taine's *étude*. It is so courteous and neatly balanced, it has obviously been written with so much trouble, and with such a wish to be just, that it would be wrong to speak harshly of it; but to most English readers who are already acquainted with the writings of Mr. Carlyle, it will convey no conclusion at all, except, indeed, that between France and England there is a great gulf fixed, far wider and far deeper than the Channel, and infinitely more difficult to cross. It is not easy to say exactly why this is. Every one of M. Taine's criticisms is plausible, and in a sort of way true; but somehow, it does not satisfy the English reader. When we have been told that this bit of a man's mind came from Germany, and that from English newspapers; that he is partly a Puritan and partly a Berserkir (which seems to be meant as a sort of compliment); that this is a strange thing which English people call humor, and that a piece of bad manners which M. Taine will not condescend to imitate, a certain weariness steals over the mind. It is so (according to our experience, at least) with almost all French criticism. It would suit English

tastes far better if it were less descriptive, less sympathetic, and less polite. It should be ruder and more controversial. We should like to see the picture which M. Taine's *quelqu'un* would have drawn of Mr. Carlyle if he had not been altogether too fine a gentleman to use such *gros mots* as Mr. Carlyle applied to Voltaire. What Mr. Carlyle thought of Voltaire no human creature can doubt. He says plainly what he likes and what he dislikes, and why; but M. Taine does not behave in this way to Mr. Carlyle. He assigns him his place in the scale of creation with smiling courtesy, but with less genuine heartiness than might be shown by vigorous fault-finding.

The fundamental defect of the criticism appears to us to lie in its author's determination to have a complete theory of Mr. Carlyle and his philosophy, and to show the mutual connection and dependence of his various works. M. Taine altogether omits to notice the fact that the books which he criticises have been published at intervals extending now over at least forty years, during which the position, the views, and even the style of their author have undergone a great alteration. Several of Mr. Carlyle's works were written originally as magazine articles, or as lectures delivered to a popular audience; and it is clear enough, to any one who reads them attentively, that they have all the crudeness and harshness of early productions written whilst the mind which produced them was in a state of fermentations. His really characteristic books are not his speculations, but his histories. The speculations are in the nature of dyspeptic and humorous pamphlets, poured forth, as the fit happened to take the writer, with surprising energy, and occasionally with wonderful felicity and vivacity, but with no real pretensions to the establishment of a philosophy or religion. Many of the books which M. Taine quotes—especially the "Sartor Resartus"—are little else than moral commonplaces, thrown into strange forms and expressed in a dialect in which German and broad Scotch struggle for the mastery with alternate success. To take Mr. Carlyle as a great leader of English thought, to describe him as the representative of a thing called English Idealism, is to misunderstand him altogether. His thought—that is, his reflections and his arguments—has had singularly little

influence on the world. His rhetoric and humor upon very old themes, such as the virtue of truth, the relation between work and worship, the identity of might and right, and other topics of the same kind, have had a great effect; and the amazing strength of his imagination, and his extraordinary accuracy, diligence, and shrewdness in historical research, have given him nearly the first place amongst English historians. What appear to M. Taine his essential qualities are in reality accidental ones, and *vice versâ*. He has exercised hardly any perceptible influence upon English philosophy. Politics, morals, theology, metaphysics, political economy, jurisprudence, and many other subjects, have made great progress during the past generation; but on no one of these matters has Mr. Carlyle exercised much influence. In history, on the other hand, he has taught much to his country, and has set an example as to the way in which the imaginative and the prosaic qualities ought to be combined, and the mutual support and illustration which they are calculated to afford to each other, which it is far easier to admire than to imitate. The humor which M. Taine appears to consider as an incidental, occasional talent, is in reality one of his great qualifications for historical inquiry. The great merit of humor is that it usually means much more than it says. The mere turn of a phrase enables a man possessed of this gift to give a color to whole series of transactions, and thus to hint a meaning which it would take many pages of explanation to assign specifically. This is the characteristic peculiarity of the "History of the French Revolution" which so much shocks and scandalizes M. Taine. What he views as mere tricks and charades are a set of devices which enable the author to point out easily and transiently the slightly absurd character of the whole proceeding. The delicate flavor of contempt which pervades the whole book is that ingredient which delights almost all Englishmen, and which Frenchmen appear incapable of understanding, whether they themselves or others are its objects. To try to exhibit, in a connected, systematic form, the views of such a writer is altogether a mistake. He has shown us Cromwell and Frederick face to face; he has given us, rather by insinuation and indirect allusion than otherwise, a view of the French Revolution, and this is a considerable achievement; but it is a mistake to suppose that he has materially influenced the main current of thought in this country on important subjects.

From The Examiner.

Musical and Personal Recollections during Half a Century. By Henry Phillips. In Two Volumes. Skeet.

AN old friend of the public, Mr. Henry Phillips the singer, here gives to the world a budget of the recollections of his life. He tells his story very pleasantly and well, is not diffuse, rambling, or blindly egotistical, but speaks very simply and honestly about himself, while he attempts to tell the public no more than it cares to hear. Mr. Phillips's father was, we are told, a gentleman by birth, and admitted a barrister, with the advantage of a private fortune to support him on the up-hill way of his profession. But he was stage-struck and suffered accordingly; threw up his profession and became the Macbeth, Hamlet, and Othello of a country circuit. At Weymouth, the Ophelia to his Hamlet was Miss Barnett, a bright-eyed lady of German and Jewish extraction, who, at the age of nine, had been a singer at Vauxhall, and had been apprenticed to Dr. Hook, the father of Theodore. As she never fairly cultivated the natural gifts of her voice, she had fallen into the post of first singer at country theatres. At Weymouth, her singing took the fancy of George III., who then frequently visited that watering-place, and she took altogether the fancy of Mr. Richard Phillips, still a man of worldly means, whose wife she became, and to whose dramatic circuits she was joined. Of these parents, Mr. Henry Phillips was born at Bath, in the first year of the present century. Thereupon Mr. Richard Phillips, the father, turned manager and bought a circuit of his own in Wales, which in a very short time devoured all his property, "even to some rows of houses in the Euston Road, London. The 'Adam and Eve' and a number of dwellings on each side would, but for this mishap, have belonged to me (until of late years they bore our name), but now the once rich heir was a houseless child."

When his son Henry was eight years old, his father took a short summer engagement for himself only, at Harrogate, where the son's education consisted in being made to read and declaim Sterne and Milton, and to learn the rudiments of Latin. But even before he could speak plainly, he had sung many songs taught him by his mother. Could he not help the fortunes of his house by be-

ing produced as a singing Roscius? So he was duly announced for one evening only, sung after the play "The Bay of Biscay," was applauded loudly, and received the kisses of the ladies. A successful concert at York, where the boy sung Arne's "Hymn of Eve," "The Bay of Biscay," and another song, helped the unlucky family upon its way to London. After many vain attempts to bring out the singing Roscius, young Henry Phillips found his first opening when a singing boy was wanted at the old Haymarket Theatre to play the robber's boy in "The Iron Chest." His first attempt having given satisfaction, he was retained to sing in that part for five shillings a night, and in the next season he was retained at Drury Lane to sing for the same salary in the music of Macbeth, whenever he was wanted. The boy received a little occupation of this sort and some snatches of musical instruction, being apprenticed to Mr. John Reeve, son of the composer of a glee then popular. But when verging upon sixteen, his voice broke, and his clear and high soprano disappeared. Then he tried to earn money by sketching, and having made a parcel of sketches, took them with no profitable result to a shop in Piccadilly:—

"The next day I started early on the same errand, till, having exhausted all the localities I knew anything of, I again returned home, having resolved to convert our parlor window into a shop, and so exhibit my drawings. All being arranged to my satisfaction, by tapes drawn across, I pinned my pictures to them, with the prices marked; and, I assure you, very respectable and business-like the window looked, bearing, at the same time, evidence that mine was not an extravagant establishment, as the highest price was one shilling, which graduated down to a penny. I soon sold some, and my spirits rose rapidly. Not many days elapsed ere my shop attracted the attention of a person connected with Ackerman's repository, in the Strand, who offered me employment to color engravings, such as were then the rage, viz., long strips of subjects drawn out of a tube, like a moving panorama. One was, 'A trip to Paris,' others, 'A trip to Holland,' Edinburgh, etc., etc. This I cheerfully accepted, and prophesied a flourishing trade at hand. What with my employment and my shop, a commercial importance grew upon me. At this coloring, I labored eight and ten hours a day for nearly two years, and frequently earned from thirty shillings to

two pounds a week, which not only contributed much to the comfort and support of my family, but also enabled me to purchase cheap copies of the songs of Handel, Haydn, and Mozart, from which I commenced my study of the great masters. The difficulty was, how to practise them; for I had no instrument.

"Fortune, however, still favored me; for, having made a really elaborate drawing of a laundress's drying-ground, and placed it as the centre of attraction in my window, it was observed by a lady living opposite, who took in washing, kept a mangle, and had a piano-forte. She speedily made my acquaintance, and asked me to tea, which invitation I eagerly accepted. She was a little person, with a dash of manner rather above her calling, and though elderly, skipped about sometimes like a young girl. Our conversation referring to her younger days, it appeared she had been a dancer and chorus-singer at some of the London theatres. Finding that I also had found employment in that honorable branch of the profession, she was overjoyed, told me to come and drink tea as often as I liked, and added that I might practise on her piano from morning till night, every day in the week."

The voice came again; the young vocalist, ambitious for a bass, found himself possessed of a light baritone, and he received two pounds a week from Mr. Arnold, then lessee of the lyceum, for singing in the choruses, or any other service of which he proved capable. Thereupon he closed his small repository of art, and fairly began his career as a vocalist, artied to Mr. Broadhurst, then very popular as a singer of Irish and Scotch melodies, a popular teacher, with an engagement at the Lyceum, or English Opera House, and the musical direction of most of the City Halls, the city connection bringing him a large number of pupils. After his own first season as a Lyceum chorus-singer, Mr. Phillips writes,—

"The summer over, I pursued my studies daily at Mr. Broadhurst's house in Leigh Street, Burton Crescent; and my family having moved into lodgings near Covent Garden, my peregrinations were very different from my former walk to Edmonton. Mr. Broadhurst had an excellent grand piano-forte, and all Handel's works. At last, then, I was in my glory. First rapidly, and then studiously, I went through all the oratorios, until I literally knew everything almost by rote.

"The spring of the following year brought

the usual routine of city dinners; and having learned all the glees then usually performed, I received from my first engagement *three guineas*, one pound eleven shillings and sixpence of which was to be mine. I cannot express the joy I felt when I placed that sum in the Russell Savings-Bank, Bloomsbury, neither can I express the pride with which I strutted home, conscious of *having some money in the bank*.

"My voice now began gradually to develop itself, and I could sing tolerably down to A, and with some efforts and uncertainty up to E. I learned many songs within this compass, chiefly by Shield, such as the 'Sapling Oak,' 'As burns the Charger,' 'The Wolf,' 'Who deeply drinks of Wine,' 'Now Phœbus sinketh in the West.' My great song was, however, 'The Sapling Oak.'"

Presently, Mr. Broadhurst took an engagement with Charles Kemble, at Covent Garden, and it was urged on him by the young singer's friends that he should get Charles Phillips heard there:—

"An opportunity for this presented itself in an opera ('The Law of Java') which Sir Henry Bishop was composing, and which was to be opened with a glee, or chorus, as most of Sir Henry's operas were. An additional bass being required, it was arranged that a glee should be written for Mr. Goulden, alto; Mr. Pyne, tenor; and myself: and this was no other than the celebrated trio and chorus, 'Mynheer Vandunk.' Dressed as Dutchmen, and seated at a round table, on which were bottles and glasses, the curtain rose after the overture, and our glee began. Its effect was nothing, and we usually walked off the stage without a round of applause. The understanding with Mr. Broadhurst was, that I was to sing for a few nights gratuitously, and, if approved, might be offered an engagement. Thus I continued for five or six nights; but no notice was taken of me. I continually looked at the side wings, to see if the manager was standing there with a proposal; but no, all was still, and as I went on the stage, so I was suffered to go off. This became very tiring, especially as on many occasions it prevented my accepting other engagements. I urged Mr. Broadhurst to ask the manager's opinion and intention; but no, he said, try it *a little longer*. I did; the result was the same. So at last, losing all patience, I resolved to settle the question myself, and set the matter at rest. The next morning, I went to the theatre, and desired to speak with Mr. Charles Kemble. The theatrical Gold-Stick-in-Waiting delivered my message, and after a due lapse of

time, ushered me into the presence. There sat Charles Kemble, in managerial pride, in a dingy, dusty, dark room, lolling in a great arm-chair, behind a huge baize-covered table, strewn with letters, play-bills, posters, baskets, all in seeming confusion.

“‘Well, sir,’ he exclaimed, in a half-negligent tone, ‘what may be your business?’

“‘I wish to speak with you in reference to the glee I sing in the opera.’

“‘Well,’ he asked, ‘what do you want?’

“‘An engagement, sir,’ I said.

“‘An engagement!’ he echoed, laughingly; ‘and what do you?’

“‘Anything,’ I said.

“‘What do you expect to receive?’

“‘Anything,’ was still my answer; ‘say *two guineas a week*.’

“‘What!’ exclaimed his majesty, ‘two guineas?—why, sir, you are not worth two shillings; they can’t hear you over the third row of the pit.’

“‘Indeed!’ I replied; ‘then I wish you good-morning.’

“‘Stop!’ hallooed Kemble; ‘you’ll sing the glee to-night?’

“‘No! If I do, I’m what you induced me to represent myself,—a Dutchman!’

“Away I hastened from the building, and never beheld his face again, until a few years had passed, when he sought my services at forty pounds per week.”

An opportunity having been taken by Mr. Broadhurst to introduce a couple of songs by Henry Phillips between play and farce at the Bath Theatre, where John Loder led the orchestra, Loder, usually hard to please, received young Phillips so graciously that he obtained and accepted the offer of an engagement for the next Bath season. In that season Madame Ronzi de Begnis was the soprano, and he had assigned to him such parts as Don Bsailio in the “Barbreie,” and the Poet in “Il Turco in Italia.” His success at the Bath Theatre induce Mr. Loder to engage the young vocalist for one of his grand concerts at the Assembly Rooms, where Braham, who was among the singers, complimented him:—

“He then, in the kindest manner, took me aside, and imparted to me the theory and secret of musical declamation, which, I need scarcely say, *I never forgot*. Amongst other things he said, ‘Observe what I tell you; as you advance, you will have twenty blunderbusses continually levelled at your head. Every means and every artifice will be used to destroy your reputation, and depress your talent, but have no fear, pursue your path with vigor and with courage, and your enemies will fly before you.’

“I marvelled, and could scarcely credit what he said; but, indeed, afterwards I found his words only *too true*, and have frequently repeated the caution to my younger brethren when they came, in after-life, under my guidance.

“I had reached now a higher position than I could have hoped for in so short a time, and was generally acknowledged as a rising artiste, when Mr. Loder informed me that a new church, of Clifton, Bristol, was about to be opened with a grand performance of the ‘Messiah,’ which Sir George Smart was to conduct, and that he should try to place me as the principal bass.

“This was rare news indeed; he promised to write immediately to Sir George, and endeavor to obtain his consent. Sir George objected, on the ground that I must be a very young man, and the risk was too great to run upon such an occasion.

“This threw a sad gloom over me. Mr. Loder still persevered; and it was arranged that as Sir George was coming to Bath, he should hear me, and that the bills should not be issued until after our interview.

“These preliminaries settled, and the morning appointed for the interview, Mr. Loder begged me to bring half a guinea, and present it after the hearing, as in consideration of a lesson. This I tremblingly obeyed, for that sum to me was one of vast amount, and I well knew what I should have to suffer when it was gone. However, there was no evading so positive a command, and accordingly I, with my half-guinea, went to Mr. Loder’s house of business in Milson Street, prepared for the worst in *every way*.”

“Sir George received me in a large empty music-room, on the first floor, over the shop, where stood a grand pianoforte.”

“‘So, sir,’ said he, ‘you are bold enough to take upon yourself the task of singing through the “Messiah,” eh?’

“I answered that I was.

“‘Well, let me hear you; here is a copy. Do you think you can see over my shoulder?’

“I replied, ‘No doubt; but it is not necessary.’

“‘Oh, indeed!’ said Sir George. ‘What, can you sing it from memory, eh? Well, we shall see. Perhaps you’ll oblige me by standing at the other end of the instrument.’

“‘Certainly, sir.’

“And away went Sir George with, ‘Thus saith the Lord;’ and I as boldly followed with vigorous exactness. At its termination, he exclaimed,—

“‘Upon my honor, that is very extraordinary!’

“I thought he was jesting, for I could see nothing extraordinary about it.

" 'Perhaps, sir,' he continued, 'you could oblige me with the next song, "The People that walketh in Darkness," in the same way?'

" 'Certainly,' I said.

"And through it I went with equal truth. I observed a smile upon his countenance every now and then, when coming to the chromatic passages, evidently thinking I should trip; but, no, nothing could move me from my path.

"When I had finished, he said, 'That's enough; I'm quite satisfied. And, now, let me ask you, do you know anything of the tenor songs?'

" 'Yes, sir, all.'

" 'And the soprano?'

" 'All.'

" 'And the contralto?'

" 'All.'

" 'And possibly the choruses?'

" 'Yes, sir, every one.'

"I then offered him the fee, neatly done up in white paper.

" 'What's this?' said he.

" 'Your-fee, sir. Allow me to consider this as a lesson.'

" 'Nothing of the kind,' said Sir George, 'put it in your pocket;' and placing his hand on my shoulder, he continued, 'I have been much pleased and surprised, and *will be your friend as long as I live.*'"

For that first appearance as principal singer in an oratorio the fortunate youth had not the necessary suit of black. He walked fifteen miles to buy some black cloth at a bargain, and made his own waistcoat and trousers out of it; but the coat being beyond him, he mortgaged his engagement to a tailor, and thus got over his last perplexity. After his success in this undertaking, Sir George Smart promised to introduce Mr. Phillips at the Lenten oratorios in London, and did so. But the new singer failed for want of physical power, until he made a special success with a recitative and air, "The Snares of Death," in Sir John Stevenson's oratorio called "The Thanksgiving." His success in this induced Mr. Kemble to offer him an engagement at Covent Garden, to play Artabanus in "Artaxerxes," with Miss Paton, Madame Vestris, and Mr. Braham. The friends of the principal baritone of the theatre considered this a *casus belli*, and the interloper, with his voice still weak and impaired by nervousness, was on the first night heartily groaned at and hissed. Passing over the production of "Der Frieschutz" at the Lyceum, in which Mr. Phillips, though hissed on the

first night, forced into success the music of Caspar, sung by him as a companion huntsman, while an actor who could not sing performed the part; passing over also the concert engagements with Mr. Loder, and the representation at Bath of "Tom and Jerry," in which Mr. Phillips represented nine characters, and made the chief hit by singing as a watchman, "Past two o'clock, and a cloudy morning," we come through a period of strengthening voice and fast-growing reputation with the public, to the evening, in March, 1855, on which Mr. Phillips, after the death of Bartleman, was among others tried by an engagement for one night before the awful tribunal of the "Ancient Concerts." The result was his immediate engagement for the whole series at ten guineas a night. Of the sort of discipline maintained at these concerts here is an anecdote:—

"Mrs. Salmon, who generally was a most strict Handelian, one evening forgot herself, and, I suppose, fancying she was singing to some ordinary audience, at the termination of 'From Mighty Kings,' made a cadenza, which she had no sooner commenced than Greatorrex opened the full organ upon her, with the final chord. For an instant all was confusion, the lady sat down, and became fearfully red, while the noble director rose to inquire the cause, when Greatorrex turned round, and (twiddling his thumbs, as he was wont) said, very quietly, 'A cadenza, my lord!' 'Oh!' said his lordship; and the concert proceeded with its usual solemnity."

Mr. Phillips has some pleasant recollections of Lindley and his faithful friend Dragonetti, of the unequalled double bass with his small harem of dolls, and a black doll for its queen. Of Paganini's first performance in London, and his ghostly way of appearing and disappearing at the places where he was engaged, there are some good recollections; there are anecdotes, too, of not a few old-fashioned practical jokes upon Bochs and others, which make pleasant reading. Very amusing is the account of the trial upon the subject of copy-right in the music of the "Old English Gentleman," a piece which followed "Oh, no, we never mention her," and "Farewell to the Mountain," in the list of Mr. Phillips's particular successes in creating the celebrity of songs. The next was "The Light of other Days," which brought credit to Mr. Phillips when singing under Mr. Bunn's management in Balfe's "Maid of

Artois," an opera written for Malibran, who greatly desired to get that air transferred into her part. Then there was the setting of Barry Cornwall's song of the "The Sea, the Sea, the open Sea," written for Mr. Phillips by the Chevalier Neukomm, who, resenting his refusal to sing a piece called "Napoleon's Review," had for some time refused to write for him. Upon which soon followed the popularity of "When Time hath bereft thee," a ballad inserted for Mr. Phillips in Mr. Bunn's version of Auber's "Gustavus."

The declining fortunes of English opera induced John Wilson to pass from operatic stidging to his Scottish entertainment, which he was on the point of abandoning as a failure when success flowed in upon him. Mr. Phillips was tempted to follow his example, but did so with small success. But the interest again touches on English opera, when Mr. Phillips (who played Polyphemus) tells of Mr. Macready's famous production in 1842 of Handel's "Acis and Galatea," which he accounts the greatest event in his musical

career. Staudigl afterwards took that part of Polyphemus, and in that piece Mr. Sims Reeves, with his career before him, sung as one of the Sicilian Shepherds, "Come if ye dare!" It was he who sung in the subsequent reproductions of Dryden and Purcell's "King Arthur." Here we must break off. Enough has been said to indicate the amusing character of a book in which the narrative, which has a hard word for nobody, is fairly brought down to the date of Mr. Phillips's Farewell Concert on the 25th of February, 1863. The absence of petty jealousy, the ready recognition of the merit of those singers who occupy his place before the public, and the frequent candor with which Mr. Phillips records any occasional shortcomings of his own, will make Mr. Phillips's book popular within the profession as well as with the public. He does not seem to have corrected the press himself. Staudigl's name is throughout printed Stndgl, and we have Sphor Mocheles, etc. But this is a small mechanical defect, easily removed in any new edition."

IN "Notes of a Trip to Iceland in 1862," by Alexander Bryson, F. R. S., the writer says, "In Iceland consumption is nearly unknown; the clear, fine, bracing air is exhilarating; if cold, clothes can supply warmth; if a cough is made worse, a respiration can cure that quite as well as the temperature of Algiers, without the relaxing influence. This is the virtue which I claim for Iceland as a summer residence for the consumptive invalid."

SYDNEY SMITH AND ROGERS.—Whenever Rogers, the poet, gave a dinner-party, he used to have candles placed all round the dining-room, and high up, in order to show off his pictures. Asking Sydney Smith "how he liked that plan?" the wit replied, "Not at all; above there is a blaze of light, and below, nothing but darkness and gnashing of teeth."

AN UNCONSCIOUS POSTSCRIPT.—George Selwyn once affirmed, in company, that no woman ever wrote a letter without a postscript. "My next

letter shall refute you!" said Lady G—. Selwyn soon after received a letter from her ladyship, where, after her signature, stood, "P. S.—Who was right,—you or I?"

A POSTHUMOUS MESSAGE.—A servant of an old maiden lady, a patient of Dr. Poole, of Edinburgh, was under orders to go to the doctor every morning, to report the state of her health,—how she had slept, etc.,—with strict injunctions always to add, "with her compliments." At length, one morning, the girl brought the following startling message: "Miss S—'s compliments, and she de'ed last night at aicht o'clock!"

A POLITE REBUKE.—Charles Matthews, seated on a coach-box on a frosty day, waiting anxiously for the driver, said to him when at length he appeared, "Why, I declare, if you stand here much longer, Mr. Coachman, your horses will be like Captain Parry's ships." "How's that, sir?" "Why, frozen to the pole."

From The Saturday Review.
SIMPLICITY.

THERE is no gift of expression that tells more than simplicity in its right place. A simple style of talking or writing is an engine of power in good hands, enabling them to undertake tasks forbidden to the world at large. It even fits a man for talking or writing about himself, which only persons endowed with the art of being plain, transparent, and natural ought ever to attempt. Simplicity, as we would view it here, is by no means a merely moral or negative quality. It is so in some cases; but it is then only noticed or appreciated for its suggestiveness. Children do not admire each other's simplicity; but we admire it in them, because what is uttered without thought or intention in the child is full of meaning to us. It was more than a simple, it was probably a stupid, little girl that kept reiterating "We are seven;" but the words suggested deep meanings to the poet. The weeping child apologizing at sight of the unfolding handkerchief, "My tears are clean," meant no more than the literal sense of his words; but to the hearer they brought thoughts of guileless innocence and of other tears that do leave a stain. After childhood no one can retain a simplicity worthy of admiration without some intellectual power. The unconscious simplicity of a child, when childhood is past, is disagreeable and painful, and is never recognized without a shade of pity or contempt. Manly simplicity is intelligent, and knows what it is about. And though, to win our respect, it must of course be real, it may and often is only one side of a many-sided character; that is, the quality may attach to part, and not to the whole, of a man's nature.

The charm of full-grown simplicity always gains by, and we believe even requires, contrast. We must be a little surprised at a man's being simple before we can value the quality in him. Thus the style and manners of royal personages are generally simple, and there are doubtless plenty of reasons to make this probable, and a thing to expect; but persons dazzled by the pomp and circumstance of greatness are delighted with this simplicity, which they confound with humility, because it seems to them a striking contrast with state and splendor. So with the aristocracy of intellect and genius. It appears a fine thing for a great author or thinker to be artless and

unaffected; and we like it because, if he chose to be pretentious, we could only say he had more right to be so than his neighbors; but the truth is, these people have not really the temptations to pretence that others, their inferiors, have. The world allows them so distinguished a place that there is no need for them to struggle and use effort in order to seem something higher and more important than they are. It needs a reliance on self to be perfectly simple in treating of self; and this reliance, as a conscious quality, it is scarcely modest to bring forward unless the world has given its sanction to the self-estimate. When the Duke of Wellington said publicly, "I should be ashamed to show my face in the streets" under such and such circumstances, the simple phrase, occurring in an important debate, had a noble effect; but there were not many men in whom it would have been becoming to bring forward self in this artless way in the House of Lords. There is no greater testimony to the weight of a name which once made itself known and felt than the manner of speaking of self in Dr. Newman's "Apologia." Nothing can be more engaging than the simplicity of tone; the touches of personal feeling and recollection, of likes and dislikes, and of self-defence are given in language the most artless and natural; but the tone would have been inadmissible if the writer had not had a right to rely on his past influence, and on the interest that still attaches to his name. Nobody can write in this way who does not feel that what he says will be well received; that people will care to hear things personal to himself told in the plainest way because it is himself. Very few men could venture to write their lives, even though in self-defence, in this fashion. Indeed, if it comes to a venture, it is all over with him. Simplicity of the great sort is serenely confident.

All simplicity, however paradoxical it may sound, ought to conceal something,—rank, or achievement, or high purpose, or extensive knowledge, or covert meaning, or a strength of modest purity, or an incorruptible honesty, or a power of self-command; or, in a child, innocence. In mature life it must be backed by some inner sense of worth, or at least by a self-respect founded on just grounds, though, perhaps, never consciously dwelt upon. It should have some touch of the heroic. It is impossible for some people to be simple.

They are not great enough ; they are born with that foppery which Dr. Johnson called the bad stamina of the mind, which, like a bad constitution, can never be rectified,—“once a coxcomb, always a coxcomb.” Indeed, people who are not coxcombs often dare not be simple, because they would feel naked and insignificant ; their thoughts must be dressed up to be fit to be seen ; in fact, they would not know how to set about it, and could not be simple if they would. Few persons, perhaps, realize the difficulty of mere simplicity of expression. We own it is not difficult to say, “That is a door ; this is my desk ;” but once pass the region of plain statement of what our senses tell us, and the difficulty begins which most people never get over. Scarcely any conversation is simple. Half the hyperbole of language is no deliberate effort of fancy, and much less is it intentional exaggeration. It is because it is impossible for inaccurate minds to hit the exact truth and describe a thing just as it appeared to them,—to express degrees of feeling, to observe measures and proportions, to tell a thing as it happened, and define a sensation as it was felt. They cannot represent themselves just as sick or sorry—pleased, annoyed, or impressed—as they really were. Which of us really manages to do this ? Men rely on the universal license necessary where accuracy is unattainable, and would feel ashamed to go against the popular phraseology in search of a more formal truth ; and wisely, too ; for with the run of people it would be a fastidiousness more nice than wise. Violent efforts to be simple would quench the imagination without attaining to effective truth. The poor have little of the simplicity attributed to them in books. They have too great a sense of their own insignificance to presume so far.

A rustic has felt indisposed and very uncomfortable in the night ; how can he or she expect to rouse sympathy for so very commonplace an occurrence ? And yet it is pleasant to be pitied when we are ill. Therefore he says, “I thought I should have died in the night.” He says this, not because he really thought so, or really wants you to think so, but because it is the only form he knows likely to make an adequate impression on his hearer. He must know how to analyze sensations before he can tell the simple truth about them. In the same

way, the poor are driven to feeble hyperbole, helplessly reiterated, without a notion that it is hyperbole. Thus an old woman wants to say that she has lost her appetite, and tries her hand at expressing her loss. “One bit of cake is oceans—oceans it is—oceans.” This seems to her nearer the truth, as her hearer will receive it, than the simple announcement that, whereas once she ate her plain food with a relish, now delicacies cannot tempt her ; and probably she is right. Again, uneducated people of a different class never dream of being simple. They talk in great stilted phrases from a mixture of affectation and modesty ; simple statement does seem so very bare and unpresentable as they would manage it. Hence the style of guide-books and penny-a-liners ; they must be gorgeous and poetical, or they would fear to collapse into mere inanity. Strong language acts as the irons which hold rickety limbs straight. The Cockney dialect is, for somewhat the same reason, the reverse of simple. Everything is done by implication and allusion ; nothing is direct. You require a key of interpretation, and in this elaborateness lies the point. A man loses his personality, and becomes vaguely “a party.” He does not stand high in his profession ; but he is A 1. He is not on the point of ruin ; but it is U. P. with him. The person who addresses his friend is not simply “I,” “myself,” but he conveys the idea mysteriously, as “yours truly.” Simplicity is open to all the world ; but this recondite speech needs a clew and an accomplice. Vulgarity, as a term of reproach, is never simple. Indeed, it often makes such large demands on the fancy that we only distinguish it from poetry by its different action on the nerves. Intricacy, allusion, and pretence are of its very essence.

Self-instructed persons are rarely simple ; nor are those to whom knowledge has not come naturally and by ordinary methods.

Hence, the terrifying phraseology so common in modern science, and the incursion of new words into our periodical literature ; hence, too, in old times, the inflation and effect of would-be learned, “superior” women. Really superior perhaps they were ; but they had not yet come to the power of taking a simple view of their attainments. When the good woman in a party of blue-stockings whispered to a new-comer, “Nothing

but conversation is spoke here," she was awed, not so much by the thought, as by the fine language in which it was wrapped. Nobody is frightened at thought if put into plain terms; we may almost say that nobody feels it to be above him. No one can be simple who knows a little of everything, and nothing thoroughly; nor one who thinks it necessary to be always laying down his principle of action. There are people of this class who cannot for the life of them give a simple answer, but follow the method of the Eastern traveller, who, being asked his name by an Arab sheik, began his reply with a history of the creation of the world. Simplicity, in mature action, is knowing what you have to do, and doing it; and, in words, it is knowing what to say, and saying it. Half the eloquence of the world is founded on the reverse precept. The simplicity which gets a man a reputation as a writer is not only saying what he has to say in direct terms, but in the best chosen and the fewest, and withal conveying more than meets the eye, as seeing into the heart of things. Take, for instance, that story told by Addison of the Puritanical Head, who, when a youth presented himself for matriculation, examined him, not in his learning, but upon the state of his soul, and whether he was prepared for death. "The boy, who had been bred by honest parents, was frightened out of his wits at the solemnity of the proceeding, and by the last dreadful interrogatory, so that, upon making his escape from that house of mourning, he could never be brought a second time to the examination, as not being able to get through the terrors of it." Nothing but a seeming artlessness of phrase, akin to the simplicity of these honest folks, could have told such a story well. It is through the same admirable adaptation of style to subject that his Sir Roger de Coverley is what he is. Our older writers sometimes were most felicitous in this vein. We remember a passage in Fuller, where he makes us his confidant in the matter of a personal habit displeasing to him,—a way he had, when sitting down to read his Bible, of turning over the leaf to see if the chapter were long or short, and finding himself not unwilling that it should be short. None but a master of style could touch upon such a trick with sufficient gravity for decorum, but not too much for the occasion, or combine an honest shame

with an amusement which he intended his reader to share. When it comes to any boast of sharpness or penetration, then the simple style is indispensable. We see it in perfection in Goldsmith, but perhaps a little passage from Gray will be a less familiar instance of what we mean. He writes to a friend:—

"In my way I saw Winchester Cathedral again with pleasure, and supped with Dr. Balguy, who, I perceive, means to govern the Chapter. They give £200 a year to the poor of the city. His present scheme is to take away this; for it is only an encouragement to laziness. But what do they mean to do with it? That I omitted to inquire because I thought I knew."

It is a bad sign when there is too great a demand for simplicity,—a token of a growing luxury and idleness overtopping themselves. Thus it was when Metastasio wrote. Such was the age that gave birth to Dresden-china shepherdesses and maudlin pastorals. Molière takes this tendency in hand when the inanities of Mascarille and Trissotin excite an enthusiasm in his *Précieuses*. That song which Magdelon would rather have written than *un poème épique*, and which the author dwells on as *façon de parler naturelle*, expressed *innocemment sans malice comme un pauvre mouton*, is only too like the effusions of a dozen authors whose works find place in our Collected Poets, and whose simplicity is divorced at the same time from purity and sense. There was a whole generation of idyls after the pattern of—

"A party told me t'other day
That knew my Colin well,
That he should say, that come next May,
But what—I cannot tell!"

and all of it in the tone of the "dear simplicity" of the waiting-maid in "The Rivals."

Simplicity, again, made a great start with Wordsworth. With him it was founded on a deep philosophy, and was the most cherished feature of his genius. He despised every reader who could not or would not see the profound meaning that lurked in "Peter Bell," where simplicity surely borders on affectation. But though the world made a stand here, he taught men to see depths of thought behind many another childlike effusion. Since the ladies came forward and filled the world with their views of life, we think we observe that simplicity, as an object and ideal, has waned and gone out of fashion

again. Like the Germans, "they are profounder than we," and probe too deep into motives for any man's simplicity to stand the ordeal, much less any woman's. Again, they are too "rich" and full to overflowing for their own style to be marked by it, while they inculcate too much self-study for us to be able to get up any illusions. We cannot think of the fairest and the most innocent as being

"True as truth's simplicity,
And simpler than the infancy of truth,"

as we might in revelling in the romances of the last generation. All their virtues are conscious, all their heroines see right through themselves, and us too; and simplicity, whether divine or twaddling, waits for a new development, except where, in some wholly unexpected quarter, it slyly peeps out upon us, takes us by surprise, and once again delights us with the irresistible charm.

From The Spectator.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

THE ghostly genius of Hawthorne is a great loss to the American people. He has been called a mystic, which he was not, and a psychological dreamer, which he was in very slight degree. He was really the ghost of New England,—we do not mean the "spirit," nor the "phantom," but the ghost in the older sense in which that term is used as the thin, rarefied essence which is to be found somewhere behind the physical organization,—embodied, indeed, and not by any means in a shadowy or diminutive earthly tabernacle, but yet only half embodied in it, endowed with a certain painful sense of the gulf between his nature and its organization, always recognizing the gulf, always trying to bridge it over, and always more or less unsuccessful in the attempt. His writings are not exactly spiritual writings; for there is no dominating spirit in them. They are ghostly writings. He was, to our minds, a sort of sign to New England of the divorce that has been going on there (and not less perhaps in old England) between its people's spiritual and earthly nature, and of the impotence which they will soon feel, if they are to be absorbed more and more in that shrewd, hard earthly sense which is one of their most

striking characteristics, in *communicating* even with the ghost of their former self. Hawthorne, with all his shyness and tenderness, and literary reticence, shows very distinct traces also of understanding well the cold, curious, and shrewd spirit which besets the Yankees even more than other commercial peoples. His heroes have usually not a little of this hardness in them. Coverdale, for instance, in the "*Blithedale Romance*," confesses that "that cold tendency between instinct and intellect which made me pry with a speculative interest into people's passions and impulses appeared to have gone far towards unhumanizing my heart." Holgrave, in the "*House of the Seven Gables*," is one of the same class of shrewd, cold, curious heroes. Indeed, there are few of the tales without a character of this type. But though Hawthorne had a deep sympathy with the practical as well as the literary genius of New England, it is always in a far-removed and ghostly kind of way, as though he were stricken by some spell which half-paralyzed him from communicating with the life around him, as though he saw it only by a reflected light. His spirit haunted rather than ruled his body; his body hampered his spirit. Yet his external career was not only not romantic, but identified with all the dull-est routine of commercial duties. That a man who consciously *telegraphed*, as it were, with the world, transmitting meagre messages through his material organization, should have been first a custom-house officer in Massachusetts, and then the consul in Liverpool, brings out into the strongest possible relief the curiously representative character in which he stood to New England as its literary or intellectual ghost. There is nothing more ghostly in his writings than his account, in his recent book, of the consulship in Liverpool,—how he began by trying to communicate frankly with his fellow-countrymen, how he found the task more and more difficult, and gradually drew back into the twilight of his reserve, how he shrewdly and somewhat coldly watched "the dim shadows as they go and come," speculated idly on their fate, and all the time discharged the regular routine of consular business, witnessing the usual depositions, giving captains to captainless crews, affording costive advice or assistance to Yankees when in need of a friend, listening to them when they

were only anxious to offer, not ask, assistance, and generally observing them from that distant and speculative outpost whence all common things looked strange.

Hawthorne, who was a delicate critic of himself, was well aware of the shadowy character of his own genius, though not aware that precisely here lay its curious and thrilling power. In the preface to "Twice-told Tales" he tells us frankly, "The book, if you would see anything in it, requires to be read in the clear brown twilight atmosphere in which it was written; if opened in the sunshine, it is apt to look exceedingly like a volume of blank pages." And then he adds, coming still nearer to the mark, "They are not the talk of a secluded man with his own mind and heart, *but his attempts, and very imperfectly successful ones, to open an intercourse with the world.*" That is, he thinks, the secret of his weakness; but it is also the secret of his power. He carries with him always the air of trying to manifest himself; and the words come faintly, not like whispers so much as like sounds lost in the distance they have traversed. A common reader of Mr. Hawthorne would say that he took a pleasure in mystifying his readers, or weaving cobweb threads, not to bind their curiosity, but to startle and chill them, so gravely does he tell you in many of his tales that he could not quite make out the details of a fictitious conversation, and that he can only at best hint its purport. For instance, in "Transformation," he says of his heroine and her temper, "Owing to this moral estrangement, this chill remoteness of their position, there have come to us but a few vague whisperings of what passed in Miriam's interview that afternoon with the sinister personage who had dogged her footsteps ever since her visit to the catacomb. In weaving these mystic utterances into a continuous scene, we undertake a task resembling in its perplexity that of gathering up and piecing together the fragments of a letter which has been torn and scattered to the winds. Many words of deep significance—many sentences, and these probably the most important ones—have flown too far on the winged breeze to be recovered." This is a favorite device of Mr. Hawthorne's, and does not, we think, proceed from the wish to mystify, so much as from the refusal of his own imagination so to modify his own

conception to make it clearly conceivable to the mind of his readers. He had a clear conception of his own design, and a conception, too, of the world for which he was writing, and was ever afraid of not conveying his own conception, but some other distinct from it and inconsistent with it, to the world, if he expressed it in his own way. He felt that he could not reproduce in others his own idea, but should only succeed in spoiling the effect he had already, by great labor, produced. He had manifested himself partially; but the next stroke, if he made it at all, would spoil everything, mis-translate him, and reverse the impression he hoped to produce. It was the timidity of an artist who felt that he had, as it were, to translate all his symbols from a language he knew thoroughly into one he knew less perfectly, but still so perfectly as to be nervously sensible to the slightest fault. It was a process like that which the wild artist Blake describes as his conversation with the ghost of Voltaire, though without its certainty of success. When the shrewd English barrister asked whether Voltaire spoke in English, Blake replied, "The impression on my mind was English of course; but I have no doubt that he *ouched the keys French.*" Hawthorne's communication with others was a continual process of this kind. The keys of his genius were touched distinctly; but there was a liability to failure in rendering these touches into the common tongue so that others would understand them. And sometimes, like a ghost that moves its lips but cannot be heard, he simply acquiesced in the incapacity, only using expressive gestures and vague beckonings to indicate generally a subject for awe or fear. From a similar cause Hawthorne was continually expressing his regret that his native country has as yet no Past, and he seems always to have been endeavoring to supply the want by peopling his pictures of life with shadowy presences, which give them some of the eerie effect of a haunted house or a mediæval castle. We doubt much, however, whether it was really a Past after which he yearned. When he laid his scene in Italy, or wrote about England he certainly made little or no use of their Past in his art, and, we imagine, that all he really craved for was that interposing film of thought between himself and the scene or characters he was delineating,

which spared his isolated imagination the necessity of trying to paint in the exact style of the people he was addressing. He wanted an apparent excuse for the far-off and distant tone of thought and feeling which was most natural to him.

And when we turn from the manner to the thoughts of this weird New England genius, we find the subjects on which Hawthorne tries to "open intercourse" with the world are just the subjects on which the ghost of New England would like to converse with New England,—the workings of guilt, remorse, and shame in the old Puritan times, as in the "Scarlet Letter;" the morbid thirst to discover and to sin the unpardonable sin, as in the very striking little fragment called "Ethan Brand," which we have always regretted keenly that Hawthorne never completed; the eternal solitude of every individual spirit, and the terror with which people realize that solitude, if they ever do completely realize it, as in the extraordinary tale of the awe inspired by a mild and even tender-hearted man, who has made a vow which puts a black veil forever between his face and that of all other human beings, and called the "Minister's Black Veil;"—the mode in which sin may develop the intellect treated imaginatively both in "Ethan Brand," and at greater length and with even more power in "Transformation;"—the mysterious links between the flesh and the spirit, the physical and the spiritual nature, a subject on which all original New England writers have displayed a singular and almost morbid interest, and which Hawthorne has touched more or less in very many of his tales, especially in the strange and lurid fancy called "Rappaccini's Daughter," where Hawthorne conceives a girl accustomed by her father's chemical skill to the use of the most deadly poisons, whose beauty of mind and body is equal and perfect, but who, like deadly nightshade or the beautiful purple flowers whose fragrance he inhales, breathes out a poison which destroys every insect that floats near her mouth, shudders at her own malign influence on everything she touches, and gives rise, of course, to the most deadly conflict of emotions in those who love her;—these and subjects like these, indigenous in a mind steeped in the metaphysical and moral lore of New England, endowed with much of the cold

simplicity of the Puritan nature, and yet insulated from the world for which he wished to write, and too shy to press into it, are the favorite themes of Hawthorne's brooding and shadowy moods.

His power over his readers arises from much the same cause as that of his own fanciful creation,—the minister who wore the black veil as a symbol of the veil which is on all hearts, and who startled men less because he was hidden from their view than because he made them aware of their own solitude. "Why do you tremble at *me alone*?" says the mild old man on his death-bed, from beneath his black veil, and with the glimmering smile on his half-hidden lips, "tremble also at each other? Have men avoided me, and women shown no pity, and children screamed and fled only from my black veil? What but the mystery which it obscurely typifies has made this piece of crape so awful? When the friend shows his inmost heart to his friend, the lover to his best beloved,—when man does not vainly shrink from the eye of his Creator, loathsomely treasuring up the secret of his sin, then deem me a monster for the symbol beneath which I have lived and die! I look around me, and lo! on every visage a black veil!" Hawthorne, with the pale, melancholy smile that seems ever to be always on his lips, seems to speak from a somewhat similar solitude. Indeed, we suspect the story was a kind of parable of his own experience. Edgar Poe, though by no means a poor critic, made one great blunder, when he said of Hawthorne, "He has not half the material for the exclusiveness of authorship that he has for its universality. He has the purest style, the finest taste, the most available scholarship, the most delicate humor, the most touching pathos, the most radiant imagination, the most consummate ingenuity, and with these varied good qualities he has done *well* as a mystic. But is there any one of these qualities which should prevent his doing doubly well in a career of honest, upright, sensible, prehensible, and comprehensible literature? Let him mend his pen, get a bottle of visible ink, come out from the Old Manse, cut Mr. Alcott, hang (if possible) the editor of the *Dial*, and throw out of window to the pigs all his old numbers of the *North American Review*." The difficulty did not lie in these sacrifices, but in the greater feat of escaping from himself;

and could he have done so, of course he would as much have lost his imaginative spell as a ghost would do who really returned into the body. That pallid, tender, solitary, imaginative treatment of characteristics and problems which have lain, and still lie, very close to the heart of New England,—that power of exhibiting them lit up by the moonlight of a melancholy imagination,—that ghostly half appeal for sympathy, half offer of counsel on the diseases latent in the New England nature,—were no eccentricity, but of the essence of his literary power. What gave him that pure style, that fine taste, that delicate humor, that touching pathos, in a great degree even that radiant imagination and that consummate ingenuity, was the consciously separate and aloof life which he lived. Without it he might have been merely a shrewd, hard, sensible, conservative, success-worshipping, business-loving Yankee democrat, like the intimate college friend, Ex-President Pierce, whom he helped to raise to a somewhat ignominious term of power, and who was one of the mourners beside his death-bed. Hawthorne had power to *haunt* such men as these because he had nursed many of their qualities, thoughts, and difficulties, in a ghostly solitude, and could so make them feel, as the poor folks said figuratively of themselves after communing with the veiled minister, that “they had been with him behind the veil.”

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE'S DEATH.

THE news of Hawthorne's death came closer home to some of us in England as a cause of grief than the account of many battles. It seemed but yesterday that we were all breaking friendly lances at him, for love of English ladies; and now he has gone down before the inevitable lance, which no one dreamed to be so near. The grass on Thackeray's grave is hardly green, when we are called to look on that last resting-place by the Concord River, where Longfellow and Lowell and Holmes and Agassiz and many more dear friends have laid what remained of the greatest of American romancers.

Those of us who knew Hawthorne only by his writings feel that the literature of our

language has lost one of its true chiefs. Who now can analyze, as he did, the strange secrets of hearts dimmed with sin or wild with passion? Who can touch, as he did, on the mysteries of human nature, and half lift the veil which conceals from us the unseen world of visions? Who can throw, as he did, so wondrous a light of fancy on all common things that they grow beautiful, or fantastic, or pathetic, as the rays dart fitfully upon them? His way, as that of all true men of genius, was his own way in which he alone had mastery. We have in the old country two or three novelists of genius as true, and one with higher gifts than Hawthorne's; but neither here nor in America is there any writer to fill the place which stands vacant now; and that border-land between prose and poetry, which he made his own, now lies unclaimed by any.

But a grief far keener than the regret for a great author's death has fallen on those who knew Hawthorne as a friend. His friendship was not easy to win; for he was reserved and shy and proudly independent; but when once the ice was broken, then that noble and gentle heart showed itself as it truly was. The Man was so simple in his nature, so quiet, so pure, so loving, that the strange power and insight of the Author seemed marvellous as one of his own romances. He was so generous in a thousand ways, so happy in the life of every day, so kindly in his sympathies, that the dark scenes, into which his imagination threw itself, must have had for him some charm of contrasting shade.

The more he was known, the stronger in every case the love and admiration grew. Though delicately sensitive, no one was so little apt to take or think offence, and the *amari aliquid*, which sometimes mingles in his writings, never appeared in him, except, perhaps, where he suspected a personal patronage, or fancied that his dear country was being looked down upon or despised.

And so that great author, that good man, that unselfish friend, has passed away; and we in England can do no more than join our regrets with the regrets of those who, in America, have just followed him to the grave, and whose fond hands have strown upon it fresh blossoms from that Old Manse garden, where his earliest fame was won.—*Examiner*, 18 June.

From The Saturday Review.

JOHN WINTHROP.*

THIS volume lays claim to the sympathies of readers on both sides of the Atlantic, furnishing as it does new materials with regard to the early life and character of one of the leading men in that strong and conscientious band, who impressed so much of the best qualities of the Englishman upon the American mind in the old colonial days. The public career of John Winthrop, as first governor and real founder of the State of Massachusetts, has been depicted by every historian of the early fortunes of the republic. His own journals and correspondence have sufficiently set before the world the external actions and commanding policy of the man; and the pages of Bancroft and Palfrey, in particular, do ample justice to his remarkable force of mind and character, and to the wisdom, justice, and moderation of his rule. The present work is of a more directly personal nature, and in point of time may be regarded as a preface, or introduction to that portion of his biography with which we have already been made familiar. His own more systematic or official journal begins March 29, 1630,—the date of the sailing of the *Lady Arbella*, one of seventeen vessels having on board the first emigrants, nearly 1,500 souls,—and contains an accurate and detailed record of the affairs of the infant colony, to January 11, 1648-9, the year of his death. The original MS. of that history was divided into three books. The first two books were intrusted for publication by his descendants to the care of Governor Trumbull, in 1790. The third book—passing through the hands of Mr. Prince, while compiling his “Annals”—came into the custody of the Massachusetts Historical Society, and was published at length in 1825-6, with copious illustrative notes by Mr. James Savage, in the form of a complete History of New England. The present work, completing the series of his memoirs, sprung out of a pilgrimage made in the year 1857 by one of the patriarch’s descendants, Mr. Robert C. Winthrop, to the ancestral home of the family at Groton, in Suffolk. The sight of the tomb which yet bore his forefathers’ names, of the church wherein they worshipped, and of the still traceable ruins of their manorial-house

* “Life and Letters of John Winthrop.” By R. C. Winthrop. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1864.

—joined, with the yet lingering tradition of their presence, which somewhat scandalously spoke of the emigrants as “regicides,” and hinted at treasure buried by them there, before their “flight” to America—determined him to undertake the task of rendering filial justice to his progenitors, by putting together the available materials of their family history. His labors toward this praiseworthy end were shortly afterwards greatly facilitated by his coming into possession of a very large collection of papers,—almost embarrassing, indeed, in their wealth of information,—which enabled him to trace the Winthrops as men of mark, four centuries and a half beyond the time when the greatest of the race exchanged their primeval seat for a freer home beyond the seas. In not a few instances, the editor has been able to verify and supplement the notices thus acquired out of official documents, as well as from published county and family histories. On the Rolls of Court of the county of York, for A. D. 1200, there is a record which begins with the name of “Robert de Winetorp.” The name of “I. Winethorp” is found seven years later in a similar record for the county of Lincoln. *Thorpe*, it need scarcely be said, corresponding to the Dutch word *Dorp*, is the Saxon name of a village. Of the prefix “Win,” or “Wine,” more than one signification has been proposed, as the root may be supposed to indicate “war, strength, the masculine temper,” or “dear, beloved, pleasant,” if not that more direct allusion to the juice of the grape which may be thought to connect it with either class of qualities. Mr. Bowditch, the American writer on surnames, is probably not far out in the theory that “Winthrop” means simply a pleasant “winsome” village. An old pedigree traces the family “anciently” to Northumberland, then to a village called Winthorpe, near Newark, whence they “came up to London and owned Marribone (Marylebone) Park,” and afterwards went to “Groton, in Suffolk, where they lived many years.” Cotton Mather, the writer of the *Magnalia*, one of a family intimately connected with the Winthrops, and himself a close friend of Wait-Still Winthrop, Chief Justice of the Superior Court of Massachusetts (1708-17), makes mention of three generations of gentlemen and scholars, who bore the name of Adam Winthrop. The first Adam, “a worthy, a discreet, and a learned

gentleman," was "particularly eminent for skill in the law, nor without remark for love to the gospel, under the reign of King Henry VIII." To a brother of his the martyr Philpot is said to have committed his papers. The second, a wealthy clothier and a distinguished member of the Clothworkers' Company,—*vir pius et veræ religionis amans*,—having incurred the penalty of imprisonment and a fine of £600 for illegal "negotiation with foreigners," and for the freedom of his opinions in politics and religion, was consoled by the grant of the lordship of the dissolved Abbey of Groton, and the arms and dignity of an esquire. His portrait, ascribed to Holbein,—one of the heirlooms of the family,—is engraved in the volume before us: At his house in "Gracious" (Gracechurch) Street was born his son Adam, the father of the subject of this memoir. This last Adam, auditor of Trinity and St. John's Colleges, Cambridge, a bit of an antiquarian and poet, had for his first wife a sister of Dr. John Still, Master of Trinity, and afterwards Bishop of Bath and Wells. And John Winthrop, "borne on Thursday about 5 of the clocke in the morning the 12 daie of January anno 1587" (January 22, 1588, N. S.), was his only son by his second wife Anne, daughter of Henry Browne, clothier of Edwardston—*fœmina quæ Christum corde gerebat herum*. So speaks the poetical old Latin pedigree.

The diary of Adam Winthrop presents us with all kinds of queer details of country life at Groton, together with incidental notices of his son's early history. From it his descendants have been enabled to establish the fact, previously a matter of vague surmise, that John Winthrop was a member of the University of Cambridge, having entered at Trinity College the 8th of December, 1602, before completing his fifteenth year. It was doubtless his lingering attachment to *Alma Mater* which caused that venerable institution to be reproduced by name under his auspices, and by the bounty of another of her undoubted children, John Harvard, thirty years later, on the soil of New England. From his own recorded "Christian Experiences," we gain glimpses of character which give us the idea of a youth of singular promise, with strong passions and fits of religious enthusiasm, alternately breaking out into wild excesses and grovelling in the depths of self-abasement. Some allowance may be

made for the language in which a man of his peculiar temperament, deeply imbued with the theology of the time, would naturally vent his sense of his own backslidings and shortcomings. He was, he tells us, "very lewdly disposed, and inclining unto and attempting (so far as his heart enabled him) all kinds of wickedness, except swearing and scorning religion." When we learn that at ten years of age he "found manifest answer" to his prayers, and two years later felt that he had "more understanding in divinity than his fellows," we might think that he was not altogether in a hopeless way. But it was in the nature of his severe manhood, fortified by stern Puritan discipline, to magnify every peccadillo of his hot youth into a deed of deadly wickedness. To other eyes than his own he seemed a paragon of uprightness and decorum. He was a justice of the peace at eighteen years of age, by which time, moreover, he was a husband and a father, being, as "his parents conceived" him, "a man in stature and understanding." His wife, Mary Forth, died within eleven years of their marriage, leaving him six children, the eldest of whom, John, became afterward the first Governor of Connecticut. A second marriage with Thomasine, daughter of William Crompton, proved even less auspicious, being cut short by her death within a year and a day. There is much power and pathos in the somewhat lengthy outpourings in which the soul of the mourner seeks expression for its "experiences," dwelling with minute and almost morbid particularity upon the symptoms and sayings, the wandering thoughts and delirious fancies, the "temptations of the enemy," the parting words, the passing bell, the last sighs and tears. His was, however, a nature far too warm and domestic to be reconciled to a perpetual blank, and it is no derogation from the glowing tribute he pays to her memory that in less than two years we find her place filled by a third spouse.

The minute diary from which his editor quotes, at somewhat wearisome length, is less abundant in historical facts than in the records of the inward conflicts of a spirit wanting a field for healthful exercise, and secretly preying upon itself. Until the political troubles of the time, and the pressure which began to tell upon those of his way of thinking in religion, brought him a call to more vigor-

ous action, and opened to him a new and wider career, his strength of character seems to have spent itself in the effort of self-discipline, and in subduing the natural impulse to energetic and stirring and even passionate action. His ascetic temper of mind having "loaded his conscience with much shame" at "followinge idle and vaine pastymes," there is an amusing mixture of the scholarly habits of his early training in the categorical correctness with which Winthrop sets down the scruples which induced him to give up in future the practice of shooting:—

"Findinge by much examination that ordinary shootinge in a gunne, etc: could not stande wth a good conscience in my selfe, as first, for that it is simply prohibited by the lawe of the land, uppon this grounde amongst others, that it spoiles more of the creatures than it getts; 2 it procures offence unto manye; 3 it wastes great store of tyme; 4 it toyle a mans bodye overmuch; 5 it endangers a mans life, etc; 6 it brings no profite all things considered; 7 it hazards more of a mans estate by the penaltye of it, then a man would willingly parte with; 8 it brings a man of worth & godlines into some contempt:—lastly for mine owne parte I haue ever binne crossed in usinge it, for when I haue gone about it not wth out some wouēdes of conscience, & haue taken much paynes & hazarded my healt, I haue gotten sometimes a verye little but most comonly nothinge at all towards my cost & labour:

"Therefore I haue resolved & covenanted wth the Lorde to give over altogether shootinge at the creeke;—& for killinge of birds, etc.: either to leave that altogether or els to use it, bothe verye seldome & verye secretly. God (if he please) can giue me fowle by some other meanes, but if he will not, yet, in that it is [his] will who loves me, it is sufficient to uphold my resolution."

There is a touch of that characteristic blending of shrewd sense with pietistic fervor which has been at all times common with the Puritan, in the reason which finally clinches the chain of this godly reasoning. "Bad luck with his gun," as his editor candidly remarks, "though the last reason assigned, may have given the original impulse to much of this philosophy about hooting." The governor was evidently not a good shot in his youth. Nor did his renunciations of the minor kinds of social recreation stop here. Being admonished about the same time, "by a Christian freinde, that

some good men were ofended to heare of some gaminge w^{ch} was used" in his house by his servants, "I resolved," he says, "that as for my selfe not to use any cardings, etc, so for others to repress it as much as I could, during the continuance of my present state, & if God bringe me once to be whollye by my selfe, then to banishe all together." A dozen years later, he enumerates among the benefits which he reaped from a "hote malign^t feaver," which he had in London, "deliverance from the bondage whereinto I was fallen by the immoderate use & love of Tobacco, so as I gave it cleane over." Hitherto the worthy man had not only found an innocent solace in his "pype," but had shown himself no inexpert judge of the quality of the article smoked. His son Henry had made a voyage to the West Indies in the spring or summer of 1627, had established himself there as a planter of tobacco, and had, it appears, sent over specimens of the produce for distribution among divers friends, probably with the hope of obtaining patronage at home. "But," writes his father in acknowledging the receipt of his sample, "I found, by the rolls you sent to me and to your uncles, that it was very ill-conditioned, foul, and full of stalks, and evil colored; and your uncle Fones, taking the judgment of divers grocers, none of them would give five shillings a pound for it." This youth seems to have been from the first somewhat of a thorn in his father's side, to judge from the oburgation contained in the same letter concerning his "vain, overreaching mind," which will surely be the cause of his "overthrow," if he "attain not more discretion and moderation" with his years.

We should hardly know all this time, but for a chance allusion here and there, that Winthrop met with success in his practice of the law, and held the lucrative office of Attorney to the Court of Wards and Liveries, besides drawing numerous draughts of bills for Parliament. He vacated this office in 1629,—whether deprived of it on account of his opposition to the government or of his marked religious sympathies, does not appear. But the tone of his diary about that time prepares us for the great step which he was shortly to take. The only document of a public kind here published among his remains is the paper of "General Considerations for the Plantation of New England, with an

Answer to several Objections." The copy is fuller and apparently more accurate than that included in Hutchinson's Collection. Upon this was based the memorable agreement entered into at Cambridge by twelve of the leading friends of Massachusetts, John Winthrop's name standing the ninth, to embark for New England. Some of these "reasons" might serve as a hint to pessimists of the present day, that things are not so much worse now than they were in the good old times:—

"This Land growes weary of her Inhabitants, soe as man, whoe is the most pretious of all creatures, is here more vile & base then the earth we treade upon, & of lesse prise among us then an horse or a sheepe: masters are forced by authority to entertaine servants, parents to maintaine there owne children, all townes complaine of the burthen of theire poore, though we have taken up many unnessisarie yea unlawfull trades to maintaine them, & we use the authoritie of the Law to hinder the increase of or people, as by urging the Statute against Cottages, & inmates, & thus it is come to passe, that children, servants & neighboures, especially if they be poore, are compted the greatest burthens, w^{ch} if things weare right would be the cheifest earthly blessinges."

The editor seems to hint at the possibility of a further instalment of the work being at some future time forthcoming. With the present mass of materials, however, to fill up the only existing gap in the personal history of its subject, it is not easy to see what attraction can be expected to attend any additional particulars of the same kind. Memoirs of this description are too full of mere effusions of subjective feeling to please the collector of antiquarian or biographical facts, while they are too special and domestic to be of much value for the purposes of general history.

From The London Review.

HORSE-FLESH IN LONDON.

THERE are two exhibitions in London which no other country in the world can match,—Rotten Row at noon, and the Drive at 4 P.M. At those hours all that is noble in the equine world may be seen passing in procession between double rows of heavy swells and horsy-doggymen who cherish hats and trousers that are the despair of the sporting world.

They say that in the operative world there is no audience so critical or so just as a London audience. We may be sure, however, that there are no loungers in this mortal sphere who so nicely judge a horse's points, or who are so inexorably "down" upon any blemish as this careless fringe of observers upon those two fashionable promenades. Notice, for example, the little group watching that curvetting bay, dancing on the soft tan, and throwing out his forelegs with such a grand action. The fine head and arched neck, the long sweeping tail, and the perfectly symmetrical body, though perhaps a trifle too long for the taste of the Englishman of the old school,—that horse, you will hear them say, is a specimen that cannot be matched out of England, and no doubt their opinion will be echoed by any Englishman, from the driver of an omnibus to the tailor out for a holiday. Such an animal, such breed, such paces, could no more be found out of England than could a Tom Sayers or a Tom King. It is a distasteful thing to have to demolish a national belief; but there is no help for it; that gallant steed is—a Prussian! We must place a mark of admiration after such an assertion; for it will without doubt astound the reader, and cause a laugh of incredulity. If you are hard of belief, ask any of the great dealers who buy and bring them over. We do not mean to say that these horses do not spring from English blood, but they are both born and bred and broken in Prussia. The Prussians will buy nothing but a particular class of horse for riding, and this breed they maintain as rigidly as we do our hunters. Thus, as Darwin would say, by the principle of selection a new class of horses is established. But it is the *menage*, the education of the animal, that gives him half his value. The Prussian officers are allowed by their government three horses; and as the pay is not too high, in that country, they eke it out by perfectly training these animals and then selling them to the English dealers, who wholly monopolize the market. The gentlemanly action of the horse is but a reflex of his rider, and is a good example of the sympathy which exists between them. We possess no such high-bred trainers in this country; but we can afford to pay for them, and the military are not too proud to play pedagogue to our park hacks. But as the pains taken with them is great, the cost is proportionate, and many of the horses of

this class to be seen daily in the Row are worth at least £250 each.

On the other hand, our carriage horses are, however, entirely our own. The splendid animals sixteen hands high, we see on drawing-room days lining Pall-mall, St. James's Street, and lost in the distance of Albemarle Street, are of the pure Yorkshire breed. They are purchased by the London dealers at Howden and Horncastle Fairs, and the market is wholly in their hands, as the breeders will not sell individual horses, but lots of tens and thirties, fine-paced animals and second-class nags, which the dealers afterward separate. This would not suit a private purchaser, any more than it would to bid for a lot at an auction for the sake of some solitary article contained in it. By this means, the dealers wholly monopolize the market, and of course they make noblemen and gentlemen pay for the more select animals. The favorite color is dark-brown, mottled with a still darker shade of the same color, and with black legs. For a pair of perfect steppers such as these, £1,000 is by no means an out-of-the-way price. It often happens that two carriage-horses may be perfect matches in all respects but their tails. The one may have a fine flowing caudal appendage, and the other may be curtailed of his fair proportions. In such a case the fashion with horses is pretty much as it is with our fashionable fair at the present moment: if nature is not prodigal of this ornament, art is called in,—the lady purchases her Alexandra ringlet, which so negligently flows over her shoulder, at Trufts,—the groom matches the flowing mane with an equally flowing tail. The false tail is cunningly placed on in the following manner: The caudal stump is shaved, and the false hair is fitted on to it by the crupper, and detection is as impossible with respect to hair-dressing of the horse, as we all know it is with that of the ladies. There is scarcely a first-class stable in London, where many carriage horses are kept, that these false tails are not an absolute necessity of their getting up, and they may be seen hanging on the walls as a matter of course, and are looked upon, in short, as only a part of the harness.

The latest fashion of the day is the pony mania. No lady of *ton* is now complete without her park phaeton and her couple of high-stepping ponies. The country has been ran-

sacked for perfect animals of this class for the London market. High action is chiefly sought after and perfection of match. For a pair of park ponies, three hundred guineas is a price readily obtained. When "Anonyma" first started this fashion, the dealers little estimated their value; indeed, the Chancellor of the Exchequer having withdrawn their exemption from the horse-tax, their diminutive size, instead of enhancing their value, rather detracted from it, and the breed would possibly have died out. This new whim, however, was a perfect godsend to them. The reader will not be a little astonished to hear that our leading fashionables have started a Lady's Pony Club, and just as the four-in-hands jingle along in procession to the Star and Garter, so the lady-whips, with their high-stepping ponies, their parasols mounted on their whips, fancy gauntlets, and white ribbons, trot down to the same locality in a bright line to eat "maids of honor."

The gray ponies in the royal stud are also another testimony to the growing taste for small, compact animals. As we shall show in a future article, these ponies are one of the leading features of the royal stables. The Highland rambles of the young princes and princesses first necessitated this addition to the Queen's stables, and now it would appear to be continued from choice, as the Prince of Wales invariably, when driving himself, employs these sturdy gray cobs, whose superb action must be well known to those accustomed to see him driving down the Kew Road on his way to Frogmore. Weight-carrying cobs have long been favorite animals in this country; but of late the demand for them has been so much on the increase that they can scarcely be got for love or money. Country gentlemen rising fourteen stone, and wanting something quiet, will give any money for them. We see now and then one of these fast-walking cobs making his way over the tan in Rotten Row at a spanking pace, with an old gentleman on his back whose size is enough to make the looker-on perspire. Yet the little cob, with his splendid deep shoulder and strong legs, is as firm under him as a castle. There is a very strong dash of the Suffolk punch in all of these well-bred cobs. Two hundred and fifty guineas is often obtained by the London dealers for a sound specimen of this much-sought-for class of animal. The little Shet-

land pony, as shaggy as a bear, and not much bigger than a Newfoundland dog, is fast disappearing from the ride. We used to see him often with his double panniers filled with rosy children swaying about, but of late years not so frequently. The fact is, this diminutive race is dying out fast, and even in the Shetland Islands he is now a comparatively rare animal. The Exmoor pony is more than taking his place. This, the last remnant of the indigenous British horse, is now becoming a famous breed. Some forty years ago this hardy little animal was crossed with Arab blood, and by rigidly adhering to selection of fine animals for the breeding-stock, some rare ponies are now finding their way to the market. These animals from the time of being foaled run absolutely wild over the hills and dales of Exmoor, or at least that portion of it which has been surrounded by forty miles of wall by the late Mr. Knight, of Simons Bath; consequently, they are splendid in wind and limb, and when caught and sold by auction are absolutely free from those weaknesses which are inseparable from horses reared and confined in hot stables. The size of these animals has been much increased by the Arab blood, and they now average twelve hands, with small, well-made heads and fine limbs,—spirited little fellows just suited for boys' riding, or for the pony-phæton in which they are now so often found.

The revival of the Four-in-hand Club brings back a glimpse of the days of George IV., but with this peculiarity,—many of the drags are horsed with Russian horses. The splendid turnout of the Duke of Sutherland is thus conspicuous. The dense crowds that surround the drags as they are rendezvousing for the start in the park, are no doubt attracted by souvenirs of the old coaching days, when the mails trotted out of St. Martin's-le-Grand on the real business of the country.

A great drain of English first-class horses is always going on to supply the wants of the Parisians. In fact, some of the equipages of the French capital are not in the least behind those of the metropolis. The only difference is, that where Paris can show a score of such, we possess a hundred. All the best carriage horses, however, purchased from us return again sooner or later, as the Parisians of fashion never purchase of each other. Every man's stud is well known,

and it is not etiquette to possess horses that have figured in other equipages. The consequence is, that they inevitably fall into the hands of the omnipresent English dealer, ever on the look-out for good horse-flesh in all the capitals of Europe.

From The Spectator.

MR. SENIOR.

THE death of Mr. Nassau Senior, which occurred last week, is a real loss to the political world. He belonged to a class which, we believe, scarcely exists out of England, the politicians who are never "in" politics, who do not stand for boroughs, or strive for office, or harangue mobs, or intrigue for court favor, or fight for municipal dictatorships, but who, nevertheless, make of politics the cardinal interest of their lives. These are the men who watch society, and think out problems, and accumulate that wealth of facts and ideas which is the substratum of every line of action deserving the name of a policy, the manure out of which systems grow. They have very often the drawback of reasoning too much *à priori*, of treating human beings as if they were reasoning chessmen, or forgetting the infinite mass of forces, interests, and prejudices which we sum up in politics as in social life under the word habit; but they are free, on the other hand, from selfish interests, and sometimes singularly devoid of prejudice. Indeed, the only *doctrinaire* feeling universal among them is hatred of *doctrinaires*. The head and chief of the class, so much beyond all others that he scarcely seems to belong to it, is Mr. J. Stuart Mill; but Mr. Senior's place, though in the ranks, was by no means a mean one. We do not mean that in his ostensible occupation he added very much to their strength; for he did not. He was a good, in one way a very good, political economist; but his mind being essentially receptive,—the reason why Mr. Senior never left on casual acquaintances any impression of power,—he did not add much to the science. He only explained it, made of scientific truths popular truisms, convinced the youth who were ultimately to govern England that there were such things as economic laws, that the relation of demand and supply was, for instance, as much a fact as gravitation, or the inability of water to

run of itself up-hill. He had great felicity of illustration, and sometimes showed a feebleness, a want of ability to catch the affluents of his subject which made the thin centre stream all the stronger and more clear. His true function in life was a different but a valuable one, and it is with no idea of disrespect that we describe him as a political funnel. A good funnel is a most useful article, and Mr. Senior was simply the best in the world.

There is no task in the whole range of political work so difficult as that of enabling Englishmen to comprehend the motives, ideas, and objects which govern any other race than their own. They understand what other races say, and catch the drift of their acts very intelligently; but those unspoken instincts which govern national policy they never can perceive. They cannot do it even when the veil of a separate language is removed, and prognosticate American action, for instance, without any certainty whether the professed love for the Monroe doctrine is a genuine feeling, or only a bit of buncombe. Throughout this Schleswig-Holstein affair they have failed to apprehend the German feeling in the matter, as it appears to Germans themselves. They see clearly enough that the impelling power is a sentiment rather than a policy; they perceive that the result of that sentiment is the partial dismemberment of Denmark, and they feel that whatever the motive, the action menaces all the smaller nations of Europe. But they have not, nevertheless, apprehended the sentiment itself, its sources, or its justification, do not yet believe that Germans, however unjustly, feel for Schleswig, as Italians feel for Venetia. So in France, the gust of opinion which every now and then sweeps over Frenchmen, bowing all individual judgments as the wind bows the corn, massing without combining them; always strikes the English public as an unexpected phenomenon, as something meteoric, which they can watch and record with interest, but of which they can obtain no previous information. The object of Mr. Senior's best efforts was to remove this ignorance, to make of himself a kind of conductor, and to transmit rays from the foreign to the British intelligence. The method he adopted for this end was a little peculiar, and probably could not have been attempted by any differently constituted mind. With

a very large circle of acquaintances and very good introductions, a knowledge of two or three languages, and no sense of shyness in his whole nature, Mr. Senior used to wander abroad and pass months in asking questions of all "competent authorities." That may not seem a very difficult task, and it is not but; to make such inquisitiveness useful requires faculties which are not too plentiful in the world. In the first place, the questioner must know what to ask,—have the capacity for cross-examination, or the result of his labor will be merely a deluge of words. Then he must be able to discriminate among answers, to know which of many is likely to be the more approximately true from the speaker's *locus standi*. Then he must excite personal confidence, or the real "authorities" will either never open their lips, or talk the sort of platitudes which an ordinary politician would extract from a cabinet minister when he had him by the button. Mr. Senior had a very remarkable tact in this way. The people he talked to usually knew very well that he would write all their answers down, and talked just a little on stilts; but still they knew also that he could be trusted, that he would not make life unpleasant for them by his indiscretions, and spoke out very frankly indeed. There are records in existence, for example, among Mr. Senior's manuscripts which involve half the celebrities of France, records in one way almost inestimable; but the speakers knew that, though recorded, their ideas would have no premature publication, and spoke carefully, perhaps, but still with a good deal of courage, as to a man whose first want was to know their opinions. People's vanity was somehow enlisted in his favor; the desire of indoctrinating a clever stranger with particular views prevailed over social fear, and men talked in 1859 as freely as if no *coup d'état* had occurred, and of things they would bite out their tongues to read five years afterwards. Above all, it is essential for a questioner of this kind to be really impartial,—impartial in a very high and unusual degree. He not only must not wish for particular answers, for in that case he will only elicit one side of the truth, but he must be perfectly willing to follow up the train of thought suggested by the answer he did not expect. The impartiality which comes of mental training will not suffice for this work; for,

however complete, it usually coexists with combativeness, with a disposition to cross-examine the unexpected answer much more closely than the expected one. The mind must be, in fact, colorless, yet with infinite capacity for receiving impressions of color, a sort of mind very scarce, perhaps only to be found in a man who was at once intelligent, devoid of passionate convictions, interested in all topics, and a Master in Chancery. Mr. Senior possessed all these qualifications, and the result of their use is best seen in his book upon Greece. He had in that book to convey to Europeans the best information many other Europeans and a few Greeks could give him about a population which has very little of the European in it. He has done it,—done it so that no man not a long resident in Greece could read that little book—for Mr. Senior was a wonderful maker of literary pemmican—without feeling that he had learnt more about Greece and Greek wants and Greek opinions and Greek chances than all other reading had ever taught him. The deductions to be drawn from the teaching may of course vary with different minds; to ours it seems to be that Greece wants a preliminary stage of Cæsarism, and to be a little bigger, but that is not the point. The gain to the reader is not a dogma strack out for him by a man of genius or great practical statesman, but the means of making up his own mind as fully as if he had resided in Greece, of forming an opinion on Athenian doings as he would form one on doings in Manchester. Mr. Senior does not draw pictures; but he lifts up the fog, so that if you are a painter, you can sketch for yourself; if not, can at all events see. Yet whatever the deduction he draws, the reader is still quite satisfied that that was not the deduction Mr. Senior particularly wished him to draw. There is the same power exhibited, though in an inferior degree, in the “Notes on Egypt” now publishing. Mr. Senior was fettered in that country by his inability to communicate with men of the pure Oriental type,—Turks and Egyptians not varnished over with the European whitewash which is called in the Levant “civilization,”—and was obliged to repeat the opinions of people who were all observers from one particular point of view. Yet the information obtained is immense, and will, we suspect, when published in a readable form,—for

snipping spoils Mr. Senior's work,—have an important influence over public opinion. We quote these books because they have been pretty widely circulated; but the cream of Mr. Senior's collections is still contained in manuscripts which have in one form or another, by their confidential circulation, or the use of extracts, or by dribbling through ephemeral publications, largely contributed to mould opinion. As to the direction of that opinion Mr. Senior, we imagine, was not very anxious. What he wished was to accumulate facts and other men's opinions on facts, to make Englishmen understand foreign lines of thought, not to burden his own impartiality with troublesome convictions, and usually the strongest idea he would express was that the “balance of evidence inclined him to believe” something, it might be remarkable, but usually very ordinary. He was not so much a political *savant* as curator of a museum for political *savants*, and as such was a man who will be more missed by those whom he lived among than many an able ideologue.

From The Saturday Review.

TICKNOR'S LIFE OF PRESCOTT.*

THE great popularity of Mr. Prescott's writings, and the interest in the writer created by the vague accounts, which were current, of the physical incapacity under which he labored, justify his friends in thinking that they ought not to leave a life like his without its memorial. His friends, too, were warm in their affections for him, and strong in their admiration both of his goodness and his powers. He was a man, apparently, of unusually attractive and winning character,—manly, spirited, and honest, inspiring on all sides confidence in his kindness and sympathy, hearty in his enjoyments, and very unselfish and genial. It is not surprising, therefore, that a friend like Mr. Ticknor, who had learned to value him while he was still unknown, and had watched him rise into fame, should think that his biography would bear a somewhat full treatment. Mr. Ticknor has produced a large and handsome book, which, in its appearance and illustrations, is

* “The Life of William Hickling Prescott.” By George Ticknor. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1864.

a credit to the American press. But we cannot help thinking that a more succinct account and a more modest volume would have served the purpose better. Mr. Prescott's life was the happy and fortunate one—very fortunate, in spite of all his privations—of a successful student and writer, and there is in reality but one point in it on which any strong or peculiar interest gathers. Mr. Ticknor expatiates at excessive length on details which are too common to be characteristic, unless the narrator himself can make them so by skill of his own. The book is too long, and not very well arranged; one part repeats another with too little variation; and Mr. Ticknor has not always taken the care, which a practised writer might naturally be expected to take, to prevent our meeting the same thing again where there was no need of its recurrence. The book is largely interspersed with letters. Some are interesting and curious; but a great number have nothing in them of more consequence than the name of the writer; and there are not unfrequent instances of that want of judgment so often shown by modern biographers in printing for the public what was meant, and suited, only for the eye of a friend.

The great interest of Mr. Prescott's career lies in the singular way in which a painful and disabling accident eventually directed him to that which made his fame,—in the way in which it controlled and shaped the course of his life, and, by its cross and vexatious consequences, drove him against his own purposes and plans into pursuits in which he found unexpected success and good fortune. It further lies in the effect of this accident on his own character and habits; in the resolution, contrivance, and dauntless patience with which he kept up his struggle against its increasing pressure; in the heavy odds against his being able effectually to master such disheartening impediments to new and large and laborious knowledge, in spite of which he accomplished what he undertook; and in the way in which, to the very last, his work was, in a degree different from the conditions imposed on most men, a race against time. In fact, confined as he was to such necessarily protracted and tedious processes of gathering his materials, it was ever a question whether he could finish before his day was up. Mr. Prescott, if nothing unusual had happened to him, would

have been an American lawyer, probably a successful orator, perhaps a politician. But while he was at college a mischance befell him, leading to consequences which put an end to all thought of public life. One day after dinner, there was some rough play going on in the hall among a number of undergraduates. Prescott was leaving the hall, and, as he turned round to see what was passing, a hard piece of bread hit him full in the open eye, and injured him so severely that sight was irrecoverably lost. The brain, too, received a shock; and this, though he seemed to recover his general health at the time, was followed within two years by an extraordinary inflammation of the remaining eye, which proved to be connected with a deep rheumatic tendency, never to be subdued and with difficulty to be kept within limits. The eye was saved; but from this time its health and functions were feeble and capricious. It had to be most jealously watched and humored, and the use of it carefully measured out; and as all substantial improvement in it soon appeared to be beyond hope, life was henceforth to be regulated with a view to preserve and spare its precarious power. "He reckoned time by eyesight," he said, "as distances on railroads are reckoned by hours." For some time the sufferer seemed doomed to a life without improvement or fruit. Literature appeared as much cut off as law or business from a man to whom an open page was full of mischief and peril. But his singular hopefulness and patience, and his cheerful strength of heart, found ways, by degrees, out of the entanglement of crippling and imprisoning circumstances. He read whenever he could with safety, and as much as he could, and stopped when reading became dangerous. He was largely read to, and happily found those whose affection willingly submitted to hours of reading, while he sat facing the darkest corner of the room, and listening insatiably. In this way he gradually became acquainted with the best examples of English, French, and Italian writing; but his work was merely preparatory; he had no subject in view which attracted him, and for which he read. By degrees he felt that he should like to be an author, but without having anything to write about. A sort of accident led him to a subject. In the course of his reading he had attempted to learn German, and, for

reasons which hardly seem adequate ones, had persuaded himself that it was beyond his reach. To make up for the disappointment, Mr. Ticknor introduced him to Spanish. He entered with increasing interest into Spanish reading, and when he began to cast about for a subject on which to write himself, early Spanish history suggested itself, along with the revolutions of republican Rome, and the history of Italian, and then of English, literature. But objections accumulated against the classical, the Italian, and the English subjects, and left him more and more inclined to the Spanish one. Then the Spanish one gradually narrowed itself, and at the same time deepened in interest; and at length he distinctly put before his mind the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella. He has recorded the date when he decided upon it; but he decided upon that which was to color all his thoughts, and give its special character to his reputation as a writer, with only the vaguest and most general notions of what his subject contained.

The account given by Mr. Ticknor of the production of this, and the works which followed it, is a remarkable instance of the power of will and management over the most discouraging difficulties. When Prescott wrote to Mr. Everett in Spain, asking for books, Mr. Everett naturally advised him to come to Spain and examine the libraries for himself. It was precisely the thing which he felt from the beginning to be hopeless. If he could not write history without seeing and searching for himself, he must give up the thought of doing it at all. Most men would have felt that to enter on an unlimited and minute study of books and manuscripts with one bad and treacherous eye was a folly, horrible even to think of. Prescott—quoting Johnson's saying, that no man can compile a history who is blind,—resolved to accept the unfavorable condition, and to try whether, in spite of it, he could not write up to the best standard in point of accuracy of statement and originality of research. Even in the first plan of his first work he laid out for himself an accumulation of materials truly formidable to be worked up by a man who could do so little to consult books for himself; but the plan and materials grew under his hand, and the materials of his first work were light compared with what he had to deal with in his succeeding ones. More and

more, as his command over the hidden treasures of archives and libraries increased, and as documents poured in upon a writer who had achieved a great reputation and shown his ability to use them, his work involved, not merely the reading of scores of books, but the mastery and arrangement of hundreds of more or less fragmentary manuscripts, with all their difficulties of deciphering and connection. Or else he had to undertake the investigation of collateral and indispensable, but uncongenial, subjects,—like the study, repulsive to a mind averse to anything connected with mathematics, of the monetary system of the fifteenth century, or the hieroglyphics and astronomy of the Aztecs. Were it not that the process was manifestly accompanied, and more than recompensed, by so much enjoyment, it would be positively painful to read of his continual and vigilant precautions, often in the event rendered vain, to keep a most limited use of his eye; of the petty and rigorous self-discipline, and measuring out of everything,—time, food, exercise, glasses of wine,—by which for forty years he kept up his powers to the working pitch; of the odd shifts and contrivances by which he had to supply those ready faculties which most men use without thinking of them when they have a book to consult or a page to write; of the increased and, to the imagination, oppressive strain on one set of organs—those of memory, and of the inward unassisted power of construction and arrangement—necessary to make up for the necessity of foregoing all but absolutely indispensable service from his single eye. Never was the “thorn in the flesh” more realized, than in Mr. Prescott's forty years' endurance of his troublesome and capricious eye. To many people it would seem almost less tantalizing to have lost it at once; but he was nettled when the *Edinburgh Review* spoke of him as being blind. “He sometimes felt obliged to consider the contingency of losing the use of it altogether, and had the courage to determine, even in that event, to go on with his history.” “The first thing to be done, and the thing always to be repeated day by day, was to strengthen as much as possible what remained of his sight.” He enters resolutions in his diary about it. “I will make it my principal purpose to restore my eye to its primitive vigor, and will do nothing habitually that can seriously injure it.” For

a time, his care was rewarded by increased strength in the organ; but, though he never became blind, the power of sight began gradually to fail. In several of his last years he used his eye only thirty-five minutes in the day, divided exactly by the watch into portions of five minutes each, with at least half an hour between. In the distribution of his day, and in everything else, he lived, as far as he could, by his doctor's rules. He had to guard also against another enemy,—rheumatism. When he was called in the morning, he was told the state of the thermometer, and he had made the most minute memoranda about the amount and regulation of his dress; and “finding it difficult,” says Mr. Ticknor, “to do so in any other way, he caused each of its heavier external portions to be marked by his tailor with the number of ounces it weighed, and then put them on according to the temperature, sure that their weight would indicate the measure of warmth and protection they would afford. Two currents of feeling seemed to be constantly meeting in his mind,—the eager, unabated love of work and the curious and never satisfied search after expedients to lighten the stress of it, and to economize to the full the use that could be got from his bodily powers. His study was full of odd and whimsically ingenious devices and nice adjustments and adaptations of light and warmth. “The shades and shutters for regulating the exact amount of light which should be admitted, his own position relatively to its direct rays and to those which were reflected from surrounding objects, the adaptation of his dress and the temperature of the room to his rheumatic affections, and the different contrivances for taking notes from the books which were read to him, and for impressing on his memory, with the least possible use of his sight, such portions of each as were needful for his immediate purpose—were all of them the result of painstaking experiments, skilfully and patiently made.” But the ingenuity of these expedients was less remarkable than the conscientious consistency with which they were employed from day to day for forty years.

Of course the main part of his reading was done by the eyes of secretaries. When he began, he could not find a reader who understood Spanish; but he was not daunted, and he listened to volume after volume of

Spanish read by a person who did not understand a word of what he was reading. In time it came to his having to decipher ancient, and often almost illegible, handwriting by means of the sagacity and readiness of others; and all that he could use for himself were short notes or extracts, written out in a large round hand, from passages which he had told his secretary to mark in the course of the reading, and the words of which he could take in rapidly and easily in his subsequent hours of meditation. If his eye happened to be refractory or threatening, these notes were read over to him, sometimes a dozen times, with any others which he might have written down, and had transcribed in the same large hand, of his own thoughts. Another of his contrivances was reprinting, in large type and on one side only of the page, the portion of an important book—the book specified was the translation of Ranke's “Spanish Monarchy”—which he wished to have continually at hand. But it is curious that, in spite of Thierry's advice and example, he seems never to have adopted the plan of dictating. He wrote his works with his own hand, using what seems a clumsy and imperfect instrument, called a noctograph, by which his pen, or rather *style*, was partially guided in writing, without his having to use his eye. But he never put *style* to paper before all was completely finished. Not only the substance of his work, but the arrangement of sentences and paragraphs, and the wording, were all brought to a perfect shape in his mind, after periods, first of thought and incubation, and then of composition; and writing was a sort of transcription from memory. “The result,” says Mr. Ticknor “was remarkable—almost incredible—as to the masses he could thus hold in abeyance in his mind, and as to the length of time he could keep them there, and consider and reconsider them without confusion or weariness.” Two or three chapters at a time were thus kept on the anvil in his memory, without a word of them being written down. “He frequently kept about sixty pages in his memory for several days, and went over the whole mass five or six times, moulding and remoulding the sentences at each successive return.” One chapter he went over in this way sixteen times before it was written out. His secretary deciphered and copied out in a large round hand what Mr. Prescott had thus written down, as it

were, in the dark; and the work was then laid aside for some months. When the time of revision was come, "he chose the hour and minutes in each day—for they were often minutes—when his eye would permit him to read the manuscript, and then he went over it with extreme care." "This process," Mr. Ticknor says, "he never, I think, trusted wholly to the ear." It was part of the work for which he saved his eye. He thought that what was to meet the eye of another should, once at least, have been seen and judged by the eye of its author.

It is a curious example of the contrarities of character that this man of self-sacrifice and devotion to labor used habitually to struggle against his indolence and disinclination to work by a system of wages, or bonds of money, to be forfeited if he had not accomplished his set task in time. It is satisfactory to see that work so conscientious and a spirit so high and courageous brought their full reward. Mr. Prescott's immediate popularity, and the serene but very deep zest with which he enjoyed it to the last, recall the happier part of Sir Walter Scott's life, whom, in some of the features of his writing,—in his command over the progress and development of a story, his easy, fluent, spirited language, his liberal, manly, and sensible, but not very profound, vein of reflection,—Mr. Prescott often brings back to our thoughts. Beyond his own people, the old aristocratic world, literary and social, was freely opened to him. The most flattering compliments arrived from men like Guizot and Humboldt; a closer and more delightful correspondence began with English friends. Mr. Prescott writes familiarly to "My dear Carlisle," and when he came on a visit to England, he was received with the heartiest welcome by the Percys and the Howards. It might have been wiser, we think, to have abridged the account of his English visit and the letters in which he described it; but American biographers and tourists are not alone in feeling the difficulty of reticence. The letters contain some amusing gossip, and show to illustrious hosts—something in the way of Mrs. Stowe—what impression they have made on their illustrious guests; but there is nothing ill-natured in Mr. Prescott's letters, and the main impression derived from them is of the unclouded and unfeigned pleasure with which he enjoyed his welcome.

He writes home about sharp sayings of Rogers freshly reported, and about Macaulay's conversation and wonderful memory; about dinners with Sir R. Peel,—who, when he came into the room, addressed him in French, taking him for Scribe,—and about the startling surprise of Peel's death a few days afterwards. He describes a race at Ascot, a presentation at court, and a Sunday with the Bishop of Oxford at Cuddesdon, where he was much struck with the bishop's trees and the bishop's eloquence, but still more, apparently, with the architecture and painted windows of Cuddesdon church, and the "quite Roman Catholic" character of a service in which the whole congregation joined in the chanting. His general impressions of England have nothing to distinguish them from those to be found in ordinary foreign accounts. They are the common generalizations, with the common looseness and exaggeration, of our virtues and vices. English "bigotry," he writes in 1850, "surpasses anything, in a quiet, passive form, that has been witnessed since the more active bigotry of the times of the Spanish Philips;" and even the cultivated Englishman has no knowledge, no range of ideas or conceptions, beyond his own island. Yet probably Mr. Prescott would not have understood why we smile when he tells his wife that, as he looked through the iron grating on the tomb of Walter Scott, the thought suggested to him was that he was looking "through the iron bars which fence in the marble sarcophagus of our great and good Washington;" or when he describes the Duke of Wellington, on his first introduction to him, "as a striking figure, reminding me of Colonel Perkins in his general air, though his countenance is fresher." The fiercest thing in the book is an impatient and sweeping condemnation of Mr. Carlyle's "French Revolution." Mr. Carlyle is utterly wrong, he thinks, in the grim comedy which he interweaves with his account, and the "whole thing is, both as to *forme* and to *fond*, perfectly contemptible." This is a kind of measure of Mr. Prescott's depth. A disciple and admirer of Mably would hardly understand the way in which Mr. Carlyle treats history. But it must be said that it was the measure which he himself very faithfully and modestly took of his own powers and aims. In one of the numerous memoranda in which he reviews

his own prospects and capacity, he writes of a work which he was then planning : —

“ I will not seek to give that minute and elaborate view of the political and economical resources of the country which I attempted in ‘ Ferdinand and Isabella,’ and for which I have such rich materials for this reign. But I must content myself with a more desultory and picturesque view of things, developing character as much as possible, illustrating it by anecdote, and presenting the general features of the time and of the court. The work in this way, though not profound, may be amusing, and display that philosophy which consists in the development of human passion and character. Great events, told with simplicity, will interest the reader; and the basis on which the narrative throughout will rest will be of the most authentic kind, enabling me to present facts hitherto unknown and, of course, views and deductions not familiar to the student of history.”

From The Transcript.

DEATH OF JOSIAH QUINCY.

THIS venerable man fell into his last slumber yesterday afternoon. He died without a pain or a struggle, about five o'clock, at his country-seat in Quincy, having passed beyond the rare old age of ninety-two. This announcement of an event for which, by reason of his many years, the community and friends and relatives have been prepared, will still be received with sorrow. It takes from us one of our most prominent and noblest citizens, who was a living tie between the past and the present, the youthful associate of the fathers of the republic, and the patriarchal friend and fellow-worker of their sons.

Mr. Quincy was too widely respected and honored to need special eulogy. His public services, his clear and vigorous mind, his strong and upright character, are known throughout the land. His name is intimately associated with the history of Massachusetts for a period exceeding the usual term of mortal life. The briefest mention of the events of his remarkable career will show what he was and how much he did,—how large was his ability and how bravely and diligently he used it.

The son of Josiah Quincy, Jr., and Abigail Phillips, he was born in Boston, Febru-

ary 4, 1772. He was prepared for college at Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass., and graduated at Harvard in 1790, and has been for a number of years the oldest living Alumnus of that institution. He was elected to the State Senate in 1804, and served as a representative in Congress from 1805 to 1813, where he was an ardent opponent of the administration, the war, and the embargo, taking his stand, in all the impetuosity of his youth, with the Federalists. On retiring from Congress, he again served in the State Legislature. In 1822 he was Judge of the Municipal Court, and made the famous decision in the Buckingham libel case.

He resigned his place on the Bench in 1823 to become Mayor of Boston, which office he filled in the most energetic manner until 1829, and many marked changes and improvements in the condition and the affairs of the city are due to his boldness and fidelity whilst at the head of the municipal government. In 1829 he succeeded Dr. Kirkland as President of Harvard College. He retired from that office in 1845.

Besides filling these prominent places, Mr. Quincy was connected with various societies and took an active part in almost every enterprise that aimed to benefit the material, educational, and moral interests of the commonwealth. He was fearless, nervous, and direct as a speaker, and his speeches and orations are a part of the political and patriotic literature of New England.

He used his pen with force, clearness, and point, and in addition to many occasional pamphlets and letters, has left the “Municipal History of Boston,” the “History of Harvard College,” and a “Life of John Quincy Adams,” as among the evidence of his industry and research, and his interest in every question of public importance. The “Municipal History of Boston” was published on the eightieth birthday of the author, and shows that fourscore years had not abated his mental vigor.

It would not become us in these necessarily hasty paragraphs to attempt any comments on the grand, intense, and vigorous life of Mr. Quincy, or to delineate even in rapid outlines his robust and marked character. His works and his words remain to praise him; and his memory will be cherished as one of the ablest men of his day. We may not close, however, without reference to the

exhibitions of his love of freedom and his unconditional loyalty during the present crisis. Almost old enough to read the Declaration of Independence at the time it was written, the child of one of the first of the patriots of the Revolution, the principles of that great instrument and the spirit of those who defended it became his principles and his spirit. Consequently, the rebellion of 1861 and its cause had no more decided foe, and the republic in its hour of trial has had no more loyal citizen than he. One of his last public acts was eminently characteristic of the man. The hall in which the Boston Union Club was organized echoes even now with the loyal words that came from his aged lips, that knew no trembling when treason was to be denounced and liberty was to be maintained.

PROFESSOR GOLDWIN SMITH ON THE ALLEGED FEDERAL ENLISTMENTS IN IRELAND.

THE following stinging letter from Goldwin Smith is another instance of our good fortune, in having one of the best of English prose writers in one of the warmest friends of the American cause :—

To the Editor of the London Daily News :

SIR,—As we ought to do the duty of neutrals to the Americans, so ought the Americans to do their duty to us. If the American Government is really crimping or enlisting in Ireland, let it be called to account, and let it fall under the heavy censure of morality and honor pronounced by the lips of Lord Clanricarde.

But if it is only that the American army offers high pay, and that the famine-stricken Irish are emigrating for the sake of that pay, this is no offence on the part of the American Government, and no improper connivance on the part of ours. Nor will it make any difference, though the fact that the emigrants intend to become soldiers is known before their departure from this country. Emigrants must look to some calling. In peace it will be a peaceful calling; in war it may be the calling of war. If private adventurers are making their market of this emigration, and swindling the emigrants, their tricks must be exposed, and, if possible, punished as a private fraud.

If we wish to prevent recruiting of this kind, the only effectual and consistent course

will be to stop emigration. You cannot distinguish between different kinds of emigrants. Any emigrant may, on his landing, become a soldier, and every emigrant, though he may become a common laborer, feeds and sustains the war. But to prevent the more active spirits among the Irish peasantry from leaving the country at this moment would scarcely be thought wise by our government, though as they assure you there is no distress in Ireland, they will probably assure you there is no disaffection.

I do not know to what extent this military emigration has gone; but last year, when the outcry was just as loud, there was no disturbance in the proportions of ages and sexes among the emigrants, indicating that an unusual number of them intended to become soldiers.

No doubt these youths are acting under a lamentable delusion. When we consider how full of happiness and dignity is the lot of the Irish peasant, how abounding in comfort and in plenty is the cabin which he shares with swine, how secure is the tenure of his land by which alone he can subsist, how bright a vista of hope always opens itself before him,—and when we consider that he is throwing up all this for a service in which he will be very highly paid, be supplied in a way which the correspondents of our Southern journals denounce as prodigal, and stand a very good chance, perhaps, of being shot, but also a good chance, with valor and talent, of rising to a high rank, we shall not be surprised to see tears run down the cheeks of the friends of humanity among the Irish landlords. They will mingle with the tears of persons of quality and their journalists at the effusion of blood in the cause of a republic, and with the tears of the slave-owners at the cruel emancipation of the happy and contented slave.

It would, in truth, hardly surprise us if the Irish aristocracy should be so touched by what is going on as to unite in arresting forever the current of Irish emigration by doing justice to the Irish people.

There is one thing to be said,—this scandal is not new. A respectable historian states, and vouches the archives of the French War-office for the statement, that in a period of about sixty years during the last century, 450,000 Irish had died in the French service. I can hardly believe that the number was so great as this; but I have no doubt that it was very great, and I am sure that the Irishmen who thus found soldiers' graves were at that time the happiest of their race.

Two-fifths of our own army at one time were Irishmen, decoyed, under the name of enlistment, by mere crimps into a service which would not be adequately described as alien,

since it was that of the oppressors of their country.

This Ireland of ours, to which no government pretending to the name of civilized affords a parallel, and of which barbarism itself would almost be ashamed, is, and while it remains in its present state, will be, the recruiting ground of nations;—it will be so, at least, unless Lord Clanricarde can persuade the people that it is better to be food for famine and pestilence than to be food for the cannon.

Nor is the Irish soldier in the American service a mercenary. That name, abhorred by civilized morality, belongs to soldiers fighting for a foreign country, in which they will have no interest when the war is over. It may be given to the Germans whom we hired in the Crimean War, and to the troops whom Her Majesty was advised by her present ministers to raise among her own subjects for the Emperor of China.

But the Irish, in entering the American service, adopt America as their country. And in truth it is the only country of the Irish race. England evicts them: America receives them into a kind, just, and prosperous home.

I am, etc., GOLDWIN SMITH.

P. S.—Lord Clanricarde threatens war. These vaporing threats of war degrade the country. If we mean war, let us have war. And if we have war, let us shame these Americans, who fight their battles with hirelings, by submitting to a conscription without substitutes, and mingling a little of the blood of persons of rank with that of the peasant. Such a war would lead to a very lasting peace.

From The London Review, 2 July.

COWARDICE THE POLICY OF ENGLAND.

OVER all the land of England, in every heart not deadened to the touch of any emotion but selfishness, there is this week but one sense,—that of shame. For at last our chief statesmen have spoken: they have explained a large a policy which has been for months pursued in secret, and they have avowed the motives by which that policy was suggested, and in deference to which it is still to be maintained. In that policy we see the reversal of all that has hitherto been our cherished pride; we see broken faith, deceived trust, sympathies curbed by fear. In its favor there is but one plea,—the plea of our own interest. We do not deny that such a plea is very powerful; it is even pos-

sible that it may prove predominant. But not the less are those who yield to it paralyzed with shame. The instinct of right and wrong tells them that the course thus recommended is false and mean. The verdict of all the world is, that we have trafficked honor to preserve prosperity; the verdict of our consciences is that we have abandoned duty, for fear of loss. And therefore we are ashamed.

Not so, however, are either Earl Russell or Viscount Palmerston. These noble lords tell us, with full convictions, that we are now, and always, in the right. They affirm that we generously labored in the cause of humanity, as far as words and letters can go, and that, having uttered and written so many beautiful sentiments, we are in no wise called on for any deeds. Our "honor," they insist, has not been engaged, and our "interests" forbid us to interfere. These pleas demand consideration, being urged by such authority. What, then, are the facts?

Earl Russell presses, first, the argument that the Treaty of 1852 contains no pledge binding us to enforce its provisions. This, in a literal sense, is true. But what is the understood meaning of a treaty regulating, for the professed sake of the stability of European arrangements, the succession to the whole Danish provinces, if not that their integrity is to be maintained by the parties to the treaty? So solemn an act as the signature, by the representatives of this country, of such an agreement, has certainly, in the eye of common reason, some further meaning than that the engagement is never to be maintained if any of the contracting parties think fit to break it.

But if direct and specific pledges, capable, in the ordinary sense of language, of no double interpretation, are demanded, here they are: On the 10th December, 1863, Sir A. Paget, our minister at Copenhagen, informs Earl Russell that he had impressed on M. Hall the anxiety of the neutral powers that Denmark should not resist the threatened Federal execution in Holstein, on the ground that resistance would lead to war. The Danish minister expressed his willingness to accept the advice, but added that, "Whatever course was adopted, he felt convinced war must come at last."

"I replied," says Sir A. Paget, "that

Denmark would, at all events, have a better chance of securing the assistance of the powers alluded to by retiring than if she provoked a war by resisting."

On the 21st December, Lord Wodehouse, the special envoy at Copenhagen, informs Earl Russell that in an interview with the Danish minister, the Slesvig invasion was threatened unless Denmark withdrew the Constitution.

"I entreated His Excellency to weigh well the gravity of the danger which threatened Denmark. General Fleury had informed M. d'Ewers and me that he was instructed to tell the Danish Government that France would not go to war to support Denmark against Germany. It was my duty to tell him, *if the Danish Government rejected our advice* that Her Majesty's Government must leave Denmark to encounter Germany on her own responsibility."

On the 22d December, Sir A. Paget informed Earl Russell that he had followed up this declaration by asking M. Hall if he would, by rejecting our advice,

"expose the country to the hazards of a war with Germany, without the support of any one power?" And, "in reply to His Excellency's objection, that no advantage would accrue to Denmark by following the course suggested, I asked him to reflect what would be the position of Denmark if the advice of the powers was refused, and what it would be if accepted, and to draw his own conclusions."

These declarations of our envoys were not disavowed by Earl Russell. Denmark did, in both instances, accept our advice. Can any man doubt whether the express language of the British representatives did not imply a pledge in that case to support her? What could be more explicit than to tell her that, while under no circumstances would France act, we also should leave her to her fate, if she rejected our counsel, and that he must draw his own conclusion as to the difference in her position, if she accepted or rejected our advice? Studiously diplomatic as such language might be, it would convey to Denmark no idea but that of our firm support in case she complied with our desires, and it is not for England to take advantage of Earl Russell's having paltered in a double sense.

But Lords Palmerston and Russell were in their places in Parliament when they spoke,

not in secret cabinets, but to the world, still more decisive words. On the 23d of July, 1863, Lord Palmerston declared, speaking of the possible invasion of Slesvig,—over which he emphatically said that "the German Confederation has no rights,"—that

"It is an important matter of British policy, to maintain the independence and integrity of the Danish monarchy. We are convinced—I am convinced, at least—that if any violent attempt were made to overthrow those rights and interfere with that independence, those who made the attempt would find in the result that it would not be Denmark alone with which they would have to contend."

And even on the 8th of March, 1864, Earl Russell spoke as follows:—

"All I can say is, that the government will best consult, according to their own opinion, the honor and the interests of this country. They will not make war when the safety and the interests, the integrity and the independence of Denmark can be secured otherwise, and they will not neglect any means by which that safety and independence can be secured. With regard to the fleet, some ten days or a fortnight ago, with a view to have that fleet at command, it was directed to rendezvous at one of the home ports, so that orders might be at once conveyed to it. If it were thought necessary to give any orders to that fleet, it would be at once within our reach, and certainly I could not expect that of Austria or of Prussia would venture encounter the squadron of Her Majesty."

Next, then, we are told, that it is but a narrow strip of territory that is now in dispute, and that Danish obstinacy is unreasonable. It is true the territory is narrow. So is the gate of a fortress,—after all but a thin plank; and the rampart is, in the eyes of philosophy, but a few feet of masonry more or less. But this strip of territory is Denmark's gate and rampart,—it is the line on which she can make defence; which being lost, she is at her enemies' mercy. So she may well fight for it, and pile it with the bodies of her sons, and well may turn a silent upbraiding eye to that false friend who lured her to abandon her outworks that she might make a last stand here, and now coldly chides her for obstinacy about a narrow line. But the ingenuity of noble peers can find yet other subjects for reproach in her attitude. She was, they insist, at one time in the wrong. But by the admission of her accus-

ers, Denmark has long ere now purged herself of blame. She has withdrawn fully and unreservedly from every act complained of,—withdrawn so completely that even her enemies have long been without a shred of their original excuse for violence. But it seems she has, nevertheless, committed in these last days an unpardonable offence. When Earl Russell desired her to give up the Danne-werke, and be content with such worse line as an arbiter might happen to assign, she refused. True, the German powers, while assenting in name to the proposal, declared they would not be bound by the decision. This fact would have made Denmark's unreserved consent vain, had it been given; but, nevertheless, on her frank refusal, is placed the chief excuse for deserting her. With incredible meanness Earl Russell, in the solemn narrative which he read at the last meeting of the Conference, and which he "deposited in its archives," declares that this obstinacy of Denmark is the "obstacle which the most persevering efforts of the neutral powers have not been able to overcome, and before which insurmountable difficulty the labors of the Conference have come to an end! And with a shamelessness even more remarkable, this reason has been assigned by him and his "noble" colleague in presence of the British Parliament, as the crowning reason why Denmark shall have no help from us.

But, passing over these miserable jugglings with words and subterfuges of dishonesty, we come at last to the plain broad statement that, after all, we dare not help Denmark in arms, because France will not stand by to protect us; because Germany is so populous and powerful; because America may, whether reunited or severed, some day attack us; because we have a great commerce, many possessions, important interests in China, and a huge empire in India! For neither more nor less than these are actually and literally the reasons given by Earl Russell why, "our honor not being engaged," we are forbidden by "our interests" to ally ourselves with Denmark. So it would seem that our power is already become our weakness, and because we are so very rich and so very great, we fear. All the fleet of which we are so proud, all the army on which we spend so much, and which a military contemporary tells us is at this moment able at an hour's notice to send 48,000 troops on service, leaving still

enough at home (double the force, be it remarked, which we had at Vimiera, Talavera, or Salamanca, and equal to that with which we won Vittoria and Waterloo), are weapons of show which we tremble to use, lest they draw upon us the vengeance of the world. It is new, indeed, to Englishmen to be told that they must not stir in Europe, unless France draws the sword on their side. It is new to be told that they must make no engagements on this side the Atlantic, lest a power on the other side should turn its army and navy to destroy us! It is new to hear that we must abandon allies to their fate at the bidding of German despots! And it is new also to hear that we must retire before menace and insult because, if we resist it, the peoples whom these despots have enslaved will rise to win their freedom, and we are bound, Earl Russell tells us, "to show a greater attachment to peace than Austria and Prussia have done!" Who is not, then, proud to be an Englishman, professing maxims so meek, so forbearing to the strong, so careful of ourselves, so considerate of the oppressors, so proudly indifferent to the oppressed! Yet let the nations still fear our might on one emergency. If not only continental Denmark is partitioned, but the island on which Copenhagen stands is seized,—if the capital is sacked,—if the king is captured, we may, perhaps, Lord Palmerston says, "reconsider our position" so far as to rescue the person of King Christian! So Bob Acres:—

"Look ye, Sir Lucius, 'tish't that I mind the word coward,—coward may be said in a joke. But if you had called me a poltroon, odds daggers and balls—

"Sir L.—Well, sir!

"Acres.—I—I should have thought you a very ill-bred man."

But while these noble peers bid England quail, like James I., at the terrible spectacle of a naked sword before her eyes, there is a gigantic shadow that is stealing on her from another quarter. The crowned tyrants of Europe have this week met, and guaranteed to each other their dominions. In this new Holy Alliance are the first fruits of our policy of selfishness. As we predicted it would, it has already emboldened the powerful to a league of violence, while it has dismayed the weak and scattered States whom such a league menaces. For such a defensive treaty can

have no object unless that of seizing new territory, while guaranteed from loss of that already secured. So we who have feared to face Prussia alone must now face Prussia backed by Russia and Austria. When Denmark is absorbed, Holland and Switzerland come next. When these are "pacified," Italy and Sweden have to fear. And when Europe is thus portioned, how will it fare with us, then alone, indeed, against the world? Does any one doubt that these forebodings must come to pass? From the nature of things they are inevitable; for the despot powers have avowed that their alliance among themselves and their aggression upon others are compelled by the impossibility of suffering the spectacle of a constitutional kingdom in their neighborhood.

On such pregnant issues has the nation

next week to decide. Before questions so vast, and consequences so tremendous to ourselves and to our children, party politics must sink out of sight. It can matter nothing to the hereafter whether Lord Derby or Lord Palmerston is in power if the quarrel between them is only as to the discretion of the past, and they are one as to the policy of the future; for we know well what is right and what is wrong in this matter. A free, noble, Christian people, our nearest neighbors, our very blood, cry to us to save them from the brutal violence of foreign robbers and murderers; and the question for us to answer is, Shall we do right because it is right, trusting to the Lord of Hosts to be with us, as he was with our forefathers, or shall we hold aloof because we, their degenerate sons, fear man and have no faith in God?

ALL IN THE DOWNS.

(New Words to the old Air.)

ALL in the Downs the fleet is moored,
The powder shipped, the guns on board;
Long has Britannia endured,
Ere she would give the awful word,—
"Go in, my hearts of oak, so tough and true,
And lick sweet Frederick-William black and blue."

Sweet Frederick-William on his guard
Has cheap and nasty laurels flung;
While by Court-toady and Court-barb
Sonderbog's massacre is sung.
The Dutchies' crown he grasps with thievish hands,
And though detected, all unblushing stands!

Soon from the Downs the fleet unmoored
May to the Baltic shape its course:
Then comes the shock, that ne'er endured,
Of Right and Might 'gainst Fraud and Force.
And king and kaiser yet may veil their pride
To Strength with Justice once again allied!
—Punch.

LINES TO A WILD DUCK.

A DUCK has been immortalized by Bryant—
A wild one, too.
Sweetly he hymned the creature blithe and buoyant,
Cleaving the blue.

But whoso says the duck through ether flying,
Seen by the barb,
Equalled the canvas-back before me lying,
Tells a *canard*.

Done to a turn! The flesh a dark carnation,
The gravy red.
Four slices from the breast: on such a ration
Gods never fed!

Bryant, go to! To say thy lyric *ghost* duck,
Traced on the sky,
Was worthy to be named with this fine *roast* duck,
Is all my eye!

A VERY curious method of reducing the intense headache experienced by fever patients, has been lately pointed out by M. Guyon. It consists simply in pressure exerted over the integument covering the temporal arteries. It was discovered quite accidentally in feeling the temples, rather than the wrist, in order to ascertain the frequency of the pulse. Whilst the physician compressed the vessel, the patient exclaimed, "*Comme-vous me soulagez*," and thus indicated the result produced by diminishing the supply of blood to the surface of the cranium. M. Guyon does not consider that any serious results of an injurious nature follow compression of the "temporals," inasmuch as the blood finds channels in the various other branches of the "external carotids."

THE LIVING AGE.

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WITHOUT THE CHILDREN.

Oh, the weary, solemn silence
Of a house without the children,
Oh, the strange, oppressive stillness
Where the children come no more !
Ah ! the longing of the sleepless
For the soft arms of the children ;
Ah ! the longing for the faces,—
Faces gone for evermore !
Peeping through the open door.

Strange it is to wake at midnight,
And not hear the children breathing,
Nothing but the old clock ticking,
Ticking, ticking, by the door.
Strange to see the little dresses
Hanging up there all the morning ;
And the guitars—ah ! their patter,
We will hear it never more
On our mirth-forsaken floor.

What is home without the children ?
'Tis the earth without its verdure,
And the sky without its sunshine :
Life is withered to the core !
So we'll leave this dreary desert,
And we'll follow the Good Shepherd
To the greener pastures vernal,
Where the lambs have "gone before"
With the Shepherd evermore !

Oh, the weary, solemn silence
Of a house without the children,
Oh, the strange, oppressive stillness
Where the children come no more !
Ah ! the longing of the sleepless
For the soft arms of the children ;
Ah ! the longing for the faces
Peeping through the open door—
Faces gone forevermore !

A LANCASHIRE DOXOLOGY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLE-
MAN."

"Some cotton has lately been imported into Farington, where the mills have been closed for a considerable time. The people who were previously in the deepest distress, went out to meet the cotton : the women wept over the bales and kissed them, and finally sung the Doxology over them."—*Spectator of May 14th.*

"PRAISE God from whom all blessings flow,"
Praise Him who sendeth joy and woe,
The Lord who takes—the Lord who gives,
Oh, praise him, all that dies and lives.

He opens and he shuts his hand ;
But why, we cannot understand :
Pours and dries up his mercies' flood,
And yet is still All-perfect Good.

We fathom not the mighty plan,
The mystery of God and man ;
We women, when afflictions come,
We only suffer and are dumb,

And when, the tempest passing by,
He gleams out, sunlike, through our sky,
We look up, and through black clouds riven,
We recognize the smile of Heaven.

Ours is no wisdom of the wise ;
We have no deep philosophies :
Childlike we take both kiss and rod ;
For he who loveth knoweth God.

AN ODE TO MEMORY.

BY HENRY NEELE.

"Man giveth up the ghost, and where is he?"—JOB.

AND where is he ? not by her side
Whose every want he loved to tend ;
Not o'er those valleys wandering wide,
Where, sweetly lost, he oft would wend ;
That form beloved he marks not more,
Those scenes admired no more shall see ;
The scenes are lovely as before,
And she as fair—but where is he ?

Ah, no ! the radiance is not dim,
That used to gild his favorite hill ;
The pleasures that were dear to him
Are dear to life and nature still ;
But, ah ! his home is not as fair ;
Neglected must his garden be ;
The lilies droop and wither there,
And seem to whisper, "Where is he !"

His was the pomp, the crowded hall ;
But where is now the proud display ?
His riches, honors, pleasures, all
Desire could frame ; but where are they ?
And he, as some tall rock that stands
Protected by the circling sea,
Surrounded by admiring bands,
Seemed proudly strong—oh, where is he !

The churchyard bears an added stone,
The fireside shows a vacant chair.
Here sadness dwells and weeps alone,
And Death displays his banner there ;
The life is gone, the breath has fled,
And what has been, no more shall be ;
The well-known form, the welcome tread,
Oh, where are they, and where is he !

From The Spectator.
JOHN CLARE.

THE *Quarterly Review*, while still fresh from the stupid and cruel intellectual onslaught, which is said to have hastened the death of Keats, published an article in the number for May, 1820, on "The Poems of John Clare, a Northamptonshire peasant," which reads like an attempt to atone for that offence, by the generous and even lavish appreciation which it bestowed on a young poet of real, though infinitely fainter, genius, but also of far lower station, and apparently far more dependent on the kindly appreciation of the world. Neither the unkindness nor the kindness of the *Quarterly* was destined to have a fortunate issue. The former wounded a sensitive nature to the quick, which the writer could not have wished, while it probably raised the fame of the poetry, which the critic could not understand, and injured that of the critic,—a result he can be still less supposed to have desired; the latter answered its kindly purpose better at first, for it brought a sudden gust of popularity to the author; but it issued in a result still sadder,—broken ambition and disordered reason, a manhood of deepening gloom, as the visions of youth sank slowly into melancholy distance, and a "dreary gift of years" that only terminated on the 20th May in the wards of an asylum for the insane.

John Clare was born on the 13th July, 1793, at Helpstone, where the border of Northamptonshire touches the fens of Lincolnshire. He was the son of Parker Clare, an agricultural laborer, one of "the toiling millions of men sunk in labor and pain," who earned his ten shillings a week, in prosperous times, but who, when rheumatism had made him a cripple, long before young Clare grew up, was receiving five shillings a week from the parish, to eke out the scanty wages of his weakly son. John Clare was the elder and the smaller of twins, but yet the only survivor,—the sister, who died immediately after her birth, being, according to the testimony of the mother, Ann Clare, "a bouncing girl, while John might have gone into a pint pot." John had very early a thirst for knowledge, and delicate as he was, before his father broke down, used to earn by the labor of eight weeks enough to pay for a month's rude schooling. As soon

as he could lead the fore-horse of the harvest team, he was set to work, and the *Quarterly* reviewer tells us, on knowledge derived from his mother, that while thus occupied he had the misfortune to see the loader fall from the wagon and break his neck, which threw him into a fit, from the liability to which he did not recover till after a considerable lapse of time, and which, even in 1820, was liable to return. No doubt this planted the seeds of that madness which the abrupt changes of his future fortunes, the fitful petting, and neglect of high society, and, still more, pecuniary care, developed. He used to tell of the horror which his imagination caused him, in the dark winter walks home from Maxey, a neighboring village, where he was sent to buy flour for the family. His mother's ghost stories would all recur to his mind, and to drive them out, he formed the habit of walking with his eyes fixed immovably on the ground, versifying to himself some adventure "without a ghost in it," an intellectual effort which so effectually exorcised the goblins that he often reached home before he was himself aware of his approach. The preface to his first volume, written for him by some more practised hand, tells us that his first passion for poetry was excited by a glimpse of Thomson's "Seasons," which a fellow-laborer showed him in a field. He was so much delighted that he never rested till he had earned a shilling to buy himself a copy, and then set off on his errand to Stamford for that purpose, so early that he reached the town before any shop was open. He brooded over Thomson till his own thoughts took a similar shape; and his father and mother, who always feared for his mind, admitted that "the gear was not mended" in their estimation, when they discovered his habit of writing, and of writing, moreover, in verse. "When he was fourteen or fifteen," says Dame Clare (we quote the *Quarterly* reviewer), "he would show me a piece of paper, printed sometimes on one side and scrawled all over on the other, and he would say, 'Mother, this is worth so much;' and I used to say to him, 'Ay, boy, it looks as if it warr!' but I thought it was wasting his time,"—a view which, according to the preface to one of his volumes, the old woman illustrated practically by going to the hole where he kept his verses, when she wanted paper to light the fires.

When his father broke down, it was a hard toil to him to supply his place, with the feeble frame which nature had given him. All his poems betray a profound sensitiveness, not only to the beauty of nature, but to the physical pain of the drudgery he had to endure, and which he seems to have endured with a good courage, if not quite without repining. This was one of his complaints:—

“Toiling in the naked fields
Where no bush a shelter yields,
Needy Labor dithering stands,
Beats and blows his numbing hands,
And upon the crumping snows
Stamps in vain to warm his toes.”

A delicate poetic organization earning a maximum wage of nine shillings a week, on condition of going honestly through all the exposure and toil of the coarsest labor, must indeed have had much to suffer, and felt a passionate desire to escape, as from a life of slavery. At length, in 1818, when he was already twenty-five years old, and in great poverty, he determined to make an effort for a hearing. A printer at Market Deeping introduced him to a bookseller in Stamford, who thought well of his poems, gave him a few pounds at once, and promised more if they should succeed. Messrs. Taylor (of the firm of Taylor and Hessey), of Fleet Street, took them from the Stamford publisher, and in 1820 they appeared and were almost immediately made famous by the favor of the *Quarterly Review*.

There is reality, the sincerest love of nature, the minutest observation of nature, in the first of Clare's volumes, which, under the favorable notice of the *Quarterly Review*, speedily reached a fourth edition, but there is far less of the real breath of poetry than in what he afterwards wrote in dejection, and even in the intervals of madness. It is difficult to account for the enthusiasm of the *Quarterly* reviewer on any but the expiatory theory. “Some of his ballad stanzas rival the native simplicity of Tickel or Mallett,” says the reviewer, quoting not unpleasing stanzas, which may, perhaps, deserve that not very impressive praise, but which, certainly, could never take hold of any one's imagination, while some of Clare's later efforts do, we think, approach, though only approach, in depth of pathos to the heart-breaking, but most musical, wail of Cowper's lines on the “Castaway.”

The world, however, was not more fastidious than the *Quarterly* reviewer, and was delighted with the promise of a new pet. It was a danger not entirely unforeseen by Clare's kind friend in the *Quarterly*. The article ends with saying, “We counsel, we entreat him, to continue something of his present occupations; to attach himself to a few, in the sincerity of whose friendship he can confide, and to suffer no temptations of the idle and the dissolute to seduce him from the quiet scenes of his youth—scenes so congenial to his taste—to the hollow and heartless society of cities; to the haunts of men who would court and flatter him while his name was new, and who, when they had contributed to distract his attention and impair his health, would cast him off unceremoniously to seek some other novelty.” The danger was indeed only too great. Clare was sent for to London, and became the darling and lion of a season or two, and for a time a favored contributor to keepsakes, annuals, and literature of that sort. But his was not a head to gain by experience of this kind; for his simple, daisy-like poetry was always born of solitude and fresh air, and he tells us in one of the best of his early couplets, that even in the country he loved most to walk and brood at dawn,—

“Ere smoking chimneys sicken the young light,
And Feeling's fairy visions fade away.”

And clearly he did not gain as a poet by his short-lived social success. The volume he published in 1827, called the “*Shepherd's Calendar*,” seems to us much inferior to either his earlier or his later verses, and apparently it had little popularity. Indeed, his popularity, never grounded on anything that had much real root in the public estimation, had now greatly declined. No doubt, neglect and this comparative literary failure did much to depress him in health and spirits. He speaks of imperfect health in his preface, and mentions it again with a more melancholy air in the few lines of preface to the last volume he published in 1835,—and not without reason. In 1837, his mind gave way, and he was placed under the care of a physician at Epping Forest, with whom he continued, with intervals of improvement, for many years. In 1841, an appeal was issued, on his behalf, stating that anxiety for his wife and family chiefly retarded his re-

covery; that £393 had been raised for him, and invested in 1820, which produced, however, less than £14 a year; that the Marquis of Exeter and Earl Spencer allowed him £25 a year more between them, and that if £20 a year more could be raised, his mind might be sufficiently at ease to give his health a fair chance. How the appeal was responded to we do not know;—he never joined his family, and resided for many years before his death, with wandering mind, but quite harmless, and able often both to read and write, in the Northampton County Lunatic Asylum, where he died last week.

The best lines Clare ever wrote were written during the dejection which preceded and followed the partial alienation of his reason. In his earlier poems there is simplicity, deep love of nature, but a want of pervading unity of either thought or feeling. There is a tendency to vagrancy of mind, to almost child-like cataloguing of natural objects and impressions, which makes his poetry scrappy,—often, too, a fault of Cowper's, whose verses his sometimes resemble. Indeed, he says of himself with touching simplicity in the volume of 1835:—

“ I dwell on trifles like a child,
I feel as ill becomes a man,
And yet my thoughts, like weedlings wild,
Grow up and blossom where they can.”

But when he was sinking into dejection, the key-note of melancholy which runs through his lines alone suffices to give them a certain unity of feeling, and to impress a definite aspect on the natural scenes he still loves to depict, more touching and specific than if you could see a sun setting in soft glooms behind them. Thus he sings of “poet” (evidently himself) in his last issued volume:—

“ He feeds on Spring's precarious boon,
A being of her race,
Where light and shade and shower and sun
Are ever changing place.

“ To-day he buds and glows to meet
To-morrow's promised shower,
Then, crushed by Care's intruding feet,
He fades, a broken flower.”

And probably the verses he wrote at intervals after his loss of reason are more expressive of the poet's own nature than anything he had yet published. One who visited him a few months since, and who found him deep

in a volume taken from the library of the asylum, has placed at our disposal verses of no ordinary pathos, though broken by incoherencies corresponding probably to the chasms in the poor poet's own thought:—

“ I AM.

“ I am, yet what I am none cares or knows;
My friends forsake me like a memory lost;
I am the self-consumer of my woes;
They rise and vanish in oblivious host,
Like shades in Love's and Death's oblivion
tossed,
And yet I am, and live with shadows lost.

“ Into the nothingness of scorn and noise,
Into the living sea of waking dreams,
Where there is neither sense of life nor joys,
But the vast shipwreck of my life's esteems,
And e'en the dearest whom I loved the best
Are strange, nay, far more strangers than the
rest.

“ I long for scenes where man has never trod,
A place where woman never smiled or wept,
There to abide with my Creator God,
And sleep as I in childhood sweetly slept,
Untroubling and untroubled where I lie,
The grass below,—above, the vaulted sky.”

It is a sad picture this of the rescue of a poet's nature from mere mechanic toil and drudgery only at the cost of his understanding and judgment,—though it may be that the fanning of that vital spark of his nature which made him a poet could not but have involved, in this life, the withdrawal for a time of that never large stock of vitality which he threw into the more common duties and relations of life. When the vital powers are small the concentration of them at the true focus of the nature not unfrequently involves their failure in the outlying faculties. This was what Wordsworth feared when he drew with so much power the panic of his own soul in contemplating the possible future:—

“ We poets in our youth begin in gladness,
But thereof come in the end dependency and
madness.”

That was the fate of Clare. During his long insanity, from the age of forty-four to his death at seventy, he probably realized far more keenly the strength and weakness of a merely receptive nature than at any period of his life. The lines we have just quoted express the shrinking anguish of a spirit which is acted upon by the life around him,

but cannot react upon it, with an exquisite intensity. Everything was strange to him *not* because it was new, but because there can be no familiarity, no warmth of feeling, without reciprocal influence, and he felt that he could not return to the world around him any part of the influence it exerted over him. So he attempted it less and less, and that distortion of imagination and of intellectual conception which follows a real abdication of all natural influence over the world, not less surely though more indirectly than an original twist in the faculties which report to us what goes on outside us, followed. He was even more unfitted to bear solicitude than neglect; and his physician thought that the solicitude had more to do with his insan-

ity. We can well believe it. His poems show a very simple, if any, kind of vanity; but the evidence of a nature apt to brood, and to brood over trivial themes till it almost lost the power to act, is very great.

Few souls seem to us to need more distinctly something of a *new creation* than delicately receptive natures like Coleridge's, and, in a much lower sphere, Clare's, which have half merged their voluntary in their receptive life. It is a relief to think of him as he loved to think of himself, asleep "with God," and breathing in, during that slumber of an eternal childhood, some fresh supply of a spiritual fire of which in this world he had enough for *either* poetry or life, but not enough for both.

It is said that a species of Toncan lives upon the fruit which produces strychnia; but an equally strange announcement has just been made by Dr. Fraser, with regard to one of the Lepidoptera. It has been found by this well-known Scotch physician, that the larva of a species of moth lives upon the Calabar bean, a drug now much in vogue among ophthalmic surgeons, and whose action on the eye causes rapid diminution in the size of the pupil.

EARL RUSSELL's first wife, the Countess of Ribblesdale, was a widow, and a lady of ample proportions; hence his lordship was called by the wits the widow's mite. "Oh," exclaimed a lady to whom this witticism was related at a dinner-party, "I now see how it came to pass that his lordship was cast into the treasury."—*Bristol Mercury*.

AMONG the collections of curious things at Windsor, there has lately been found a map of the world, by Leonardo da Vinci. It is said to be the earliest known map that has on it the word America.

"FORTY Years in America" is the title of a new London book, by Thomas Low Nichols, of

which the *Saturday Review* says, "No book we have ever read gave us anything like so clear and vivid an idea of American life."

A SKULL, claimed to be that of Confucius, was an object of special attraction in the Chinese Court of the Great Exhibition in London. It was lined with pure gold, and placed on a triangular golden stand, and the cover, also of gold, was richly ornamented with precious stones. It was lately sold at auction for £327.

THE London Religious Tract Society appropriated the last year the sum of £9,000 for the circulation of tracts in France.

A NEW "Life of Michael Angelo," by M. Grimm, son of the German philologist, has lately been published in Berlin.

THE Bentleys will soon publish "Anecdotal Memoir of Richard Whately, Archbishop of Dublin," in two volumes, by W. I. Fitzpatrick, Esq.

From The Spectator, 2 July.

ENGLAND AND DENMARK.

"COUNCILS of War never fight," and the Council of Friday, though it called itself a Cabinet meeting, proved no exception to the maxim. The bolder members of the government were overruled, and by Saturday it was known that the administration had reconsidered its half-formed resolve, that the preparations commenced were useless, and that the Cabinet which had retreated from its own ground when Holstein was "executed," when Schleswig was "occupied," when Jutland was taken in pledge, and when all up to the Schlei had been surrendered, was about to retreat once more. Few, however, expected that the retreat would be justified by such reasons as those produced; that a premier, whose hold upon the country is his reputation for pluck, would confess that he thought it dangerous to risk war without an ally; that a foreign secretary who had hardihood enough "to command the Channel fleet," would hesitate to defend European order, because there might be an "interruption in our relations with the United States." The scene which awaited the ministers as they entered the Houses might have roused the blood and fired the heart of the most apathetic orator. The Commons were thronging on the benches like bees; dozens of men were standing unable to find seats; the galleries were bursting with tenants, who overflowed into the lobbies, the passages, the staircases, everywhere, where they might hope to catch a rumor of the drift of the "explanation." Throughout the assemblage of men, each one of whom possessed himself some appreciable fraction of power, there was that hush of suspense, that compressed thrill of excitement, which is seen only when great audiences have caught the meaning of a great situation, or know that a great event is at hand. Before such a House so roused, had Lord Palmerston to acknowledge and to *accept* a humiliating failure, to confess that he had menaced without meaning action, to explain with masterly lucidity how deeply Denmark had been wronged, how defiantly Germany had broken every pledge, and how absolutely "might had," in his own words, "overcome right," and then to show, less lucidly indeed, but with painful clearness, how easily the government had pardoned the wrong-doing, how carelessly it had condoned the perjury, how submissively

it intended to crouch before the menace of superior might. "We believed," he said, and as he said it he seemed for half a moment not humiliated,—“we believed that, from the commencement to the end of these last events, Denmark had been ill-used [cheers]; that might had overridden right [renewed cheering]; and we knew, also, that the sympathies of almost the whole of the British nation were on her side [continued cheering].” And *therefore*, “we do not think it consistent with our duty to recommend Parliament and the country to make those great exertions, and to undergo those great sacrifices, which would have been the necessary consequence of entering into a conflict with the whole of Germany.” Denmark was originally in the wrong; France declined interference; Russia would not move; the weight of a war would fall upon this country alone, and it was his duty to advise the country and his sovereign to shrink from that great risk. As if this were not sufficient for humiliation, the old premier, burning with inward rage at his position, broke into what we believe to have been either a fierce taunt at his own colleagues, or a hidden promise to the Prince of Wales, but what sounded like a fiftieth menace of future action. If, he said, with a bravado which, after such a speech, and while revealing such a policy, was almost ludicrous,—if “we had reason to expect to see at Copenhagen the horrors of a town taken by assault . . . the capture of the sovereign as prisoner of war, the position of this country might be a subject for reconsideration.” He would not war for a country or for honor; but if a city were threatened! he would not fight for the independence of a free nationality; but if a German prince were prisoner!—then, indeed, the Cabinet might rise to the height of its position in Europe, and gravely and solemnly “reconsider” whether, when all was lost, it might not be expedient to do grand battle for nothing at all! The house, quiescent as it was, and disposed to accept its humiliation with patience, could endure no more, and a storm of ironical cries almost daunted the premier, and relieved the pent-up feeling of rage, annoyance, or regret.

There has been no such exhibition of a great man made in our time, and in the Lords, matters were little better. Earl Russell, indeed, amidst an audience almost as

numerous and excited, was more clear and consistent in his statement: but it was because he was not afraid to produce reasons for abstinence, such as are rarely heard from the lips of statesmen who have wielded the power of Great Britain abroad. He supported peace because he was afraid of war. Besides all the arguments offered by Lord Palmerston, he adverted to the extreme difficulty of the undertaking, the impossibility, as he assumed, of protecting Denmark by the fleet alone; feared "we should suffer, perhaps, considerably if our commercial marine was exposed to depredations such as might take place in the event of our being at war with Germany;" dreaded lest our relations with the United States, with its "great army" and "formidable" navy, might suffer interruption; hesitated to risk "the great commerce which has grown up in China;" considered our "immense possessions in India;" mentioned the surplus; and, in short, expressed his belief that we were so great, so successful, and so rich, that we were comparatively powerless in the world. We could not operate in the North without an ally, and Russia would not move, while France would demand compensations which, said Earl Russell, with an odd reminiscence of the time when England had influence on the Continent, "might disturb the balance of power,"—that European law which he refuses to prevent Germany from violating. As to the South, he held that it was the duty of this country to behave better than Austria and Prussia, not to light up a flame which might extend over the whole of Europe, but to endeavor to confine the war within the narrowest limits. He, like Lord Palmerston, ended with a menace; but he kept its conditions in reserve, did not state that if Copenhagen were bombarded, the government might consider the possibility of further remonstrance, and with the Prince of Wales opposite him, avoided the insult to Denmark of imagining her king a prisoner in the hands of his enemies.

The ministerial explanation must have been a melancholy one, even to those who held that it was no part of the duty of England to maintain the right of the smaller nationalities to exist. Even they must have perceived that the government had threatened without intention and agitated without purpose, had given to Denmark encouragement

which they afterward refused to justify, and could not restrain themselves even when accepting the policy of peace at any price from uttering menaces as disturbing and as feeble as those which had already proved delusive. To those who, like ourselves, believed it the duty of England to resist further aggression upon a free but powerless State, who held that in counselling cessations she had pledged herself to assist if those cessations were made, who considered that in proposing the line of the Schlei Earl Russell had reached the utmost limit of honorable conciliation, the explanation was one of unmixed pain. Not one of the reasons alleged appear to us to absolve this country from the duty of maintaining her position as protectress of the weak, not one alleviates the loss of influence which must be consequent on the backwardness of her rulers. Earl Russell's argument is, when stripped of conventional verbiage, that the task is too great for us; that without allies, and with America changed into a sixth great power, our duty was one too hazardous to perform. We do not believe one word of it. Austria could and would have been detached from an alliance which, while exposing her to the danger of final dissolution, brings her no certainty save that victory will make her hereditary rival irresistible, and, for North Germany, England is, single-handed, a fair match. If not, if we are not able to protect the existence of an allied nation because threatened by thirty millions of Germans, or Russians, or Frenchmen, our history as a great power has ended, and this country is enduring taxation high as that of a first-class nation in order to be as powerless as the little States she in vain strives to protect. And if that be the case,—if it is really true that French coldness and American growth paralyze our energies,—how defend the explicit statement that should Denmark, now weak, be made totally helpless, this government might then, too late, advance to her aid? Lord Palmerston's argument in addition to all that, the insignificance of the territory to be fought for, seems to us simply a quibble. The point was not whether thirty miles of territory between the Schlei and Flensburg should be surrendered,—that might not be worth a European war, though we should think very differently if the thirty miles were in Canada, or India,—but whether when Denmark had surrendered

every territory fairly in dispute, had given up Holstein and sold Lauenburg, and sacrificed the purely German section of Schleswig, she should by violence be compelled to cede further territory partly inhabited by our own people, and by yielding her frontier, constitute herself forever an appanage of her invader. The point was not this marsh or that port, this petty town or that great village, but the substitution of force for European law. It was, moreover, a question whether England, having, in defiance of her own treaty, induced Denmark to yield all this, was not bound to see that the child who gave so much to her persuasion was not deprived of more without her own consent, and this was never met. To say that Denmark was originally in the wrong is beside the question, for we had guaranteed her repentance; to say that she rejected the last compromise is an insult, for Germany rejected it at the same moment, and her acceptance

would have been null. The truth is that all these arguments are but excuses used to conceal the fact that the Cabinet, well aware that "Denmark from beginning to end had been wronged," that "might had overridden right," feared the risk and the responsibility of arresting the wrong-doer, counted its enemies instead of defending its convictions, and postponed the honor to the comfort of England. That policy may, it is possible, receive the resentful adhesion of the governing class, anxious always for influence, yet delighted to avert the income-tax; but their secret instinct will tell them more loudly than we can hope to do that future danger has been purchased at the price of present dishonor. Often within our history has the fame of England declined till her allies despised her promises and Europe laughed at her threats, and in every instance she has righted herself by an exertion greater than that from which she had shrunk.

ANECDOTES OF THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON.—

With the future Emperor of France, when an exile in England, I had been well acquainted. He had been a constant subscriber to Her Majesty's Theatre, was a frequent guest at my house, and had "assisted" at the afternoon *fetes* given by me at my residence, "The Chancellor's," at Fulham, where he had entered heart and soul into the amusements of the hour. Frequenters of these "*champetres*" entertainments may remember one occasion when Prince Louis Napoleon figured in the same quadrille with Taglioni, Cerito, and Carlotta Grisi, having the director of Her Majesty's Theatre as his *vis a vis*. The prince and I frequently dined in company at Gore House, the residence of the late Countess of Blessington, where all that was distinguished in literature and art was constantly assembled; it may be worth recording, in connection with the prince's known firm reliance on his destiny, that at one of the dinners, when Count D'Orsay was expatiating on the evidences that had come before him of the popularity of the prince in France (although, at that time, the law forbidding any of the Bonaparte family to enter the country was still in force), the future emperor sat silent

with a significant smile upon his face, the meaning of which none could fail to interpret. On another occasion, when I was alluding to the part played by General Cavaignac in June, 1848, in firing upon the people after the *emeute* had been quelled, the prince dryly, but in an earnest manner, remarked, "That man is clearing the way for me."—*Mr. Lumley's Reminiscences of the Opera.*

MM. Vitray and Desmarts have arrived at the conclusion that the vegetable parasites of plants may attack man, and hence they suppose that the *oidium* which has committed such havoc upon the vine has been the cause of many of the forms of zymotic diseases which have appeared since it first presented itself. It may be objected that the two plants *O. idium Tuckeri* [that of the vine] and *O. albicans* are two distinct species; but it must be remembered that they are of the same family and genus, and that they both develop a contagious disease which is frequently epidemic.

From The Spectator, 2 July.

THE ENGLISH TREATMENT OF DENMARK.

Now that we have apparently made up our minds to the desertion of Denmark, and that the Liberals appear to be intending to compete with the Tories in the emphasis of their congratulations on that resolve, it becomes a duty, though very far from an agreeable one, briefly to review our relation to that unhappy little State from the beginning of the quarrel. The ministers tell us, with some reiteration, and with no doubt verbal truth, that they have never given Denmark any substantial ground to expect material help,—and that, therefore, while Denmark is not the worse off for England's policy, she has been so much the better off for England's counsel, so far at least as that counsel has been wholesome; and further, they point out that England has incurred no obligation to interfere on her behalf which France and Russia did not also incur, and that her resolute neutrality ought not therefore to have led to more disappointment or more miscalculation than that of the other great powers. Let us examine, then, impartially the truth of these allegations. Let us see whether England has given Denmark no more reason to hope for her help than the other great neutral powers; and whether it is true or otherwise that, had England pursued the same cold and apathetic policy which has characterized the diplomacy of France and Russia on the subject, Denmark would have been in no better position than at present, or whether she may not have been even the worse for Lord Russell's weighty but not very successful advice.

And first, we imagine, there is no doubt about the *fact* that Denmark has looked all along with far more hope to the chance of English intervention than to that of either Russia or France. Nor do we expect any reasonable person to say that the selection of England as her protector was fanciful or capricious. First, England was the prime mover in the treaty of 1852, and had been the prime mover ever since in the attempt to mediate between Denmark and Germany. Was Prince Gortschakoff or M. Drouyn de Lhuys ever heard to say publicly, as Lord Palmerston said last July, that if Denmark were invaded by Germany, she would assuredly “not stand alone”? When the crisis came, which of the great powers moved first in the effort to rally the others to her aid? Undoubtedly

England. When Holstein was threatened, which of the great powers went so far as to say to Germany, as Lord Russell said in November last, that “should Federal troops enter Holstein on purely Federal grounds, Her Majesty's Government would not interfere; but should it appear that Federal troops entered the duchy on international grounds, Her Majesty's Government may be obliged to interfere”? Was the ambassador of either France or Russia authorized to declare to Denmark, as Sir A. Paget was authorized to declare in December last, that “if an attack upon Schleswig was made, the other powers could then interfere on ground which was incontestably beyond the limits of the confederation”? or did any other power hold out so distinct an inducement to Denmark to abandon Holstein as the significant hint of the same diplomatist, that “Denmark would at all events have a better chance of securing the assistance of the powers alluded to, by retiring beyond the limits of the confederation, than if she provoked a war by resisting what might be considered the legitimate authority of the Diet on Federal territory”? When England, acting thus officiously, and as the leader of all the neutral powers, had effected her purpose of getting Denmark to repeal the obnoxious patent of March, 1863, and also to withdraw her troops peacefully from Holstein, and when the German powers, so far from being satisfied, offered the cynical and eccentric justification of further violence “that they could not well enter Holstein except to invade Schleswig,” was there any other great power which held out such pressing inducements to Denmark to take steps for the repeal of the Schleswig Constitution as England? France, no doubt, and Russia, following in England's wake, repeated tamely the representations which England dictated; but when the Danish minister asked what use there would be in further concessions to powers so aggressive, no minister but the English minister replied in exhortations couched in so peculiar a tone of significance as the following of our envoy's at Copenhagen: “I asked him to reflect what would be the position of Denmark if the advice of the [neutral] powers were refused, and what it would be if accepted; and to draw his own conclusions.” Was there any other great power which said explicitly as late as the 14th of January anything equivalent to what Lord Russell said to the Prussian

ambassador, that he "*could not doubt* that he [the King of Denmark] would be assisted by powers friendly to Denmark in its [Schleswig's] defence"? Was there any other government which in pressing on Denmark the course she finally adopted as to the Schleswig constitution said, like Lord Wodehouse, that, "If the Danish Government rejected my advice, Her Majesty's government must leave Denmark to encounter Germany on her own responsibility"?—a statement which surely implied a well-founded hope that if the Danish Government accepted that advice it might not be left to encounter Germany on its own responsibility.

We admit that the deeper became the peril and the sufferings of Denmark, the more wary became the tone of Her Majesty's representatives. Lord Russell, in urging the Conference on Denmark, expressly said that if he could offer material aid, he might then demand her acceptance of this Conference as a condition of that aid, but that he was not in a position to do so. At the same time he hinted clearly enough that Denmark would be most imprudent in offending England by declining her advice. And, then again, at the Conference, the external though not the internal history of which is now before us, it is clear that the hope of that aid led Denmark into concession after concession. It induced her first to raise the blockade at sea as a condition of the suspension of hostilities,—a most unfair condition, for which she received no proper equivalent at all, and which, as Lord Clarendon pointed out, was not made a condition of the meeting of the Congress of Paris in 1855. It induced her, again, when it became clear that the German powers had been guilty of sheer treachery in declaring that they did not contemplate the dismemberment of Denmark, to offer a really great territorial sacrifice for the sake of gaining peace,—a sacrifice conceded, as Lord Russell himself admits, on the strength of his own personal promise that he would not advocate without Denmark's full consent any more disadvantageous territorial frontier than that which he proposed in the name of the neutral powers, and which Denmark accepted,—the line of the Schlei. Now can any one pretend that when Lord Russell gave this promise, to which he publicly confesses,—and which we grieve to say he broke flagrantly in the spirit, if not in the letter,

—the Danish plenipotentiaries had not a right to feel that England stood in a special relation to them not held by the other neutral powers? England, in Lord Russell's person, had in fact agreed to press them no further without their own consent,—had tacitly admitted, that is, that they had gone as far as a sincere friend would counsel them to go, and that they had done so in some sort of *special* reliance on the English minister's judgment and counsel. The other powers, says Lord Russell, recommended the same concession. No doubt. But did the other powers promise the Danish minister's—or even stand in the relation in which such a promise could have been asked,—not to propose any further concession without their own consent? Although we do not know how Denmark was induced to consent to abandon all Holstein, a great slice of Schleswig, and all Lauenburg (which had never been in dispute) in exchange for the middle part of Schleswig, there can be no manner of doubt that it was done in the legitimate hope of securing material aid if that great concession should be rejected by the Germans,—and that England was uppermost, and rightly uppermost, in the Danish plenipotentiaries' thoughts as having tacitly admitted that they had gone as far as they could fairly be expected to go for the sake of peace. The concession *was* rejected, and then Lord Russell, breaking the spirit of his promise, without the consent of Denmark suggested that a friendly power should be asked to choose a line between the two frontiers proposed respectively by Germany and Denmark, and therefore, of course, a line less advantageous to Denmark than the Schlei. And then, because the Danes would not hear of it, though it was also rejected—as usual in much more diplomatic and evasive terms, but quite as substantially—by the Germans, Lord Russell made their refusal to a proposition which he had in spirit engaged not to propose, the excuse for denying them that final aid which he knew they would expect, and which he evidently felt grave compunctions in withholding. Now we say this is a history of very special encouragement to Denmark,—a history of encouragement of a kind which no other great neutral power has given, or even half given. We have repeatedly spoken of our armed interference as a very probable contingency; we have used

that probable contingency as a motive to bring Denmark to reason time after time; we have, through our foreign minister, intimated tacitly but clearly that Denmark had conceded as much as in the interests of peace she could be expected to concede,—and then we have coldly abandoned her.

And now as to the other question: is Denmark *practically* no worse off than she would be if we had never interfered at all, or is she even the better by the exact amount of our reiterated but rather unsuccessful advice? No thinking man can doubt for a moment that she is worse off. It is now morally certain she will lose Jutland, probable that she will lose the islands. Had she never felt a hope of our interference,—had she been buoyed up by no dream of a great power in reserve, there can be no doubt that after the first disastrous campaign, she would have yielded to *force majeure*, and saved Jutland at least, by abandoning the rest. If the pressure of English counsel has squeezed out concession after concession, it was the secret hope of English aid that kept up the buoyancy of resistance. No greater injury can be done to a weak State than to hold out, however vaguely, hopes of assistance until the ambitions and powers of her antagonists are fully roused. To counsel, as we did, *piecemeal concessions* instead of to counsel her frankly to make the best terms she could with the enemy, since she had nothing to hope from us, was virtually to abandon her in the most fatal way possible. We have coaxed her back step by step towards the edge of the precipice, half intending ourselves, wholly persuading her to expect, our own final interposition. Now that she is on the very edge, we coldly conclude our prudential calculation, find that it will risk more than we like, and so withdraw with a polite and even compassionate bow, as she falls over the brink of the abyss into which Germany is pushing her. Lord Russell even takes the pains to remark that Prussia and Austria still *profess* not to intend the final push, but that they have told so many

skilful lies, and surrounded them with such an air of hypocritical candor, that he for his part expects the final push; and the words are hardly out of his mouth before the order is published for the permanent occupation of the purely Danish province of Jutland, and the appropriation of its revenues to the wants of the occupying army.

We have made it clear, then,—painfully clear,—that we have led Denmark to build on our help, as no other great neutral power has done; that we have used the hope of ultimate help to extort from her piecemeal concessions inadequate to satisfy her enemies, adequate only to lay obligations upon us; that we have virtually admitted that these concessions have been pushed to the furthest reasonable point; that, had we not interfered at all, Denmark could not well now be in nearly so hopeless a condition as she is; and that, in spite of all this, we have had the effrontery to wonder how she could put forward any special claim on us, to which France and Russia are not equally liable. To us, we confess, this appears to be conduct which *ought* to sap our moral influence abroad and make our friendship worthless. That England will fulfil her former contracts is still unquestionable. But that she will deliberately inspire hopes which she does not care to satisfy,—that she will betray by ambiguous encouragement, and then set off her own interests against the ruin of her dependant,—that she will exact a compliance with her advice, up to the very brink of ruin, as the price of *possible* help, and then, without even a promise of that help, reproach her victim with want of trust for not complying with her last and hardest recommendation, and intimate that all claim on her is forfeited,—that she will do this, and not even feel it shameful, is now, we fear, beyond question; and who can say that this is not conduct, which must abridge even our material power, curtail largely our international influence, and dishonor our English name?

RELIEVED.

BY CAROLINE A. MASON.

General Alexander Hayes, commanding the Second Brigade of Getty's Division, was killed. He was hard pressed, and sent word to Hancock that he must have reinforcements. "Tell him," said Hancock, "to hold his ground twenty minutes and he shall be relieved;" but before twenty minutes expired, his body was brought in.—"*Carleton*," in *Boston Journal*, May 5th.

ABOVE, a sea of smoky, dun-colored clouds; below,
A thousand upturned faces, fiery and dark, of
the foe;

A leaden rain of bullets descending, and here
and there

A shell, like a shrieking demon, hot-hissing
through the air;

A flash of sabres incessant—shaming the murky
sun;

A lull in the dreadful pageant—one hero's work
is done!

Bear him away, O soldiers, O gallant and weeping
men!

He never will lead you to battle, nor straighten
your ranks again.

But, oh! did you hear him imploring that single,
desperate boon?—

"Relief! relief! God send that it reach us,
and reach us soon!"

Ay, sooner than he had hoped for! sooner, and
not the same,

The succor he asked! Men call it by another
and darker name.

But above, in the many mansions, where God
and the angels dwell,

Far over the shock of cannon, the tumult of shot
and shell,

That desperate cry found hearing, and the bright
hosts held their breath,

While silently passed from out them the angel
whom we call *Death*!

And tenderly as a mother folds her first-born to
her breast

And rocks him into his slumbers, so passed he to
his rest.

"Relieved!" No strong battalions, no ranks of
armed men

Hot-hurrying to the rescue with fiery zeal; what
then?

"And thinkest thou not," said Jesus, "I could
pray to my Father in heaven,
And presently he would send me twelve legions
of angels even?"

And thinkest thou then, O doubter, this cry of a
human soul

Was lost to the infinite Father, missing its human
goal?

O ear of the highest! bending wherever thy
heroes call

For succor, divine or human, thy mercy is over
all!

For some the answering legions; for others a
harder fate:

To stand in their lot, and having done all, to
stand and wait.

Yet truly it little matters; no choice a brave
heart knows

But this: "Or living or dying, my face to my
country's foes!"

—*Anti-Slavery Standard*.

THE CROSS.

BY E. FOXTON.

HOLY Father, thou this-day
Dost a cross upon me lay.

If I tremble as I lift,
First, and feel thine awful gift,
Let me tremble not for pain,
But lest I should loose the gain
Which thereby my soul should bless,
Through my own unworthiness.

Let me, drawing deeper breath,
Stand more firmly, lest beneath
Thy load I sink, and slavishly
In the dust it crusheth me.
Bearing this, so may I strength
Gather to receive at length
In turn eternal glory's great
And far more exceeding weight.

No, I am not crushed. I stand.
But again thy helping hand
Reach to me, my pitying Sire;
I would bear my burden higher,
Bear it up so near to thee,
That thou shouldst bear it still with me.

He, upon whose careless head
Never any load is laid,
With an earthward eye doth oft
Stoop and lounge too slothfully;
Burdened heads are held aloft
With a nobler dignity.

By thine own strong arm still led,
Let me never backward tread,
Panic-driven in base retreat,
The path the Master's steadfast feet
Unswervingly, if bleeding, trod
Unto victory and God.

The standard-bearer doth not wince,
Who bears the ensigns of his prince,
Through triumphs, in his galled palm,
Or turn aside to look for balm!
Nay; for the glory thrice outweighs
The petty price of pains he pays!

Till the appointed time is past
Let me clasp thy token fast,
Ere I lay me down to rest,
Late or early, be impressed
So its stamp upon my soul
That, while all the ages roll,
Questionless, it may be known
The Shepherd marked me for his own;
Because I wear the crimson brand
Of all the flock washed by his hand—
For my passing pain or loss
Signed with the eternal cross.

—*Continental*.

MR. SLOWCOME GOES TO SILLMOUTH, AND TAKES NOTHING BY HIS MOTION.

DR. LINDISFARN and Mr. Sligo gained nothing by their excursion to Chewton. Their researches were equally fruitless on the special objects of both gentlemen. The evident priority which the doctor gave to his archæological investigations was a matter of the most intense astonishment, and almost, one may say, of scandal, to Mr. Sligo. That an elderly gentleman in the possession of his senses, so nearly interested as Dr. Lindisfarn was in the result of the examinations which he (Mr. Sligo) was there for the purpose of making, should utterly fail to take any rational interest in the matter, manifestly in consequence of his being wholly absorbed by his anxiety to discover the meaning of certain syllables which in all probability had no meaning at all, and at all events, none that could be supposed to affect the title of any human being to any amount of property real or personal, was a phenomenon so new, so wholly unaccountable to Mr. Sligo, and so distasteful to him, that it made him cross with the doctor. He began to think that the admission that the old canon was in the perfect possession of his senses was an assumption not warranted by the facts in evidence. The doctor, on his part, was revolted by his companion's evident want of interest in the whole question of the mysterious inscription, and the cursory and impatient attention which was all that he could induce him to accord to it. He looked at the wooden panel in question, tapped it with his knuckles, stared, at the doctor's request, at the inscribed letters, and declared that, as far as he could see, there never had been any others; at all events, his eyes could see no traces of any such.

"And now, Mr. Mallory," he said to the old clerk, who, having accompanied the two gentlemen to the church, had been standing by, impassible and grave as a judge, while this examination was in progress,—“and now, Mr. Mallory, if Dr. Lindisfarn is satisfied that there is nothing more to be discovered here, we will, with your leave, return to your house, and resume the subject on which we were speaking.”

“As Dr. Lindisfarn pleases,” said the old clerk, gravely; “but he, as it is reasonable to suppose, knew the late Mr. Mellish as

well as I did, and in any case I have nothing more to tell about him.”

“You admit that the church registers were at one period kept at your house?”

“I have told you that such was the case, since you expressed curiosity upon the subject. There was no question of *admitting* one way or the other in the matter, Mr. Sligo. I have nothing to admit or deny on the subject. The books were at one time kept at my house,—not because it was my house, but because it was the clergyman's lodging. I had nothing to do with the bringing of them there, or with the taking of them back again to the church. The responsibility for the custody of them lay with the parson, and not with the clerk, as you no doubt are well aware, Mr. Sligo.”

“Well, well, never mind whether it is admitting or stating; you say that the registers were subsequently taken back to the church?”

“You speak of registers, sir; but I have no recollection of having seen more than one book, and that not a very big one. During the latter years of Mr. Mellish's life, that book used to be kept in the vestry.”

“And was always at hand there, I suppose, when needed?”

“I suppose so, sir; but it was often for months at a time together that it was never needed. We don't bury, marry, or christen every day out on the moor here, as you people do in the towns!”

“When was the last time that you have any recollection of having yourself seen the book, Mr. Mallory?” asked Sligo. “How long before the death of Mr. Mellish, now, had you a death, or a burial,—or a christening?”

“I could not at all undertake to say when I saw the book last. Old Farmer Boulthby, of the Black Tor Farm, out towards the coast, was, I think, the last parishioner buried by Mr. Mellish, a month or so maybe before his own death. Whether his burial was registered or not, I can't say; nor whether it was done at the time of the ceremony or not. Very often the curate would put the entries into the register afterward.” Further cross-questioning of the old man only obtained from him that he “could not say how long afterwards—at any convenient time—he did not mean by that to say when the curate was sober, though it might be that sometimes he was not altogether so at the time of the performance of the function.”

In short, all that Mr. Mallory *could* recollect were circumstances tending to show that the whole ecclesiastical administration of the parish was in the greatest possible disorder in every respect in the old times when Mr. Mellish was curate, near ten years ago; and he could *not* recollect any single fact which could help to fix the existence of the missing register at any ascertained date or place. He could remember, however, perfectly well that when Mr. Partloe, who succeeded Mr. Mellish in the curacy, came, there was no book to be found, and Mr. Partloe had procured a new one. Mr. Partloe was a very different sort of gentleman from Mr. Mellish,—very particular, and very regular. The new book was always kept in the vestry, was there now. They were still without any proper chest at Chewton; but the new register was, from the time of Mr. Partloe's coming, always kept in a little cupboard in the vestry, which he had caused to be put up at his own expense. Mr. Partloe had been curate only four years. The register-book had been kept with the most perfect regularity all that time; as it had indeed by the present curate, Mr. Bellings, who had succeeded Mr. Partloe. Mr. Bellings was not at home, having ridden over that morning to Silvertown. Dr. Lindisfarn and Mr. Sligo must have met him, had they not come by the other road, which alone was passable for wheels. But it would be easy to obtain an opportunity of examining the new register, which had been kept from the time of the death of Mr. Mellish. Very easy, no doubt; and altogether useless as regarded the business in hand.

What search had been made for the missing register by Mr. Partloe when he came there after Mellish's death, Mr. Mallory could not say, but felt certain that Mr. Partloe must have exhausted every means for finding it, as he was such a very particular gentleman.

Had the old book never been needed in all these ten years? Mr. Sligo asked; had nobody in all that time required to refer to it for the establishment of any of the facts of which it constituted the sole legal record? No, nobody. When folk were dead out in the moor there, nobody wanted to ask any more about them. When folk were married, they got their marriage lines, and that was all that was needed.

“And your daughter's marriage lines, Mr.

Mallory,—of course she had them?” asked Sligo, suddenly.

“No doubt she had them, Mr. Sligo. Of my own personal knowledge I can affirm nothing about it. The whole subject of the marriage was a very painful one to me. I would have prevented it if I could have done so, without the risk of greater evil to my unfortunate child.”

“Unfortunate, Mr. Mallory?” cried Sligo. “Well, I don't know what you may call fortunate, but”—

“My daughter was induced to make a marriage, Mr. Sligo, to which her position in life did not entitle her; which she was compelled to keep secret for many long and painful years, while calumny and scandal were at work with her name; which took her husband from her within a few months of their union; which has ended in leaving her a widow,—a widow widowed in such a fearful manner, and compelled by duty to her child to assert its rights with hostility against a family for whom I have the greatest respect, and with a result that is lamented by and is unwelcome to the whole country-side. You must excuse me, Mr. Sligo,” said the old man, who had been speaking under the influence of his feelings in a somewhat higher strain than that of his usual talk,—“you must excuse me if I cannot consider the marriage a fortunate one in any respect; and I feel confident that Dr. Lindisfarn will enter into my sentiments on the subject.”

“I am sure, Mallory, your feelings are all that they ought to be on the subject. It is an unhappy business. If my poor boy were living, it might have been different. As it is—you see—ha—hum—I wonder, Mallory, whether poor Mellish could have thrown any light on that singular inscription in the vestry corridor?”

“Not he, sir. It is little he thought of such matters,” said the old man, glancing at Mr. Sligo as he spoke.

“When was the last whitewashing done, Mallory?” asked the doctor, meditatively.

“When Mr. Partloe first came here, sir. He was a great man for whitewash, Mr. Partloe was, sir, a tidy sort of a gentleman, who liked to have things clean and neat. He had all the passage leading to the vestry and the vestry itself new whitewashed.”

“It is very unfortunate,” sighed the doctor.

"Very," re-echoed Mr. Sligo, who had been mentally reviewing the total failure of his attempts to learn anything of the history of the missing register.

"Very unfortunate, gentlemen!" coincided old Jared Mallory, with a placid drawing down of the corners of his mouth, and softly rubbing his palms and fingers together with the action of a man washing his hands with very smooth and easily lathering soap.

And so it came to pass that the senior canon and the junior partner in the legal firm drove back again to Silvertown, having accomplished nothing of any sort by their journey.

"I am afraid the document will have to be admitted as good evidence, as it stands," said Sligo, alluding to the extract from the register in the hands of the Sillmouth attorney.

"Yes, indeed! but as evidence of what?" returned the doctor. "Any interpretation that can be put upon it must be entirely conjectural. And I confess I am at loss too fier even a conjecture."

"It is legal evidence of the marriage, that is all," said Sligo, shrugging his shoulders.

"Oh, ah, yes—I see!" said the doctor.

"No go!" said Sligo, as he entered Mr. Slowcome's room at the office, on his return to Silvertown; "nothing to be done. That old man, the clerk, mute as a stockfish and sly as a fox. Nothing to be made of him. But I observed one thing, sir."

"What was that, Mr. Sligo? Come, take a chair and let us go into the matter comfortably."

"No, thank you," said Sligo, who had acquired a horror of getting himself seated at the writing-table in his partner's room, and considered the proposal that he should sit down there much as a sparrow might have regarded an invitation to hold out his tail for salt to be put upon it,—“no, I won't sit down, thank you. I must be off. But I am going to mention that I noticed that there was nothing to be seen at Chewton of the old man's daughter, or the child. So I just said, 'Is your daughter with you, Mr. Mallory? I should be happy to have an opportunity to pay my respects to Mrs. Lindisfarn;' Mrs. Lindisfarn, I said, you-know, just so. 'Mrs. Lindisfarn is not at Chewton,' said he, as stiff and grim as an old woman in a witness-box, when she don't mean to tell you any-

thing; 'she is at Sillmouth with her brother.' Well now, that set me thinking, Mr. Slowcome."

"Indeed; and what did you think, Mr. Sligo?" replied the senior partner, with much interest.

"Well, nothing for certain,—only a guess; maybe nothing in it. 'What have this woman and her child been sent to Sillmouth for?' said I to myself. Jared Mallory is a bachelor, and a loose one, and a poor one. The woman's home is and has been in her father's house—a very good house it is—at Chewton. What is the nature and character of women, especially of that sort of women that get led away by such chaps as this Julian Lindisfarn seems to have been? And this led me to guess—a mere random guess, you see, Mr. Slowcome—that it is not unlikely, if there has been any got-up fraud in this matter, that they may think it best to keep the woman out of the way, under the care of that precious scamp Mr. Jared, junior. Twig, eh, sir?"

Mr. Slowcome took an enormous pinch of snuff very slowly and deliberately; and having thus stimulated his brain, and carefully brushed away every scattering atom of the dust from his shirt-frill and waistcoat with dainty care, answered Mr. Sligo's rapid and elliptical exposition of his ideas.

"I think I gather your meaning, Sligo; you consider it probable,—or at least possible, for I am quite aware that you put forward this theory as mere possibility,—you think it possible that the young woman may have been removed and placed in her brother's charge, from fear that she might be disinclined, or only partially inclined, or weakly inclined, to engage in the fraud, and might perhaps, if judiciously handled, be induced to make a clean breast of it, and tell the truth."

"Pre-cisely so, sir. That is what came into my head. Think there is anything in it, sir, eh?"

"I am not at all prepared to say there may not be. It is a very shrewd idea, Mr. Sligo, and well worth acting on. It would be very desirable that you should endeavor to see this young woman."

"Job for the head of the firm, sir," said Mr. Sligo, shaking his head. "You must see her yourself, sir."

"Why should I do it better than you,

Sligo? I am sure you have always shown yourself"—

"Very good of you to say so, Mr. Slowcome; but in this case—beautiful woman—don't you see? Two sorts of 'em! If she is of the sort to prefer doing business in such a case with the junior partner, you understand, Mr. Slowcome, why then she is not of the sort that we shall get the truth of this business from. If there is to be any hope of that, she must be of the sort that would prefer to speak with you on the matter. Twig, sir, eh? Fatherly dodge—daughters of your own. Your entire turn-out, sir, worth anything for such a business! See it in that light, sir? You'll excuse *me!*" and Mr. Sligo winked a running commentary as he delivered himself of these suggestions, which greatly added to their suasive force.

"I think I catch your idea, Mr. Sligo," said Mr. Slowcome, in a dignified manner; "and upon the whole I am disposed to think that you may be right. I dare say you *are* right. I will try to see the young woman myself. I do not, I confess, much like the idea of being seen knocking at the door of Mr. Jared Mallory, junior. Nevertheless, in our good client's interest, I will undertake the job."

Mr. Slowcome did undertake the job the next day, driving, or rather being driven, over to Sillmouth in his well-known carriage, with the large, sleek, well-conditioned powerful roadster, driven by the Arcady Lodge hobbledehoy in livery, for the purpose. Of course, every man, woman, and child in Sillmouth—or at least all those who were in or looking out into the street, which comprised the major part of the population—became aware of the advent of the great Silverton lawyer; and when the handsome carriage and the big horse and the hobbledehoy in livery drew up at Mr. Jared Mallory's door, that gentleman was standing at it to receive them.

"Mr. Slowcome, upon my word! quite an unexpected honor, I am sure. Will you walk in, sir?"

So the head of the respectable Silverton firm had to walk into the disreputable looking little den, which his professional brother of Sillmouth dignified by the name of his office.

"Touching the business of the Lindisfarn succession?" said Mr. Mallory, when they

were seated in the dirty little bare room, with the air of a man who had affairs of various kinds pending, to which the visit of the Silverton man of business might perchance have had reference.

"Yes, Mr. Mallory, touching the business of the Lindisfarn succession," said Slowcome, and there stopped short, like a man in the habit of feeling his way with those he spoke to as cautiously as a skilful pugilist makes his play before his adversary. But he was not likely to get anything by any such tactics from the man against whom he was now pitted.

"I shall be most happy, Mr. Slowcome, to give my best attention to any overture you may be desirous of making," said Mallory, sitting on the corner of the plain deal table in his office, and swinging one long leg to and fro in a devil-may-care sort of manner, which especially scandalized the sense of propriety and irritated the nervous system of old Slow, who was seated in the one arm-chair the mean little place contained.

"Overture, Mr. Mallory?" said he, thus driven; "I have no overture to make. It is not a case for anything of the sort. In a matter of this kind, Mr. Mallory, where it will become necessary for an excellent and highly respected family to—to—to open its arms, as I may say, to a new member, to one whom none of them have ever before seen, of whom they have known nothing, you must feel that it is very natural that interviews should be desired. My present mission here is, therefore, to see Mrs. Lindisfarn, and"—

"Oh, I see! respectable family opens its arms by power of attorney. Family solicitor—Mr. Jared Mallory—honor to inform Messrs. Slowcome and Sligo that that cock positively declines to fight!"

"What *do* you mean, Mr. Mallory?" said Mr. Slowcome, staring at him in unfeigned amazement.

"It is no go, Slowcome!" returned the other, closing his left eye, as he nodded at his visitor knowingly; "not a chance of the shadow of the tithe of a go. Why what *do* you take me for, Mr. Slowcome, to imagine that I should allow you to tamper, sir, with my witnesses in that manner?"

"Tamper, Mr. Mallory? Take care, sir, tamper!"

"I will take care, Mr. Slowcome, devilish good care. As for the expression—withdraw

it with all my heart, if it riles you—parliamentary sense— But Mrs. Lindisfarn is not visible this morning, Mr. Slowcome. No, not so much as the tip of her nose!”

So Mr. Slowcome’s fatherly bearing, his unblemished character and white waistcoat to match, his shirt and gold buckles, and his pigtail were all unavailing, and he had to pack all these properties into the carriage with the stout cob and the hobbledehoy for driver, to be driven back again to Silverton, having taken absolutely nothing by his expedition.

CHAPTER XLV.

THE FAIRY GODMOTHER AT HER SPELLS.

As Lady Farnleigh and Mr. Mat were riding up from the lodge gates, they met Mr. Merriton riding down the hill from the house.

“How do, Merriton; sorry to have been out when you called. Found the ladies, I suppose, more to the purpose, eh?” said Mr. Mat.

“Thank you. Lady Farnleigh, happy to see your ladyship back in Sillshire again—good-morning,” said Mr. Merriton, rather shortly, and rode on.

“Better fellow than that I thought him when he first came here!” said Mr. Mat.

“Oh, I rather like Mr. Merriton. I quite think that he and that quaint little sister of his have been acquisitions to us,” said Lady Farnleigh.

“Do you remember that day at the Friary, when little Dinah Wilkins all but fell over the face of the Nosey Stone?”

“To be sure I do! I shall not forget it in a hurry.”

“Well, Merriton behaved well that day—very differently from some others that were there. Yes, I like Merriton. Seemed to be out of sorts just now, I thought.”

“In a hurry to get home, perhaps.”

Lady Farnleigh and her squire had ridden from Silverton up to the Chase in less than an hour, and they found Miss Immy and Miss Margaret still sitting in the dining-room at the luncheon-table. Kate, as had been so often latterly the case, was not there.

Lady Farnleigh declared that her ride had made her hungry; and Mr. Mat so far derogated from his ordinary habits as to sit down at the table, and draw a plate toward him in rather an apologetical sort of manner.

“So you have had Mr. Merriton here?

Did you give him some luncheon, Miss Immy?” said Lady Farnleigh.

“He did not come into the dining-room, Lady Farnleigh. I asked him; but he refused,” said Miss Immy, feeling that she had been rather injured by the rejection of that middle-of-the-day hospitality, which she regarded as more especially and exclusively her own affair.

“I don’t know what you have been doing or saying to him,” said Mr. Mat; “but as we met him going down to the lodge, he seemed quite out of sorts. Have you been unkind to him, Miss Margaret?”

“Really I know nothing about it, Mr. Mat,” said Margaret, tossing her head. “Mr. Merriton’s visit was not to me, nor to Miss Immy, indeed, as far as that goes. His business here, whatever it may have been, seemed to be of a very exclusive nature. And if you want to know anything about it, you had better ask Kate. I have no doubt she will tell you, and explain why Mr. Merriton was out of sorts—if he were so.”

All this was spoken with a peculiar sort of sourness, and with sundry tosses of the head, the observation of which caused Lady Farnleigh to bring her luncheon to a rather abrupt conclusion, and leave the room, saying, “Where is Kate? In her own room, I suppose, according to her new bad habit. I shall go and look for her. I want to speak to her.”

Lady Farnleigh did find Kate in her own room; but, contrary to her usual habit, she was locked in. The door resisted Lady Farnleigh’s quick, impatient, push preceded by no knock.

“It is I, Kate. Open the door, darling, I want to tell you all about my expedition to Silverton.”

Kate came to the door at once, and Lady Farnleigh saw at a glance, when she opened it, that her pet and favorite had been crying.

“What is it, my darling?” she said, coming in, and at the same time rebolting the door behind her,—“what is it, my Kate? All alone! and tears, tears, tears,—you who used to be all smiles and laughter from one week’s end to another. My child, this will not do. Has anything vexed you this morning, dear? What is this about Mr. Merriton? We met him, Mr. Mat and I, as we came up the drive from the lodge; and he

seemed to be very unwilling to give us a word more than a passing greeting. And when Mr. Mat remarked down-stairs that he seemed to have been all out of sorts, Margaret tossed her head, and said, in her sharp, disagreeable way, that Mr. Merriton's visit had not been to her, and that you could doubtless explain all about his being out of humor."

"It is true, godmamma! He came here to me," said Kate, hanging her head in a very penitential sort of attitude. "He would not be shown into the drawing-room, but asked to see me; waited in the hall till I came down,—for I was up here at the time,—and then asked if he might go with me into the library."

"So, so, that speaks plainly enough for itself, my dear," said Lady Farnleigh, drawing a chair close to Kate's, and making the latter sit down by her, and taking her hand between both her own caressingly; "I quite understand all about Mr. Merriton's visit to the Chase now, my dear; so I will not ask what it was he said to you in the library; but what was it you said to him?"

"Indeed, godmamma," said Kate, looking up sadly enough into Lady Farnleigh's face, but striving to force a feeble smile athwart the remnant of her tears, "it would not be at all fair to Mr. Merriton to tell the story so shortly. He spoke to me in the kindest and most delicate manner. You know how shy he is! He seemed hardly able to speak at all at first; and I was quite unable to give him the least bit of help. But when he had once begun, he got on better, and I assure you I was quite touched by his kindness."

"Well, dear! And I suppose his kindness consisted in throwing himself and his hand and his heart and everything else that is his at your feet," said Lady Farnleigh, willing to get a smile of the old arch and gay sort from Kate by any means; but the strings of the finely-tempered instrument were unstrung, and could not give back to the touch their old music.

"That was the upshot of it, I believe, godmamma. But he did it with such good feeling and delicacy. He spoke of the change that had occurred to us,—my sister and me,—apologized for venturing to do so on the score of its inevitably becoming the gossip of the place, and confessed that that circumstance had given him courage to do so at once, what he had hitherto not dared to do.

But he said it so well, far better than I can repeat it. He never supposed for an instant, he said, that such considerations could make any difference in my decision on such a point; but my family might consider that under the present circumstances he was not making a proposal which could be blamed on the same grounds, at least, as it might have been had he made it previously."

"All spoken very much like a gentleman, as Mr. Merriton unquestionably is. And what did my little goddaughter say in return for so many pretty speeches?" said Lady Farnleigh.

"Oh! I told him, godmamma, you know, that it was out of the question. I spoke as civilly—indeed, as kindly as I could."

"You say 'you know, godmamma!' just as if I knew all the secrets of that little hide-and-seek heart of yours, my Katie. I thought I did once: But there is something there now that godmamma, fairy she be, knows nothing about. How should I know that it was out of the question? Mr. Merriton is a gentleman, and I believe a very worthy man, and certainly he is what is called a very good match, especially so under our present circumstances. And I suppose, too, that he wanted to have it explained to him a little, why it was perfectly out of the question? Did you say nothing on that head?"

"What could I say, godmamma, but that, though I esteemed him much, I did not feel toward him as I must feel toward the person I could accept as a husband? That was in truth all there was to be said about it. Was it not, godmamma?"

"I suppose so, Katie dear. And you probably had the less difficulty in saying it that you had already been called upon to say the same thing once before to another aspirant?"

"Godmamma!" cried Kate, with a great gasp, while the tell-tale blood rushed with tumultuous force over her neck and shoulders and forehead and cheeks, to leave them in the next moment ghastly white, and she began to shake all over like an aspen-leaf.

Lady Farnleigh almost repented of the success of her stratagem, when she saw the excess and genuineness of the distress she had caused her favorite. Nevertheless, having gone so far, she would not abstain from pushing her test-operation to its extent.

"Forgive me, darling!" she continued; "I would not pain you needlessly for the

world, Kate ; you know I would not. But it did not seem to distress you to speak of this other rejection. What difference could there have been in the two cases?—unless, indeed, that Merriton could not have imagined that he was rejected on prudential considerations.”

“But he did not think that !” sobbed Kate, with difficulty forcing out the words between the hard and quick-drawn breathings that were alternately extending and contracting their coral-pink delicately-cut nostrils.

“That is what I say, my dear,” returned Lady Farnleigh, wilfully mistaking her meaning, with cruel kindness, “I say he could not have imagined that.”

“I mean,” cried Kate, almost driven to bay by the extremity of her distress, “I mean that *he* did not imagine that—the other.”

“Oh, Ellingham ! No, it is not in him to harbor such a thought of a girl he loved. But it was not so self-evident as in the latter case. I suppose the answer you gave, dear, was much about the same in either instance ?”

“Godmamma !” exclaimed the poor girl, in the tone of a prisoner crying for mercy from under the cords of the rack. “You said,” she added, after a short pause, “that that subject should not be spoken of between us again.”

“At all events, Kate, you must admit that it is impossible for me to avoid seeing that there is a remarkable divergence in your mode of feeling and speaking of the two events. The account you give me of them is much about the same of one as of the other in all material points. But yet they appear to affect you very differently. As to Ellingham, I should not have mentioned the matter again, were it not that I had to tell you that I must return to Wanstrow to-morrow morning the first thing after breakfast, because I am expecting him there. He is going to pay me a visit.”

Kate kept her face resolutely bent downwards, so that it was impossible for Lady Farnleigh to see the expression of it ; but she could see that her announcement was making her goddaughter tremble in every limb.

“I thought it best to mention it to you, darling, that you might not be exposed to meet him unexpectedly. You must prepare

yourself to do so ; for of course it can hardly be but that he will come over to the Chase.”

“I do not think that he will come here, godmamma,” said Kate, in a voice scarcely above a whisper.

“It may be so, my Katie. Nevertheless, my own impression is that he *will* come here,—it is my very strong impression that he will come. It is best, therefore, that you should be prepared to meet him, little one,” said Lady Farnleigh.

“I should be glad to be spared doing so just yet, if it were possible,” she said, huskily, for the words seemed to stick in her parched throat ; “could I not remain up in my own room here, godmamma ?”

“My child, you cannot live shut up in this room. You must learn to meet him. And besides—what would you do, Kate, if he were specially to ask to see you ?”

“Oh, godmamma ! It is quite out of the question that he should do that,—quite !” said Kate, in somewhat stronger tones.

“I do not think so, my dear. On the contrary, I think it extremely probable that he will want to speak to you !”

“I cannot fancy that he would do such a thing, godmamma. You do not know—What makes you think that he is likely to do so ?”

“Simply my knowledge of his character, my dear. I have known Walter Ellingham all his life. I love him nearly if not quite as well as I do you, my pet ; and if I am not mistaken in him, he *will* come here, and will want to speak to you ; so you had better, as far as may be, make up your mind as to what you will say to him in return.”

“But what can he want to say to me, godmamma ?” said Kate, while her cheeks tingled, and she drooped her face yet more upon her bosom ; for the slightest shadow of a shade of disingenuousness was new and painful to her, and the truth was, that Kate knew very well what it was that her godmother supposed Walter Ellingham might have to say to her.

“My notion is, my dear, that he will want to ask you yet once again, before giving up all hope, whether you will be his wife. My notion is, that he is coming to me at Wanstrow for that express purpose and no other ! Therefore, I say again, my Katie, that it would be well that you should be in some

degree prepared as to the answer you will give him."

"How would it be possible for me to give him any other answer than I gave him before? How would it be possible, godmamma?"

"My dear, how can I answer such a question, when I do not know what the answer was, nor what your motive for giving it to him was? It very often is possible for a young lady to change her mind, and give an answer to such a question different from her first one."

"But even if it were possible that I should change my mind,—even if it were possible that I should wish to give a different answer, how could I do so? Could I accept an offer as a comparatively unportioned girl which I refused as a rich heiress? Would it not be to give everybody the right to think that the change in my conduct was produced by the change in my fortunes? Oh! dear, dear godmamma!" cried Kate, hiding her face on Lady Farnleigh's shoulder, "I do think that I would rather be burned alive at the stake, than that he should think *that*!"

"Ah! rather than that *he* should think it! It would not so much matter about the rest of the world. Well, it may be that he may have something to say to you on that head. So I won't press you now to decide what answer you should give him, before you have heard what he may say to you," said Lady Farnleigh, quite sure now, if even she had had any doubt before, that Kate's rejection of Ellingham had been caused solely by her knowledge of the fact of her cousin's being alive, and of the consequences of that fact as regarded her future fortunes, and by her certainty that Ellingham was addressing her in ignorance of those circumstances. "And now, my dear, to change the subject," continued Lady Farnleigh, "what do you think that I heard, or rather that Mr. Mat heard, in Silverton to-day. It concerns—or at least I am entirely persuaded that it concerns—your sister Margaret; and yet I would give you a hundred guesses to guess it in!"

"What was it, godmamma—what did you and Mr. Mat hear?" said Kate, looking up with genuine alarm in her face.

"Why simply this: that a few nights ago, —the very night, it would seem, before Mr. Slowcome came up here to tell your father about your unfortunate cousin's having left

an heir,—Mr. Frederick Falconer ordered a chaise and pair from the Lindisfarn Arms to take up its station at nightfall at the back door of your uncle's garden, which opens into the Castle Head Lane. That is all, —no, by the by, not quite all,—and that the post-boy had orders to say, if anybody asked him any questions, that he was going to take Dr. Lindisfarn up to the Chase to dinner, where, Mr. Mat says, he was in no wise expected that evening. "What do you think of that, Kate?"

"Why, it looks—I am utterly amazed! But, godmamma, Margaret and Frederick Falconer had papa's consent,—and—everything; I cannot understand it. But was it—do you think? And why, if so, did nothing come of it? And Margaret—oh, it cannot be what we had in our heads, godmamma. It is impossible. There is some mistake. It is impossible!" reiterated Kate, as she remembered what had passed between Margaret and herself the day before that fixed for the suspected elopement. "And yet again," she said, as it occurred to her that it was possible that Margaret might have told Frederick the secret according to her compact, that Frederick might have felt therefore that his father would never consent to his marriage with a portionless girl, and that he might have planned an elopement to avoid his father's opposition. And it suddenly darted into her mind, that if such indeed had been the facts, Frederick Falconer must be a far more disinterested and nobler fellow than she had ever given him credit for being; and yet, almost at the same instant, there shone clear across her mind the conviction that it could not be; that Freddy Falconer was in reality Freddy Falconer, and not another; and the whole story seemed utterly unintelligible to her. "But at all events, nothing came of it," continued she, looking into Lady Farnleigh's face; "how is that to be accounted for?"

"I confess that it is all very unaccountable!" returned Lady Farnleigh; "but as for the coming to nothing of the scheme, whatever it may have been, the same gentleman calmed the storm who had raised it,—that is to say, dismissed the post-chaise. Or at least it was dismissed by the confidential clerk of the bank, Mr. Mat says."

"But that might have been old Mr. Fal-

coner's doing, you know, godmamma; old Mr. Falconer may have found it out, and put a stop to it."

"Humph!" said Lady Farnleigh. "What may have been the gentleman's motive," she added, after a pause, "either in planning such an escapade or in abandoning it, I cannot presume to guess. But what about Margaret? She of course, knew nothing, so soon as that, of the change of fortune that was hanging over her?" added her ladyship, looking shrewdly into Kate's face as she spoke. "What should we have to think of her, if it were possible to suppose that she had obtained knowledge of the facts? Of course, you had heard no word that could lead you to imagine that such a plan was in contemplation!" said Lady Farnleigh, looking into Kate's face, which was burning with the painful blushes that her companion's words respecting the possibility of Margaret's knowledge of the secret had called into it. It was a comfort to her to be able to say frankly, in reply to the last question of her godmother, that no syllable of the kind had reached her ears; and that the whole thing seemed to her so improbable and incomprehensible that she still thought there must be some mistake about it.

"Suppose," said Lady Farnleigh slowly, and looking at Kate as she was speaking,—"suppose that Margaret *had* in some way obtained a knowledge of the fatal secret, and was therefore willing to consent to an elopement, in order that the marriage might be made irrevocably before that knowledge reached other people. And suppose that it did reach the gentleman just as he was on the point of starting?"

"Good heavens, Lady Farnleigh, but that would be to suppose Margaret guilty of conduct too dreadful to be possible!—and it would make out Frederick Falconer to be a great deal worse than I have ever thought or think him."

"Well, my dear, I hope you may be right; we shall see. But as regards Margaret, Kate, which is what most interests us; does it not appear to you that the conduct which you stigmatize as too atrocious to be possible would be but the natural sequel to the accepting of an offer at all under such circumstances as those in which Margaret was placed, if indeed she had a previous knowledge of the important facts in question?"

Would not this elopement, if elopement there really were in question, have been the only means of attaining the object which a girl accepting an offer under such circumstances must have had in view?"

"But," pleaded Kate, turning very pale, and feeling deadly sick at heart, "may we not suppose—is it not possible, that is—that she might have been led into the weakness of accepting an offer made to her—that is, supposing always that Margaret could have known of the secret of Julian's being alive so far back as when the offer was made"—and Kate's conscience smote her as she spoke the words,—smote her on both sides from two different directions; both for her want of candor towards Lady Farnleigh, and for abandoning Margaret so far as even to admit the above case hypothetically; "is it not possible," she continued, avoiding her godmother's searching eyes in a manner she had never, never done before, "that Margaret might have been led into accepting his offer by the difficulty of knowing what answer to make to him; it *would* be very difficult you know, godmamma!" and Kate remembered, as she spoke, *how* difficult, how cruelly difficult, it was. "She might have been, as it were, surprised into accepting, from not being able to assign the real cause for her refusal; and without any intention of suffering the matter to go on, you know, godmamma. Might it not have been so?"

Lady Farnleigh noted in her mind Kate's hypothetical admission, and her assumption that Margaret could not have told the simple truth to her lover, forgetting that Lady Farnleigh could not have comprehended any such motive for silence, if she had not been informed of all the circumstances of the case. Lady Farnleigh, I say, noted all this and smiled inwardly at Kate's clumsy attempt and manifest incapacity for dissimulation. Lady Farnleigh felt that it might have been easy, by availing herself of these inconsistencies, to force Kate to a confession of the whole truth; but it did not suit her present purpose to do so. She was contented with obtaining light enough to enable her to perceive with very tolerable accuracy and certainty the whole of the story. It was pretty clear to her that Kate's knowledge of the facts learned in the cottage at Deepcreek had constrained her to refuse an offer which she would otherwise, to the best of Lady Farn-

leigh's judgment, have accepted; and that Margaret's knowledge of the same facts had led her to act in a precisely contradictory manner; and further that Kate was prevented from now avowing that her knowledge of her cousin's being alive dated from the time it did by her anxiety to defend and spare her sister.

And to tell the truth in all its ugly nakedness, Lady Farnleigh was by no means distressed, as she undoubtedly ought to have been, at the discovery of much that was base and bad in Margaret. Besides the six thousand pounds which she had long ago settled on Kate, Lady Farnleigh had a few other thousands over which she had entire control, and of which her own son had no need. Now what Lady Farnleigh wished to do, what it would have been a pleasure for her to do, in the unhappy mischance which had fallen upon her friends, would have been to add these thousands to the little provision she had already made for her darling goddaughter. But she had conscientiously felt that this would not have been doing the best she could for the children of her dearly loved friend, the late Mrs. Lindisfarn. She felt that it would have been under the circumstances to treat Margaret hardly. And she had determined that she would virtuously abstain from doing her own pleasure in this matter, and would do strictly that which she believed to be right. But now, if indeed Margaret had been guilty of such conduct as that which seemed to be proved against her, that would surely be a most righteous judgment which should assign to her favorite the means which would facilitate the union she (Lady Farnleigh) had set her heart on, and should declare one so unworthy to have forfeited all claim on her. And people like their own way so much, and Lady Farnleigh was so strongly addicted to following hers, that—to tell the honest truth, as I said before—it was by no means disagreeable to the self-willed lady to find that she might be justified in following her devices in this matter.

So, having from her conversation with Kate,—a conversation which she would fain have spared her goddaughter, if she could have done so, but which it was absolutely necessary for her to have, before she could judiciously say what she proposed saying to Ellingham—acquired the information, or rather the confirmation of her suspicions,

which she needed, she only replied to those last words of Kate's very lame and ineffectual pleading for her sister, by saying,—

"Well, my dear, it may have been as you say. It is possible, as far as we know at present. But we shall see. We shall know all about it before long."

"And you must think as leniently as you can, dear godmamma, of Margaret, even if it should turn out that she has acted foolishly in this matter. The circumstances in themselves, you see, are very difficult; and then you know"—and there Kate paused awhile, as not knowing very well how to put into words the ideas which were in her mind, or perhaps not having conceived them clearly,—"poor Margaret is so different,—has been brought up with such different ways of thinking, and we can hardly tell how far many matters would present themselves to her under a different aspect from what they would to our minds. I do think that great allowances ought to be made; don't you, godmamma?"

"Very true, my dear; Margaret, as you say, is very different," replied Lady Farnleigh, looking fondly at Kate, and speaking in a half-absent sort of manner, which showed that more was passing in her mind than was set forth in her words. "And, by the by, where is she, I wonder?" she continued, rousing herself from her musing; "I must speak to her about all this"—

"What, now, godmamma?" interrupted Kate, in a voice of considerable alarm.

"Don't alarm yourself, my dear, I only want to say a few words to her about the match she was about to make, and the breaking off of it. It would be unnatural for me to leave the house without doing so. Where do you think she is now?"

"Down in the drawing-room with Miss Immy, in all probability."

"I would go down to her," said Lady Farnleigh; "but I don't want to speak to her before poor dear Miss Immy, who would not hear half what was said, but would think it necessary to take part in the conversation. Could not you go down, Kate, and ask her to come up here, just for a chat, you know?"

Kate looked rather doubtful as to the task assigned to her, but went down-stairs to perform it without making any further observation. And in a few minutes she returned with her sister.

CHAPTER XLVI.

THE FAIRY IN HER WICKED MOOD.

MARGARET, as it may be supposed, had not been passing happy hours since her return home on the morning after the abortive scheme of elopement. She was in truth very exceedingly miserable. Blank despair as to the future; ever-present fear of the exposure each passing hour might bring with it; a feeling of hostility against and separation from those around her, who should have been near and dear to her; a consciousness that she stood alone in the midst of that family who seemed all to feel together, to act together, and to understand each other so perfectly; and lastly, a burning and consuming rage and intensity of hatred against the false traitor, who had foiled her schemes, dashed down her hopes, and brutally and knowingly exposed her to the suffering, the mortification, the affront, the ridicule of such a catastrophe as she had undergone;—all these unready sentiments and passions were making Margaret supremely miserable, during those days of hopelessness, and yet, in some sort, of suspense.

Lady Farnleigh's presence at the Chase had added a new source of annoyance and disquietude to all those which were tormenting her. She had an instinctive dread and dislike of Lady Farnleigh, and it seemed to her as if it were fated that the dreadful exposure which was hanging over her should be made to fall upon her by no other hand.

It may readily be imagined, therefore, that when Kate came into the drawing-room, where Miss Immy was sitting bolt upright at the table in the middle of the room, tranquilly perusing the pages of "*Clarissa Harlowe*," and Margaret was sitting on a sofa by the side of the fireplace with a book hanging listlessly from her hand, while her restless thoughts were occupied on a very different subject, and walking up close to the latter, said in a low and rather hesitating voice,—

"Margaret, dear, Lady Farnleigh is going to leave us early to-morrow morning, and she wants before going to have a chat with you;—so much has happened, you know, since she left Sillshire,—and she thought that you would like better to come up to my room, where we can be snug by ourselves, you know—will you come?"

Margaret's first impulse was to refuse the invitation. She looked up sulkily and de-

fiantly into Kate's face, as the latter stood over her, anxious and ill at ease.

"Do come, there's a dear! she is so kind," said Kate, still speaking very low, while Miss Immy remained profoundly absorbed in her well-known romance.

"Oh; very kind,—so kind,—especially to me!" sneered Margaret. And as she spoke, the spirit of defiance rose in her, and a feeling that what she dreaded must needs come, and that less of torture and suffering would arise from meeting her enemy and doing battle on the spot than from suspense and fear and the consciousness of appearing to be afraid,—a feeling very similar to that of an animal hunted till it turns at bay,—took possession of her, and she added, "Yes, I will come! It will be the sooner over."

And getting up from the sofa as she spoke, and flinging the volume in her hand on the place from which she had risen, she drew herself up slowly, and as if lazily, to her full height, and stalked haughtily and sullenly to the door.

Kate followed, not a little dismayed at these indications of her sister's state of mind, and looking forward with anything but pleasure to her share in the coming interview. It was no small relief to her, therefore, when, as she was following her sister up the stairs, the latter suddenly turned, and with lowering brow, said,—

"Lady Farnleigh is in your room, you said, I think?"

"Yes, in my room, Margaret. She is waiting for us there."

"But if I am to be lectured, I prefer that it should not be done before lookers-on. You saw her by yourself, and have made good your own story. I will see her alone, too, if I am to see her at all. I will go into my room, and she may come to me there, or, if you like to be shut out of your room for a few minutes, I will go to her there."

"To be sure, Margaret, if you wish it! You can go into my room. I will not come; I will go down-stairs to Miss Immy," said Kate, absolutely cowed and frightened by Margaret's tone, and the haughty, lowering scowl that sat upon her brow.

It was impossible that the grace and beauty of movement assured by Margaret's perfect figure and bearing should ever be absent from her. And as she entered Kate's room, with bold defiance in her large, dark, open

eyes and in the carriage of her head and neck, with sullen but haughty displeasure on her beautiful brow, there was something grandly tragic in her whole appearance, worthy of the study of a Siddons. Lady Farnleigh could not help looking at her with a glance in which a certain measure of admiration mingled with her disapproval and dislike. And Margaret, as she entered, eyed her enemy—as she was determined to, and was perhaps partly justified in, considering her—with the look with which a *toreador* may be supposed to regard his adversary in the ring.

“Thank you for coming up to me, Margaret,” said Lady Farnleigh; “I thought that we could have a little talk about all this untoward business more comfortably up here than in the drawing-room. Is not Kate coming?” she added, as Margaret closed the door behind her.

“No, Lady Farnleigh, she is not! I told her that if you had anything to say to me about—matters that concern me only, I chose, if I heard it at all, to hear it alone.”

And the tall, slender figure, in its black silk dress, remained standing—in an attitude that might have become Juno in her wrath,—in front of Lady Farnleigh.

The latter raised her eyes to the pale, handsome, lowering face, with an expression of surprise in them, and gazed at her fixedly for a moment or two, before saying,—

“Well, perhaps you were right.—perhaps it will be better so. You spoke as if you had doubted, Margaret, whether you would consent to talk with me at all upon the events that have been happening here. It would be very reasonable that you should have such a feeling as regards any stranger—any one out of your own family—except myself. Perhaps I ought to recall to you the facts that give me a right to consider myself entitled to such exception.”

“Yes, Lady Farnleigh; I should like to hear that!” replied Margaret, drily, and all but insolently.

“When your dear and admirable mother died, Margaret,” returned Lady Farnleigh, after holding her hand before her eyes for a moment of thoughtfulness, “leaving you and Kate motherless infants, I promised her to act a mother’s part toward you as far as should be possible. I have done so as regards your sister to the utmost of my power, with your good father’s sanction and approv-

al, ever since. I have, as you well know, had no opportunity of keeping my promise to your mother as regards yourself, hitherto. But now that circumstances have brought you back among us, and more especially now that a second series of unforeseen and unfortunate occurrences have unhappily changed the brilliant prospects that were before you, it would be a great grief to me if anything—either in your conduct, or your will—should prevent me from being to you what I trust I have always been to Kate.”

For an instant the latter words suggested to Margaret’s mind the possibility that Lady Farnleigh meant to tell her that if she was a good girl, there should be six thousand pounds for her, also, as well as for Kate. But a moment’s consideration convinced her that if Lady Farnleigh had more money to leave, it would be all for Kate; and even if she had been inclined to suppose that the chance of such a piece of good fortune was before her, her imperious temper, and the spirit of defiant rebellion which seemed to her to be her only refuge in the storms that were about to break over her, were at that moment too strongly in the ascendant, and too entirely had possession of her soul, for it to have been possible for her to suppress them, even for the sake of securing it. The utmost she could bring herself to do, was to say, with sullen majesty, and without taking a seat,—

“What was it you wished to say to me, Lady Farnleigh?”

Kate’s fairy godmother, though one of the kindest and loveliest natures in existence, was not endowed with a very meek or long-enduring temper; and Margaret’s sullen and evidently hostile manner and words were rapidly using up the small stock of it remaining on hand. So Lady Farnleigh replied, with more acerbity in her tone than would have been the case if that of Margaret had been less provocative,—

“I fear, Margaret, you have been acting far from—judiciously, let us say, in the matter of this match with Mr. Falconer, which is now, I am told, broken off.”

“I must take leave, Lady Farnleigh, to think that I have been sufficiently well instructed in all that propriety requires of a young lady on such occasions, to make it unnecessary for me to consult the opinion of—persons whose authority I certainly should

never think of preferring to that of the dear friends who superintended my education."

"And you think those friends would have approved your recent conduct?"

"I do not see what there has been to blame in it. When addressed, in a manner which the ways of this country render permissible, by a gentleman whom I was justified in considering a good and eligible *parti*, I gave him only a conditional assent, leaving him to seek his definite answer from papa."

"Quite *en règle*, Miss Margaret! But do you think that you were justified, under the peculiar circumstances of the case, in giving that conditional assent and sending the anxious gentleman to 'ask papa' in the manner you speak of,—justified, not by the conventionalities of this or of that country, but by the laws of simple honesty and honor?"

"Simple honesty and honor, Lady Farnleigh!" cried Margaret, while the blood began to mount rapidly in her beautiful pale cheeks, and to tingle there very unpleasantly.

"Yes, Margaret, honor and honesty. Was it honorable or honest to accept such a proposal, knowing that the maker of it was under grievously erroneous impressions as to the circumstances which made you an 'eligible *parti*,' as you phrase it, in his eyes?"

"You allude—rather unfeelingly, I must say, Lady Farnleigh—to the great misfortune which has fallen upon my sister and me. But you perhaps are not aware, having been absent from Silshire at the time, the proposal in question was made, and the reply to it, which you are pleased to criticise, given, before the facts you refer to were known," said Margaret, still doubting whether Lady Farnleigh were indeed in possession of the real facts of the case,—not seeing, indeed, any possibility by which they could have reached her,—and determined to fight her battle with a bold front to the last.

"Margaret!" said Lady Farnleigh, in reply, looking her steadily in the eyes as she spoke, "the facts I refer to were not known to Mr. Falconer, or to any one else in Silverton, at the time when he made his proposal to you; but they WERE KNOWN to you!"

Margaret almost reeled under the force of this direct and terrible blow. Her first impulse was to hide her burning face with her hands and rush out of the room; but it was

only the weakness of one moment. In the next she attempted to hurl back the accusation which she could not parry.

"Honor and honesty!" she said, with a cold, withering sneer upon her brow and lips. "With what sort of honor and honesty have I been treated? With what sort of honor and honesty has your favorite Kate and have you yourself, Lady Farnleigh, treated me? My sister runs to you with tales which, as far as there is any truth in them, she was bound in the most sacred manner and by the most solemn engagements to keep secret; and you avail yourself of your position and superior experience to worm out from her the means of injuring a friendless girl, whom you cannot forgive for having what your *protégée* never had nor never will have. Honor and honesty, indeed!"

"If you had a tenth part of your sister's honor and honesty in your heart, Margaret, it would not occur to you to suppose that she had betrayed your secret to me. She is not even aware that I know it. But it so happens that I do know that you were made acquainted with the error as to your Cousin Julian's death, and were perfectly aware of the result which that must exercise on your own position, about a month before your acceptance of Mr. Falconer's offer."

"I knew only what Kate knew also,—knew nothing, indeed, but what she told me."

"Quite true, Margaret. Kate had the same unfortunate knowledge that you had,—and you both of you used it in your own fashion."

"Used it! Why, what could I have done, I should like to know? I don't know whether the spy and informer from whom you have obtained your information, Lady Farnleigh, told you also that I was bound not to divulge the fact of my cousin's being alive,—that it was impossible for me to do so. What could I do then? I waited—how impatiently none will ever know—for the moment when it would be permitted me to tell Mr. Falconer the truth, and was compelled to content myself in the mean time with the conviction, that his motive in addressing me was not money, and that the discovery that I had it not would not change his sentiments toward me."

"And are you still supported by that con-

viction, may I ask?" said Lady Farnleigh, unable to prevent a certain amount of sneer from betraying itself in her tone.

"Of course I cannot suppose, Lady Farnleigh, that Mr. Falconer can be so base as to dream of retreating from his engagement because it turns out that I may be less richly dowered than he had imagined. It is hardly likely that, if I could have conceived him to be capable of such conduct, I could for an instant have listened to his addresses."

There was an audacity of falsehood in this speech which provoked Lady Farnleigh into pushing Margaret more hardly than it had been her intention to do when she began the conversation. She could not refrain from saying,—

"But surely, your conviction must have been somewhat shaken upon the subject, when the gentleman failed to keep his appointment at six o'clock, at your uncle's garden-gate; particularly when you remembered that that sudden change in his plans, which left you so cruelly in the lurch, took place just about the time when the news of your not being the heiress to your father's acres became known in Silverton."

"It is infamous! It is shameful!" screamed Margaret, throwing herself suddenly on the little sofa by the side of Kate's fireplace, and bursting into a flood of tears—very characteristically feeling the exposure of her having been duped and ill-treated far more keenly than the detection of her own sharp practice toward another. "You wicked, wicked woman!" she cried, "spying and setting traps for people, and then triumphing in their ill-fortune. It is too bad,—too bad. I shall die,—I shall die! I wish I may! Oh, why was I ever sent to this horrid country and this cruel house!"

And then her passionate sobbing became inarticulate, and she seemed in danger of falling into a fit of hysterics.

"I don't think you will die, Margaret," said Lady Farnleigh, it must be admitted somewhat cruelly; "but perhaps it might be better if you had your stay-lace cut. I will go and send Simmons to you."

And so the executioner of this retribution left the victim writhing, and convulsively sobbing in the extremity of her mortification, and the agony of her crushing defeat.

CHAPTER XLII.

AT THE LINDISFARN STONE ONCE MORE.

NOTWITHSTANDING the very decided conviction that Margaret's conduct richly deserved far more severe and more serious punishment than the *mauvais quart d'heure* which Lady Farnleigh had inflicted upon her, the fairy godmother, on rejoining Kate, felt rather repentant and annoyed that hers should have been the hand, or rather the tongue, to inflict even that modicum of retribution. She was evidently "out of sorts," when she went down-stairs and found Kate in the drawing-room.

"Margaret has been behaving excessively ill, my dear," she said, in answer to Kate's questioning look,—“most ungraciously and ill-temperedly to me; but that is nothing; she has been behaving most unpardonably to Mr. Falconer,—behaving in a manner amply justifying any abruptness of breaking off on his part, and you may depend upon it that he will not be remiss in availing himself of the justification. To think of her accepting the man, when she knew all about the change in her position, and knew that he did not know it!"

"Godmamma!" said Kate, aghast.

"Yes, Miss Kate. Do you think I am a fairy godmamma for nothing?"

"I cannot smile about it, godmamma," said Kate, sadly.

"In truth, my dear, it is no smiling matter. I am deeply grieved; and I am sure that your father will feel it sorely."

"But, godmamma," said Kate, timidly and hesitatingly, after a pause; "did Margaret tell you she was aware of Julian's secret at the time of the offer?"

"No, Kate, she did not," replied Lady Farnleigh, looking into Kate's face with a shrewd glance, half aggressive and half arch, "she did not tell me; but I knew all about it, for all that."

"You did not tell me that, godmamma," returned Kate, a little reproachfully; but feeling at the same time, despite her vexation at Margaret's detection, an irrepressible sensation of relief at the reflection that Lady Farnleigh, though she had not chosen to say so, must be cognizant of the fact that she, also, was in possession of the same information at the time when she had refused Ellingham.

"You know then also, I suppose," con-

tinued Kate, after a pause of some seconds, "that Margaret was not at liberty to tell Mr. Falconer the real state of the case when he proposed to her?"

"Yes, Kate, I know that too," answered Lady Farnleigh, with the same look, half affectionate and half quizzing, which her face had worn before; "and I admit that the situation was a cruelly painful and very difficult one;—or at least that it would have been so to some people."

"Margaret did not know what to do, you see, godmamma. What could she have done?"

"Refuse him, my dear!" said Lady Farnleigh, shortly.

And then there was silence between them for a long while.

Lady Farnleigh started, as she said she would, immediately after breakfast the next morning on her return to Wanstrow Manor. And at an early hour on the following—the Monday—morning Captain Ellingham arrived there, as she had expected. The station to which he had been moved from Sillmouth was on the northern coast of Sillshire, whereas the latter little port is situated on the southern side of that large county. The distance, therefore, which he had had to travel in obedience to Lady Farnleigh's behest was not a very long one. It had so happened that the exigencies of the service had permitted him to start for Wanstrow almost immediately on the receipt of her letter; and he had not lost many hours in doing so.

I hardly think that there is any necessity for relating the conversation which passed between him and Lady Farnleigh on his arrival. For the gist of it may be inferred from what subsequently happened. And it was, at all events, a short one; for it was barely twelve o'clock when he reached Lindisfarn.

Margaret had declared herself ill, as ill at ease enough she doubtless was, ever since her stormy conversation with Lady Farnleigh, and had secluded herself in her own room. The squire was busy in his study, as he had been for many more hours in the day than he was in the habit of spending within doors, ever since that ill-boding visit from Mr. Slowcome. Mr. Mat was absent for the day. He had taken a horse early in the morning, before Kate was down, and had told the servants that he should not come home till the

evening, and possibly not till the morrow. Miss Immy alone pursued the even tenor of her way, uninfluenced, though assuredly not unmindful of the misfortune that had fallen on the family. But that even tenor of her daily occupation prevented her from being ever seen in the drawing-room till after luncheon. And Kate therefore, since Lady Farnleigh's departure, had felt unusually lonely and depressed in spirits.

After having, as soon as breakfast was over on that Monday morning, vainly attempted to compel her mind to fix itself on her usual employments in her room, she gave up the fruitless struggle, and yielding to the restlessness which was upon her, strolled down into the stable to try if she could get rid of half an hour in the society of Birdie.

The stables at Lindisfarn were not placed at the back of the house, so, as to be out of sight of the approaches to it, partly, probably, because there was no space there, unless it were made by the sacrifice of some of the noble old trees of the Lindisfarn woods, which just behind the house came down almost close upon it and upon the gardens; and partly, perhaps, because the Lindisfarn who had raised the handsome block of buildings which contained them was disposed to consider that department of his mansion quite as much entitled to a prominent position as any other. So it was, however, whatever the cause, that at Lindisfarn the stables stood at right angles to the front of the house, the front stable-yard (for there was a back stable-yard behind, which served for the more unsightly portions of a stable-yard's functions),—the front stable-yard was divided from the drive by which the entrance to the mansion was reached, only by a low parapet wall. There was a broad stone coping on the top of it, which made a very convenient seat for Bayard, the old hound, who was wont to lie there on sunny days, with his great black muzzle between his huge paws, meditatively, by the hour together.

It was one of the first genial mornings of spring in that southwestern country; the old hound, whose muzzle in truth was beginning to have more gray than black in it, had taken his favorite seat on the low wall in the sunshine; and Kate, leaving the stable-door open, had come out to bestow on her other playfellow a share of her attention.

She was sitting on the wall in front of the

fine old dog, and was, in fact, giving him such portion of her attention as she could command. It was but a small share, and evidently much less than old Bayard was disposed to content himself with; for he had stretched out one magnificent fore-arm and paw till it rested on Kate's lap, and he was shoving his cold nose into her hand as it rested on the edge of the coping stone, evidently bent on recalling to himself his mistress's wandering thoughts. But they were roving far away, and would not come back for all old Bayard's wistful caresses, favorite as he was.

She was sitting thus when the sound of a horse's feet, coming in a sharp canter round a curve in the road from the lodge-gate, fell on her ear and on old Bayard's at the same moment. The ground fell away very steeply from the terrace in front of the house to the lodge; and that part of the bending road which the rider was passing was hidden from the spot where Kate and Bayard were, by a large mass of very luxuriant laurustinus and Portugal laurel. Kate's first notion was that Mr. Mat was unexpectedly returning, and very hurriedly; for it was not like him to gallop his horse up to the door, and leave him steaming hot. But Bayard knew better. The hoof-falls that disturbed his reverie were, he was quite sure, the produce of no roofs that lived in *his* stables; so he roused himself, jumped down from the wall, and uttered a short, interrogative bark. In the next instant, a horse at full gallop swept round the arge mass of evergreens; and in the next after, the seaman's horsemanship of Captain Ellingham, aided by the effect of the stable-cent on his steed's organs, brought him to a stand sharply at the spot where Kate and her companion were.

The latter alone seemed to be at all inclined to practise the hospitable duties proper to the occasion. After a very short and perfunctory examination of the strange horse, Bayard at once showed his recollection of Captain Ellingham, and welcomed him to Lindisfarn. But if Kate did not turn and run, it was only because her feet seemed rooted to the spot on which she was standing.

"Captain Ellingham!" she said, and could proceed to no further greeting; for her tongue clove to the roof of her mouth.

"Miss Lindisfarn," said Ellingham, dis-

mounting, "I was anxiously debating with myself, as I rode up the hill, whether I could hope that, when a message was brought you that I was here and begging to see you, you would grant me an interview or not. Now my good fortune has secured for me the chance of at least preferring my petition in person. May I hope that, when I have found somebody in the stables to take my horse, you will allow me to speak with you for a few minutes? For that is the sole object of my coming hither; and I know it will be a potent backing of my request, when I assure you that I am here in accordance with the counsel and wishes of Lady Farnleigh."

"It is a potent backing, Captain Ellingham," said Kate, who had had time to recover herself in some degree while Ellingham was speaking; "but there is no need of any such to make me say that you are welcome at Lindisfarn."

A groom came out from the stables, and took Captain Ellingham's horse from him, as Kate spoke; and she was leading the way towards the front-door of the house, when he said,—

"Miss Lindisfarn, I shall be delighted to see all my kind friends here, *after* I have had a little conversation with you alone. It is for that purpose that I have come here, with the approval of our dear and excellent friend, Lady Farnleigh."

"If she wishes—that is, if you think; Captain Ellingham—that Lady Farnleigh would think—I am sure—if there is anything"—stammered Kate, making, for such an usually straightforward speaker, a very lame attempt at any intelligible utterance.

"When the sentence that has been pronounced on a criminal, Miss Lindisfarn, is by any good hap to be reversed," said Ellingham, coming to her assistance by taking upon himself the active share of the conversation, which he seemed somehow to be much more capable of doing satisfactorily than he had been on the last occasion of a *tête-à-tête* between him and Kate,—“when sentence upon a criminal is to be reversed, it is usual and right that the revised decision should be pronounced, as far as may be, before the audience which was present at the first. Would you object to walk with me?” he continued, meaningly, after a considerable pause, “through the woods up to Lindisfarn brow?”

Kate shot one short, sharp, inquiring glance

at him from under her downcast eyelashes, as she said, "If you like, I will walk with you up to the brow, Captain Ellingham; but I am afraid there can be no reversal of anything that ever passed there."

"I cannot submit to have my appeal dismissed without, at least, a hearing of the grounds on which it is urged."

And then they walked on a little way side by side in silence, till Kate, feeling that the silence was acquiring a force with a geometrical rate of progression, as it continued, in that mysterious way that such silences do increase the intensity of their significance by duration, and determined therefore to break it at all hazards, said,—

"How different these woods are looking from what they were when we were last up here together! Do you remember all the traces of the recent storm?"

"Yes, indeed! and how the poor old woods had been mauled and torn. I hated these fine old woods then; but I have no spite against them now."

"Hated Lindisfarn woods? And I do so love them! Why did you hate our old woods? And what has brought you into a better frame of mind?" said Kate, more quietly than she had spoken before.

"I felt spiteful against these hills and woods, and against all the beautiful country they look down on, because all these fine Lindisfarn acres were so many ramparts and bulwarks and fortifications, all increasing the impossibility of scaling the fortress, which all my hope of happiness depended on my conquering—on which my hope still depends! But I do not hate the Lindisfarn acres any longer; for they no longer stand between me and my goal."

"Oh, Captain Ellingham!" said Kate, almost too much agitated to speak, yet dashing out in desperation to defend the Lindisfarn acres from any such maleficent influence; "You told me, you know!"

"Yes, Miss Lindisfarn, I told you that I was well persuaded that your rejection of my suit, though it was altogether unassigned to any motive, did not rest on any cause of the kind I have been alluding to. I was and am thoroughly convinced of that fact. And for that reason, Miss Lindisfarn, I should not now venture to renew my suit, if the only difference in our position toward each other were that produced by your having then been

supposed to be one of the heiresses to all this wealth, and your now not being imagined to be such any longer. Your rejection of my suit was not caused by the wide difference in our fortunes, as they were supposed to stand then; therefore I should not be justified in renewing it merely because that wide difference has disappeared."

"I am glad to know that!" said Kate, very tremblingly.

"Yes, I know that," said Ellingham, laying considerable emphasis on the verb. "And therefore I must find another excuse for daring to ask you to reconsider the decision you then gave me. Miss Lindisfarn, this is the excuse: you did not refuse me here last spring because you deemed yourself to be richly endowed, but in part, at least, because you were aware that you were not so. May I not hope that that was the real deciding reason? Is that so?" he added, after a considerable pause, during which Kate could not find courage and calmness enough to venture on a reply, although the thoughts and feelings which were making her heart beat were assuredly not of a painful nature.

"Is not that true, Kate?" he said, again, whispering the last word so low that it was barely audible.

"It is true," she whispered, tremulously, in a scarcely louder tone; "but where is the change? I was then, and am still, unpossessed of wealth."

"Where is the change! why, in this; that you knew that I then supposed I was asking a great heiress to be my wife; you could not explain to me that fact,—I know why now. *Now* we both know all about this terrible secret. *Now* that at least need be no barrier between us. *Now* there is no mistake. *Now* I am asking Kate Lindisfarn, no heiress at all, if she will bestow,—not all these beautiful woods and fields, which weighed so heavily on my heart that I hardly dared ask at all before,—but her hand, rich only with a priceless heart in it, upon a rough sailor, who has little to offer in return save as true and strong a love as ever man bore to woman."

He had got bold of her hand while speaking the last words; and she did not draw it away from him, but turned her face away from him. And he made no attempt to draw the trembling little hand he held nearer to him, but let his own follow it to where it

hung beneath her averted and drooping face. And in that position he felt a wet tear fall on the hand which held hers.

"Have you no answer for me, Kate?" he whispered again.

"I wish I could have answered before I knew anything about the change in the destination of these woods," murmured Kate, very plaintively.

"You wish that!" he cried; "then this little hand is my own." And he snatched it to his lips and covered it with kisses, as he spoke. "Dear, dearest, generous girl! But do not be selfish in your generosity, my Kate. Remember how much sweeter it must be to me to ask you for your love, when there can be no thought,—not in your noble heart, my Kate but in the suspicions of the outside world—that I am asking for aught else."

They had by this time reached the Lindisfarn stone, and were sitting side by side just where Kate had sat on the day she had refused him.

"This used to be a very favorite seat of mine; but I have never been here since," said Kate, without any previous word having been said in allusion to any former occasion of being there. But there was no need of any such explanation of her meaning; and the mysterious magnetism which so frequently and so strangely makes coincidence in the unspoken thoughts of two minds was on this occasion less inexplicable than it often is.

"But now will you henceforth take it into favor again, Kate?"

"I wish it was going to remain *ours*," said Kate, leaving Ellingham at liberty to understand the communistic possessive pronoun as referring to Kate and the members of her family, or as alluding to a closer *bi-partite* partnership, according to his pleasure.

"We will make the gray old stone ours," said Ellingham, accepting the latter interpretation, "after the fashion of poets in old times, and jolly tars in these days." And he took a pocket-knife from his pocket as he spoke. "Now then I will carve 'Kate' on the stone, and you shall cut 'Walter,' and we will put a pierced heart above them, all in due style."

"But I can't carve, especially on this hard rock," said Kate, smiling.

"Oh, I will show you how. See there is my 'Kate' in orthography very unworthy of the dear, dear word. Now you must put 'Walter' underneath it. I will help you."

And he put the knife into her hand, and proceeded without the least hurry about bringing the operation to a conclusion, to guide the taper little fingers to scratch the required letters on the stone.

"There," he said, when the word was completed; "now read it, 'Kate and Walter.' Come, sweetest, you must read it. It is a part of the ceremony."

So Kate, tremulously whispering, read "Kate and Walter," thus pronouncing for that sweet, formidable, never-to-be-forgotten first time the name which was thenceforward forever to be the dearest sound for her that human lips could form.

K. T. A.—*Kappa, tau, lambda!* three Greek letters, my dear young lady readers, the full and complete significance of which, as used to convey a compendious account of the remainder of the above-described scene, may be with perfect safety left to the explanation of your unaided intelligences, when it has been briefly mentioned that they stand for the words "and all the rest of it."

A curious question in the law of Literary Copyright has arisen. The author of "The Lamplighter," who has recently written "Haunted Hearts," resided for a short time in Canada during the publication of the latter work, in America and in this country. This residence in a British colony, the author considers, gives a control and right over any London republication.

Messrs. Routledge have published a cheap reprint, and Messrs. Low & Co., the American agents, have issued a "Notice," informing the booksellers "that this work is their copyright; and they therefore caution the trade against purchasing any other edition that may be offered to them." The decision of the matter excites considerable interest in Paternoster Row.

HEARTH SONG.

(From the German of Heinrich Heine.)

BY CHARLES KENDAL.

Out of doors the storm winds whistle ;
Softly, thickly falls the snow :
Snuggly by the hearth I nestle
In the bright and cheering glow.

Pensive sit I on the settle,
Watch the smoke-wreaths as they rise ;
From the merry, bubbling kettle,
Come long-perished melodies.

By the fire the kitten, sitting,
Revels in the warmth and light ;
In the shadows, vague and flitting,
Forms fantastic meet my sight.

At my memory's portal knocking,
Come the long forgotten days,
Countless recollections flocking,
In a dazzling, glittering maze.

Lovely maids, with flashing glances,
Beckon, with seductive air ;
Harlequins, in agile dances,
Spring and glisten here and there.

Lucent marbles glimmer faintly,
Hidden in a leafy veil ;
White-haired friars, grave and saintly,
Stand within the altar-rail.

And I hear the bluebells' tinkle ;
And beneath their foliage bright,
See the fairy violets twinkle
In the moon's soft flood of light :

In the fire-caves, red and glowing,
Many an old enchanted tower ;
Many a knight, to battle going,
Rise, called up by memory's power.

With the fire's expiring glimmer,
Shadow-like they all are gone ;
Still I hear the kettle simmer,
And the sleepy kitten yawn.

—*Ladies' Companion.*

READY FOR DUTY.

BY MISS WARNER.

DAFFY-DOWN-DILLY came up in the cold,
Through the brown mould,
Although the March breezes blew keen on her face,
Although the white snow lay on many a place.
Daffy-down-dilly had heard under ground
The sweet rushing sound
Of the streams, as they burst off their white winter chains ;
Of the whistling spring winds, and the pattering rains.

"Now, then," thought Daffy, deep down in her heart,

"It's time I should start !"

So she pushed her soft leaves through the hard frozen ground,
Quite up to the surface, and then she looked round.

There was snow all about her ; gray clouds overhead ;

The trees all looked dead.
Then how do you think Daffy-down-dilly felt,
When the sun would not shine and the ice would not melt ?

"Cold weather !" thought Daffy, still working away ;

"The earth's hard to-day !
There's but a half-inch of my leaves to be seen,
And two-thirds of that is more yellow than green

"I can't do much yet ; but I'll do what I can.
It's well I began !

For unless I can manage to lift up my head,
The people will think that the Spring herself's dead."

So, little by little, she brought her leaves out,
All clustered about ;
And then her bright flowers began to unfold,
Till Daffy stood robed in her spring green and gold.

O Daffy-down-dilly ! so brave and so true !
I wish all were like you !
So ready for duty in all sorts of weather,
And holding forth courage and beauty together.

A CHARACTER.

BY AUBREY DE VERE.

SHE scarce can tell if she have loved or not ;
She of her heart no register has kept :
She knows but this,—that once too blest her lot
Appeared for earth ; and that ere long she wept.

Upon life's daily task without pretence
She moves ; and many love her, all revere ;
She will be full of joy when summoned hence,
Yet not unhappy seems while lingering here.

If once her breast the storms of anguish tore,
On that pure lake no weeds or scum they cast :
Time has ta'en from her much, but given her
more ;

And of his gifts the best will be the last.

Her parents lie beneath the churchyard grass ;
On her own strength and foresight she is
thrown,

Who, while her brothers played, too timid was
To join their sports ; and played or sighed
alone.

Her heart is as a spot of hallowed ground
Filled with old tombs and sacred to the past,
Such as near villages remote is found,
Or rain-washed chancel in some woodland waste.

It once was pierced each day with some new
stone,
And thronged with weeping women and sad
men ;

But now it lies with grass and flowers o'ergrown,
And o'er it pipes the thrush and builds the
wren.

PART VIII.—CHAPTER XXIII.

It was for about six weeks altogether that the mistress of Ramore remained Sir Thomas Frankland's guest. For half of that time Lauderdale, too, tall and gaunt and grim, strode daily over the threshold of Wodensbourne. He never broke bread, as he himself expressed it, nor made the slightest claim upon the hospitality of the stranger's house. On the contrary, he declined steadily every advance of friendship that was made to him with a curious Scotch pride, extremely natural to him, but odd to contemplate from the point of view at which the Franklands stood. They asked him to dinner or to lunch as they would have asked any other stranger who happened to come in their way; but Lauderdale was far too self-conscious to accept such overtures. He had come uninvited, an undesired, perhaps unwelcome, visitor; but not for the world would the philosopher have taken advantage of his position, as Colin's friend, to procure himself the comfort of a meal. Not if he had been starving, would he have shared Colin's dinner, or accepted the meat offered him at the luxurious table below. "Na, na! I came without asking," said Lauderdale; "when they bid me to their feasts, it's no for your sake, callant, or for my sake, but for their own sakes,—for good breeding and good manners, and not to be uncivil. To force a dinner out of civility is every bit as shabby an action as to steal it. I'm no the man to sorn on Sir Thomas for short time or long." And in pursuance of this whimsical idea of independence, Lauderdale went back every evening along the dark country lanes to the little room he had rented in the village, and subdued his reluctant Scotch appetite to the messes of bacon and beans he found there,—which was as severe a test of friendship as could have been imposed upon him. He was not accustomed to fare very sumptuously at home; but the fare of an English cottager is, if more costly, at least as distasteful to an untravelled Scotch appetite as the native porridge and broth of a Scotch peasant could be to his neighbor over the Tweed. The greasy meal filled Lauderdale with disgust; but it did not change his resolution. He lived like a Spartan on the bread which he could eat, and came back daily to his faithful tendance of the young companion who now repre-

sented to him almost all that he loved in the world. Colin grew better during these weeks. The air of home which his mother brought with her, the familiar discussions and philosophies with which Lauderdale filled the weary time, gave him a connecting link once more with the old life. And the new life again rose before Colin, fresh and solemn and glorious. Painfully and sharply he had been delivered from his delusions,—those innocent delusions which were virtues. He began to see that, if indeed there ever was a woman in the world for whom it was worth a man's while to sacrifice his existence and individuality, Miss Matty, of all women, was not she. And after this divergence out of his true path,—after this cloud that had come over him, and which looked as though it might swallow him up, it is not to be described how beautiful his own young life looked to Colin, when it seemed to himself that he was coming back to it, and was about to enter once more upon his natural career.

"I wonder how Macdonald will get on at Baliol," he said; "of course he'll get the scholarship. It's no use regretting what cannot be helped; but when a man takes the wrong turning once in his life, do you think he can get into the right road again?" said Colin. He had scarcely spoken the words when a smile gradually stealing over his face, faint and soft like the rising of the moon, intimated to his companions that he had already answered himself. Not only so, but that the elasticity of his youth had delivered Colin from all heavier apprehensions. He was not afraid of the wrong turning he had taken. He was but playing with the question in a kind of tender wantonness. Neither his health nor his lost opportunity gave him much trouble. The tide of life had risen in his heart, and again everything seemed possible; and such being the case, he trifled pleasantly with the dead doubts which existed no longer. "There is a tide in the affairs of men," Colin said to himself, smiling over it; and the two people who were looking at him, whose hearts and whose eyes were studying every change in his face, saw that a new era had begun, and did not know whether to exchange looks of gratulation or to betake themselves to the silence and darkness to shed tears of despair over the false hope.

"When a callant goes a step astray, you mean," said Lauderdale, with a harshness in his voice which sounded contemptuous to Colin,— "goes out of his way a step to gather a flower or the like; a man that takes a wrong turn is altogether a false eenage. Everything in this world is awfu' mysterious," said the philosopher. "I'm no clear in my mind about that wrong turning. According to some theories, there's no such thing in existence. 'All things work togither for good.' I would like to know what was in Paul's head when he wrote down that. No to enter into the question of inspiration, the opinion of a man like him is aye worth having; but it's an awfu' mysterious saying to me."

"Eh, but it's true," said the mistress; "you're no to throw any of your doubts upon Providence. I'll no say but what it's a hard struggle whiles; but if God doesna ken best,—if he's not the wisest and the kindest, I would rather, for my part, come to an end without any more ado about it. I'm no wanting to live either in earth or heaven if there's any doubts about him."

"That's aye the way with women," said Lauderdale, reflectively. "They've nae patience for a philosophical question. But the practical argument is no doubt awfu' powerful, and I can say 'nothing against it. I'm greatly of the same way o' thinking myself. Life's no worth having on less terms, but at the same time'"—

"I was speaking only of the Baliol Scholarship," said Colin, with a momentary pettishness; "you are more abstruse than ever, Lauderdale. If there should happen to be another vacancy next year, do you think I've injured myself by neglecting this one! I never felt more disposed for work," said the young man, raising himself out of his chair. It said a great deal for his returning strength that the two anxious spectators allowed him to get up and walk to the window without offering any assistance. The evening was just falling, and Colin looked out upon a gray landscape of leafless trees and misty flats, over which the shadows gathered. He came back again with a little exclamation of impatience. "I hate these dull levels," said the restless invalid; "the earth and the skies are silent here, and have nothing to say. Mother, why do we not go home?" He stood before her for a moment in the twilight,

looking, in his diminished bulk and apparently increased height, like a shadow of what he was. Then he threw himself back in his chair with an impatience partly assumed to conceal the weakness of which he was painfully sensible. "Let us go to-morrow," said Colin, closing his eyes. He was in the state of weakness which feels every contradiction an injury, and already had been more ruffled in spirit than he cared to acknowledge by the diversion of the talk from his own individual concerns to a general question so large and so serious. He lay back in his chair, with his eyes closed, and those clouds of brown hair of which his mother was so proud hanging heavily over the forehead which, when it was visible, looked so pale and worn out of its glory of youth. The color of day had all gone out of the whispering, solemn twilight; and when the mistress looked at the face before her, pale, with all its outlines rigid in the gray light, and its eyes closed, it was not wonderful that a shiver went through her heart.

"That was just what I had to speak about, Colin, my man," said Mrs. Campbell, nerv- ing herself for the task before her. "I see no reason myself against it, for I've aye had a great confidence in native air; but your grand doctor that was brought down from London"—

"Do not say anything more. I shall not stay here, mother; it is impossible! I am throwing away my life!" cried Colin, hastily, not waiting to hear her out. "Anybody can teach this boy. As for the Franklands, I have done enough for them. They have no right to detain me. We will go to-morrow," the young man repeated, with the petulance of his weakness; to which Mrs. Campbell did not know how to reply.

"But, Colin, my man," said the mistress, after a pause of perplexity, "it's no *that* I'm meaning. Spring's aye sweet, and it's sweet aboon a' in your ain place, when ye ken every corner to look for a primrose in. I said that to the doctor, Colin; but he wasna of my opinion. A' that was in his mind was the east wind (no that there's much o' that in our country-side; but those English canna tell one airt from another) and the soft weather, and I couldna say but what it was whiles damp," said the candid woman; "and the short and the long is, that he said you were to gang south and no north. I'm no mean-

ing him. If it wasna for your health's sake, which keeps folks anxious, it would sound ower grand to be possible," she continued, with a wistful smile, "and awfu' proud I would be to think of my laddie in Italy"—

"In Italy?" said Colin, with a cry of excitement and surprise; and then they both stopped short, and he looked in his mother's eyes, which would not meet his, and which he could see, hard as she struggled to keep them unseen, were wet and shining with tears. "People are sent to Italy to die," said the young man. "I suppose that is what the doctor thinks, and that is your opinion, my poor mother? and Lauderdale thinks so? Don't say no. No, I can see it in your eyes."

"Oh, Colin, dinna say that! dinna break my heart!" cried the mistress. "I'm telling you every word the doctor said. He said it would be better for you in future,—for your strength, and for getting free of danger in the many hard winters,—dour Scotch winters, frost, and snow, and stormy weather, and you your duty to mind night and day." She made a little pause to get her breath, and smiled upon Colin, and went on hastily, lest she should break down before all was said. "In the many hard winters that you have to look forward to—the lang life that's to come"—

"Lauderdale," said Colin, out of the darkness, "do you hear her saying what she thinks is deception and falsehood? My mother is obliged to tell me the doctor's lie; but it stumbles on her lips. That is not how she would speak of herself. She would say"—

"Callant, hold your peace," said Lauderdale. His voice was so harsh and strange that it jarred in the air, and he rose up with a sudden movement, rising like a tower into the twilight, through which the pleasant reflections from the fire sparkled and played as lightly as if the talk had been all of pleasure. "Be silent, sir!" cried Colin's friend. "How dare you say to me that any word but truth can come out of the mistress's lips? How dare ye"—But here Lauderdale himself came to a sudden pause. He went to the window, as Colin had done, and then came quickly back again. "Because, we're a wee concerned and anxious about him, he thinks he may say what he likes," said the philosopher, with a strange, short laugh. "It's the way with such callants. They're kings, and give

the laws to us that ken better. You may say what you like, Colin; but you must not name anything that's no true with your mother's name."

It is strange to feel that you are going die. It is stranger still to see your friends, profoundly conscious of the awful news they have to convey, painfully making light of it, and trying to look as if they meant nothing. Colin perceived the signification of his mother's pathetic smiles, of his friend's impatience, of the vigilant watch they kept upon him. He saw that, if perhaps her love kept a desperate spark of hope alight in the mistress' heart, it was desperate, and she put no confidence in it. All this he perceived, with the rapid and sudden perception which comes at such a crisis. Perhaps for a moment the blood went back upon his heart with a suffocating sense of danger, against which he could make no stand, and of an inevitable approaching fate which he could not avoid or flee from. The next minute he laughed aloud. The sound of his laughter was strange and terrible to his companions. The mistress took her boy's hand and caressed it, and spoke to him in the soothing words of his childhood. "Colin, my man,—Colin, my bonnie man," said the mother, whose heart was breaking. She thought his laugh sounded like defiance of God,—defiance of the approaching doom; and such a fear was worse even than the dread of losing him. She kept his reluctant fingers in hers, holding him fast to the faith and the resignation of his home. As for Lauderdale, he went away out of sight, struggling with a hard sob which all his strength could not restrain; and it was in the silence of this moment that Colin's laugh, more faintly, more softly, with a playful sound that went to his heart, echoed again into the room.

"Don't hold me, mother," he said: "I could not run away from you if I would. You think I don't take my discovery as I ought to do? If it is true," said Colin, grasping his mother's hand, "you will have time enough to be miserable about me after; let us be happy as long as we can. But I don't think it is true. I have died and come alive again. I am not going to die any more just now," said Colin, with a smile which was more than his mother could bear, and his eyes so fixed upon her, that her efforts to swallow the climbing sorrow in her throat

were such as consumed her strength. But even then it was of him and not herself that she thought. "I wasna meaning,—I wasna saying," she tried to articulate in her broken voice; and then at intervals, "A' can be borne—a' can be borne—that doesna go against the will of God. Oh, Colin, my ain laddie! we maun a' die; but we must not rebel against him!" cried the mistress. A little more, and even she, though long-enduring as love could make her, must have reached the limits of her strength; but Colin, strangely enough, was noway disposed for solemnity, nor for seriousness. He was at the height of the rebound, and disposed to carry his nurses with him to that smiling mountain-top from which death and sorrow had dispersed like so many mists and elouds.

"Come to the window, and look out," said Colin: "take my arm, mother; it feels natural to have you on my arm. Look here—there are neither hills nor waters, but there are always stars about. I don't mean to be discouraged," said the young man,—he had to lean against the window to support himself; but, all the same, he supported her, keeping fast hold of the hand on his arm,—"I don't mean to be discouraged," said Colin, "nor to let you be discouraged. I have been in the valley of the shadow of death; but I have come out again. It does not matter to me what the doctor says, or what Lauderdale says, or any other of my natural enemies. You and I, mother, know better," he said; "I am not going to die." The two stood at the window, looking up to the faint stars, two faces cast in the same mould,—one distraught with a struggling of hope against knowledge, against experience; the other radiant with a smile of youth. "I am not quite able to walk over the Alps, at present," said Colin, leading the mistress back to her chair; "but for all that, let us go to Italy, since the doctor says so. And, Lauderdale, come out of the dark and light the candles, and don't talk any more nonsense. We are going to have a consultation about the ways and means. I don't know how it is to be done," said Colin, gayly, "since we have not a penny, nor has anybody belonging to us; but still, since you say so, mother, and the doctor and Lauderdale"—

The mistress, all trembling and agitated, rose at this moment to help Lauderdale, who had come, forward without saying anything,

to do the patient's bidding. "You'll no be angry?" said Mrs. Campbell, under breath: "it's a' his spirits; he means nothing but love and kindness." Lauderdale met her eye with a countenance almost as much disturbed as her own.

"Me angry!" said Colin's friend; "he might have my head for a football, if that would please him." The words were said in an undertone which sounded like a suppressed growl; and as such Colin took the little clandestine exchange of confidence.

"Is he grumbling, mother?" said the object of their cares. "Never mind; he likes to grumble. Now come to the fire, both of you, and talk. They are oracles, these great doctors; they tell you what you are to do without telling you how to do it. Must I go to Italy in a balloon?" said Colin. "After all, if it were possible, it would be worth being ill for," said the young man, with a sudden illumination in his eyes. He took the management of affairs into his own hands for the evening, and pointed out to them where they were to sit with the despotism of an invalid. "Now we look comfortable," said Colin, "and are prepared to listen to suggestions. Lauderdale, your mind is speculative; do you begin."

It was thus that Colin defeated the gathering dread and anguish which, even in the face of his apparent recovery, closed more and more darkly round him; and as what he did and said did not arise from any set purpose or conscious intention, but was the mere expression of instinctive feeling, it had a certain inevitable effect upon his auditors, who brightened up, in spite of themselves and their convictions, under his influence. When Colin laughed, instead of feeling inclined to sob or groan over him, even Lauderdale, after a while, cleared up, too, into a wistful smile, and as for the mistress, her boy's confidence came to her like a special revelation. She saw it was not assumed, and her heart rose. "When a young creature's appointed to be taken, the Lord gives him warning," she said in secret; "but my Colin has nae message in himself;" and her tender soul was charmed by the visionary consolation. It was under the influence of the same exhilaration that Lauderdale spoke.

"I've given up my situation," he said. "No but what it was a very honorable situation,

and no badly remunerated; but a man tires of anything that's aye the same day by day. I've been working hard a' my life; and it's in the nature of a man to be craving. I'm going to Eetaly for my own hand," said Lauderdale; "no on your account, callant. I've had enough of the prose, and now's the time for a bit poetry. No that I undertake to write verses, like you. If he has not me to take care of him, he'll flee into print," said the philosopher, reflectively. "It would be a terrible shock to me to see our first prizeman, the most distinguished student, as the principal himself said, coming out in a book with lines to Eetaly, and verses about vineyards and oranges. That kind of thing is a' very well for the callants at Oxford and Cambridge; but there's something more expected from one of us," said Lauderdale. "I'm going to Eetaly, as I tell you, callant, as long as there's a glimmer of something like youth left in me, to get a bit poetry into my life. You and me will take our knapsacks on our backs and go off together. I have a trifle in the bank,—a hundred pounds, or maybe mair: I couldn't say as to a shilling or twa. If I'm speculative, as you say, I'm no without a turn for the practical," he continued, with some pride; "and everything's awfu' cheap when you know how to manage. This curate callant,—he has no a great deal of sense, nor any philosophical judgment, that I can see; and as for theology, he doesna understand what it means; but he does not seem to me to be deficient in other organs," said the impartial observer, "such as the heart, for example; and he's been about the world, and understands about inns and things. Every living creature has its use in this life. I wouldna say he was good for very much in the way of direct teaching from the pulpit; but he's been awfu' instructive to me."

"And you mean me to save my life at your cost?" said Colin. "This is what I have come to,—at your cost, or at my father's, or by somebody's charity? No; I'll go home and sit in an easy-chair, like poor Hugh Carlyle; and, mother, you'll take care!"

When the sick man's fitful spirits thus yielded again, his mother was near to soothe him with a better courage. Again she held his hands, and said, "Colin, my man,—Colin, my bonnie man," with the voice of his childhood. "You'll come back hale and strong to pay a'budy back the trouble," said the

mistress, while Lauderdale proceeded unmoved, without seeming to hear what Colin said.

"They're a mystery to me, those English priests," said the meditative Scotchman. "They're not to call ignorant, in the general sense; but they're awfu' simple in their ways. To think of a man in possession of his faculties reading a verse, or maybe a chapter, out of the Bible, which is very near as mysterious as life itself to the like of me, and then discoursing about the church and the lessons appointed for this day or that. It's a grand tether, that prayer-book, though. You kind of callant, so long as he keeps by that, he's safe in a kind of a way; but he knows nothing about what's doing outside his printed walls, and when he hears suddenly a' the stir that's in the world, he loses his head altogether, and takes to 'Essays and Reviews,' and that description of literature. But he's awful instructive, as I was saying, in the article of inns and steamboats. Not to say that he's a grand Italian scholar, as far as I can understand, and reads Dante in the original. It's a wonderful thought to realize the like of that innocent reading Dante. You and me, Colin," said Lauderdale, with a sudden glow in his eyes, "will take the poets by the hand for once in our lives. What you were saying about cost was a wonderful sensible saying for yours. When the siller's done, we'll work our way home; it's a pity you have no voice to speak of, and I canna play the—guitar is't they call it?" said the philosopher, with a quaint grimace. He was contemptuous of the lighter arts, as was natural to his race and habits, and once more Colin's laugh sounded gayly through the room which, for many weeks, had known little laughter. They discussed the whole matter, half playfully, half seriously, as they sat over the fire, growing eager about it as they went on. Lauderdale's hundred pounds "or more" was the careful hoarding of years. He had saved it as poor Scotchmen are reported to save, by minute economies, unsuspected by richer men. But he was ready to spend his little fortune with the composure of a millionaire. "And myself after it, if that would make it more effectual," he said to himself, as he went back in the darkness to his little lodging in the village. Let it not be supposed, however, that any idea of self-sacrifice was in the mind of Lauderdale. On

the contrary, he contemplated this one possible magnificence of his life with a glow of sweet satisfaction and delight. He was willing to expend it all upon Colin, if not to save him, at least to please him. That was *his* pleasure, the highest gratification of which he was capable in the circumstances. He made his plans with the liberality of a prince, without thinking twice about the matter, though it was all the wealth he had in the world which he was about to lavish freely, for Colin's sake.

"I don't mean to take Lauderdale's money; but we'll arrange it somehow," said Colin; "and then for the hard winters you speak of, mother, and the labor night and day." He sent her away with a smile; but when he had closed the door of his own apartment, which now, at length, he was well enough to have to himself without the attendance of any nurse, the light went out of the young man's face. After they were both gone, he sat down and began to think; things did not look so serene, so certain, so infallible when he was alone. He began to think, What if, after all, the doctor might be right? What if it were death and not life that was written against his name? The thought brought a little thrill to Colin's heart, and then he set himself to contemplate the possibility. His faith was shadowy in details, like that of most people; his ideas about heaven had shifted and grown confused from the first vague vision of beatitude, the crowns and palms and celestial harps of childhood. What was that other existence into which, in the fulness of his youth, he might be transported ere he was aware? *Then*, at least, must be the solution of all the difficulties that crazed the minds of men; *then*, at least, nearer to God, there must be increase of faculty, elevation of soul. Colin looked it in the face, and the Unknown did not appall him; but through the silence he seemed already to hear the cry of anguish which would go up from one homely house under the unanswering skies. It had been his home all his life: what would it be to him in the event of that change, which was death, but not destruction? Must he look down from afar off,—from some cold, cruel distance,—upon the sorrow of his friends, himself being happy beyond reach, bearing no share in the burden? Or might he, according to a still harder imagination, be with them, beside them, but unable by

word or look, by breath or touch, to lift aside even for a moment the awful veil, transparent to him, but to them heavy and dark as night, which drops between the living and the dead? It was when his thoughts came to this point that Colin withdrew, faint and sick at heart, from the hopeless inquiry. He went to his rest, saying his prayers, as he said them at his mother's knee, for Jesus' sake. Heaven and earth swam in confused visions round the brain which was dizzy with the encounter of things too mysterious, too dark to be fathomed. The only thing in earth or heaven of which there seemed to be any certainty was the sole Existence which united both, in whose name Colin said his prayers.

CHAPTER XXIV.

MISS MATTY FRANKLAND all this time had not been without her trials. They were trials as unlike Colin's as possible, but not without some weight and poignancy of their own, such as might naturally belong to the secondary heartaches of a woman who was far from being destitute either of sense and feeling, and yet was at the same time a little woman of the world. In the first place, she was greatly aggravated that Harry, who, on the whole, seemed to be her fate, an inevitable necessity, should allow himself to be picked out of a canal at the hazard of another man's life. Harry was, on the whole, a very good fellow, and was not apt to fall into an inferior place among his equals, or show himself less manful, courageous, or fortunate than other people. But it wounded Matty's pride intensely to think that she might have to marry a man whose life had been twice saved, all the more as it was not a fault with which he could be reasonably upbraided. And then, being a woman, it was impossible for her to refrain from a little natural involuntary hero-worship of the other, who was not only the hero of these adventures, but her own chivalrous adorer to boot,—perhaps the only man in the world who had suffered his life to be seriously affected by her influence. Not only so; but at the bottom Miss Matty was fond of Colin, and looked upon him with an affectionate, caressing regard, which was not love, but might very easily bear the aspect of love by moments, especially when its object was in a position of special interest. Between these two sentiments the young lady was kept in a

state of harass and worry, disadvantageous both to her looks and her temper,—a consciousness of which reacted in its turn upon her feelings. She put it all down to Harry's score when, looking in her glass, she found herself paler than usual. "I wonder how he could be such an ass!" she said to herself at such periods, with a form of expression unsuitable for a boudoir; and then her heart would melt toward his rival. There were some moments when she felt, or imagined she felt, the thralldom of society, and uttered to herself sighs and sneers, half false and half true, about the "gilded chains," etc., which bound her to make her appearance at Sir Thomas's dinner-party, and to take an active part in the ball. All this conflict of sentiment was conscious, which made matters worse: for all the time Matty was never quite clear of the idea that she was a humbug, and even in her truest impulse of feeling kept perpetually finding herself out. If Colin had been able to appear down-stairs, her position would have been more and more embarrassing; as it was, she saw, as clearly as any one, that the intercourse which she had hitherto kept up with the tutor must absolutely come to an end now, when he had a claim so much stronger and more urgent on the gratitude of the family. And the more closely she perceived this, the more did Matty grudge the necessity of throwing aside the most graceful of all her playthings. Things might have gone on in the old way for long enough, but for this most unnecessary and perplexing accident, which was entirely Harry's fault. Now she dared not any longer play with Colin's devotion, and yet was very reluctant to give up the young worshipper, who amused and interested and affected her more than any other in her train. With this in her mind, Miss Matty, as may be supposed, was a little fitful in her spirits, and felt herself, on the whole, an injured woman. The ordinary homage of the drawing-room felt stale and unprofitable after Colin's poetic worship; and the wooing of Harry, who felt he had a right to her, and conducted himself accordingly, made the contrast all the more distinct. And in her heart, deep down beyond all impulses of vanity, there lay a woman's pity for the sufferer,—a woman's grateful but remorseful admiration for the man who had given in exchange for all her false coin a most unquestionable heart.

Matty did not suspect the change in Colin's sentiments; perhaps she could not by any effort of her understanding have realized the silent revolution which these few weeks had worked in his mind. She would have been humbled, wounded; perhaps angry, had she known of his disenchantment. But in her ignorance, a certain yearning was in the young lady's mind. She was not reconciled to give him up; she wanted to see him again,—even, so mingled were her sentiments, to try her power upon him again, though it could only be to give him pain. Altogether, the business was complicated to an incredible extent in the mind of Matty, and she had not an idea of the simple manner in which Colin had cut the knot and escaped out of all its entanglements. When the accident was discussed down-stairs, the remarks of the general company were insufferable to the girl who knew more about Colin than any one else did; and the sharpness of her criticism upon their jocular remarks confounded even Lady Frankland, whose powers of observation were not rapid. "My dear, you seem to be losing your temper," said the astonished aunt; and the idea gave Lady Frankland a little trouble. "A woman who loses her temper will never do for Harry," she said in confidence to Sir Thomas. "And poor fellow, he is very ready to take offence since this unfortunate accident. I am sure, I am quite ready to acknowledge how much we owe to Mr. Campbell; but it is very odd that nothing has ever happened to Harry except in his company," said the aggrieved mother. Sir Thomas, for his part, was more reasonable.

"A very lucky thing for Harry," said the baronet. "Nobody else would have gone into that canal after him. I can't conceive how Harry could be such a confounded ass!" Sir Thomas added, with a mortified air. "But as for Campbell, poor fellow, anything that I can do for him— By Jove, Mary, if he were to die, I should never forgive myself!"

On the whole, it will be seen that the agitations occasioned by Colin were not confined to his own chamber. As for Harry, he kept silence on the subject, but did not the less feel the inferior position in which his misfortune had left him. He was grateful so far,—that, if he could have persuaded Colin to accept any recompense, or done him any over-

whelming favor, he would have gladly given that evidence of thankfulness. But after the first shock of horror with which he heard of the tutor's danger, it is certain that the mortification of feeling that his life had been saved at the risk of another man's life produced in young Frankland anything but a friendly sentiment. To accept so vast an obligation requires an amount of generosity of which Harry was not capable. The two young men were, indeed, placed in this singular relationship to each other, without the existence of a spark of sympathy between them. Not only was the mind of the saved in a sore and resentful, rather than a grateful and affectionate, state; but even the other, from whom more magnanimity might have been expected, had absolutely no pleasure in thinking that he had saved the life of a fellow-creature. That sweet satisfaction and approval of conscience which is said to attend acts of benevolence did not make itself felt in the bosom of Colin. He was rather irritated than pleased by the consciousness of having preserved Harry Frankland from a watery grave, as the apothecary said. The entire household was possessed by sensations utterly unlike those which it ought to have felt, when, on the day succeeding his consultation with Lauderdale, Colin for the first time came down-stairs. There were still some people in the house giving full occupation to Lady Frankland's hours of hospitality, and Matty's of entertainment; but both the ladies heard in a minute or two after his appearance that Mr. Campbell had been seen going into the library. "Perhaps it would be best if you were to go and speak to him, Matty," said Lady Frankland. "There is no occasion for being too enthusiastic; but you may say that I am very much occupied, or I would have come myself to welcome him. Say anything that is proper, my dear, and I will try and induce Harry to go and shake hands, and make his acknowledgments. Men have such a horror of making a fuss," said the perplexed mother. As for Matty, she went upon her errand with eagerness and a little agitation. Colin was in the library, seated at the table beside Sir Thomas, when she went in. The light was shining full upon him, and it did not subdue the beatings of Matty's contradictory little heart to see how changed he was, and out of caves how deep the eyes looked which had taken new meanings unin-

telligible to her. She had been, in her secret heart, a little proud of understanding Colin's eyes; and it was humiliating to see the new significations which had been acquired during his sickness, and to which she had no clew. Sir Thomas was speaking when she came in; so Matty said nothing, but came and stood by him for a moment, and gave her hand to Colin. When their eyes met, they were both moved, though they were not in love with each other; and then Matty drew a chair to the other side of the table, and looked remorsefully, pitifully, tenderly, on the man whom she supposed her lover. She was surprised that he did not seek her eye, or show himself alive to all her movements, as he used to do; and at that moment, for the first time, it occurred to Matty to wonder whether the absolute possession of Colin's heart might not be worth a sacrifice. She was tired of Harry and, to tell the truth, of most other people just then. And the sight of this youth—who was younger than she was; who was so much more ignorant and less experienced than she, and who had not an idea in his head about settlements and establishments, but entertained visions of an impossible life, with incomprehensible aims and meanings in it—had a wonderfully sudden effect upon her. For that instant Matty was violently tempted,—that is to say, she took it into her consideration as actually a question worth thinking of, whether it might not be practicable to accept Colin's devotion, and push him on in the world, and make something of him. She entertained the idea all the more, strangely enough, because she saw none of the old pleadings in Colin's eyes.

"I hope you will never doubt our gratitude, Campbell," said Sir Thomas. "I understand that the doctor has said you must not remain in this climate. Of course you must spend the spring in Nice, or somewhere. It's charming scenery thereabouts. You'll get better directly you get into the air. And in summer, you know, there's no place so good as England,—you must come back here. As for expenses, you shall have a travelling allowance over your salary. Don't say anything; money can never repay"—

"As long as I was Charley's tutor," said Colin, "money was natural. Pardon me,—I can't help the change of circumstances,—there is no money bond between us now,—only kindness," said the young man, with an effort.

"You have all been very good to me since I fell ill. I come to thank you, and to say I must give up"—

"Yes, yes," said Sir Thomas; "but you can't imagine that I will let you suffer for your exertions on my son's behalf, and for the regard you have shown to my family?"

"I wish you would understand," said Colin, with vexation. "I have explained to Lady Frankland more than once. It may seem rude to say so; but there was no regard for your family involved in that act, at least. I was the only one of the party who saw that your son had gone down. I had no wish to go down after him; I can't say I had any impulse, even; but I had seen him, and I should have felt like his murderer if I had not attempted to save him. I am aware it is an ungracious thing to say; but I cannot accept praise which I don't deserve," said Colin, his weakness bringing a hot, sudden color over his face; and then he stopped short, and looked at Sir Thomas, who was perplexed by this interruption, and did not quite know how to shape his reply.

"Well, well," said the baronet; "I don't exactly understand you, and I dare say you don't understand yourself. Most people that are capable of doing a brave action give queer explanations of it. That's what you mean, I suppose. No fellow that's worth anything pretends to fine motives, and so forth. You did it because you could not help it. But that does not interfere with my gratitude. When you are ready to go, you will find a credit opened for you at my bankers, and we must see about letters of introduction and all that; and I advise you, if you're going to Italy, to begin the language at once, if you don't know it. Miss Matty used to chatter enough for six when we were there. I dare say she'd like nothing better than to teach you," said Sir Thomas. He was so much relieved by the possibility of turning over his difficult visitor upon Matty that he forgot the disadvantages of such a proposal. He got up, delighted to escape and to avoid any further remonstrance, and held out his hand to Colin. "Delighted to see you down-stairs again," said the baronet; "and I hope you'll bring your friend to dinner with you to-night. Good-by just now; I have, unfortunately, an engagement"—

"Good-by," said Colin. "I will write

to you all about it." And so the good-hearted squire went away, thinking everything was settled. After that it was very strange for the two who had been so much together to find themselves again in the same room, and alone. As for Colin, he did not well know what to say. Almost the last time he had been by Matty's side without any witnesses was the time when he concluded that it was only his life which he was throwing away for her sake. Since that time, what a wonderful change had passed over him! The idea that he had thought her smile, the glance of her eyes, worth such a costly sacrifice, annoyed Colin. But still her presence sent a little thrill through him when they were left alone together. And as for Miss Matty, there was some anxiety in her eyes as she looked at him. What did he mean? Was he taking a desperate resolution to declare his sentiments? or what other reason could there be for his unusual silence? for it never occurred to her to attribute it to its true cause.

"My uncle thinks you have consented to his plan," said Matty; "but I suppose I know what your face means better than he does. Why are you so hard upon us, I wonder? I know well enough that Harry and you never took to each other; but you used to like the rest of us,—or, at least, I thought so," said the little siren. She gave one of her pretty glances at him under her eyelashes, and Colin looked at her across the table candidly, without any disguise. Alas! he had seen her throw that same glance at various other persons, while he stood in the corner of the drawing-room observing everything; and the familiar artillery this time had no effect.

"I have the greatest respect for everybody at Wodensbourne," said Colin; "you did me only justice in thinking so. You have all been very good to me."

"I did not say anything about respect," said Miss Matty, with pouting lips. "We used to be friends, or, at least, I thought so. I never imagined we were to break off into respect so suddenly. I am sure I wish Harry had been a hundred miles away when he came to disturb us all," said the disarmed enchantress. She saw affairs were in the most critical state, and her words were so far true that she could have expressed her feelings best at the moment by an honest fit

of crying. As this was impracticable, Miss Matty tried less urgent measures. "We have caused you nothing but suffering and vexation," said the young lady, dropping her voice and fixing her eyes upon the pattern of the table-cover, which she began to trace with her finger. "I do not wonder that we have become disagreeable to you. But you should not condemn the innocent with the guilty," said Miss Matty, looking suddenly up into his eyes. A touch of agitation, the slightest possible, gave interest to the face on which Colin was looking; and perhaps all the time he had known her she had never so nearly approached being beautiful, as certainly, all the time, she had never so narrowly escaped being true. If things had been with Colin as they once were, the probability is that, moved by her emotion, the whole story of his love would have poured forth at this emergency; and, had it done so, there is a possibility that Matty, carried away by the impulse of the moment, might have awoke next morning the affianced wife of the farmer's son of Ramore. Providence, however, was kinder to the pair. Colin sat on the other side of the table, and perceived that she was putting her little delicate probe into his wound. He saw all the asides and stage directions, and looked at her with a curious, vicarious sense of shame.

Colin, indeed, in his new enlightenment, was hard upon Matty. He thought it was all because she could not give up her power over the victim, whom she intended only to torture, that she had thus taken the trouble to reopen the ended intercourse. He could no more have believed that at this moment, while he was looking at her, such a thing was possible as that Matty might have accepted his love, and pledged her life to him, than he would have believed the wildest nonsense that ever was written in a fairy tale. So the moments passed, while the ignorant mortal sat on the opposite side of the table,—which was a very fortunate thing for both parties. Nevertheless, it was with a certain sense of contempt for him, as, after all, only an ordinary blind male creature, unconscious of his opportunities, mingled with a thrill of excitement, on her own part, natural to a woman who has just escaped a great danger, that Miss Matty listened to what Colin had to say.

"There is neither guilty nor innocent that I know of," said Colin; "you have all been very kind to me. It is very good of you to take the pains to understand me. I don't mean to take advantage of Sir Thomas Frankland's kindness; but I am not such a churl as to fling it back in his teeth as if it were pride alone that made mere fuse it. It is not pride alone," said Colin, growing red, "but a sense of justice; for what I have done has been done by accident. I will write and explain to Sir Thomas what I mean."

"Write and explain?" said Matty. "You have twice said you would write. Do you mean that you are going away?"

"As soon as it is possible," said Colin; and then he perceived that he was speaking with rude distinctness. "Indeed, I have been taking advantage of your kindness too long. I have been a useless member of the household for six weeks at least. Yes, I must go away."

"You speak very calmly," said Matty. She was a little flushed, and there were tears in her eyes. If they had been real tears she would have hidden them carefully; but as they were only half real, she had no objection to let Colin see that she was concealing them. "You are very composed about it, Mr. Campbell. One would think you were going away from a place distasteful to you, or, at least, which you were totally indifferent about. I dare say that is all very right and proper; but I have a good memory, and it appears rather strange to me."

It was altogether a trying situation for Colin. If she had been able to seduce him into a little recrimination, she would have succeeded in dragging the reluctant captive back again into his toils; which, having by this time entirely recovered her senses, was all Miss Matty wanted. Her downcast, tearful eyes, the faltering in her voice, were wonderfully powerful weapons, which the young man was unable to combat by means of mere indifference. Colin, however, being a man of impulses, was never to be calculated on beforehand for any particular line of conduct; and on the present occasion, he entirely overleaped Miss Matty's bounds.

"Yes, it is strange," said Colin. "Perhaps nothing but the sight of Death, who has been staring into my eyes for some time, could have shown me the true state of affairs. I

have uttered a great deal of nonsense since I came to Wodensbourne, and you have listened to it, Miss Frankland, and perhaps rather enjoyed seeing my tortures and my delights. But nothing could come of that; and when Death hangs on behind, everything but love flies before him," said Colin. "It was pleasant sport while it lasted; but everything, except love, comes to an end."

"Except love," said Miss Matty. She was terribly piqued and mortified on the surface, and a little humble and sorrowful within. She had a sense, too, that, for one moment, at the beginning of this interview, she had almost been capable of that sentiment which Colin exalted so highly; and that, consequently, he did her injustice in speaking of it as something with which she had nothing to do. "I remember hearing you talk of *that* sometimes in the midst of what you call nonsense now. If you did not understand yourself, you can't expect that I should have understood you," she went on. To tell the truth, Miss Matty was very near crying. She had experienced the usual injustice of human affairs, and been punished for her vanity just at that moment when she was inclined to do better; and her heart cried out against such cruel usage. This time, however, she kept her tears quite in subjection and did not show them, but only repeated, "You could not expect that I should understand you, if you did not understand yourself."

"No; that is true at least," said Colin, with eyes that strayed beyond her, and had gone off in other regions unknown to Matty. This which had piqued her even at the height of their alliance gave her an excuse for her anger now.

"And when you go off into sentiment, I never understand you," said the young lady. "I will leave *l'incomodo*, as the Italians say. That shall be your first lesson in the language which my uncle says I am to teach you," said the baffled little witch; and she went away with a glance half-spiteful, half-wistful, which had more effect upon Colin than a world of words. He got up to open the door for her, weak as he was, and took her hand and kissed it as she went away. Then Colin took himself laboriously up-stairs, having done his day's work. And so unreasonable was the young man, that Matty's last glance filled his heart with gentler thoughts of the world in general, though he was not

in love any longer. "I was not such a fool after all," he said to himself; which was a great consolation. As for Matty, she cried heartily when she got to her room, and felt as if she had lost something. Nor did she recover until about luncheon, when some people came to call, and it was her duty to be entertaining, and relieve Lady Frankland. "I hope you said everything that was proper to Mr. Campbell, my dear," said the lady of the house when lunch was over. And so that chapter came to an end.

CHAPTER XXV.

AFTER this interview, it was strange to meet again the little committee up-stairs, and resume the consideration of ways and means, which Sir Thomas would have settled so summarily. Colin could not help thinking of the difference with a little amusement. He was young enough to be able to dismiss entirely the grave thoughts of the previous night, feeling in his elastic, youthful mind, as he did, something of the fresh influence of the morning, or at least,—for Colin had found out that the wind was easterly, a thing totally indifferent to him in old times,—of the sentiment of the morning, which, so long as heart and courage are unbroken, renews the thoughts and hopes. Money was a necessary evil, to Colin's thinking. So long as there happened to be enough of it for necessary purposes, he was capable of laughing at the contrast between his own utter impecuniosity and the wealth which was only important for its immediate uses. Though he was Scotch, and of a careful, money-making race, this was as yet the aspect which money bore to the young man. He laughed as he leaned back in his easy-chair.

"What Lauderdale makes up by working for years, and what we can't make up by any amount of working, Sir Thomas does with a scrape of his pen," said Colin. "Down-stairs they need to take little thought about these matters, and up here a great deal of thought serves to very little purpose. On the whole, it seems to me that it would be very good for our tempers and for our minds in general if we all had plenty of money," said the young philosopher, still laughing. He was tolerably indifferent on the subject, and able to take it easily. While he spoke, his eye lighted on his mother's face,

who was not regarding the matter by any means so lightly. Mrs. Campbell, on the contrary, was suffering under one of the greatest minor trials of a woman. She thought her son's life depended on this going to Italy, and to procure the means for it there was nothing on earth his mother would not have done. She would have undertaken joyfully the rudest and hardest labor that ever was undertaken by man. She would have put her hands, which indeed were not accustomed to work, to any kind of toil; but with this eager longing in her heart she knew at the same time that it was quite impossible for her to do anything by which she could earn those sacred and precious coins on which her boy's life depended. While Colin spoke, his mother was making painful calculations what she could save and spare, at least, if she could not earn. Colin stopped short when he looked at her; he could not laugh any longer. What was to him a matter of amused speculation was to her life or death.

"There canna but be inequalities in this world," said the mistress, her tender brows still puckered with their baffling calculations. "I'm no envious of ony grandeur, nor of taking my ease, nor of the pleasures of this life. We're awfu' happy at hame in our sma' way when a's weel with the bairns; but it's for their sakes, to get them a' that's good for them! Money's precious when it means health and life," said Mrs. Campbell, with a sigh; "and it's awfu' hard upon a woman when she can do nothing for her ain, and them in need."

"I've known it hard upon a man," said Lauderdale; "there's little difference when it comes to that. But a hundred pounds," he continued, with a delightful consciousness of power and magnificence, "is not a bad sum to begin upon; before that's done, there will be time to think of more. It's none of your business, callant, that I can see. If you'll no come with me, you must even stay behind. I've set my heart on a holiday. A man has a little good of his existence when he does nothing but earn and eat and eat and earn again as I've been doing. I would like to take the play awhile, and feel that I'm living."

When the mistress saw how Lauderdale stretched his long limbs on his chair, and how Colin's face brightened with the look, half sympathetic, half provocative, which

usually marked the beginning of a long discussion, she went to the other end of the room for her work. It was Colin's linen which his mother was putting in order, and she was rather glad to withdraw to the other side of the room, and retire within that refuge of needlework, which is a kind of sanctuary for a woman, and in which she could pursue undisturbed her own thoughts. After a while, though these discussions were much in Mrs. Campbell's way, and she was not disinclined in general to take part in them, she lost the thread of the conversation. The voices came to her in a kind of murmur, now and then chiming in with a chance word or two with the current of her own reflections. The atmosphere which surrounded the convalescent had never felt so hopeful as to-day, and the heart of the mother swelled with a sense of restoration, a trust in God's mercy which recently had been dull and faint within her. Restoration, recovery, deliverance—Nature grows humble, tender, and sweet under these influences of heaven. The mistress's heart melted within her, repenting of all the hard thoughts she had been thinking, of all the complaints she had uttered. "It is good for me that I was afflicted," said the Psalmist; but it was not until his affliction was past that he could say so. Anguish and loss make no such confession. The heart, when it is breaking, has enough ado to refrain from accusing God of its misery, and it is only the inhumanity of human advisers that would adjure it to make spiritual merchandise out of the hopelessness of its pain.

Matters were going on thus in Colin's chamber, where he and his friend sat talking; and the mother at the other end of the room, carefully sewing on Colin's buttons, began to descend out of her heaven of thankfulness, and to be troubled with a pang of apprehension, lest her husband should not see things in the same light as she did, but might, perhaps, demur to Colin's journey as an unwarrantable expense. People at Ramore did not seek such desperate remedies for failing health. Whenever a cherished one was ill, they were content to get "the best doctors," and do everything for him that household care and pains could do; but, failing that, the invalid succumbed into the easy-chair, and when domestic cherishing would serve the purpose no longer, into a submissive grave, without dreaming of those resources

of the rich which might still have prolonged the fading life. Colin of Ramore was a kind father; but he was only a man, as the mistress recollected, and apt to come to different conclusions from an anxious and trembling mother. Possibly he might think this great expense unnecessary, not to be thought of, an injustice to his other children; and this thought disturbed her reflections terribly, as she sat behind their backs examining Colin's wardrobe. At all events, present duty prompted her to make everything sound and comfortable, that he might be ready to encounter the journey without any difficulty on that score; and absorbed in these mingled cares and labors, she was folding up carefully the garments she had done with, and laying them before her in a snowy heap upon the table, when the curate knocked softly at the door. It was rather an odd scene for the young clergyman, who grew more and more puzzled by his Scotch acquaintances the more he saw of them, not knowing how to account for their quaint mixture of homeliness and intelligence, nor whether to address them politely as equals, or familiarly as inferiors. Mrs. Campbell came forward, when he opened the door, with her cordial smile and looks as gracious as if she had been a duchess. "Come away, sir," said the farmer's wife, "we are aye real glad to see you," and then the mistress stopped short; for Henry Frankland was behind the curate, and somehow, the heir of Wodensbourne was not a favorite with Colin's mother. But her discontentment lasted but a moment. "I canna bid ye welcome, Mr. Frankland, to your own house," said the diplomatical woman; "but if it was mine, I would say I was glad to see you." That was how she got over the difficulty. But she followed the two young men toward the fire, when Colin had risen from his easy-chair. She could but judge according to her knowledge, like other people; and she was a little afraid that the man who had taken his love from him, who had hazarded health and, probably, his life, would find little favor in Colin's eyes; and to be anything but courteous to a man who came to pay her a visit, even had he been her greatest enemy, was repugnant to her barbaric-princely Scotch ideas. She followed accordingly, to be at hand and put things straight if they went wrong.

"Frankland was too late to see you to-day

when you were down-stairs; so he thought he would come up with me," said the curate, giving this graceful version of the fact that, dragged by himself and pursued by Lady Frankland, Harry had most reluctantly ascended the stair. "I am very glad indeed to hear that you were down to-day. You are looking—ah—better already," said the kind young man. As for Harry Frankland, he came forward and offered his hand, putting down at the same time on the table a pile of books with which he was loaded.

"My cousin told me you wanted to learn Italian," said Harry; "so I brought you the books. It's a very easy language, though people talk great nonsense about its being musical. It is not a bit sweeter than English. If you only go to Niece, French will answer quite well." He sat down suddenly and uncomfortably as he delivered himself of this utterance: and Colin, for his part, took up the grammar, and looked at it as if he had no other interest under the sun.

"I don't agree with Frankland there," said the curate; "everything is melodious in Italy except the churches. I know you are a keen observer, and I am sure you will be struck with the fine spirit of devotion in the people; but the churches are the most impious edifices in existence," said the Anglican, with warmth,—which was said, not because the curate was thinking of ecclesiastical art at the moment, but by way of making conversation, and conducting the interview between the saved man and his deliverer comfortably to an end.

"I think you said you had never been in Scotland?" said Lauderdale. "But we'll no enter into that question, though I would not say myself but there is a certain influence in the form of a building independent of what you may hear there,—which is one advantage you have over us in this half of the kingdom," said the critic, with an emphasis which was lost up on the company. "I'm curious to see the workings of an irrational system where it has no limit. It's an awfu' interesting subject of inquiry, and there is little doubt in my mind that a real popular system must aye be more or less irrational."

"I beg your pardon," said the curate. "Of course, there are many errors in the Church of Rome; but I don't see that such a word as irrational"—

"It's a very good word," said Lauderdale;

"I'm not using it in a contemptuous sense. Man's an irrational being, take him at his best. I'm not saying if it's above reason or below reason, but out of reason; which makes it none the worse to me. All religion's out of reason for that matter,—which is a thing we never can be got to allow in Scotland. You understand it better in your church," said the philosopher, with a keen glance—half sarcastic, half amused—at the astonished curate, who was taken by surprise, and did not know what to say.

During this time, however, Colin and Harry were eying each other over the Italian books. "You won't find it at all difficult," said young Frankland; "if you had been staying longer, we might have helped you. I say—look here—I am much obliged to you," Harry added, suddenly: "a fellow does not know what to say in such circumstances. I am horribly vexed to think of your being ill. I'd be very glad to do as much for you as you have done for me."

"Which is simply nothing at all," said Colin, hastily; and then he became conscious of the effort the other had made. "Thank you for saying as much. I wish you could, and then nobody would think any more about it," he said, laughing; and then they regarded each other for another half-minute across the table, while Lauderdale and the curate kept on talking heresy. Then Colin suddenly held out his hand.

"It seems my fate to go away without a grudge against anybody," said the young man, "which is hard enough when one has a certain right to a grievance. Good-by. I dare say after this your path and mine will scarcely cross again."

"Good-by," said Harry Frankland, rising up—and he made a step or two to the door, but came back again, swallowing a lump in his throat. "Good-by," he repeated, holding out his hand another time.

"I hope you'll soon get well! God bless you, old fellow! I never knew you till now,"—and so disappeared very suddenly, closing the door after him with a little unconscious violence. Colin lay back in his chair with a smile on his face. The two who were talking beside him had their ears intently open to this little by-play; but they went on with their talk, and left the principal actors in this little drama alone.

"I wonder if I am going to die?" said

Colin softly to himself; and then he caught the glance of terror, almost of anger, with which his mother stopped short and looked at him, with her lips apart, as if her breathing had stopped for the moment. "Mother, dear, I have no such intention," said the young man; "only that I am leaving Wodensbourne with feelings so amicable and amiable to everybody that it looks alarming. Even Harry Frankland, you see—and this morning his cousin"—

"What about his cousin, Colin?" said the mistress, with bated breath.

Upon which Colin laughed—not harshly, or in mockery—softly, with a sound of tenderness, as if somewhere, not far off, there lay a certain fountain of tears.

"She is very pretty, mother," he said, "very sweet and kind and charming. I dare say she will be a leader of fashion, a few years hence, when she is married; and I shall have great pleasure in paying my respects to her when I go up from the Assembly in black silk stockings, with a deputation to present an address to the queen."

Mrs. Campbell never heard any more of what had been or had not been between her son and the little siren whom she herself, in the bitterness of her heart, had taken upon herself to reprove; and this was how Colin, without, as he said, a grudge against anybody; concluded the episode of Wodensbourne.

Some time, however, elapsed before it was possible for Colin and his companion to leave England. Colin of Ramore was, as his wife had imagined, slow to perceive the necessity for so expensive a proceeding. The father's alarm by this time had come to a conclusion. The favorable bulletins which the mistress had sent from time to time by way of calming the anxiety of the family, had appeared to the farmer the natural indications of a complete recovery; and so thought Archie, who was his father's chief adviser, in the absence of the mistress of the house. "The wife's gone crazy," said big Colin. "She thinks this laddie of hers should be humored and made of as if he was Sir Thomas Frankland's son." And the farmer treated with a little carelessness his wife's assurances that a warmer climate was necessary for Colin.

"Naebody would ever have thought of such a thing, had he been at hame when the accident happened," said Archie, which was,

indeed, very true: and the father and son, who were the money-makers of the family, thought the idea altogether fantastical. The matter came to be mentioned to the minister, who was, like everybody else on the Holy Loch, interested about Colin, and, as it happened, finally reached the ears of the same professor who had urged him to compete for the Baliol scholarship. Now, it would be hard, in this age of competitive examinations, to say anything in praise of a university prize awarded by favor,—not to say that the prizes in Scotch universities are so few as to make such patronage specially invidious. Matters are differently managed nowadays, and it is to be hoped that pure merit always wins the tiny rewards which Scotch learning has at its disposal; but in Colin's day, the interest of a popular professor was worth something. The little conclave was again gathered round the fire in Colin's room at Wodenshourne, reading, with mingled feelings, a letter from Ramore, when another communication from Glasgow was put into Colin's hand. The farmer's letter had been a little impatient, and showed a household disarranged and out of temper. One of the cows was ill, and the maid-servant of the period had not proved herself equal to the emergency. "I don't want to hurry you, or to make Colin move before he is able," wrote the head of the house; "but it appears to me that he would be far more likely to recover his health and strength at home." The mistress had turned aside, apparently to look out at the window, from which was visible a white blast of rain sweeping over the dreary plain which surrounded Wodensbourne, though in reality it was to hide the gush of tears that had come to her eyes. Big Colin and his wife were what people call "a very united couple," and had kept the love of their youth wonderfully fresh in their hearts; but still there were times when the man was impatient and dull of understanding, and could not comprehend the woman, just as, perhaps, though Mrs. Campbell was not so clearly aware of that side of the question, there might be times when, on her side, the woman was equally a hinderance to the man. She looked out upon the sweeping rain, and thought of the "soft weather" on the Holy Loch, which had so depressing an effect upon herself, notwithstanding her sound health and many duties, and of the winds of March

which were approaching, and of Colin's life,—the most precious thing on earth, because the most in peril. What was she to do,—a poor woman who had nothing, who could earn nothing, who had only useless yearnings and cares of love to give her son?

While Mrs. Campbell was thus contemplating her impotence, and wringing her hands in secret over the adverse decision from home, Lauderdale was walking about the room in a state of high good-humor and content, radiant with the consciousness of that hundred pounds, "or maybe mair," with which it was to be his unshared, exclusive privilege to succor Colin. "I see no reason why we should wait longer. The mistress is wanted at home, and the east winds are coming on; and, when our siller is spent, we'll make more," said the exultant philosopher. And it was at this moment of all others that the professor's letter was put into the invalid's hands. He read it in silence, while the mistress remained at the window, concocting in her mind another appeal to her husband, and wondering in her tender heart how it was that men were so dull of comprehension and so hard to manage. "If Colin should turn ill again,"—for she dared not even think the word she meant,—"his father would never forgive himself," said the mistress to herself; and, as for Lauderdale, he had returned to the contemplation of a Continental Bradshaw, which was all the literature of which, at this crisis, Colin's friend was capable. They were both surprised when Colin rose up, flushed and excited, with this letter, which nobody had attached any importance to, in his hands. "They have given me one of the Snell scholarships," said Colin without any preface, "to travel and complete my studies. It is a hundred pounds a year; and I think, as Lauderdale says, we can start to-morrow," said the young man, who in his weakness and excitement was moved almost to tears.

"Eh, Colin, the Lord bless them!" said the mistress, sitting down suddenly in the nearest chair. She did not know who it was upon whom she was bestowing that benediction, which came from the depths of her heart; but she had to sit still after she had uttered it, blinded by two great tears that made even her son's face invisible, and with a trembling in her frame which rendered her incapable of any movement. She was incon-

sistent, like other human creatures. When she had attained to this sudden deliverance, and had thanked God for it, it instantly darted through her mind that her boy was going to leave her on a solemn and doubtful journey, now to be delayed no longer; and it was some time before she was able to get up and arrange for the last time the carefully-mended linen, which was all ready for him now. She packed it, shedding a few tears over it, and saying prayers in her tender heart for her first-born; and God only knows the difficulty with which she preserved her smile and cheerful looks, and the sinking of her heart when all her arrangements were completed. Would he ever come back again to make her glad? "You'll take awfu' care of my laddie?" she said to Lauderdale, who, for his part, was not delighted with the Snell scholarship; and that misanthrope answered, "Ay, I'll take care of him." That was all that passed between the two guardians, who knew, in their inmost hearts, that the object of their care might never come back again.

All the household of Wodensbourne turned out to wish Colin a good journey next morning when he went away; and the mistress put down the old-fashioned veil when the express was gone which carried him to London, and went home again humbly by the night-train. Fortunately there was in the same carriage with her a harassed young mother with little children, whose necessities speedily demanded the lifting-up of Mrs. Campbell's veil. And the day was clear on the Holy Loch, and all her native hills held out their arms to her, when the good woman reached her home. She was able to see the sick cows that afternoon, and her experience suggested a means of relieving the speechless creatures, which filled the house with admiration. "She may be a foolish woman about her bairns," said big Colin, who was half-pleased and half-angry to hear her story; but it's a different-looking house when the wife comes hame." And thus the natural sunshine came back again to the mistress's eyes.

THE rage for collecting old cookery books is very considerable just now. A former secretary of the Royal Zoological Society made a large library of such works; and the late Mr. Buckle purchased them from bookstalls and booksellers' catalogues whenever he met with any which he did not possess. Cookery, it has been said, is very closely connected with civilization. In England, as in France, the lesser cooks and housewives have, for two hundred years past, elected unto themselves a cook-monarch, generally a king, but occasionally a woman. Our stomachs are ruled by these potentates for the time being. The housekeeper swears by Mrs. Glasse in one generation, and by Mrs. Rundall in another. Dr. Kitchener, Careme, of Paris notoriety, Young, and, in later times, Miss Acton, Soyer, and the admirable Francatelli, have all exercised no small influence over the affairs of this kingdom. Very recently, a new cookery book appeared under the strange Welsh title, "Cre Fydd's Family Fare," understood to have been written by Mrs. Griffin; and now we have "The English and Australian Cookery Book," by an "Aus-

tralian Aristologist," announced. We are assured that the small work has been carefully compiled, and will contain, *multum in parvo*, the modern cookery of the mother country and the colonies, from the sensible "Roast Beef of Old England" to the Australian Kangaroo, in its various modes of being dressed; also the Hebrew preparation of different dishes. The book is interspersed with appropriate quotations and racy extracts (so as to lessen its monotony in reference), and embraces remarks on wines—English, foreign, and Australian—as well as spirits and cordials. The volume will also give an extensive list of fashionable drinks, British, American, and Colonial.

SIR HUMPHREY DAVY is to have a memorial raised to him in his native town of Penzance. £1500 have already been subscribed by the inhabitants themselves; but they anticipate increasing this sum to £10,000 from other sources.

THE LIVING AGE.

No. 1054.—13 August, 1864.

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THERE COMES A TIME.

THERE comes a time when we grow old,
And like a sunset down the sea,
Slope gradual, and the night wind cold
Comes whispering sad and chillingly;
And locks are gray

As winter's day,
And eyes of saddest blue behold
The leaves all weary drift away,
And lips of faded coral say,—
"There comes a time when we grow old."

There comes a time when joyous hearts,
Which leaped as leaps the laughing main,
Are dead to all save memory,
As prisoner in his dungeon chain;
And dawn of day
Hath passed away.

The moon hath into darkness rolled,
And by the embers wan and gray,
I hear a voice in whisper say,—
"There comes a time when we grow old."

There comes a time when manhood's prime
Is shrouded in the midst of years;
And beauty, fading like a dream,
Hath passed away in silent tears;

And then how dark;
But, oh, the spark
That kindled youth to hues of gold,
Still burns with clear and steady ray;
And fond affections, lingering, say,—
"There comes a time when we grow old."

Then comes a time when laughing spring
And golden summer cease to be;
And we put on the autumn robe,
To tread the last declivity;
But now the slope,
With rosy Hope,
Beyond the sunset we behold,
Another dawn with fairer light;
While watchers whisper through the night,—
"There is a time when we grow old."

WAITING FOR THE TIDE.

SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE.

COME down! those shadowed sands invite,
And that soft glory on the deep;
We breathe an atmosphere of light
Subtle as dew, and calm as sleep.

See, here and there, beyond the foam,
A sail is shining like a gem;
I think the boats are coming home;
We'll linger down and look at them.

Not yet; the tide is shy, and stays
By this gray limit of our pier;
It doubts, it trembles, it delays,
Yet all the while is stealing near.

The boats and we must wait its will;
Oh, pleasant patience! they to make
(While we behold them and lie still)
A hundred pictures for our sake.

Oh, happy patience! Not a hue
Can flutter through the changing air,
Or mould the cloud, or touch the blue,
That is not meant for them to wear.

And as they watch the glimmering sand
That warms the film within the foam,
They know the certain wave at hand,—
The tender wave that lifts them home.

It comes—they pass—each turning sail
Is first a hope and then a bliss;
Come back, and dream a fairy tale
That hath a close as sweet as this!
—*Temple Bar.*

CONCORD.

May 23, 1864.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

How beautiful it was, that one bright day
In the long week of rain!
Though all the splendor could not chase away
The omnipresent pain.

The lovely town was white with apple-blooms,
And the great elms o'erhead
Dark shadows wove on their aerial looms,
Shot through with golden thread.

Across the meadows, by the gray old manse,
The historic river flowed:—
I was as one who wanders in a trance,
Unconscious of his road.

The faces of familiar friends seemed strange;
Their voices I could hear;
And yet the words they uttered seemed to change
Their meaning to the ear.

For the one face I looked for was not there;
The one low voice was mute:
Only an unseen presence filled the air,
And baffled my pursuit.

Now I look back, and meadow, manse, and stream
Dimly my thought defines;
I only see—a dream within a dream—
The hilltop hearsed with pines.

I only hear above his place of rest
Their tender undertone,
The infinite longings of a troubled breast,
The voice so like his own.

There in seclusion, and remote from men,
The wizard hand lies cold,
Which at its topmost speed let fall the pen,
And left the tale half-told.

Ah, who shall lift that wand of magic power,
And the lost clew regain?
The unfinished window in Aladdin's tower
Unfinished must remain!

—*Atlantic Monthly.*

From The Athenæum.

Life and Times of Her Majesty Caroline Matilda, Queen of Denmark and Norway, and Sister of H. M. George III. of England. From Family Documents and Private State Archives. By Sir C. F. Lascelles Wraxall, Bart. 3 vols. Allen and Co.

On the 11th of July, 1751, there was born in London a princess, of whom no one thought it worth his while to take the slightest notice. Her father, Frederick Prince of Wales, had died in the previous month of March. Her widowed mother was cut off from her prospect of becoming queen consort of England; and this little princess, herself, the ninth child of her parents, a mere nobody to be dressed in purple, an illustriously obscure baby to be wrapped in fine linen, was as unwelcome as anything undesirable can be. All the fine people seem to have agreed upon having nothing to say about her. Walpole ignores her. "There is no kind of news," he writes, five days after the birth of this luckless, posthumous child, to Horace Mann. Chesterfield has nothing more important to tell the Bishop of Waterford than that he (the earl) has been a country gentleman for a fortnight, at Blackheath, which, as he adds, "is a very long time for me." Mrs. Delany can only write about her picnics, and Mrs. Dewes about the "three quires." To all these persons, the fatherless little Caroline Matilda, who was destined to be the cause of, or the excuse for, a signal revolution, was of no importance at all. Even Bubb Doddington, the slave and toady of her sire, the very humble servant of her mother, chronicles her birth in his diary in fewer words than he gives to make record of the robbery of the Western Mail near Blackwater, at one o'clock in the morning, by a single highwayman. "On Wednesday evening," he says, "the Princess of Wales walked in Carlton Gardens, supped, and went to bed very well. She was taken ill about six o'clock on Thursday morning, and about eight was delivered of a princess. Both well." He did not know that it was ill, and not well, for the child, and that it would have been better for her if she had never been born.

The only sunlight of life which this hapless young creature ever enjoyed was during the few years of her childhood. Of girl-

hood, of charming, bounding, healthy youth, she had none. From the condition of a child she passed at once to the state, dignity, cares, perplexities—to everything but the happiness—of a married woman. Her childhood, however, was not without the felicity which is the birthright of children. Caroline Matilda was an extremely lovable child; she was quick, clever, loved learning and play, and was the darling, without being the spoilt child, of her family. When she was in her thirteenth year, she was remarkable for her promising growth, her budding beauty, and the ease and elegance of her manners. In the following year, all England was startled by the report that she was about to marry Christian, the Crown Prince of Denmark. They could not believe that her brother, George the Third, would even allude, in his speech on opening Parliament, to a match between those two children. In January, 1765, when Caroline Matilda was barely thirteen years and a half old, the king did announce the coming union to both Houses, but with the additional information that it would not be celebrated until his sister became of more mature age. Horace Walpole took credit to himself for having foretold to Lady Hertford that the king's speech would announce the contract between this illustrious couple.

From that hour a change came over the affianced bride. The sunshine faded away from her young life, and she became thoughtful and melancholy; outwardly seeming resigned, though her acquiescence was not even asked, but belying the resignation by her constant silent tears. On the 14th of October, 1766, when she was fifteen years and three months old, this trembling child was married in the Chapel Royal, St. James's, by proxy,—that proxy being her easy, joking brother, Edward Duke of York,—to Christian, now King of Denmark. She had never seen her husband, and if she had ever heard anything of him, it was not likely to be of that quality which could bring satisfaction to the heart of a girl who was condemned to be his wife. Archbishop Secker, the ex-dissenter, performed the ceremony, after dinner, in the evening. There was an absence from it of all princely grandeur; and when it was concluded, the young Queen of Denmark went weeping to her room.

On the following morning, at six o'clock,

there was a large gathering of the "common people," by whom she was warmly regarded, to witness her departure from Pall Mall for Copenhagen, *viâ* Harwich and Rotterdam. As she looked round, for the last time, when her brother, the Duke of Gloucester, offered to hand her into her six-horsed carriage, the evidences of her profuse weeping were so painful to the spectators that persons who stood nearest to her are said to have been unable, at that sad sight, to suppress the tears that sprang unbidden to their eyes. The papers which recorded her progress dwelt upon this sorrow as if it were the prominent feature in what should have been a happy drama. One writer speaks of an "easy melancholy," which almost became her; but not one makes record of a smile. When her brother, the duke, consigned her at Harwich to the guardianship of utter strangers, her melancholy wore no *easy* characteristic. Had she foreseen all the evils which were soon to crowd around and crush her, she could not have shed tears more abundantly than she did on that occasion. Rotterdam was reached on the 9th, and thence the young queen was passed, by canal and by road, with some pomp, because of her dignity, and great regard for her personal comfort, because of her kinship to the house of Orange, to the Danish frontier. The Danish people welcomed her so heartily that they fairly brought a smile into her fair pale cheeks; but they remarked that it was a smile like that of their own October sun,—bright, but not warming, and so they bade her God speed. At the capital her arrival was greeted with acclamation; there was a frantic sort of joy, the expression of which almost bewildered her. Under this popular salutation, Caroline Matilda was carried to the royal palace at Copenhagen, where the king, brilliantly surrounded, stood to receive her. She was led at once to the chapel, and thence to a banquet, at which she presided, with her consort,—a bashful, subdued, and unpractised hostess to a hundred-and twenty sharply-gazing strangers.

If the glance of the young queen fell, by chance or curiosity, upon the king, her lord, she beheld nothing in that form or feature to bid her heart hope or rejoice. He was *very* short of stature, without the air which women accept as compensation for beauty. He was

not ill made, nor ugly, but he was proud; not pleasantly tempered, ill-mannered, or so exaggeratedly well-mannered as to appear insulting where he professed respect, and so undignified that his movements about the court circle looked like the strut of a cock-sparrow. This was unpromising enough as it struck the eyes and sunk into the heart of that tall, queenlike, and beautiful girl. But there were more bitter experiences yet for her to make. She had to learn that her little husband was weak, cruel, gloomy, a semi-barbarian in some things, and remorseless, jealous, and unrefined; rarely affectionate to her, repulsive when he affected to be so; and with more of heart, or what stood for his heart, for low and ignoble company than for the society of a noble wife. Such was the position of this unhappy young queen, whose mother had kept her in such strict privacy that she had never even seen a "drawing-room" till her marriage had been decided on. From the quietest home in England she was flung into a court circle to the manners of which she was completely a stranger; while she was incompetent to withstand intrigue, inasmuch as she was too innocent to suppose that she could be the object by which intriguers would make her serve their purpose.

The principal group in the Court of Denmark was composed of the king, his step-mother, Juliana Maria, whom his father had taken, from the ducal family of Brunswick, for his second wife, and this woman's son, Prince Frederick, for whose sake much of the wickedness that followed was deliberately committed. The first wife of the then-lately-deceased king, Frederick, was a daughter of George the Second; the new queen was a granddaughter of the same king of England; so that there was close affinity between these parties, from which the Brunswick step-mother was not excluded. When this diminutive King Christian the Seventh was crowned, in 1766, the people cried, "May he live as long as his father, good Frederick, and reign as wisely!" His vices prevented the consummation of the first part of this wish; his mental weakness and vanity rendered futile the second.

From the first, the condition of Caroline Matilda at the Court of Denmark was intolerable for a young and well-principled woman. Her husband was all that is com-

prised under the term "profligate and shameless blackguard." The queen-dowager, Juliana Maria, took a malicious pleasure in letting the young queen know of her consort's degrading pursuits; and when that unenviable wife gave birth to the Crown Prince Frederick, in 1768, the father of the heir to the crown was drunk at the side of "Katherine of the pretty boots!"

The domestic incident, however, afforded Christian a little momentary pleasure. Any new incident did that, simply because it was new. The poor wretch was *blasé* with such life as he could find in Denmark,—or chose to find; for he looked for his experiences and enjoyments only in unclean places. He was often maltreated in the streets by his own subjects, who probably knew better than they pretended to do the band of drunken ruffians who assailed them at night, and some of whom invariably fled for refuge to the royal palace. By way of healthy change, Christian resolved to travel, and he was also resolved that his wife, who had nursed him through a scarlet fever, should not accompany him.

When the king abandoned his wife and country for foreign travel, in 1768, although his ill-treatment of his consort was known at the English Court, it was not equally well known among the people. When he reached London, he had in his suite a quiet, unobtrusive, but aspiring physician, the son of a country pastor, named Struensee. From the public the king received a welcome; but the court was coldly civil to him, albeit £3,000 was expended on furnishing apartments for him at St. James's, which, after all, he refused to occupy, preferring to reside in the house of his ambassador, Dieden. It was the pastime of the fine ladies of the day to station themselves opposite and pry into his drawing and dressing rooms. When he appeared at the window, he flung silver to the mob, and although that mob had begun to hear somewhat of the unhappy condition of his household at home, they were not disposed to give an unfavorable verdict against a monarch who showered largesse on them in the shape of half-crowns. At court, he praised his wife to his mother-in-law; but no one ventured to question him except the old Princess Amelia, and to her inquiry why he did not, as she knew he did not, love his wife, he could only make answer that she was of fairer complexion than he liked women to be.

"Elle est trop blonde!" cried the effeminate little wretch. We suspect that she was too refined for him. For his own inclination towards low company, Caroline Matilda had the greatest contempt and disgust. During the course of this very tour, she heard of his escapades, and was known to have remarked, "If the king had only a good purpose in his travels, like Cyrus!" That he kept company with fiddlers excited more wonder in her than we should have expected to meet in a lady whose own father had died in the arms of Desnoyers.

Struensee excited no remark in London,—a proof of his reserve; but two of the chief members of the king's suite were variously commented on. Count Holck, the "favorite," was set down as a "jackanapes," while Bernstorff, the first minister, being a decent and sensible man, would have been pitied for being attached to so unbecoming and silly a king, but for his cringing servility to a master whose subjects were held to be happy, inasmuch as their despot had left them for an indefinite period. King Christian hurried from one part of England to another, seeing everything, but observing nothing to any purpose. There were not wanting high-born dames who, hearing of his gallantry, played off all their charms at him, but played them in vain; and the ungallant public laughed aloud at the theatre, where he made a point of applauding every passage that denounced or ridiculed matrimony. The mad king's manner was about as complimentary when he entered Canterbury. "The last King of Denmark," he said, "who entered Canterbury laid the city in ashes, and massacred its inhabitants." The remark was not true; but it showed the nature of the man who made it.

During Christian's absence of seven months from his kingdom, Caroline Matilda remained in strict privacy with her son, whose birth was so unwelcome to the hopes of the son of Juliana Maria that the latter lady all the more readily slandered the character of the young queen. When Christian entered his capital, he found a city suffering the severest distresses from the unparalleled extravagance of the court, and a wife as loyal, but as little cared for, as the city. Yet both capital and consort put on an air of rejoicing welcome; and the king assumed no air of appearing to care at all for the demonstration tendered to him from either side.

Up to this period, we have been witnessing the prologue only to the drama which Sir Lascelles Wraxall has built up, with industry and care, from scattered materials known to few, from documents unused by many, and from original papers of his grandfather, who was Caroline Matilda's last good friend. Other materials exist in the State Paper Office; but as they belong to the period posterior to the year 1760, red tape assumes that historical truth about matters dating from that year is of no interest to anybody, or red tape dreads that the telling of it might be unwelcome to somebody; and so the story of Caroline Matilda is, in some respects, but not by our author's fault, incomplete.

With the return of Christian there appears on the stage the too well-known Struensee. He is a physician of thirty-two years of age, advancing in favor with the king, but utterly incapable of bearing with equanimity, as his own reverend father declared, the patronage of a monarch. That the king's physician should also attend the queen, and gain her favor, too, by successfully treating her child, was natural. Struensee grew in the fair estimation of both. He was not a man of fixed principles himself; but he was an angel of light compared with some of the men who were about the king, and who led him on in the ways of vice, even when he was weary of following. Caroline Matilda, unfortunately, became on such familiar terms with this able, plausible, clear-sighted, and insinuating physician that she employed him to do a very acceptable service to her and to Denmark; namely, to bring about the expulsion of Hølek, and other of Christian's friends, who destroyed and took pleasure in destroying his mind, body, and soul. What may here be told in a few words was, of course, a work of time; but it was effectually though gradually accomplished, not without scandal arising from the confidence which the queen ostentatiously reposed in Struensee, and perhaps not without some knowledge of the scandal on her part, or some fears lest there should ever be ground for it, testified by the line she wrote on a window-pane in the palace of Fredericksburg, "Oh, keep me innocent; make others great!"

We must refer our readers to Sir Lascelles Wraxall's volumes for the development of the story of Struensee's success. The German doctor cleared the court of many impurities

and of many impure people, brought back the king to something like a decent regard for his wife, and used his rapid rise in favor, titles, and influence to relieve the people from taxation, the press from all restrictions, and the court from a profligate nobility. But among his errors may be reckoned his hostility to the Danish nobility generally, and the thoroughly German spirit in which he endeavored to make his native language supersede that of the Danes. This alone caused the people, whose burdens he had lightened, to execrate him, and the press which he had enfranchised to denounce him. Both united to shower calumny upon him as a seducer of the queen and a tyrant over the king; and it was when he cared least to conceal that his favor with the former, who really owed very much of increased domestic comfort to him, was unbounded, and his power over the latter so great that the imbecile Christian was but a viceroy under him, that the fearful sounds arose which portended a deluge, which was not to be stayed by the birth of the queen's daughter, in 1771.

The following sketch of the queen does seem now something "fast" in its style; but we must look at her as she figures here, in the light of the times in which she lived:—

"While the queen gained many hearts by her condescension, she aroused quite as much anger by her free and easy manners. She appeared at this feast in male clothing, sitting her horse like a man, which created great scandal among the females. She did so, however, by the special request of her husband, who hated ceremony, and, according to his peculiar mania, liked his wife to display her beautiful form. It is certain that riding *en homme* soon after became the prevalent fashion among the fine ladies of Copenhagen. Col. Keith writes home, 'An abominable riding-habit, with a black slouched hat, has been almost universally introduced here, which gives every woman the air of an awkward postilion. In all the time I have been in Denmark I never saw the queen out in any other garb.'"

This would seem to be nothing more than what is known as a Joseph; but even if so, there was a female riding-suit of more decidedly male style:—

"Matilda, when she hunted, was attired, I am sorry to say, exactly like a man. Her hair was dressed with less powder, and pinned up closer, but in the usual style, with side-

curls, toupet, and turned up behind; she wore a dove-color beaver hat, with a deep gold band and tassels, a long scarlet coat faced with gold all round, a buff gold-laced waistcoat, frilled shirt, a man's neckerchief, and buckskin small-clothes and spurs. She looked splendidly when mounted and dashing through the woods; but when she dismounted, the charm was, to a great degree, dispelled, for she appeared shorter than she really was, the shape of her knees betrayed her sex, and her belt seemed to cut her in two. But when Caroline Matilda was dressed in the manner becoming her sex, *incessu patruit dea*, she was every inch a queen."

Of the king, the mad lord of this fair wife, this glimpse is worth taking as we read the sad story of these two lives:—

"One Sunday, during divine service, when the queen was diverting herself in the riding-house in the rear of Christiansborg Palace, the king was standing on the balcony over the gateway with his black and his white boys, and threw from thence logs of fire-wood, tongs, shovels, books, papers, and entire drawers, down into the courtyard, and at last wanted to hurl his favorite Gourmand and the negro boy over the balustrade. Among the papers thrown down was a secret list of the fleet and the condition of each ship, which the lackey of a foreign minister found and carried to his master. In the following June, the king broke all the windows in his own and the queen's apartments at Hirschholm, smashed looking-glasses, chairs, tables and costly china vases, and threw the fragments through the windows into the yard, in which his playmates helped him with all their might. At first, such amusements on the part of the sovereign excited great surprise among the public; but they soon grew accustomed to them through their frequent repetition."

Could such a miserable yet monstrous wretch have been *patriotically* deposed, the country might have rejoiced; but as Struensee only practically deposed him to place power almost exclusively in his own hands and a little in that of a queen who was a foreigner, his enemies were numberless. It could not be denied that his reforms had been for the most part of a highly satisfactory character; and if the dowager-queen and her son Frederick had succeeded to power through them, Struensee might have lived; but this being impossible, a conspiracy was formed to destroy him and the queen, for the alleged benefit of the king, but really for that of Juliana Maria and the son on whose

head she would fain have seen the crown. Some of the leading conspirators were Germans who had helped to assassinate the Czar Peter the Third, and therefore available for any extremity of action. The people, too, were moved to outbreaks; and in face of these the pusillanimity of Struensee was so apparent, that his enemies, taking courage, struck their blow at once, obtained access to the king, got from him all they asked, and under the authority of his signature arrested Struensee, Brandt, and their followers, and obtained possession of the queen's person, under her royal husband's order to carry her to Kronborg. She had retired to rest when her enemies were thundering at her door:—

"When the doors were opened by the women, the queen walked boldly toward the persons entering, and asked them what they wanted. Moved by the young queen's decided behavior, Rantzau gave her a low bow, then said that he had come by the king's order, read her her consort's note, and handed it to her. She took it, and read it through without displaying any alarm; but then threw it disdainfully on the ground, and trampled upon it. 'Ha!' she said, 'in that I recognize the traitors and the king.' Rantzau implored her to submit to the king's orders. 'Orders!' she exclaimed, contemptuously; 'orders about which he knows nothing, and which the most shameful treachery has extorted from his imbecility. No, a queen does not obey such commands.' Rantzau looked serious, and said that his duty admitted of no delay. 'I will obey no orders till I have seen the king,' the queen answered him; 'let me go to him: I must—I will speak to him.' And she advanced some steps toward the door: but Rantzau stepped before her with heightened anger, and his entreaties became menaces. 'Villain!' the impassioned queen cried to him, 'is that the language of a servant to his monarch? Go, most contemptible of men. Go; you are loaded with shame and disgrace; but I am not afraid of you.' These words from the dauntless young queen infuriated the haughty Rantzau; but he did not dare to carry out his ruffianly orders by seizing the brave princess: hence he gave his comrades an imperious glance to interfere. The boldest of the three advanced and seized the queen round the waist; but she tore herself away from him, shrieked for assistance as loudly as she could, and hastened along the passage to the secret stairs; but her women held her back, and said, 'Your Majesty cannot pass out; for all the doors are guarded by sentries, and no one will listen to your cry for help.'

Left alone with four armed soldiers, and rendered desperate by anger and shame, the unfortunate princess rushed to a window, tore it open, and was about to hurl herself out; but an officer seized her round the waist and held her back by force. Beside herself with passion, she seized the impudent man by the hair, and struggled with him alone, when another of the officers had to assist his comrade against a defenceless woman. She resisted him as well, and, though half-naked, continued the struggle with the courage of despair, till she at length fell back in a fainting state. Rantzau watched this scene with great gusto, and when the women brought their mistress round again, he ordered them to conduct her into an adjoining room, and dress her, while he sent for Count von der Osten, who might induce her to yield."

With the victims all safely entrapped, the victors hardly knew, at first, how to treat. The chief of them, Juliana Maria, would gladly have set her son in place of her stepson; but her chief agent, Guldberg, dreaded the popular action. It was consequently decided that as many of the victims should die as might safely be put to death, and that the king should still nominally reign. The life of Caroline Matilda herself would probably have been sacrificed, had not our ambassador, Keith, dared them to injure a hair of her head.

The news of the imprisonment and the charges laid against the unhappy young queen was speedily promulgated in this country, after it had reached the ears of her brother, George the Third. The British public had, for some time, been taught to consider her as indiscreet; and a sudden visit paid to her, a year or two before, in Germany, by her mother, the Dowager-Princess of Wales, was set down as being one made for remonstrance with her daughter at the indifference of her bearing towards her still more indifferent husband. George the Third was dressed for a levee when he opened the unwelcome despatches from Keith, and he at once countermanded the levee, and went "to break the news" to his mother. He was not skilled in the art of communicating with gentleness intelligence of a nature to shock the hearer; and what with the sudden postponement of the levee, the hurried visit to his mother, and the remarks of his friends, who had vainly endeavored to induce him to act with circumspection, the intelligence was spread

over the town with frightful rapidity and exaggeration,—

"And all who told it added something new,
And all who heard it made enlargements too,
In ev'ry ear it spread, on ev'ry tongue it grew."

More lively than elsewhere was the imagination of the poets in the Seven Dials. Within a few hours the bards of that lyric district inundated the town with filthy ballads, and, despite the magistrates and prisons, odious songs were sung and sold at every public corner; and people who had not cared to celebrate the birth of the princess seemed delighted to chant her alleged crimes and her sudden ruin.

The mock trials which ensued in Denmark were solemn farces. There was no confronting of accused with accusers or witnesses. Struensee, under threats of torture and promises of mitigation of penalty confessed a guilty intimacy with the queen, whereat the enemies of both were supremely delighted, and balls and concerts followed at court, as if the matter were one for rejoicing. But the inconceivably mean cowardice of Struensee was equalled by the inconceivable sacrifice of self-dignity made by Caroline Matilda to save him. She was informed of the horribly cruel death which awaited him, and from which he might be rescued if she would attach her signature to Struensee's avowal of his guilt. To spare the man, she slew her own reputation. But she never ceased to protest that, in spite of an act so suicidal, she was in thought and deed innocent of all disloyalty toward her husband, the king.

The execution of Struensee and Brandt was attended with as much horror and butchery as could possibly be given to it. The mere details are sickening. "With a telescope in her hand, Juliana Maria had witnessed the whole execution from the tower of Christiansborg; and when the turn arrived for the especial object of her hatred, Struensee, she rubbed her hands joyously, and exclaimed, 'Now comes the fat one!'"

George the Third slowly but effectually advocated his sister's cause. He procured her release from Kronborg, and gave her a house, and £8,000 a year at Celle, in his electoral dominion of Hanover. She retained her title of queen, and no divorce was ever pronounced between her and her worth-

less husband. They were simply separated :—

“ Keith laid before the king the letter of separation for his signature, which the king was about to sign without reading. ‘ No, no, Your Majesty,’ the envoy said, ‘ read it first. It concerns you. It is the separation between yourself and your consort, which the Court of England solicits for the reasons given.’ The king cried in confusion, ‘ What ! I am to lose my wife ? State it even in writing ? No, I cannot. I love, and long for her again. Where are Struensee and Brandt ? I long for them too.’— ‘ Your Majesty,’ Keith replied, ‘ they have been quartered ; Your Majesty signed their sentences yourself ; and as it is also wished to condemn the queen to death, my court demands her back.’ The king became inconsolable. He asked for the queen and his two counts, and dismissed the envoy.”

At Celle, Caroline Matilda enjoyed a very few years of life as calmly as she could, divided from her children, for whom her affection was unbounded. In 1775, just as an attempt was fully prepared for reinstating her power, in Denmark, in furtherance of which Sir Lascelles Wrexall’s grandfather played a very active preparatory part, the poor ex-queen died, after a brief illness, in the twenty-fourth year of her age. It was during this mortal illness, and almost in her supreme hour, that Caroline Matilda wrote to her brother, George the Third, the following conclusive letter, which the author is enabled to publish through the kindness of “ the Duchess of Augustenburg,” who was allowed to take a copy by the late king of Hanover :—

“ SIRE,—In the most solemn hour of my life, I turn to you, my royal brother, to express my heart’s thanks for all the kindness you have shown me during my whole life, and especially in my misfortune. I die willingly ; for nothing holds me back,—neither my youth, nor the pleasures which might await me, near or remote. How could life possess any charms for me, who am separated from all those I love,—my husband, my children, and my relatives ? I, who am myself a queen and of royal blood, have lived the most wretched life, and stand before the world an example that neither crown nor sceptre affords any protection against misfortune ? But I die innocent,—I write this with a trembling hand, and feeling death imminent,

—I am innocent ! Oh that it might please the Almighty to convince the world after my death, that I did not deserve any of the frightful accusations, by which the calumnies of my enemies stained my character, wounded my heart, traduced my honor, and trampled on my dignity ! Sire ! believe your dying sister, a queen, and even more, a Christian, who would gaze with terror on the other world if her last confession were a falsehood. I die willingly ; for the unhappy bless the tomb. But more than all else, and even than death, it pains me, that not one of all those whom I loved in life is standing by my dying-bed, to grant me a last consolation by a pressure of the hand, or a glance of compassion, and to close my eyes in death. Still, I am not alone : God, the sole witness of my innocence, is looking down on my bed of agony, which causes me such sufferings. My guardian angel is hovering over me, and will soon guide me to the spot where I shall be able to pray for my friends, and also for my persecutors. Farewell, then, my royal brother ! May Heaven bless you, my husband—my children—England—Denmark—and the whole world ! Permit my corpse to rest in the grave of my ancestors, and now the last, unspeakably long farewell from your unfortunate
CAROLINE MATILDA.”

The Guldberg, or Juliana-Maria, administration held Denmark in thralldom till the son of the above hapless lady was enabled, in 1784, to overthrow it, and govern the kingdom for his helpless father, as regent. In 1808, Caroline Matilda’s son succeeded to the throne, and many a traveller from England kissed his hand with more respectful affection for his mother’s sake, as late as the year 1839, when Frederick died. Caroline Matilda’s daughter Louisa became the mother of that Duke of Schleswig-Holstein who sold his rights in the duchy, in 1852, and who survives to see his son striving to regain them. The descendants of Juliana Maria are scarcely of less interest to the present generation. Her son Frederick, whom she struggled to place on the throne of Denmark, married a princess of Mecklenburg, and one of their daughters is the aged, but graceful and beautiful, grandmother of Alexandra, Princess of Wales. With this pleasant name we close our analysis of an historical work which reflects credit on Sir Lascelles Wrexall.

PART X.—CHAPTER XXXIV.

TONY ASKS COUNSEL.

It was just as Bella said; Alice had sent off that poor boy "twice as much in love as ever." Poor fellow! what a strange conflict was that that raged within him!—all that can make life glorious, give ecstasy to the present and hope to the future, mingled with everything that can throw a gloom over existence, and make it a burden and a task. Must it be ever thus?—must the most exquisite moments of our life, when we have youth and hope and health and energy, be dashed with fears that make us forget all the blessings of our lot, and deem ourselves the most wretched of created beings?

In this feverish alternation he travelled along homeward,—now thinking of the great things he could do and dare to win her love, now forth-shadowing the time when all hope should be extinguished, and he should walk the world alone and forsaken. He went over in memory—who has not done so at one time or other?—all she had said to him at their last meeting, asking what ground there might be for hope in this, what reason for belief in that? With what intense avidity do we seek for the sands of gold in this crushed and crumbled rock! how eagerly do we peer to catch one glittering grain that shall whisper to us of wealth hereafter!

Surely, thought he, Alice is too good and too true-hearted to give me even this much of hope if she meant me to despair. Why should she offer to write to me if she intended that I was to forget her? "I wonder," muttered he, in his dark spirit of doubt,—“I wonder if this be simply the woman's way of treating a love she deems beneath her?” He had read in some book or other that it is no uncommon thing for those women whose grace and beauty win homage and devotion thus to sport with the affections of their worshippers, and that in this exercise of a cruel power they find an exquisite delight. But Alice was too proud and too high-hearted for such an ignoble pastime. But then he had read, too, that women sometimes fancy, that by encouraging a devotion they never mean to reward, they tend to elevate men's thoughts, ennobling their ambitions, and inspiring them with purer, holier hopes. What if she should mean this, and no more than this? Would not her very hatred be more bearable than such pity? For a while

this cruel thought unmanned him, and he sat there like one stunned and powerless.

For some time the road had led between the low furze-clad hills of the country; but now they had gained the summit of a ridge, and there lay beneath them that wild coastline, broken with crag and promontory toward the sea, and inland swelling and falling in every fanciful undulation, yellow with the furze and the wild broom, but grander for its wide expanse than many a scene of stronger features. How dear to his heart it was! How inexpressibly dear the spot that was interwoven with every incident of his life and every spring of his hope! There the green lanes he used to saunter with Alice,—there the breezy downs over which they cantered,—yonder the little creek, where they had once sheltered from a storm; he could see the rock on which he lit a fire in boyish imitation of a shipwrecked crew! It was of Alice that every crag and cliff, every bay and inlet, spoke.

“And is all that happiness gone forever?” cried he, as he stood gazing at the scene. “I wonder,” thought he, “could Skeffy read her thoughts and tell me how she feels toward me? I wonder will he ever talk to her of me, and what will they say?” His cheek grew hot and red, and he muttered to himself, “Who knows but it may be in pity?” and with the bitterness of the thought the tears started to his eyes and coursed down his cheeks.

That same book—how it rankled, like a barbed arrow, in his side!—that same book said that men are always wrong in their readings of woman,—that they cannot understand the finer, nicer, more subtle springs of her action; and in their coarser appreciation they constantly destroy the interest they would give worlds to create. It was as this thought flashed across his memory, the car-driver exclaimed aloud, “Ah, Master Tony, did ever you see as good a pony as yon? he's carried the minister these eighteen years, and look at him, how he jogs along to-day!”

He pointed to a little path in the valley, where old Doctor Stewart ambled along on his aged palfrey, the long mane and flowing tail of the beast marking him out, though nigh half a mile away.

“Why didn't I think of that before?” thought Tony. “Dolly Stewart is the very one to help me. She has not been bred and

brought up like Alice ; but she has plenty of keen woman's wit, and she has all a sister's love for me besides. I'll just go and tell her how we parted, and I'll ask her frankly what she says to it."

Cheered by this bright idea, he pursued his way in better spirits, and soon reached the little path which wound off from the high-road through the fields to the burnside. Not a spot there unassociated with memories ; but they were the memories of early boyhood. The clump of white thorns they used to call the forest, and where they went to hunt wild beasts ; the little stream they fancied a great and rapid river, swarming with alligators ; the grassy slope, where they had their house, and the tiny garden whose flowers, stuck down at daybreak, were withered before noon !—too faithful emblems of the joys they illustrated !

"Surely," thought he, "no boy had ever such a rare playfellow as Dolly ; so ready to take her share in all the rough vicissitudes of a boy's pleasures, and yet to bring to them a sort of storied interest and captivation which no mere boy could ever have contributed. What a little romance the whole was—just because she knew how to impart the charm of a story to all they did and all they planned !"

It was thus thinking that he entered the cottage. So still was everything that he could hear the scratching noise of a pen as a rapid writer's hand moved over the paper. He peeped cautiously in and saw Dolly seated, writing busily at a table all strewn over with manuscript ; an open book, supported by other books, lay before her, at which from time to time she glanced.

Before Tony had advanced a step, she turned round and saw him. "Was it not strange, Tony?" said she, and she flushed as she spoke. "I felt that you were there before I saw you ; just like long ago, when I always knew where you were hid."

"I was just thinking of that same long ago, Dolly," said he, taking a chair beside her, "as I came up through the fields. There everything is the same as it used to be when we went to seek our fortune across the sandy desert, near the Black Lake."

"No," said she, correcting ; "the Black Lake was at the foot of Giant's Rock, beyond the rye-field."

"So it was, Dolly ; you are right."

"Ah, Master Tony, I suspect I have a better memory of those days than you have. To be sure, I have not had as many things happening in the meanwhile to trouble these memories."

There was a tone of sadness in her voice, very slight, very faint indeed, but still enough to tinge these few words with melancholy.

"And what is all this writing about?" said he, moving his hands through the papers. "Are you composing a book, Dolly?"

"No," said she, timidly ; "I am only translating a little German story. When I was up in London, I was lucky enough to obtain the insertion of a little fairy tale in a small periodical meant for children, and the editor encouraged me to try and render one of Andersen's stories ; but I am a very sorry German, and, I fear me, a still sorrier prose writer ; and so, Tony, the work goes on as slowly as that bridge of ours used long ago. Do you remember, when it was made, we never had the courage to pass over it ! Mayhap it will be the same with my poor story, and, when finished, remain unread."

"But why do you encounter such a piece of labor?" said he. "This must have taken a week or more !"

"A month yesterday, my good Tony ; and very proud I am, too, that I did it in a month."

"And for what, in Heaven's name?"

"For three bright sovereigns, Master Tony!" said she, blushing.

"Oh, I didn't mean that," said he, in deep shame and confusion. "I meant only, why did you engage on such a hard task?"

"I know you didn't mean it, Tony ; but I was so proud of my success as an author, it would out. Yes," said she, with a feigned air of importance, "I have just disposed of my copyright ; and you know, Tony, Milton did not get a great deal more for 'Paradise Lost.' You see," added she, seriously, "what with poor papa's age and his loneliness, and my own not over-great strength, I don't think I shall try (at least not soon) to be a governess again ; and it behoves me to be as little as I can of a burden to him ; and after thinking of various things, I have settled upon this as the best."

"What a good girl you are!" said he, and he fixed his eyes full upon her ; nor did

he know how admiringly till he saw that her face, her forehead, and even her neck, were crimson with shame and confusion.

"There is no such great goodness in doing what is simply one's duty," said she, gravely.

"I don't know that, Dolly."

"Come, come, Tony, you never fancied yourself a hero, just because you are willing to earn your bread, and ready to do so by some sacrifice of your tastes and habits."

The allusion recalled Tony to himself and his own cares, and after a few seconds of deep thought, he said, "I am going to make the venture now, Dolly. I am called away to London by telegraph, and am to leave to-morrow morning."

"And are you fully prepared, Tony, for the examination?"

"Luckily for me, they do not require it. Some accidental want of people has made them call in all the available fellows at a moment's warning, and in this way I may chance to slip into the service unchallenged."

"Nay, but, Tony," said she, reproachfully, "you surely could face the examination?"

"I could face it just as I could face being shot at, of course, but with the same certainty of being bowled over. Don't you know, Dolly, that I never knew my grammar long ago till you had dinned it into my head; and as you never come to my assistance now, I know well what my fate would be."

"My dear Tony," said she, "do get rid once for all of the habit of underrating your own abilities: as my dear father says, people very easily make self-depreciation a plea of indolence. There, don't look so dreary; I'm not going to moralize in the few last minutes we are to have together. Talk to me about yourself."

"It was for that I came, Dolly," said he, rising and taking a turn or two up and down the room; for in truth he was sorely puzzled how to approach the theme that engaged him. "I want your aid; I want your woman's wit to help me in a difficulty. Here's what it is, Dolly," and he sat down again at her side, and took her hand in his own. "Tell me Dolly," said he, suddenly, "is it true, as I have read somewhere, that a woman, after having made a man in love with her, will boast that she is not in the least bound to requite his affection, if she satisfies herself that she has elevated him in his ambition,

given a higher spring to his hope, made him, in fact, something better and nobler than his own uninspired nature had ever taught him to be? I'm not sure that I have said what I meant to say; but you'll be able to guess what I intend."

"You mean, perhaps, will a woman accept a man's love as a means of serving him without any intention of returning it?"

Perhaps he did not like the fashion in which she put his question, for he did not answer, save by a nod.

"I say yes; such a thing is possible, and might happen readily enough if great difference of station separated them."

"Do you mean, if one was rich and the other poor?"

"Not exactly; because inequalities of fortune may exist between persons of equal condition."

"In which case," said he, hurriedly, "you would not call their stations unequal, would you?"

"That would depend on how far wealth contributed to the habits of the wealthier. Some people are so accustomed to affluence, it is so much the accompaniment of their daily lives, that the world has for them but one aspect."

"Like our neighbors here, the Lyles, for instance?" said he.

Dolly gave a slight start, like a sudden pang of pain, and grew deadly pale. She drew away her hand at the same time, and passed it across her brow.

"Does your head ache, dear Dolly?" asked he, compassionately.

"Slightly: it is seldom quite free of pain. You have chosen a poor guide, Tony, when there is a question of the habits of fine folk. None know so little of their ways as I do. But surely, you do not need guidance. Surely, you are well capable of understanding them in all their moods."

With all her attempts to appear calm and composed, her lip shook and her cheeks trembled as she spoke; and Tony, more struck by her looks than her words, passed his arm round her, and said, in a kind and affectionate voice, "I see you are not well, my own dear Dolly; and that I ought not to come here troubling you about my own selfish cares; but I can never help feeling that it's a sister I speak to."

"Yes, a sister," said she, in a faint whisper,—“a sister!”

"And that your brother Tony has the right to come to you for counsel and help."

"So he has," said she, gulping down something like a sob; "but these days, when my head is weary and tired, and when—as to-day, Tony—I am good for nothing—Tell me," said she, hastily, "how does your mother bear your going away? Will she let me come and sit with her often? I hope she will."

"That she will, and be so happy to have you, too; and only think, Dolly, Alice Lyle—Mrs. Trafford, I mean—has offered to come and keep her company sometimes. I hope you'll meet her there: how you'd like her, Dolly!"

Dolly turned away her head, and the tears, against which she had struggled so long, now burst forth, and slowly fell along her cheek.

"You must not fancy, Dolly, that because Alice is rich and great, you will like her less. Heaven knows, if humble fortune could separate us, ours might have done so."

"My head is splitting, Tony, dear. It is one of those sudden attacks of pain. Don't be angry if I say good-by; there's nothing for it but a dark room and quiet."

"My poor dear Dolly," said he, pressing her to him, and kissing her twice on the cheek.

"No, no!" cried she, hysterically, as though to something she was answering; and then, dashing away, she rushed from the room, and Tony could hear her door shut and locked as she passed in.

"How changed from what she used to be!" muttered he, as he went his way; "I scarcely can believe she is the same! And, after all, what light has she thrown on the difficulty I put before her? Or was it that I did not place the matter as clearly as I might? Was I too guarded, or was I too vague? Well, well. I remember the time when, no matter how stupid I was, she would soon have found out my meaning! What a dreary thing that life of a governess must be, when it could reduce one so quick of apprehension and so ready-witted as she was to such a state as this! Oh, is she not changed!" And this was the burden of his musings as he wended his way toward home.

CHAPTER XXXV.

SIR ARTHUR ON LIFE AND THE WORLD IN GENERAL.

"HERE it is at last, mother," said Tony, holding up the "despatch" as he entered the cottage.

"The order for the examination, Tony?" said she, as she turned pale.

"No, but the order to do without it, mother dear!—the order for Anthony Butler to report himself for service, without any other test than his readiness to go wherever they want to send him. It seems that there's a row somewhere—or several rows—just now. Heaven bless the fellows that got them up, for it gives them no time at the Office to go into any impertinent inquiries as to one's French, or decimal fractions, or the other qualifications deemed essential to carrying a letter-bag, and so they've sent for me to go off to Japan."

"To Japan,—Tony,—to Japan?"

"I don't mean positively to Japan, for Skeffy says it might be Taganrog, or Timbuctoo, or Tamboff, or some other half-known place. But no matter, mother; it's so much a mile, and something besides per day; and the short and long of it is, I am to show myself on Tuesday, the 9th, at Downing Street, there to be dealt with as the law may direct.

"It's a hasty summons, my poor Tony!"

"It might be worse, mother. What would we say to it if it were, 'Come up and be examined'? I think I'm a good-tempered fellow; but I declare to you frankly, if one of those 'Dons' were to put a question to me that I couldn't answer,—and I'm afraid it would not be easy to put any other,—I'd find it very hard not to knock him down! I mean, of course, mother, if he did it offensively, with a chuckle over my ignorance, or something that seemed to say, 'There's a blockhead, if ever there was one!' I know I couldn't help it!"

"Oh, Tony, Tony!" said she, deprecatingly.

"Yes, it's all very well to say Tony, Tony; but here's how it is. It would be 'all up' with me. It would be by that time decided that I was good for nothing, and to be turned back. The moment would be a triumphant one for the fellow that 'plucked' me,—it always is, I'm told,—but I'll be shot if it should be all triumph to him!"

"I won't believe this of you, Tony," said she, gravely. "It's not like your father, sir!"

"Then I'd not do it, mother,—at least, if I could help it," said he, growing very red. "I say, mother, is it too late to go up to the Abbey and bid Sir Arthur good-by? Alice asked me to do it, and I promised her."

"Well, Tony, I don't know how you feel about these things now, but there was a time that you never thought much what hour of the day or night it was when you went there."

"It used to be so!" said he, thoughtfully, and then added, "but I'll go, at all events, mother; but I'll not be long away, for I must have a talk with you before bedtime."

"I have a note written to Sir Arthur here; will you just give it to him, Tony, or leave it for him when you're coming away, for it wants no answer?"

"All right, mother; don't take tea till I come back, and I'll do my best to come soon."

It was a well-worn path that led from the cottage to Lyle Abbey. There was not an hour of day or night Tony had not travelled it; and as he went now, thoughts of all these long-agos would crowd on his memory, making him ask himself, Was there ever any one had so much happiness as I had in those days? Is it possible that my life to come will ever replace to me such enjoyment as that?

He was not a very imaginative youth; but he had that amount of the quality that suffices for small castle-building; and he went on, as he walked, picturing to himself what would be the boon he would ask from Fortune if some benevolent fairy were to start out from the tall ferns and grant him his wish. Would it be to be rich and titled and great, so that he might propose to make Alice his wife without any semblance or inordinate pretension? or would it not be to remain as he was, poor and humble in condition, and that Alice should be in a rank like his own, living in a cottage, like Dolly Stewart, with little household cares to look after?

It was a strange labyrinth these thoughts led him into, and he soon lost his way completely, unable to satisfy himself whether Alice might not lose in fascination when no longer surrounded by all the splendid appli-

ances of that high station she adorned, or whether her native gracefulness would not be far more attractive when her life became ennobled by duties. A continual comparison of Alice and Dolly would rise to his mind; nothing could be less alike, and yet there they were, in incessant juxtaposition; and while he pictured Alice in the humble manse of the minister, beautiful as he had ever seen her, he wondered whether she would be able to subdue her proud spirit to such lowly ways, and make of that thatched cabin the happy home that Dolly had made it. His experiences of lifewere not very large; but one lesson they had certainly taught him: it was, to recognize in persons of condition, when well brought up, a great spirit of accommodation. In the varied company of Sir Arthur's house he had constantly found that no one submitted with a better grace to accidental hardships than he whose station had usually elevated him above the risks of their occurrence, and that in the chance roughings of a sportsman life it was the born gentleman—Sybarite it might be at times—whose temper best sustained him in all difficulties, and whose gallant spirit bore him most triumphantly over the crosses and cares that beset him. It might not be a very logical induction that led him to apply this reasoning to Alice, but he did so, and in so doing he felt very little how the time went over, till he found himself on the terrace at Lyle Abbey. Led on by old habit, he passed in without ringing the bell, and was already on his way to the drawing-room when he met Hailes, the butler.

In the midst of a shower of rejoicings at seeing him again,—for he was a great favorite with the household,—Hailes hastened to show him into the dining-room, where, dinner over, Sir Arthur sat in an easy-chair at the fire, alone, and sound asleep. Roused by the noise of the opening door, Sir Arthur started and looked up; nor was he indeed very full awake while Tony blundered out his excuses for disturbing him.

"My dear Tony, not a word of this. It is a real pleasure to see you. I was taking a nap, just because I had nothing better to do. We are all alone here now, and the place feels strange enough in the solitude. Mark gone—the girls away—and no one left but Lady Lyle and myself. There's your old friend; that's some of the '32 claret; fill

your glass, and tell me that you are come to pass some days with us."

"I wish I was, sir; but I have come to say good-by. I'm off to-morrow for London."

"For London! What! another freak, Tony?"

"Scarcely a freak, sir," said he, smiling. "They've telegraphed to me to come up and report myself for service at the Foreign Office."

"As a minister, eh?"

"No, sir; a messenger."

"An excellent thing, too; a capital thing. A man must begin somewhere, you know. Every one is not as lucky as I was, to start with close on twelve hundred a year. I wasn't twenty when I landed at Calcutta, Tony,—a mere boy!" Here the baronet filled his glass, and drank it off with a solemnity that seemed as if, it were a silent toast to his own health; for in his own estimation he merited that honor, very few men having done more for themselves than he had; not that he had not been over-grateful, however, to the fortune of his early days in this boastful acknowledgment, since it was in the humble capacity of an admiral's secretary—they called them clerks in those days—he had first found himself in the Indian Ocean, a mere accident leading to his appointment on shore and all his subsequent good fortune. "Yes, Tony," continued he, "I started at what one calls a high rung of the ladder. It was then I first saw your father; he was about the same age you are now. He was on Lord Dillington's staff. Dear me, dear me! it seems like yesterday;" and he closed his eyes, and seemed lost in reverie; but if he really felt it like yesterday, he would have remembered how insolently the superb aide-de-camp treated the meek civilian of the period, and how immeasurably above Mr. Lyle of those days stood the haughty Captain Butler of the governor-general's staff.

"The soldiers used to fancy they had the best of it, Tony; but, I take it, we civilians won the race at last;" and his eyes ranged over the vast room, with the walls covered by pictures, and the sideboard loaded with massive plate, while the array of decanters on the small spider-table beside him suggested largely of good living.

"A very old friend of mine, Jos. Hughes, —he was salt assessor at Bussorabad,—once

remarked to me, 'Lyle,' said he, 'a man must make his choice in life, whether he prefers a brilliant start or a good finish; for he cannot have both.' Take your pleasure when young, and you must consent to work when old; but if you set out vigorously, determined to labor hard in early life, when you come to my age, Tony, you may be able to enjoy your rest,"—and here he waved his hand round, as though to show the room in which they sat,—“to enjoy your rest, not without dignity.”

Tony was an attentive listener, and Sir Arthur was flattered, and went on. "I am sincerely glad to have the opportunity of these few moments with you. I am an old pilot, so to say, on the sea you are about to adventure upon; and really, the great difficulty young fellows have in life is that the men who know the whole thing from end to end will not be honest in giving their experiences. There is a certain 'snobbery'—I have no other word for it—that prevents their confessing to small beginnings. They don't like telling how humble they were at the start; and what is the consequence? The value of the whole lesson is lost! Now, I have no such scruples, Tony. Good family connections and relatives of influence I had; I cannot deny it. I suppose there are scores of men would have coolly sat down and said to their right honorable cousin or their noble uncle, 'Help me to this; get me that;' but such was not my mode of procedure. No, sir; I resolved to be my own patron, and I went to India."

When Sir Arthur said this, he looked as though his words were: "I volunteered to lead the assault. It was I that was first up the breach. But, after all, Tony, I can't get the boys to believe this." Now these boys were his three sons, two of them middle-aged, white-headed, liverless men in Upper India, and the third that gay dragoon with whom we have had some slight acquaintance.

"I have always said to the boys, 'Don't lie down on your high relations.'" Had he added that they would have found them a most uncomfortable bed, he would not have been beyond the truth. "Do as I did, and see how gladly, ay, and how proudly, they will recognize you. I say the same to you, Tony. You have, I am told, some family connections that might be turned to account?"

"None, sir; not one," broke in Tony, boldly.

"Well, there is that Sir Omerod Butler. I don't suspect he is a man of much actual influence. — He is, I take it, a bygone."

"I know nothing of him, nor do I want to know anything of him," said Tony, pushing his glass from him, and looking as though the conversation were one he would gladly change for any other topic; but it was not so easy to tear Sir Arthur from such a theme, and he went on.

"It would not do for you, perhaps, to make any advances toward him."

"I should like to see myself!" said Tony, half choking with angry impatience.

"I repeat, it would not do for *you* to take this step; but if you had a friend,—a man of rank and station,—one whose position your uncle could not but acknowledge as at least the equal of his own"—

"He could be no friend of mine who should open any negotiations on my part with a relation who has treated my mother so uncourteously, sir."

"I think you are under a mistake, Tony. Mrs. Butler told me that it was rather her own fault than Sir Omerod's that some sort of reconciliation was not effected. Indeed, she once showed me a letter from your uncle when she was in trouble about those Canadian bonds."

"Yes, yes, I know it all," said Tony, rising, as if all his patience was at last exhausted. "I have read the letter you speak of; he offered to lend her five or six hundred pounds, or to give it, I forget which; and he was to take *me*,"—here he burst into a fit of laughter that was almost hysterical in its harsh mockery,—"*to take me*. I don't know what he was to do with me, for I believe he has turned Papist, Jesuit, or what not; perhaps I was to have been made a priest, or a friar; at all events, I was to have been brought up dependent on his bounty,—a bad scheme for each of us. He would not have been very proud of his *protégé*; and, if I know myself, I don't think I'd have been very grateful to my protector. My dear mother, however, had too much of the mother in her to listen to it, and she told him so, perhaps too plainly for his refined notions in matters of phraseology; for he frumped and wrote no more to us."

"Which is exactly the reason why a friend,

speaking from the eminence which a certain station confers, might be able to place matters on a better and more profitable footing."

"Not with *my* consent, sir, depend upon it," said Tony, fiercely.

"My dear Tony, there is a vulgar adage about the impolicy of quarrelling with one's bread and butter; but how far more reprehensible would it be to quarrel with the face of the man who cuts it?"

It is just possible that Sir Arthur was as much mystified by his own illustration as was Tony; for each continued for some minutes to look at the other in a state of hopeless bewilderment. The thought of one mystery, however, recalled another, and Tony remembered his mother's note.

"By the way, sir, I have a letter here for you from my mother," said he, producing it.

Sir Arthur put on his spectacles leisurely, and began to peruse it. It seemed very brief; for in an instant he had returned it to his pocket. "I conclude you know nothing of the contents of this?" said he, quietly.

"Nothing whatever."

"It is of no consequence. You may simply tell Mrs. Butler from me that I will call on her by an early day; and now, wont you come and have a cup of tea? Lady Lyle will expect to see you in the drawing-room."

Tony would have refused, if he knew how; even in his old days he had been less on terms of intimacy with Lady Lyle than any others of the family, and she had at times a sort of dignified stateliness in her manner that checked him greatly.

"Here's Tony Butler come to take a cup of tea with you, and say good-by," said Sir Arthur, as he led him into the drawing-room.

"Oh, indeed! I am too happy to see him," said she, laying down her book; while, with a very chilly smile, she added, "And where is Mr. Butler bound for this time?" And simple as the words were, she contrived to impart to them a meaning as though she had said, "What new scheme or project has he now? What wild-goose chase is he at present engaged in?"

Sir Arthur came quickly to the rescue, as he said, "He's going to take up an appointment under the Crown; and, like a good and prudent lad, to earn his bread, and do something toward his mother's comfort."

"I think you never take sugar," said she, smiling faintly; "and for a while you made a convert of Alice."

Was there ever a more commonplace remark? and yet it sent the blood to poor Tony's face and temples, and overwhelmed him with confusion. "You know that the girls are both away?"

"It's a capital thing they've given him," said Sir Arthur, trying to extract from his wife even the semblance of an interest in the young fellow's career.

"What is it?" asked she.

"How do they call you? are you a Queen's messenger, or a Queen's courier, or a Foreign Office messenger?"

"I'm not quite sure. I believe we are messengers, but whose I don't remember."

"They have the charge of all the despatches to the various embassies and legations in every part of the world," said Sir Arthur, pompously.

"How addling it must be!—how confusing!"

"Why so? You don't imagine that they have to retain them, and report them orally; do you?"

"Well, I'm afraid I did," said she, with a little simper that seemed to say, What did it signify either way?

"They'd have made a most unlucky selection in my case," said Tony, laughing, "if such had been the duty."

"Do you think you shall like it?"

"I suppose I shall. There is so very little I'm really fit for that I look on this appointment as a piece of rare luck. I fancy I'd rather have gone into the army,—a cavalry regiment, for instance."

"The most wasteful and extravagant career a young fellow could select," said Sir Arthur, smarting under some recent and not over-pleasant experiences.

"The uniform is so becoming, too," said she, languidly.

"It is far and away beyond any pretension of my humble fortune, madam," said Tony, proudly; for there was an impertinent carelessness in her manner that stung him to the quick.

"Ah, yes," sighed she; "and the army, too, is not the profession for one who wants to marry."

Tony again felt his cheek on fire; but he did not utter a word as she went on, "And

report says something like this of you, Mr. Butler."

"What, Tony! how is this? I never heard of it before," cried Sir Arthur.

"Nor I, sir."

"Come, come. It is very indiscreet of me, I know," said Lady Lyle; "but as we are in such a secret committee here at this moment, I fancied I might venture to offer my congratulations."

"Congratulations! on what would be the lad's ruin! why, it would be downright insanity. I trust there is not a word of truth in it."

"I repeat, sir, that I hear it all for the first time."

"I conclude, then, I must have been misinformed."

"Might I be bold enough to ask from what quarter the rumor reached you, or with whom they mated me?"

"Oh, as to your choice, I hear she is a very nice girl indeed, admirably brought up and well educated,—everything but rich; but of course that fact was well known to you. Men in her father's position are seldom affluent."

"And who could possibly have taken the trouble to weave all this romance about me?" said Tony, flushing not the less deeply that he suspected it was Dolly Stewart who was indicated by the description.

"One of the girls—I forget which—told me. Where she learned it, I forget, if I ever knew; but I remember that the story had a sort of completeness about it that looked like truth." Was it accident or intention that made Lady Lyle fix her eyes steadily on Tony as she spoke? As she did so, his color, at first crimson, gave way to an ashy paleness, and he seemed like one about to faint. "After all," said she, "perhaps it was a mere flirtation that people magnified into marriage."

"It was not even that," gasped he out, hoarsely. "I am overstaying my time, and my mother will be waiting tea for me," muttered he; and with some scarcely intelligible attempts at begging to be remembered to Alice and Bella, he took his leave, and hurried away.

While Tony, with a heart almost bursting with agony, wended his way towards home, Lady Lyle resumed her novel, and Sir Arthur took up the *Times*. After about half-an-

hour's reading, he laid down the paper, and said, "I hope there is no truth in that story about young Butler."

"Not a word of it," said she, dryly.

"Not a word of it! but I thought you believed it."

"Nothing of the kind. It was a lesson the young gentleman has long needed, and I was only waiting for a good opportunity to give it."

"I don't understand you. What do you mean by a lesson?"

"I have very long suspected that it was a great piece of imprudence on our part to encourage the intimacy of this young man here, and to give him that position of familiarity which he obtained amongst us; but I trusted implicitly to the immeasurable distance that separated him from our girls, to secure us against danger. That clever man of the world, Mr. Maitland, however, showed me I was wrong. He was not a week here till he saw enough to induce him to give me a warning; and though at first he thought it was Bella's favor he aspired to, he afterwards perceived it was to Alice he directed his attentions."

"I can't believe this possible. Tony would never dare such a piece of presumption."

"You forget two things, Sir Arthur. This young fellow fancies that his good birth makes him the equal of any one; and, secondly, Alice, in her sense of independence, is exactly the girl to do a folly, and imagine it to be heroic; so Maitland himself said to me, and it was perfectly miraculous how well he read her whole nature. And, indeed, it was he who suggested to me to charge Tony Butler with being engaged to the minister's daughter, and told me—and, as I saw, with truth—how thoroughly it would test his suspicions about him. I thought he was going to faint; he really swayed back and forwards when I said that it was one of the girls from whom I had the story."

"If I could only believe this, he should never cross the threshold again. Such insolence is, however, incredible."

"That's a man's way of regarding it; and however you sneer at our credulity, it enables us to see scores of things that your obstinacy is blind to. I am sincerely glad he is going away."

"So am I—now; and I trust, in my heart, we have seen the last of him."

"How tired you look, my poor Tony!" said his mother, as he entered the cottage and threw himself heavily and wearily into a chair.

"I am tired, mother,—very tired and jaded."

"I wondered what kept you so long, Tony; for I had time to pack your trunk and to put away all your things; and when it was done and finished, to sit down and sorrow over your going away. Oh, Tony dear, aren't we ungrateful creatures, when we rise up in rebellion against the very mercies that are vouchsafed us, and say, Why was my prayer granted me? I am sure it was many and many a night, as I knelt down, I begged the Lord would send you some calling or other, that you might find means of an honest living, and a line of life that wouldn't disgrace the stock you came from; and now that he has graciously heard me, here I am, repining and complaining just as if it wasn't my own supplication that was listened to."

Perhaps Tony was not in a humor to discuss a nice question of ethical meaning, for he abruptly said, "Sir Arthur Lyle read your note over, and said he'd call one of these days and see you. I suppose he meant with the answer."

"There was no answer, Tony; the matter was just this: I wanted a trifle of an advance from the bank, just to give you a little money when you'd have to go away; and Tom M'Elwain, the new manager, not knowing me perhaps, referred the matter to Sir Arthur, which was not what I wished or intended, and so I wrote and said so. Perhaps I said so a little too curtly, as if I was too proud, or the like, to accept a favor at Sir Arthur's hands; for he wrote me a very beautiful letter—it went home to my heart—about his knowing your father long ago, when they were both lads, and had the wide world before them; and alluding very touchingly to the Lord's bounties to himself,—blessing him with a full garner."

"I hope you accepted nothing from him," broke in Tony, roughly.

"No, Tony; for it happened that James Hewson, the apothecary, had a hundred pounds that he wanted to lay out on a safe

mortgage, and so I took it, at six per cent., and gave him over the deeds of the little place here."

"For a hundred pounds! Why, it's worth twelve hundred at least, mother!"

"What a boy it is!" said she, laughing. "I merely gave him his right to claim the one hundred that he advanced, Tony dear; and my note to Sir Arthur was to ask him to have the bond, or whatever it is called, rightly drawn up and witnessed, and at the same time to thank him heartily for his own kind readiness to serve me."

"I hate a mortgage, mother! I don't feel as if the place was our own any longer."

"Your father's own words, eighteen years ago, when he drew all the money he had out of the agent's hands, and paid off the debt on this little spot here. 'Nelly,' said he, 'I can look out of the window now, and not be afraid of seeing a man coming up the road to ask for his interest.'"

"It's the very first thing I'll try to do, is to pay off that debt, mother. Who knows but I may be able, before the year is over! But I'm glad you didn't take it from Sir Arthur."

"You're as proud as your father, Tony," said she, with her eyes full of tears; "take care that you're as good as he was too."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

A CORNER IN DOWNING STREET.

WHEN Tony Butler found himself inside of the swinging glass-door at Downing Street, in the presence of the august Mr. Willis, the porter, it seemed as if all the interval since he had last stood in the same place had been a dream. The head-porter looked up from his *Times*, and with a severity that showed he had neither forgotten nor forgiven, said, "Messengers' room—first pair—corridor—third door on the left." There was an unmistakable dignity in the manner of the speaker, which served to show Tony, not merely that his former offence remained unpardoned, but that his entrance into public life had not awed or impressed in any way the stern official.

Tony passed on, mounted the stairs, and sauntered along a very ill-kept corridor, not fully certain whether it was the third, fourth, or fifth door he was in search of, or on what hand. After about half an hour passed in the hope of seeing one to direct him, he

made bold to knock gently at a door. To his repeated summons no answer was returned, and he tried another, when a shrill voice cried "Come in." He entered and saw a slight, sickly-looking youth, very elaborately dressed, seated at a table, writing. The room was a large one, very dirty, ill-furnished, and disorderly.

"Well, what is it?" asked the young gentleman, without lifting his head or his eyes from the desk.

"Could you tell me," said Tony, courteously, "where I ought to go? I'm Butler, an extra messenger, and I have been summoned to attend and report here this morning."

"All right; we want you," said the other, still writing; "wait an instant." So saying, he wrote on for several minutes at a rapid pace, muttering the words as his pen traced them; at last he finished, and descending from his high seat, passed across the room, opened a door which led into another room, and called out,—

"The messenger come, sir!"

"Who is he?" shouted a very harsh voice.

"First for Madrid, sir," said the youth, examining a slip of paper he had just taken from his pocket.

"His name?" shouted out the other again.

"Poynder, sir."

"I beg your pardon," suggested Tony, mildly. "I'm Butler, not Poynder."

"Who's talking out there—what's that uproar?" screamed the voice, very angrily.

"He says he's not for Madrid, sir. It's a mistake," cried the youth.

"No; you misunderstand me," whispered Tony. "I only said I was not Poynder."

"He says he's in Poynder's place, sir."

"I'll stop this system of substitutes!" cried the voice. "Send him in here."

"Go in there," said the youth, with a gesture of his thumb, and his face at the same time wore an expression which said as plain as any words could have spoken, "And you'll see how you like it."

As Tony entered, he found himself standing face to face to the awful official, Mr. Brand, the same who had reported to the minister his intended assault on Willis, the porter. "Aw! what's all this about?" said Mr. Brand, pompously. "You are Mr.—Mr."—

"Mr. Butler," said Tony, quietly, but with an air of determination.

"And instead of reporting yourself, you come here to say that you have exchanged with Poynder."

"I never heard of Poynder till three minutes ago."

"You want, however, to take his journey, sir. You call yourself first for Madrid?"

"I do nothing of the kind. I have come here because I got a telegram two days ago. I know nothing of Poynder, and just as little about Madrid."

"Oh—aw! you're Butler! I remember all about you now; there is such a swarm of extras appointed that it's impossible to remember names or faces. You are the young gentleman who—who—yes, yes, I remember it all; but have you passed the civil-service examinations?"

"No; I was preparing for the examination when I received that message, and came off at once."

"Well, you'll present yourself at Burlington House. Mr. Blount will make out the order for you; you can go up the latter end of this week, and we shall want you immediately."

"But I am not ready. I was reading for this examination when your telegram came, and I set off at the instant."

"Blount, Mr. Blount!" screamed out the other, angrily; and as the affrighted youth presented himself, all pale and trembling, he went on, "What's the meaning of this, sir? You first attempt to pass this person off for Poynder; and when that scheme fails, you endeavor to slip him into the service without warrant or qualification. He tells me himself he knows nothing."

"Very little, certainly; but I don't remember telling you so," said Tony.

"And do you imagine, sir, that a bravado about your ignorance is the sure road to advancement? I can tell you, young gentleman, that the days of mighty patronage are gone by; the public require to be served by competent officials. We are not in the era of Castlereaghs and Vansittarts. If you can satisfy the commissioners, you may come back here; if you cannot, you may go back to—to whatever life you were leading before; and were probably most fit for. As for you, Mr. Blount, I told you before that on the first occasion of your attempting to exercise

here that talent for intrigue on which you pride yourself, and of which Mr. Vance told me you were a proficient, I should report you. I now say, sir,—and bear in mind I say so openly, and to yourself, and in presence of your friend here,—I shall do so this day."

"May I explain, sir?"

"You may not, sir,—withdraw!" The wave of the hand that accompanied this order evidently included Tony; but he held his ground undismayed, while the other fell back, overwhelmed with shame and confusion.

Not deigning to be aware of Tony's continued presence in the room, Mr. Brand again addressed himself to his writing materials, when a green cloth door at the back of the room opened, and Mr. Vance entered, and advancing to where the other sat, leaned over his chair and whispered some words in his ear. "You'll find I'm right," muttered he as he finished.

"And where's the Office to go to?" burst out the other, in a tone of ill-repressed passion—"will you just tell me that? Where's the Office to go—if this continues?"

"That's neither your affair nor mine," whispered Vance. "These sort of things were done before we were born, and they will be done after we're in our graves!"

"And is he to walk in here, and say, 'I'm first for service; I don't care whether you like it or not'?"

"He's listening to you all this while; are you aware of that!" whispered Vance; on which the other grew very red in the face, took off his spectacles, wiped and replaced them, and then, addressing Tony, said, "Go away, sir,—leave the Office."

"Mr. Brand means that you need not wait," said Vance, approaching Tony. "All you have to do is to leave your town address here, in the outer office, and come up once or twice a day."

"And as to this examination?" said Tony, stoutly, "it's better I should say once for all"—

"It's better you should say just nothing at all," said the other, good-humoredly, as he slipped his arm inside of Tony's and led him away.

"You see," whispered he, "my friend Mr. Brand is hasty."

"I should think he *is* hasty!" growled out Tony.

"But he is a warm-hearted—a truly warm-hearted man"—

"Warm enough he seems."

"When you know him better"—

"I don't want to know him better!" burst in Tony. "I got into a scrape already with just such another; he was collector for the port of Derry, and I threw him out of the window, and all the blame was laid upon me!"

"Well, that certainly was hard," said Vance, with a droll twinkle of his eye,—"I call that very hard."

"So do I, after the language he used to me, saying, all the while, 'I'm no duellist; I'm not for a sawpit, with coffee and pistols for two,' and all that vulgar slang about murder and suchlike."

"And was he much hurt?"

"No; not much. It was only his collar-bone and one rib, I think; I forget now, for I had to go over to Skye, and stay there a good part of the summer."

"Mr. Blount, take down this gentleman's address, and show him where he is to wait; and don't"—here he lowered his voice, so that the remainder of his speech was inaudible to Tony.

"Not if I can help it, sir," replied Blount; "but if you knew how hard it is!"

There was something almost piteous in the youth's face as he spoke; and indeed Vance seemed moved to a certain degree of compassion as he said, "Well, well, do your best,—do your best; none can do more."

"It's two o'clock. I'll go cut and have a cigar with you, if you don't mind," said Blount to Tony. "We're quite close to the park here; and a little fresh air will do me good."

"Come along," said Tony, who, out of compassion, had already a sort of half-liking for the much-suffering young fellow.

"I wish Skeffy were here," said Tony, as they went down-stairs.

"Do you know Skeff Damer, then?"

"Know him! I believe he's about the fellow I like best in the world."

"So do I," cried the other, warmly; "he hasn't his equal living,—he's the best-hearted and he's the cleverest fellow I ever met!"

And now they both set to, as really only young friends ever do, to extol a loved one with that heartiness that neither knows limit nor measure. What a good fellow he was

—how much of this, without the least of that—how unspoiled too in the midst of the flattery he met with! "If you just saw him as I did a few days back!" said Tony, calling up in memory Skeffy's hearty enjoyment of their humble cottage-life.

"If you but knew how they think of him in the Office," said Blount, whose voice actually trembled as he touched on the holy of the holies.

"Confound the Office!" cried Tony.

"Yes; don't look shocked. I hate that dreary old house, and I detest the grim old fellows inside of it."

"They're severe, certainly," muttered the other, in a deprecatory tone.

"Severe isn't the name for it. They insult—they outrage—that's what they do. I take it that you and the other young fellows here are gentlemen, and I ask, Why do you bear it? why do you put up with it? Perhaps you like it, however?"

"No; we don't like it," said he with an honest simplicity.

"Then, I ask again, why do you stand it?"

"I believe we stand it just because we can't help it."

"Can't help it!"

"What *could* we do? What *could* you do?" asked Blount.

"I'd go straight at the first man that insulted me, and say, Retract that, or I'll pitch you over the banisters."

"That's all very fine with you fellows who have great connections and powerful relatives ready to stand by you and pull you out of any scrape, and then, if the worst comes, have means enough to live without work. That will do very well for you and Skeffy. Skeffy will have six thousand a year one of these 'days. No one can keep him out of Digby Damer's estate; and you, for aught I know, may have more."

"I haven't sixpence, nor the expectation of sixpence, in the world. If I am plucked at this examination, I may go and enlist, or turn navy, or go and sweep away the dead leaves, like that fellow yonder."

"Then take my advice, and don't go up."

"Go up, where?"

"Don't go up to be examined; just wait here in town; don't show too often at the office, but come up of a morning about twelve, I'm generally down here by that

time. There will be a great press for messengers soon; for they have made a regulation about one going only so far, and another taking up his bag and handing it on to a third; and the consequence is, there are three now stuck fast at Marseilles, and two at Belgrade, and all the Constantinople despatches have gone round by the Cape. Of course, as I say, they'll have to alter this, and then we shall suddenly want every fellow we can lay hands on; so all you have to do is just to be ready, and I'll take care to start you at the first chance."

"You're a good fellow!" cried Tony, grasping his hand; "and if you only knew what a bad swimmer it was you picked out of the water."

"Oh, I can do that much at least," said he, modestly, "though I'm not a clever fellow like Skeffy; but I must go back, or I shall 'catch it.' Look in the day after tomorrow."

"And let us dine together; that is, you will dine with me," said Tony. The other acceded freely, and they parted.

That magnetism by which young fellows are drawn instantaneously toward each other, and feel something that if not friendship is closely akin to it, never repeats itself in after-life. We grow more cautious about our contracts as we grow older. I wonder do we make better bargains?

If Tony was then somewhat discouraged by his reception at the office, he had the pleasure of thinking he was compensated in that new-found friend who was so fond of Skeffy, and who could talk away as enthusiastically about him as himself. "Now for M'Gruder and Canon Row, wherever that may be," said he, as he sauntered along; "I'll certainly go and see him, if only to shake hands with a fellow that showed such 'good blood.'" There was no one quality which Tony could prize higher than this. The man who could take a thrashing in good part, and forgive him who gave it, must be a fine fellow, he thought; and I'm not disposed to say he was wrong.

The address was 27 Canon Street, City; and it was a long way off, and the day somewhat spent when he reached it.

"Mr. M'Gruder?" asked Tony, of a bleary-eyed man, at a small faded desk in a narrow office.

"Inside!" said he, with a jerk of his

thumb; and Tony pushed his way into a small room, so crammed with reams of paper that there was barely space to squeeze a passage to a little writing-table next the window.

"Well, sir, your pleasure," said M'Gruder, as Tony came forward.

"You forget me, I see; my name is Butler."

"Eh! what! I ought not to forget you," said he, rising, and grasping the other's hand warmly. "How are you? when did you come up to town? You see the eye is all right; it was a bit swollen for more than a fortnight, though. Hech sirs! but you have hard knuckles of your own."

It was not easy to apologize for the rough treatment he had inflicted, and Tony blundered and stammered in his attempts to do so; but M'Gruder laughed it all off with perfect good-humor, and said, "My wife will forgive you too, one of these days, but not just yet; and so we'll go and have a bit o' dinner our two selves down the river. Are you free to-day?"

Tony was quite free and ready to go anywhere; and so away they went, at first by river steamer and then by a cab, and then across some low-lying fields to a small solitary house close to the Thames,—“Shade, chops, and fried-fish house,” over the door, and a pleasant odor of each around the premises.

"Aint we snug here? no tracking a man this far," said M'Gruder, as he squeezed into a bench behind a fixed table in a very small room. "I never heard of the woman that ran her husband to earth down here."

That this same sense of security had a certain value in M'Gruder's estimation was evident; for he more than once recurred to the sentiment as they sat at dinner.

The tavern was a rare place for "hollands," as M'Gruder said; and they sat over a peculiar brew for which the house was famed, but of which Tony's next day's experiences do not encourage me to give the receipt to my readers. The cigars, too, albeit innocent of duty, might have been better; but all these, like some other pleasures we know of, only were associated with sorrow in the future. Indeed, in the cordial freedom that bound them they thought very little of either. They had grown to be very confidential; and M'Gruder, after inquiring

what Tony proposed to himself by way of a livelihood, gave him a brief sketch of his own rise from very humble beginnings to a condition of reasonably fair comfort and sufficiency.

"I'm in rags, ye see, Mr. Butler," said he; "my father was in rags before me."

"In rags!" cried Tony, looking at the stout, sleek broadcloth beside him.

"I mean," said the other, "I'm in the rag trade, and we supply the paper-mills; and that's why my brother Sam lives away in Italy. Italy is a rare place for rags,—I take it they must have no other wear; for the supply is inexhaustible,—and so Sam lives in a seaport they call Leghorn; and the reason I speak of it to you is, that if this messenger trade breaks down under you, or that ye'd not like it, there's Sam there would be ready and willing to lend you a hand; he'd like a fellow o' your stamp, that would go down amongst the wild places on the coast, and care little about the wild people that live in them. Mayhap this would be beneath you, though?" said he, after a moment's pause.

"I'm above nothing at this moment except being dependent; I don't want to burden my mother."

"Dolly told us about your fine relations, and the high and mighty folk ye belong to."

"Ay, but they don't belong to me—there's the difference," said Tony, laughing, then added, in a more thoughtful tone, "I never suspected that Dolly spoke of me."

"That she did, and very often too. Indeed, I may say that she talked of very little else. It was Tony this and Tony that; and Tony went here and Tony went there; till one day Sam could bear it no longer; for you see Sam was mad in love with her, and said over and over again that he never met her equal. Sam says to me, 'Bob,' says he, 'I can't bear it any more.' 'What is it,' says I, 'that you can't bear?'—for I thought it was something about the drawback duty on mixed rags he was meaning. But no, sirs; it was that he was wild wi' jealousy, and couldn't bear her to be a-talkin' about you. 'I think,' says he, 'if I could meet that same Tony, I'd crack his neck for him.'"

"That was civil, certainly!" said Tony, dryly.

"And as I can't do that, I'll just go and

ask her what she means by it all, and if Tony's her sweetheart!"

"He did not do that!" cried Tony, half angrily.

"Yes, but he did, though; and what for no? You wouldn't have a man lose his time pricing a bale of goods when another had bought them? If she was in treaty with you, Mr. Butler, where was the use of Sam spending his day trying to catch a word wi' her? So, to settle the matter at once, he overtook her one morning going to early meeting with the children, and he had it out."

"Well, well?" asked Tony, eagerly.

"Well, she told him there was never anything like love between herself and you; that you were aye like brother and sister; that you knew each other from the time you could speak; that of all the wide world she did not know any one so well as you; and then she began to cry, and cried so bitterly that she had to turn back home again, and go to her room as if she were taken ill; and that's the way Mrs. M'Gruder came to know what Sam was intending. She never suspected it before; but, heh sirs! if she did not open a broadside on every one of us! And the upshot was, Dolly was packed off home to her father; Sam went back to Leghorn; and there's Sally and Maggie going back in everything ever they learned,—for it aint every day you pick up a lass like that for eighteen pound a year and her washing."

"But did he ask her to marry him?" cried Tony.

"He did. He wrote a letter—a very good and sensible letter, too—to her father. He told him that he was only a junior, with a small share, but that he had saved enough to furnish a house, and that he hoped with industry and care and thrifty ways, he would be able to maintain a wife decently and well; and he referred to Doctor Forbes of Auchterlonie for a character of him; and I backed it myself, saying, in the name of the house, it was true and correct."

"What answer came to this?"

"A letter from the minister, saying that the lassie was poorly, and in so delicate a state of health, it would be better not to agitate her by any mention of this kind for the present; meanwhile, he would take up his information from Dr. Forbes, whom he knew well; and if the reply satisfied him he'd

write again to us in the course of a week or two; and Sam's just waiting patiently for his answer, and doing his best, in the mean while, to prepare, in case it's a favorable one."

Tony fell into a reverie. That story of a man in love with one it might never be his destiny to win, had its own deep significance for him. Was there any grief, was there any misery, to compare with it? And although Sam M'Gruder, the junior partner in the rag trade, was not a very romantic sort of character, yet did he feel an intense sympathy for him. They were both sufferers from the malady,—albeit Sam's attack was from a very mild form of the complaint.

"You must give me a letter to your brother," said he at length. "Some day or other

I'm sure to be in Italy, and I'd like to know him."

"Ay, and he'd like to know *you*, now that he aint jealous of you. The last thing he said to me at parting was, 'If ever I meet that Tony Butler, I'll give him the best bottle of wine in my cellar.'"

"When you write to him next, say that I'm just as eager to take *him* by the hand, mind that. The man that's like to be a good husband to Dolly Stewart, is sure to be a brother to *me*."

And they went back to town, talking little by the way, for each was thoughtful,—M'Gruder thinking much over all they had been saying; Tony full of the future, yet not able to exclude the past.

MORE than one eminent philologist has asserted that to the streets we owe most of the new words, and a good deal of the colloquial strength, of our language. One singular feature in so-called "vulgar speech" is the retention and revival of sterling old English words. A dictionary of these colloquial expressions, giving, where possible, their origin, with instances of their use, has been under compilation by the London antiquary who edited the small "Dictionary of Modern Slang in 1859" for many years. His new book, entitled, "The Slang Dictionary, or the Vulgar Words, Street Phrases, and 'Fast' Expressions of High and Low Society," now on the eve of publication, will include the smaller work, and will, besides, especially treat of the *Lingua Franca*, or "Organ Grinder's" speech, largely introduced into the slang of our London lower orders; the Anglo-Indian and High-Chinese slang, extensively spoken amongst our seafaring population; the slang of "the turf" and fashionable sporting society; and the phrases used by gamblers, card-tricksters, and others who play at games of chance. The work will contain about 10,000 words and phrases, which are said to be in every-day use, but which are contained in no English dictionary.

ANECDOTE OF CHIEF JUSTICE HOLT.—Mr. KNOX was one day talking of the habit which many persons, even of superior education, contract of interlarding their conversation with one or another peculiar phrase, without being aware of it. Among such was the celebrated lawyer, Chief

Justice Holt, whose perpetually recurring expression was, "Lookie, d'ye see?" An admirer of the chief justice one day said to his nephew, "Your uncle is a great man; but what a pity it is that he can't talk for any time together without bringing in, 'Lookie, d'ye see?'" "I'll break him of it," said the nephew; and the mode he adopted was as follows: Holt had often found fault with him for not giving his mind to legal studies. One day the nephew surprised him not a little by saying, "Well, uncle, I have thought much of your advice, and have been acting upon it so intently as to have versified parts of 'Coke upon Lyttleton.' Shall I give you a specimen?" Holt nodded assent, and he proceeded thus:—

"He that is tenant in fee

Need neither quake nor quiver;
For he hath it, 'Lookie, d'ye see?'
To him and his heirs forever."

"Ah, you rogue," said the old judge, "I understand you."—*Harford's "Wilberforce."*

THE Bishop of London is urging the appointment of five hundred additional curates to meet the spiritual destitution of London. A writer in the *London Review* recommends the establishment of common halls, where fifty or sixty curates might reside at half the cost, and double the comfort they can hope to find in private lodgings. He thinks, if the attention of parishioners was once turned to the importance of this plan, such halls would gather to themselves libraries and, by degrees, endowments and benefactions.

THE HEART OF THE WAR.

BY J. G. HOLLAND.

PEACE in the clover-scented air,
 And stars within the dome ;
 And underneath, in dim repose,
 A plain New England home.
 Within, a murmur of low tones
 And sighs from hearts oppressed,
 Merging in prayer, at last, that brings
 The balm of silent rest.

I've closed a hard day's work, Marty,—
 The evening chores are done ;
 And you are weary with the house,
 And with the little one.
 But he is sleeping sweetly now,
 With all our pretty brood ;
 So come and sit upon my knee,
 And it will do me good.

Oh, Marty ! I must tell you all
 The trouble in my heart,
 And you must do the best you can,
 To take and bear your part.
 You've seen the shadow on my face ;
 You've felt it day and night ;
 For it has filled our little home,
 And banished all its light.

I did not mean it should be so,
 And yet I might have known
 That hearts that live as close as ours
 Can never keep their own.
 But we are fallen on evil times,
 And, do whate'er I may,
 My heart grows sad about the war,
 And sadder every day.

I think about it when I work.
 And when I try to rest,
 And never more than when your head
 Is pillowed on my breast ;
 For then I see the camp-fires blaze,
 And sleeping men around,
 Who turn their faces toward their homes,
 And dream upon the ground.

I think about the dear, brave boys,
 My mates in other years,
 Who pine for home and those they love,
 Till I am choked with tears.
 With shouts and cheers they marched away
 On glory's shining track ;
 But, ah ! how long, how long they stay !
 How few of them come back !

One sleeps beside the Tennessee.
 And one beside the James,
 And one fought on a gallant ship
 And perished in its flames.

And some, struck down by fell disease,
 Are breathing out their life ;
 And others, maimed by cruel wounds,
 Have left the deadly strife.

Ah, Marty ! Marty ! only think
 Of all the boys have done
 And suffered in this weary war !
 Brave heroes, every one !
 Oh ! often, often in the night,
 I hear their voices call :
 " Come on and help us. Is it right
 That we should bear it all ? "

And when I kneel and try to pray,
 My thoughts are never free,
 But cling to those who toil and fight
 And die for you and me.
 And when I pray for victory,
 It seems almost a sin
 To fold my hands and ask for what
 I will not help to win.

Oh ! do not cling to me and cry,
 For it will break my heart ;
 I'm sure you'd rather have me die
 Than not to bear my part.
 You think that some should stay at home
 To care for those away ;
 But still I'm helpless to decide
 If I should go or stay.

For, Marty, all the soldiers love,
 And all are loved again ;
 And I am loved, and love, perhaps,
 No more than other men.
 I cannot tell—I do not know—
 Which way my duty lies,
 Or where the Lord would have me build
 My fire of sacrifice.

I feel—I know—I am not mean ;
 And though I seem to boast,
 I'm sure that I would give my life
 To those who need it most.
 Perhaps the Spirit will reveal
 That which is fair and right ;
 So, Marty, let us humbly kneel
 And pray to Heaven for light.

Peace in the clover-scented air,
 And stars within the dome ;
 And underneath, in dim repose,
 A plain New England home.
 Within, a widow in her weeds,
 From whom all joy is flown,
 Who kneels among her sleeping babes,
 And weeps and prays alone !
 —Atlantic Monthly.

PART XIII.—CHAPTER XL.

"Now, Mr. Wodehouse," said Jack Wentworth, "it appears that you and I have a word to say to each other." They had all risen when the other gentlemen followed Mr. Morgan out of the room, and those who remained stood in a group surrounding the unhappy culprit, and renewing his impression of personal danger. When he heard himself thus addressed, he backed against the wall, and instinctively took one of the chairs and placed it before him. His furtive eye sought the door and the window, investigating the chances of escape. When he saw there was none, he withdrew still a step farther back, and stood at bay.

"By Jove! I aint going stand all this," said Wodehouse; "as if every fellow had a right to bully me; it's more than flesh and blood can put up with. I don't care for that old fogie that's gone up-stairs; but, by Jove! I wont stand any more from men that eat my dinners, and win my money, and"—

Jack Wentworth made half a step forward with a superb smile: "My good fellow, you should never reproach a man with his good actions," he said; "but at the same time, having eaten your dinner, as you describe, I have a claim on your gratitude. We have had some—a—business connection—for some years. I don't say you have reason to be actually grateful for that; but, at least, it brought you now and then into the society of gentlemen. A man who robs a set of women, and leaves the poor creature he has ruined destitute, is a sort of cur we have nothing to say to," said the heir of the Wentworths, contemptuously. "We do not pretend to be saints; but we are not blackguards; that is to say," said Jack, with a perfectly calm and harmonious smile, "not in theory, nor in our own opinion. The fact accordingly is, my friend, that you must choose between *us* and those respectable meannesses of yours. By Jove! the fellow ought to have been a shopkeeper, and as honest as—Diogenes," said Jack. He stood looking at his wretched associate with the overwhelming impertinence of a perfectly well-bred man, noway concealing the contemptuous inspection with which his cool eyes travelled over the disconcerted figure from top to toe, seeing and exaggerating all its tremors and clumsy guiltiness. The chances are, had Jack Wentworth been in

Wodehouse's place, he would have been master of the position as much as now. He was not shocked nor indignant like his brothers. He was simply contemptuous, disdainful, not so much of wickedness as of the clumsy and shabby fashion in which it had been accomplished. As for the offender, who had been defiant in his sulky fashion up to this moment, his courage oozed out at his finger-ends under Jack Wentworth's eye.

"I am my own master," he stammered, "nowadays. I aint to be dictated to—and I sha'n't be, by Jove! As for Jack Wentworth, he's well known to be neither more nor less"—

"Than what, Mr. Wodehouse?" said the serene and splendid Jack. "Don't interest yourself on my account, Frank. This is my business at present. If you have any prayer-meetings in hand, we can spare you—and don't forget our respectable friend in your supplications. Favor us with your definition of Jack Wentworth, Mr. Wodehouse. He is neither more nor less"—

"By Jove! I aint going to stand it," cried Wodehouse; "if a fellow's to be driven mad and insulted and have his money won from him and made game of—not to say tossed about as I've been among 'em, and made a drudge of and set to do the dirty work," said the unfortunate subordinate, with a touch of pathos in his hoarse voice; "I don't mean to say I've been what I ought; but, by Jove! to be put upon as I've been and knocked about; and at the last they haven't the pluck to stand by a fellow, by Jove!" muttered Mr. Wodehouse's unlucky heir. What further exasperation his smiling superior was about to heap upon him, nobody could tell; for just as Jack Wentworth was about to speak, and just as Wodehouse had again faced towards him, half-cowed, half-resisting, Gerald, who had been looking on in silence, came forward out of the shadow. He had seen all and heard all, from that moral death-bed of his, where no personal cares could again disturb him; and though he had resigned his office, he could not belie his nature. He came in by instinct to cherish the dawn of compunction which appeared, as he thought, in the sinner's words.

"The best thing that can happen to you," said Gerald, at the sound of whose voice everybody started, "is to find out that the

wages of sin are bitter. Don't expect any sympathy or consolation from those who have helped you to do wrong. My brother tries to induce you to do a right act from an unworthy motive. He says your former associates will not acknowledge you. My advice to you is to forsake your former associates. My brother," said Gerald, turning aside to look at him, "would do himself honor if he forsook them also; but for you, here is your opportunity. You have no temptation of poverty now. Take the first step, and forsake them. I have no motive in advising you—except, indeed, that I am Jack Wentworth's brother. He and you are different," said Gerald, involuntarily glancing from one to the other. "And at present you have the means of escape. Go now and leave them," said the man who was a priest by nature. The light returned to his eye while he spoke; he was no longer passive, contemplating his own moral death; his natural office had come back to him unawares. He stretched his arm toward the door, thinking of nothing but the escape of the sinner. "Go," said Gerald. "Refuse their approbation; shun their society. For Christ's sake, and not for theirs, make amends to those you have wronged. Jack, I command you to let him go."

Jack, who had been startled at first, had recovered himself long before his brother ceased to speak. "Let him go, by all means," he said, and stood superbly indifferent by Gerald's side, whistling under his breath a tripping, lively air. "No occasion for solemnity. The sooner he goes, the better," said Jack. "In short, I see no reason why any of us should stay, now the business is accomplished. I wonder would his reverence ever forgive me if I lighted my cigar?" He took out his case as he spoke, and began to look over its contents. There was one in the room, however, who was better acquainted with the indications of Jack Wentworth's face than either of his brothers. This unfortunate, who was hanging in an agony of uncertainty over the chair he had placed before him, watched every movement of his leader's face with the anxious gaze of a lover, hoping to see a little corresponding anxiety in it, but watched in vain. Wodehouse had been going through a fever of doubt and divided impulses. The shabby fellow was open to good impressions, though he was not

much in the way of practising them, and Gerald's address, which, in the first place, filled him with awe, moved him afterwards with passing thrills of compunction, mingled with a kind of delight at the idea of getting free. When his admonitor said "Go," Wodehouse made a step towards the door, and for an instant felt the exhilaration of enfranchisement. But the next moment his eye sought Jack Wentworth's face, which was so superbly careless, so indifferent to him and his intentions, and the vagabond's soul succumbed with a canine fidelity to his master. Had Jack shown any interest, any excitement in the matter, his sway might have been doubtful; but in proportion to the sense of his own insignificance and unimportance Wodehouse's allegiance confirmed itself. He looked wistfully toward the hero of his imagination, as that skilful personage selected his cigar. He would rather have been kicked again than left alone, and left to himself. After all, it was very true what Jack Wentworth said. They might be a bad lot; but they were gentlemen (according to Wodehouse's understanding of the word) with whom he had been associated; and beatific visions of peers and baronets and honorables, among whom his own shabby person had figured, without feeling much below the common level, crossed his mind with all the sweetness which belongs to a past state of affairs. Yet it was still in his power to recall these vanishing glories. Now that he was rich, and could "cut a figure" among the objects of his admiration, was that brilliant world to be closed upon him forever by his own obstinacy? As these thoughts rushed through his mind, little Rosa's beauty and natural grace came suddenly to his recollection. Nobody need know how he had got his pretty wife, and a pretty wife she would be,—a creature whom nobody could help admiring. Wodehouse looked wistfully at Jack Wentworth, who took no notice of him as he chose his cigar. Jack was not only the ideal of the clumsier rogue; but he was the door-keeper of that paradise of disreputable nobles and ruined gentlemen which was Wodehouse's idea of good society; and from all this was he about to be banished? Jack Wentworth selected his cigar with as much care as if his happiness depended on it, and took no notice of the stealthy glances thrown at him. "I'll get a light in the hall," said

Jack; "good-evening to you;" and he was actually going away. "I think it is quite just that some provision should be made for that."

"Look here," said Wodehouse, hastily, in his beard; "I aint a man to forsake old friends. If Jack Wentworth does not mean anything unreasonable or against a fellow's honor—Hold your tongue, Waters; by Jove! I know my friends. I know you would never have been one of them but for Jack Wentworth. He's not the common sort, I can tell you. He's the greatest swell going, by Jove!" cried Jack's admiring follower, "and through thick and thin he's stood by me. I aint going to forsake him now—that is, if he don't want anything that goes against a fellow's honor," said the repentant prodigal, again sinking the voice which he had raised for a moment. As he spoke, he looked more wistfully than ever toward his leader, who said "pshaw!" with an impatient gesture, and put back his cigar.

"This room is too hot for anything," said Jack; "but don't open the window, I entreat of you: I hate to assist at the suicide of a set of insane insects. For Heaven's sake, Frank, mind what you're doing. As for Mr. Wodehouse's remark," said Jack, lightly, "I trust I never could suggest anything which would wound his keen sense of honor. I advise you to marry and settle, as I am in the habit of advising young men; and if I were to add that it would be seemly to make some provision for your sisters"—

"Stop there!" said the curate, who had taken no part in the scene up to this moment. He had stood behind rather contemptuously, determined to have nothing to do with his ungrateful and ungenerous *protégé*. But now an unreasonable impulse forced him into the discussion. "The less that is said on that part of the subject, the better," he said, with some natural head. "I object to the mixing up of names which—which no one here has any right to bandy about"—

"That is very true," said Mr. Proctor; "but still they have their rights," the late rector added, after a pause. "We have no right to stand in the way of their—their interest, you know." It occurred to Mr. Proctor, indeed, that the suggestion was, on the whole, a sensible one. "Even if they were to—to marry, you know, they might still be left unprovided for," said the late rector.

And then there was a pause. Frank Wentworth was sufficiently aware after his first start of indignation that he had no right to interfere, as Mr. Proctor said, between the Miss Wodehouses and their interest. He had no means of providing for them, of setting them above the chances of fortune. He reflected bitterly that it was not in his power to offer a home to Lucy, and through her to her sister. What he had to do was to stand by silently, to suffer other people to discuss what was to be done for the woman whom he loved, and whose name was sacred to him. This was a stretch of patience of which he was not capable. "I can only say again," said the curate, "that I think this discussion has gone far enough. Whatever matters of business there may be that require arrangement had better be settled between Mr. Brown and Mr. Waters. So far as private feeling goes"—

"Never fear, I'll manage it," said Jack Wentworth, "as well as a dozen lawyers. Private feeling has nothing to do with it. Have a cigar, Wodehouse? We'll talk it over as we walk home," said the condescending potentate. These words dispersed the assembly which no longer had any object. As Jack Wentworth sauntered out, his faithful follower pressed through the others to join him. Wodehouse was himself again. He gave a sulky nod to the curate, and said, "Good-night, parson; I don't owe much to you," and hastened out close upon the heels of his patron and leader. All the authorities of Carlingford, the virtuous people who conferred station and respectability by a look, sank into utter insignificance in presence of Jack. His admiring follower went after him with a swell of pride. He was a poor enough rogue himself, hustled and abused by everybody, an unsuccessful and shabby vagabond, notwithstanding his new fortune; but Jack was the glorified impersonation of cleverness and wickedness and triumph to Wodehouse. He grew insolent when he was permitted to put his arm through that of his hero, and went off with him trying to copy, in swagger and insolence, his careless step and well-bred ease. Perhaps Jack Wentworth felt a little ashamed of himself as he emerged from the gate of

the rectory with his shabby and disreputable companion. He shrugged his shoulders slightly as he looked back and saw Gerald and Frank coming slowly out together. "Coraggio!" said Jack to himself, "it is I who am the true philanthropist. Let us do evil that good may come." Notwithstanding, he was very thankful not to be seen by his father, who had wished to consult him as a man of the world, and had shown certain yearnings toward him, which, to Jack's infinite surprise, awakened responsive feelings in his own unaccustomed bosom. He was half ashamed of this secret movement of natural affection, which, certainly, nobody else suspected; but it was with a sensation of relief that he closed the rectory-gate behind him, without having encountered the keen, inquiring, suspicious glances of the squire. The others dispersed according to their pleasure,—Mr. Waters joining the party up-stairs, while Mr. Proctor followed Jack Wentworth and Wodehouse to the door with naïve natural curiosity. When the excellent man recollected that he was listening to private conversation, and met Wodehouse's look of sulky insolence, he turned back again, much fluttered and disturbed. He had an interest in the matter, though the two in whose hands it now lay were the last whom he would have chosen as confidants; and to do him justice, he was thinking of Lucy only in his desire to hear what they decided upon. "Something might happen to me," he said to himself; "and even if all was well, she would be happier not to be wholly dependent upon her sister;" with which self-exculpation, Mr. Proctor slowly followed the others into the drawing-room. Gerald and Frank, who were neither of them disposed for society, went away together. They had enough to think of, without much need of conversation, and they had walked half-way down Grange Lane before either spoke. Then it was Frank who broke the silence abruptly with a question which had nothing to do with the business in which they had been engaged.

"And what do you mean to do?" said Frank, suddenly. It was just as they came in sight of the graceful spire of St. Roque's; and perhaps it was the sight of his own church which roused the Perpetual Curate to think of the henceforth aimless life of his

brother. "I don't understand how you are to give up your work. To-night even"—

"I did not forget myself," said Gerald; "every man who can distinguish good from evil has a right to advise his fellow-creature. I have not given up that common privilege—don't hope it, Frank," said the martyr, with a momentary smile.

"If I could but understand why it is that you make this terrible sacrifice!" said the curate—"No, I don't want to argue—of course, you are convinced. I can understand the wish that our unfortunate division had never taken place; but I can't understand the sacrifice of a man's life and work. Nothing is perfect in this world; but at least to do something in it—to be good for something—and with your faculties, Gerald!" cried the admiring and regretful brother. "Can abstract right in an institution, if that is what you aim at, be worth the sacrifice of your existence—your power of influencing your fellow-creatures?" This Mr. Wentworth said, being specially moved by the circumstances in which he found himself, for, under any other conditions, such sentiments would have produced the warmest opposition in his Anglican bosom. But he was so far sympathetic that he could be tolerant to his brother who had gone to Rome.

"I know what you mean," said Gerald; "it is the prevailing theory in England that all human institutions are imperfect. My dear Frank, I want a church which is not a human institution. In England it seems to be the rule of faith that every man may believe as he pleases. There is no authority either to decide or to punish. If you can foresee what that may lead us to, I cannot. I take refuge in the true church; where alone there is certainty—where," said the convert, with a heightened color and a long-drawn breath, "there is authority clear and decisive. In England you believe what you will, and the result will be one that I at least fear to contemplate; in Rome we believe what—we must," said Gerald. He said the words slowly, bowing his head more than once with determined submission, as if bending under the yoke. "Frank, it is salvation!" said the new Catholic, with the emphasis of a despairing hope. And for the first time Frank Wentworth perceived what it was which had driven his brother to Rome.

"I understand you now," said the Perpetual Curate; "it is because there is no room for our conflicting doctrines and latitude of belief. Instead of a church happily so far imperfect that a man can put his life to the best account in it, without absolutely delivering up his intellect to a set of doctrines, you seek a perfect church, in which, for a symmetrical system of doctrine, you lose the use of your existence!" Mr. Wentworth uttered his opinion with all the more vehemence, that it was in direct opposition to his own habitual ideas; but even his veneration for his "Mother" yielded for the moment to his strong sense of his brother's mistake.

"It is a hard thing to say," said Gerald; "but it is true. If you but knew the consolation, after years of struggling among the problems of faith, to find one's self at last upon a rock of authority, of certainty,—one holds in one's hand at last the interpretation of the enigma," said Gerald. He looked up to the sky as he spoke, and breathed into the serene air a wistful, lingering sigh. If it was certainty that echoed in that breath of unsatisfied nature, the sound was sadly out of concord with the sentiment. His soul, notwithstanding that expression of serenity, was still as wistful as the night.

"Have you the interpretation!" said his brother; and Frank, too, looked up into the pure sky above, with its stars which stretched over them serene and silent, arching over the town that lay behind, and of which nobody knew better than he the human mysteries and wonderful unanswerable questions. The heart of the curate ached to think how many problems lay in the darkness, over which that sky stretched silent, making no sign. There were the sorrowful of the earth, enduring their afflictions, lifting up pitiful hands, demanding of God in their bereavements and in their miseries the reason why. There were all the inequalities of life, side by side, evermore echoing dumbly the same awful question; and over all shone the calm sky which gave no answer. "Have you the interpretation?" he said. "Perhaps you can reconcile freewill and predestination—the need of a universal atonement and the existence of individual virtue? But these are not to me the most difficult questions. Can your church explain why one man is happy and another miserable?—why one has everything and abounds, and the other loses

all that is most precious in life? My sister Mary, for example," said the curate, "she seems to bear the cross for our family. Her children die and yours live. Can you explain to her why? I have heard her cry out to God to know the reason, and he made no answer. Tell me, have you the interpretation?" cried the young man, on whom the hardness of his own position was pressing at the moment. They went on together in silence for a few minutes, without any attempt on Gerald's part to answer. "You accept the explanation of the church in respect to doctrines," said the curate, after that pause, "and consent that her authority is sufficient, and that your perplexity is over; that is well enough, so far as it goes; but outside lies a world in which every event is an enigma, where nothing that comes offers any explanation of itself; where God does not show himself always kind, but by times awful, terrible,—a God who smites and does not spare. It is easy to make a harmonious balance of doctrine; but where is the interpretation of life?" The young priest looked back on his memory, and recalled, as if they had been in a book, the daily problems with which he was so well acquainted. As for Gerald, he bowed his head a little, with a kind of reverence, as if he had been bowing before the shrine of a saint.

"I have had a happy life," said the elder brother. "I have not been driven to ask such questions for myself. To these the church has but one advice to offer: Trust God."

"We say so in England," said Frank Wentworth; "it is the grand scope of our teaching. Trust God. He will not explain himself, nor can we attempt it. When it is certain that I must be content with this answer for all the sorrows of life, I am content to take my doctrines on the same terms," said the Perpetual Curate;—and by this time they had come to Miss Wentworth's door. After all, perhaps it was not Gerald, except so far as he was carried by a wonderful force of human sympathy and purity of soul, who was the predestined priest of the family. As he went up to his own room, a momentary spasm of doubt came upon the new convert,—whether, perhaps, he was making a sacrifice of his life for a mistake. He hushed the thought forcibly as it rose; such impulses were no longer to be listened to. The

same authority which made faith certain decided every doubt to be sin.

CHAPTER XLI.

NEXT morning the curate got up with anticipations which were far from cheerful, and a weary sense of the monotony and dulness of life. He had won his little battle, it was true ; but the very victory had removed that excitement which answered in the absence of happier stimulants to keep up his heart and courage. After a struggle like that in which he had been engaged, it was hard to come again into the peaceable routine without any particular hope to enliven or happiness to cheer it, which was all he had at present to look for in his life ; and it was harder still to feel the necessity of being silent, of standing apart from Lucy in her need, of shutting up in his own heart the longing he had toward her, and refraining himself from the desperate thought of uniting his genteel beggary to hers. That was the one thing which must not be thought of, and he subdued himself with an impatient sigh, and could not but wonder, as he went down-stairs, whether, if Gerald had been less smoothly guided through the perplexing paths of life, he would have found time for all the difficulties which had driven him to take refuge in Rome. It was with this sense of hopeless restraint and incapacity, which is, perhaps, of all sensations the most humbling, that he went down-stairs, and found lying on his breakfast-table, the first thing that met his eye, the note which Lucy Wodehouse had written to him on the previous night. As he read it, the earth somehow turned to the sun ; the dubious light brightened in the skies. Unawares, he had been wondering never to receive any token of sympathy, any word of encouragement from those for whom he had made so many exertions. When he had read Lucy's letter, the aspect of affairs changed considerably. To be sure, nothing that she had said or could say made any difference in the facts of the case ; but the curate was young, and still liable to those changes of atmosphere which do more for an imaginative mind than real revolutions. He read the letter several times over as he lingered through his breakfast, making on the whole an agreeable meal, and finding himself repossessed of his ordinary healthful appetite. He even canvassed the signature as much in

reading as Lucy had done in writing it,—balancing in his mind the maidenly “truly yours” of that subscription with as many ingenious renderings of its possible meaning as if Lucy's letter had been articles of faith.

“Truly mine,” he said to himself, with a smile ; which indeed meant all a lover could require ; and then paused, as if he had been Dr. Lushington or Lord Westbury, to inquire into the real force of the phrase ; for after all, it is not only when signing the Articles that the bond and pledge of subscription means more than is intended. When Mr. Wentworth was able to tear himself from the agreeable casuistry of this self-discussion, he got up in much better spirits to go about his daily business. First of all, he had to see his father, and ascertain what were the squire's intentions, and how long he meant to stay in Carlingford ; and then— It occurred to the Perpetual Curate that after that, politeness demanded that he should call on the Miss Wodehouses, who had, or at least one of them, expressed so frankly their confidence in him. He could not but call to thank her, to inquire into their plans, perhaps to back Aunt Leonora's invitation, which he was aware had been gratefully declined. With these ideas in his mind he went down-stairs, after brushing his hat very carefully and casting one solicitous glance in the mirror as he passed,—which presented to him a very creditable reflection, an eidolon in perfect clerical apparel, without any rusty suggestions of a perpetual curacy. Yet a perpetual curacy it was—which was his sole benefice or hope in his present circumstances, for he knew very well that, were all other objections at an end, neither Skelmersdale nor Wentworth could be kept open for him ; and that beyond these two he had not a hope of advancement,—and at the same time he was pledged to remain in Carlingford. All this, however, though discouraging enough, did not succeed in discouraging Mr. Wentworth after he had read Lucy's letter. He went down-stairs so lightly that Mrs. Hadwin, who was waiting in the parlor in her best cap, to ask if he would pardon her for making such a mistake, did not hear him pass, and sat waiting for an hour, forgetting, or rather neglecting to give any response, when the butcher came for orders,—which was an unprecedented accident. Mr. Wentworth went cheerfully up Grange Lane,

meeting, by a singular chance, ever so many people, who stopped to shake hands with him, or at least bowed their good wishes and friendly acknowledgments. He smiled in himself at these evidences of popular penitence, but was not the less pleased to find himself reinstated in his place in the affections and respect of Carlingford. "After all, it was not an unnatural mistake," he said to himself, and smiled benignly upon the excellent people who had found out the error of their own ways. Carlingford, indeed, seemed altogether in a more cheerful state than usual, and Mr. Wentworth could not but think that the community in general was glad to find that it had been deceived, and so went upon his way, pleasing himself with those maxims about the ultimate prevalence of justice and truth, which make it apparent that goodness is always victorious, and wickedness punished, in the end. Somehow even a popular fallacy has an aspect of truth when it suits one's own case. The Perpetual Curate went through his aunt's garden with a conscious smile, feeling once, more master of himself and his concerns. There was, to tell the truth, even a slight shade of self-content and approbation upon his handsome countenance. In the present changed state of public opinion and private feeling, he began to take some pleasure in his sacrifice. To be sure, a perpetual curate could not marry; but perhaps Lucy—in short, there was no telling what might happen; and it was accordingly with that delicious sense of goodness which generally attends an act of self-sacrifice, mingled with an equally delicious feeling that the act, when accomplished, might turn out no such great sacrifice after all—which it is to be feared is the most usual way in which the sacrifices of youth are made—that the curate walked into the hall, passing his Aunt Dora's toy terrier without that violent inelination to give it a whack with his cane in passing which was his usual state of feeling. To tell the truth, Lucy's letter had made him at peace with all the world.

When, however, he entered the dining-room, where the family were still at breakfast, Frank's serenity was unexpectedly disturbed. The first thing that met his eye was his Aunt Leonora, towering over her tea-urn at the upper end of the table, holding in her hand a letter which she had just opened. The envelope had fallen in the midst of the

immaculate breakfast "things," and indeed lay, with its broad black edge on the top of the snow-white lumps, in Miss Leonora's own sugar-basin; and the news had been sufficiently interesting to suspend the operations of tea-making, and to bring the strong-minded woman to her feet. The first words which were audible to Frank revealed to him the nature of the intelligence which had produced such startling effects.

"He was always a contradictory man," said Miss Leonora; "since the first hour he was in Skelmersdale, he has made a practice of doing things at the wrong time. I don't mean to reproach the poor man now he's gone; but when he has been so long of going, what good could it do him to choose this particular moment, for no other reason that I can see, except that it was specially uncomfortable to us? What my brother has just been saying makes it all the worse," said Miss Leonora, with a look of annoyance. She had turned her head away from the door, which was at the side of the room, and had not perceived the entrance of the curate. "As long as we could imagine that Frank was to succeed to the rectory, the thing looked comparatively easy. I beg your pardon, Gerald. Of course, you know how grieved I am,—in short, that we all feel the deepest distress and vexation; but, to be sure, since you have given it up, somebody must succeed you; there can be no doubt of that."

"Not the least, my dear aunt," said Gerald.

"I am glad you grant so much. It is well to be sure of something," said the incisive and peremptory speaker. "It would have been a painful thing for us at any time to place another person in Skelmersdale while Frank was unprovided for; but, of course," said Miss Leonora, sitting down suddenly, "nobody who knows me could suppose for a minute that I would let my feelings stand in the way of my public duty. Still it is very awkward just at this moment, when Frank, on the whole, has been behaving very properly, and one can't help so far approving of him"—

"I am much obliged to you, Aunt Leonora," said the curate.

"Oh, you are there, Frank," said his sensible aunt; and strong-minded though she was, a slight shade of additional color

appeared for a moment on Miss Leonora's face. She paused a little, evidently diverted from the line of discourse which she had contemplated, and wavered like a vessel disturbed in its course. "The fact is, I have just had a letter announcing Mr. Shirley's death," she continued, facing round toward her nephew, and setting off abruptly, in face of all consequences, on the new tack.

"I am very sorry," said Frank Wentworth, "though I have an old grudge at him on account of his long sermons; but as you have expected it for a year or two, I can't imagine your grief to be overwhelming," said the curate, with a touch of natural impertinence to be expected under the circumstances. Skelmersdale had been so long thought interesting to him, that now, when it was not in the least interesting, he got impatient of the name.

"I quite agree with you, Frank," said Miss Wentworth. Aunt Cecilia had not been able for a long time to agree with anybody. She had been, on the contrary, shaking her head and shedding a few gentle tears over Gerald's silent submission and Louisa's noisy lamentations. Everything was somehow going wrong; and she who had no power to mend, at least could not assent, and broke through her old use and wont to shake her head, which was a thing very alarming to the family. The entire party was moved by a sensation of pleasure to hear Miss Cecilia say, "I quite agree with you, Frank."

"You are looking better this morning, my dear aunt," said Gerald. They had a great respect for each other, these two; but when Miss Cecilia turned to hear what her elder nephew was saying, her face lost the momentary look of approval it had worn, and she again, though very softly, almost imperceptibly, began to shake her head.

"We were not asking for your sympathy," said Miss Leonora, sharply. "Don't talk like a saucy boy. We were talking of our own embarrassment. There is a very excellent young man, the curate of the parish, whom Julia Trench is to be married to. By the way, of course, this must put it off; but I was about to say, when you interrupted me, that to give it away from you at this moment, just as you had been doing well—doing—your duty," said Miss Leonora, with unusual hesitation, "was certainly very uncomfortable, to say the least, to us."

"Don't let that have the slightest influence on you, I beg!" cried the Perpetual Curate, with all the pride of his years. "I hope I have been doing my duty all along," the young man added, more softly, a moment after; upon which the squire gave a little nod, partly of satisfaction and encouragement to his son, partly of remonstrance and protest to his sister.

"Yes, I suppose so—with the flowers at Easter for example," said Miss Leonora, with a slight sneer. "I consider that I have stood by you through all this business, Frank,—but, of course, in so important a matter as a cure of souls, neither relationship nor, to a certain extent, approval," said Miss Leonora, with again some hesitation, "can be allowed to stand against public duty. We have the responsibility of providing a good gospel minister"—

"I beg your pardon for interrupting you, Leonora," said the squire; "but I can't help thinking that you make a mistake. I think it's a man's bounden duty, when there is a living in the family, to educate one of his sons for it. In my opinion, it's one of the duties of property. You have no right to live off your estate, and spend your money elsewhere; and no more have you any right to give less than—than your own flesh and blood to the people you have the charge of. You've got the charge of them to—a certain extent,—soul and body, sir," said the squire, growing warm, as he put down his *Times*, and forgetting that he addressed a lady. "I'd never have any peace of mind if I filled up a family living with a stranger; unless, of course," Mr. Wentworth added in a parenthesis,—an unlikely sort of contingency which had not occurred to him at first,—“you should happen to have no second son. The eldest the squire, the second the rector. That's my idea, Leonora, of Church and State.”

Miss Leonora smiled a little at her brother's semi-feudal, semi-pagan ideas. "I have long known that we were not of the same way of thinking," said the strong-minded aunt, who, though cleverer than her brother, was too wise in her own conceit to perceive at the first glance the noble, simple conception of his own duties and position which was implied in the honest gentleman's words. "Your second son might be either a fool or a knave, or even, although neither, might be

quite unfit to be intrusted with the eternal interests of his fellow-creatures. In my opinion, the duty of choosing a clergyman is one not to be exercised without the gravest deliberation. A conscientious man would make his selection dependent, at least, upon the character of his second son—if he had one. We, however,”—

“But then his character is *so* satisfactory, Leonora,” cried Miss Dora, feeling emboldened by the shadow of visitors under whose shield she could always retire. “Everybody knows what a good clergyman he is,—I am sure it would be like a new world in Skelmersdale if you were there, Frank, my dear,—and preaches such beautiful sermons!” said the unlucky little woman, upon whom her sister immediately descended, swift and sudden, like a storm at sea.

“We are generally perfectly of accord in our conclusions,” said Miss Leonora; “as for Dora, she comes to the same end by a roundabout way. After what my brother has been saying”——

“Yes,” said the squire, with uncomfortable looks, “I was saying to your aunt, Frank, what I said to you about poor Mary. Since Gerald *will* go, and since you don’t want to come, the best thing to do would be to have Huxtable. He’s a very good fellow on the whole, and it might cheer her up, poor soul, to be near her sisters. Life has been hard work to her, poor girl,—very hard work, sir,” said the squire, with a sigh. The idea was troublesome and uncomfortable, and always disturbed his mind when it occurred to him. It was, indeed, a secret humiliation to the squire, that his eldest daughter possessed so little the characteristic health and prosperity of the Wentworths. He was very sorry for her, but yet half angry and half ashamed, as if she could have helped it; but, however, he had been obliged to admit, in his private deliberations on the subject, that, failing Frank, Mary’s husband had the next best right to Wentworth Rectory,—an arrangement of which Miss Leonora did not approve.

“I was about to say that we have no second son,” she said, taking up the thread of her discourse where it had been interrupted. “Our duty is solely towards the Christian people. I do not pretend to be infallible,” said Miss Leonora, with a meek air of self-contradiction; “but I should be a very poor creature indeed if, at my age, I did not know what

I believed, and was not perfectly convinced that I am right. Consequently (though, I repeat, Mr. Shirley has chosen the most inconvenient moment possible for dying), it can’t be expected of me that I should appoint my nephew, whose opinions in most points are exactly the opposite of mine.”

“I wish, at least, you would believe what I say,” interrupted the curate, impatiently. “There might have been some sense in all this three months ago; but if Skelmersdale were the highroad to everything desirable in the church, you are all quite aware that I could not accept it. Stop, Gerald; I am not so disinterested as you think,” said Frank; “if I left Carlingford now, people would remember against me that my character had been called in question here. I can remain a Perpetual Curate,” said the young man, with a smile; “but I can’t tolerate any shadow upon my honor. I am sorry I came in at such an awkward moment. Good-morning, Aunt Leonora. I hope Julia Trench, when she has the rectory will always keep of your way of thinking. She used to incline a little to mine,” he said, mischievously, as he went away.

“Come back, Frank, presently,” said the squire, whose attention had been distracted from his *Times*. Mr. Wentworth began to be tired of such a succession of exciting discussions. He thought if he had Frank quietly to himself, he could settle matters much more agreeably; but the *Times* was certainly an accompaniment more tranquillizing so far as a comfortable meal was concerned.

“He can’t come back presently,” said Aunt Leonora. “You speak as if he had nothing to do; when, on the contrary, he has everything to do—that is worth doing,” said that contradictory authority. “Come back to lunch, Frank; and I wish you would eat your breakfast, Dora, and not stare at me.”

Miss Dora had come down to breakfast as an invalid, in a pretty little cap, with a shawl over her dressing-gown. She had not yet got over her adventure and the excitement of Rosa’s capture. That unusual accident, and all the applauses of her courage which had been addressed to her since, had roused the timid woman. She did not withdraw her eyes from her sister, though commanded to do so; on the contrary, her look grew more and more emphatic. She meant to have made a solemn address, throwing off Leonora’s yoke,

and declaring her intention, in this grave crisis of her nephew's fortunes, of acting for herself; but her feelings were too much for Miss Dora. The tears came creeping to the corners of her eyes, and she could not keep them back; and her attempt at dignity broke down. "I am never consulted," she said, with a gasp. "I don't mean to pretend to know better than Leonora; but—but I think it is very hard that Frank should be disappointed about Skelmersdale. You may call me as foolish as you please," said Miss Dora, with rising tears. "I know everybody will say it is my fault; but I must say I think it is very hard that Frank should be disappointed. He was always brought up for it, as everybody knows; and to disappoint him, who is so good and so nice, for a fat young man, buttered all over like—like—a pudding-basin," cried poor Miss Dora, severely adhering to the unity of her desperate metaphor. "I don't know what Julia Trench can be thinking of; I—I don't know what Leonora means."

"I am of the same way of thinking," said Aunt Cecilia, setting down, with a little gentle emphasis, her cup of tea.

Here was rebellion, open and uncompromised. Miss Leonora was so much taken by surprise that she lifted the tea-urn out of the way, and stared at her interlocutors with genuine amazement. But she proved herself, as usual, equal to the occasion.

"It's unfortunate that we never see eye to eye just at once," she said, with a look which expressed more distinctly than words could have done the preliminary flourish of his whip, by means of which a skilful charioteer gets his team under hand without touching them; "but it is very lucky that we always come to agree in the end," she added, more significantly still. It was well to crush insubordination in the bud. Not that she did not share the sentiment of her sisters; but then they were guided like ordinary women by their feelings, whereas Miss Leonora had the rights of property before her, and the approval of Exeter Hall.

"And he wants to marry, poor dear boy," said Miss Dora, pale with fright, yet persevering; "and she is a dear good girl,—the very person for a clergyman's wife; and what is he to do if he is always to be Curate of St. Roque's? You may say it is my fault; but I cannot help it. He always used to come to

me in all his little troubles; and when he wants anything very particular, he knows there is nothing I would not do for him," sobbed the proud aunt, who could not help recollecting how much use she had been to Frank. She wiped her eyes at the thought, and held up her head with a thrill of pride and satisfaction. Nobody could blame her in that particular at least. "He knew he had only to tell me what he wanted," said Miss Dora, swelling out her innocent plumes. Jack, who was sitting opposite, and who had been listening with admiration, thought it time to come in on his own part.

"I hope you don't mean to forsake me, Aunt Dora," he said. "If a poor fellow cannot have faith in his aunt, whom can he have faith in? I thought it was too good to last," said the neglected prodigal. "You have left the poor sheep in the wilderness and gone back to the ninety-and-nine righteous men who need no repentance." He put up his handkerchief to his eyes as he spoke, and so far forgot himself, as to look with laughter in his face, at his brother Gerald. As for the squire, he was startled to hear his eldest son quoting Scripture, and laid aside his paper once more to know what it meant.

"I am sure I beg your pardon, Jack," said Aunt Dora, suddenly stopping short, and feeling guilty. "I never meant to neglect you. Poor dear boy, he never was properly tried with female society and the comforts of home; but then you were dining out that night," said the simple woman, eagerly. "I should have stayed with you, Jack, *of course*, had you been at home."

From this little scene Miss Leonora turned away hastily, with an exclamation of impatience. She made an abrupt end of her tea-making, and went off to her little business room with a grim smile upon her iron-gray countenance. She, too, had been taken in a little by Jack's pleasant farce of the Sinner Repentant; and it occurred to her to feel a little ashamed of herself as she went up-stairs. After all, the ninety-and-nine just men of Jack's irreverent quotation were worth considering now and then; and Miss Leonora could not but think with a little humiliation of the contrast between her nephew Frank and the comfortable young curate who was going to marry Julia Trench. He *was* fat, it could not be denied; and she remembered his chubby looks, and his ser-

mons about self-denial and mortification of the flesh, much as a pious Catholic might think of the Lenten oratory of a fat friar. But then he was perfectly sound in his doctrines, and it was undeniable that the people liked him, and that the appointment was one which even a Scotch ecclesiastical community full of popular rights could scarcely have objected to. According to her own principles, the strong-minded woman could not do otherwise. She threw herself into her arm-chair with unnecessary force, and read over the letter which Miss Trench herself had written. "It is difficult to think of any consolation in such a bereavement," wrote Mr. Shirley's niece; "but still it is a little comfort to feel that I can throw myself on your sympathy, my dear and kind friend." "Little calculating thing!" Miss Leonora said to herself as she threw down the mournful epistle; and then she could not help thinking again of Frank. To be sure, he was not of her way of thinking; but when she remembered the "investigation" and its result, and the secret romance involved in it, her Wentworth blood sent a thrill of pride and pleasure through her veins. Miss Leonora, though she was strong-minded, was still woman enough to perceive her nephew's motives in his benevolence to Wodehouse; but these motives, which were strong enough to make him endure so much annoyance, were not strong enough to tempt him from Carlingford and his perpetual curacy, where his honor and reputation, in the face of love and ambition, demanded that he should remain. "It would be a pity to balk him in his self-sacrifice," she said to herself, with again a somewhat grim smile, and a comparison not much to the advantage of Julia Trench and her curate. She shut herself up among her papers till luncheon, and only emerged with a stormy front when that meal was on the table, during the progress of which she snubbed everybody who ventured to speak to her, and spoke to her nephew Frank as if he might have been suspected of designs upon the plate-chest. Such were the unpleasant consequences of the struggle between duty and inclination in the bosom of Miss Leonora; and, save for other unforeseen events, which decided the matter for her, it is not by any means so certain as, judging from her character, it ought to have been, that duty would have won the day.

CHAPTER XLII.

FRANK WENTWORTH once more went up Grange Lane, a thoughtful and a sober man. Exhilaration comes but by moments in the happiest of lives,—and already he began to remember how very little he had to be elated about, and how entirely things remained as before. Even Lucy; her letter very probably might be only an effusion of friendship; and at all events, what could he say to her,—what did he dare in honor say? And then his mind went off to think of the two rectories, between which he had fallen as between two stools: though he had made up his mind to accept neither, he did not the less feel a certain mortification in seeing that his relations on both sides were so willing to bestow their gifts elsewhere. He could not tolerate the idea of succeeding Gerald in his own person; but still he found it very disagreeable to consent to the thought that Huxtable should replace him,—Huxtable, who was a good fellow enough, but of whom Frank Wentworth thought, as men generally think of their brothers-in-law, with a half-impatient, half-contemptuous wonder what Mary could ever have seen in so commonplace a man. To think of him as Rector of Wentworth inwardly chafed the spirit of the Perpetual Curate. As he was going along, absorbed in his own thoughts, he did not perceive how his approach was watched for from the other side of the way by Elsworthy, who stood with his bundle of newspapers under his arm and his hat in his hand, watching for "his clergyman" with submission and apology on the surface, and hidden rancor underneath. Elsworthy was not penitent; he was furious and disappointed. His mistake and its consequences were wholly humiliating, and had not in them a single saving feature to atone for the wounds of his self-esteem. The curate had not only baffled and beaten him, but humbled him in his own eyes, which is perhaps, of all others, the injury least easy to forgive. It was, however, with an appearance of the profoundest submission that he stood awaiting the approach of the man he had tried so much to injure.

"Mr. Wentworth, sir," said Elsworthy, "if I was worth your while, I might think as you were offended with me; but seeing I'm one as is so far beneath you," he went on with a kind of grin, intended to represent a deprecatory smile, but which would have

been a snarl had hedared, "I can't think as you'll bear no malice. May I ask, sir, if there's a-going to be any difference made?"

"In what respect, Elsworthy?" said the curate, shortly.

"Well, sir, I can't tell," said the clerk of St. Roque's. "If a clergyman was to bear malice, it's in his power to make things very unpleasant. I don't speak of the place at church, which aint neither here nor there,—it's respectable, but it aint lucrative; but if you was to stretch a point, Mr. Wentworth, by continuing the papers and suchlike; it aint that I valley the money," said Elsworthy, "but I've been a faithful servant; and I might say, if you were to take it in a right spirit, an 'umble friend, Mr. Wentworth," he continued, after a little pause, growing bolder. "And now, as I've that unfortunate creature to provide for, and no one knowing what's to become of her"—

"I wonder that you venture to speak of her to me," said the curate, with a little indignation, "after all the warnings I gave you. But you ought to consider that you are to blame a great deal more than she is. She is only a child; if you had taken better care of her,—but you would not pay any attention to my warning;—you must bear the consequences as best you can."

"Well, sir," said Elsworthy, "if you're a-going to bear malice, I haven't got nothing to say. But there aint ten men in Carlingford as wouldn't agree with me that when a young gentleman, even if he is a clergyman, takes particlark notice of a pretty young girl, it aint just for nothing as he does it—not to say watching over her paternal to see as she wasn't out late at night, and suchlike. But bygones is bygones, sir," said Elsworthy, "and is never more to be mentioned by me. I don't ask no more, if you'll but do the same"—

"You wont ask no more?" said the curate, angrily; "do you think I am afraid of you? I have nothing more to say, Elsworthy. Go and look after your business—I will attend to mine; and when we are not forced to meet, let us keep clear of each other. It will be better both for you and me."

The curate passed on with an impatient nod; but his assailant did not intend that he should escape so easily. "I shouldn't have thought, sir, as you'd have borne malice,"

said Elsworthy, hastening on after him, yet keeping half a step behind. "I'm a humbled man,—different from what I ever thought to be. I could always keep up my head afore the world till now; and if it aint your fault, sir,—as I humbly beg your pardon for ever being so far led away as to believe it was,—all the same it's along of you."

"What do you mean?" said the curate, who, half amused and half indignant at the change of tone, had slackened his pace to listen to this new accusation.

"What I mean, sir, is, that if you hadn't been so good and so kind-hearted as to take into your house the—the villain as has done it all, him and Rosa could never have known each other. I allow as it was nothing but your own goodness as did it; but it was a black day for me and mine," said the dramatist, with a pathetic turn of voice. "Not as I'm casting no blame on you, as is well known to be"—

"Never mind what I'm well known to be," said the curate; "the other day you thought I was the villain. If you can tell me anything you want me to do, I will understand that; but I am not desirous to know your opinion of me," said the careless young man. As he stood listening impatiently, pausing a second time, Dr. Marjoribanks came out to his door and stepped into his brougham to go off to his morning round of visits. The doctor took off his hat when he saw the curate, and waved it to him cheerfully with a gesture of congratulation. Dr. Marjoribanks was quite stanch and honest, and would have manfully stood by his intimates in dangerous circumstances; but somehow he preferred success. It was pleasanter to be able to congratulate people than to condole with them. He preferred it, and nobody could object to so orthodox a sentiment. Most probably, if Mr. Wentworth had still been in partial disgrace, the doctor would not have seen him in his easy glance down the road; but though Mr. Wentworth was aware of that, the mute congratulation had yet its effect upon him. He was moved by that delicate symptom of how the wind was blowing in Carlingford, and forgot all about Elsworthy, though the man was standing by his side.

"As you're so good as to take it kind, sir," said the clerk of St. Roque's, "and as I was a-saying, it's well known as you're always ready to hear a poor man's tale, per-

haps you'd let bygones be bygones, and not make no difference? That wasn't all, Mr. Wentworth," he continued, eagerly, as the curate gave an impatient nod, and turned to go on. "I've heard as this villain is rich, sir, by means of robbing of his own flesh and blood;—but it aint for me to trust to what folks says, after the experience I've had, and never can forgive myself for being led away," said Elsworthy; "it's well known in Carlingford"—

"For Heaven's sake, come to the point and be done with it," said the curate. "What is it you want me to do?"

"Sir," said Elsworthy, solemnly, "you're a real gentleman, and you don't bear no malice for what was a mistake—and you aint one to turn your back on an unfortunate family—and, Mr. Wentworth, sir, you aint a-going to stand by and see me and mine wronged, as have always wished you well. If we can't get justice of him, we can get damages!" cried Elsworthy. "He aint to be let off as if he'd done no harm—and seeing as it was along of you"—

"Hold your tongue, sir!" cried the curate. "I have nothing to do with it. Keep out of my way, or at least learn to restrain your tongue. No more—not a word more," said the young man, indignantly. He went off with such a sweep and wind of anger and annoyance, that the slower and older complainant had no chance to follow him. Elsworthy accordingly went off to the shop where his errand-boys were waiting for the newspapers, and where Rosa lay up-stairs, weeping, in a dark room, where her enraged aunt had shut her up. Mrs. Elsworthy had shut up the poor little pretty wretch, who might have been penitent under better guidance, but who by this time had lost what sense of shame and wrong her childish conscience was capable of in the stronger present sense of injury and resentment and longing to escape; but the angry aunt, though she could turn the key on poor Rosa's unfortunate little person, could not shut in the piteous sobs which now and then sounded through and through the house, and which converted all the errand-boys without exception into indignant partisans of Rosa, and even moved the heart of Peter Hayles, who could hear them at the back window where he was making up Dr. Marjoribanks's prescriptions. As the sense of injury waxed stronger and

stronger in Rosa's bosom, she availed herself, like any other irrational, irresponsible creature, of such means of revenging herself and annoying her keepers as occurred to her.

"Nobody ever took no care of me," sobbed Rosa. "I never had no father or mother. Oh, I wish I was dead! I wish I was dead!—and nobody wouldn't care!" These utterances, it may be imagined, went to the very heart of the errand-boys, who were collected in a circle, plotting how to release Rosa, when Elsworthy, mortified and furious, came back from his unsuccessful assault on the curate. They scattered like a covey of little birds before the angry man, who tossed their papers at them, and then strode up the echoing stairs. "If you don't hold your d—d tongue," said Elsworthy, knocking furiously at Rosa's door, "I'll turn you to the door this instant, I will, by —." Nobody in Carlingford had ever before heard an oath issue from the respectable lips of the clerk of St. Roque's. When he went down into the shop again, the outeries sank into frightened moans. Not much wonder that the entire neighborhood became as indignant with Elsworthy as it ever had been with the Perpetual Curate. The husband and wife took up their positions in the shop after this, as far apart as was possible from each other, both resenting in silent fury the wrong which the world in general had done them. If Mrs. Elsworthy had dared, she would have exhausted her passion in abuse of everybody,—of the curate for not being guilty, of her husband for supposing him to be so, and, to be sure, of Rosa herself, who was the cause of all. But Elsworthy was dangerous, not to be approached or spoken to. He went out about noon to see John Brown, and discuss with him the question of damages; but the occurrences which took place in his absence are not to be mixed up with the present narrative, which concerns Mr. Frank Wentworth's visit to Lucy Wodehouse, and has nothing to do with ignoble hates or loves.

The curate went rapidly on to the green door, which once more looked like a gate of paradise. He did not know in the least what he was going to do or say; he was only conscious of a state of exaltation, a condition of mind which might preceed great happiness or great misery, but had nothing in it of the common state of affairs in which people ask each other "How do you do?"

Notwithstanding, the fact is, that when Lucy entered that dear familiar drawing-room, where every feature and individual expression of every piece of furniture was as well known to him as if they had been so many human faces, it was only "How do you do?" that the curate found himself able to say. The two shook hands as demurely as if Lucy had indeed been, according to the deceptive representation of yesterday, as old as Aunt Dora; and then she seated herself in her favorite chair, and tried to begin a little conversation about things in general. Even in these three days, nature and youth had done something for Lucy. She had slept and rested, and the unforeseen misfortune which had come in to distract her grief, had roused all the natural strength that was in her. As she was a little nervous about this interview, not knowing what it might end in, Lucy thought it her duty to be as composed and self-commanding as possible, and in order to avoid all dangerous and exciting subjects, began to talk of Wharfside.

"I have not heard anything for three or four days about the poor woman at No. 10. I meant to have gone to see her to-day; but somehow one gets so selfish when—when one's mind is full of affairs of one's own."

"Yes," said the curate, "and speaking of that, I wanted to tell you how much comfort your letter had been to me. My head, too, has been very full of affairs of my own. I thought at one time that my friends were forsaking me. It was very good of you to write as you did."

Upon which there followed another little pause. "Indeed, the goodness was all on your side," said Lucy, faltering. "If I had ever dreamt how much you were doing for us! but it all came upon me so suddenly. It is impossible ever to express in words one-half of the gratitude we owe you," she said, with restrained enthusiasm. She looked up at him as she spoke with a little glow of natural fervor, which brought the color to her cheek and the moisture to her eyes. She was not of the disposition to give either thanks or confidence by halves; and even the slight not unpleasant sense of danger which gave piquancy to this interview, made her resolute to express herself fully. She would not suffer herself to stint her gratitude because of the sweet suspicion which would not be quite silenced,—that possibly Mr. Wentworth

looked for something better than gratitude. Not for any consequences, however much they might be to be avoided, could she be so shabby enough to refrain from due acknowledgment of devotion so great. Therefore, while the Perpetual Curate was doing all he could to remind himself of his condition, and to persuade himself that it would be utterly wrong and mean of him to speak, Lucy looked up at him,—looked him in the face, with her blue eyes shining dewy and sweet through tears of gratitude and a kind of generous admiration; for, like every other woman, she felt herself exalted and filled with a delicious pride in seeing that the man of her unconscious choice had proved himself the best.

The curate walked to the window, very much as Mr. Proctor had done, in the tumult and confusion of his heart, and came back again with what he had to say written clear on his face, without any possibility of mistake. "I must speak," said the young man; "I have no right to speak, I know; if I had attained the height of self-sacrifice and self-denial, I might, I would be silent; but it is impossible now." He came to a break just then, looking at her to see what encouragement he had to go on; but as Lucy did nothing but listen and grow pale, he had to take his own way. "What I have to say is not anything new," said the curate, laboring a little in his voice, as was inevitable when affairs had come to such a crisis, "if I were not in the cruelest position possible to a man. I have only an empty love to lay at your feet; I tell it to you only because I am obliged,—because, after all, love is worth telling, even if it comes to nothing. I am not going to appeal to your generosity," continued the young man, kneeling down at the table, not by way of kneeling to Lucy, but by way of bringing himself on a level with her, whereas he sat with her head bent down on her low chair, "or to ask you to bind yourself to a man who has nothing in the world but love to offer you; but after what has been for years, after all the hours I have spent here, I cannot—part—I cannot let you go—without a word"—

And here he stopped short. He had not asked anything; so that Lucy, even had she been able, had nothing to answer; and as for the young lover himself, he seemed to have come to the limit of his eloquence. He kept waiting for a moment, gazing at her in breath-

less expectation of a response for which his own words had left no room. Then he rose in an indescribable tumult of disappointment and mortification, unable to conclude that all was over, unable to keep silence, yet not knowing what to say.

"I have been obliged to close all the doors of advancement upon myself," said the curate, with a little bitterness; "I don't know if you understand me. At this moment I have to deny myself the dearest privilege of existence. Don't mistake me, Lucy," he said, after another pause, coming back to her with humility, "I don't venture to say that you would have accepted anything I had to offer; but this I mean,—that to have a home for you now,—to have a life for you ready to be laid at your feet, whether you would have had it or not;—what right have I to speak of such delights?" cried the young man. "It does not matter to you; and as for me, I have patience,—patience to console myself with!"

Poor Lucy, though she was on the verge of tears, which nothing but the most passionate self-restraint could have kept in, could not help a passing sensation of amusement at these words. "Not too much of that either," she said, softly, with a tremulous smile. "But Patience carries the lilies of the saints," said Lucy, with a touch of the sweet asceticism which had once been so charming to the young Anglican. It brought him back like a spell to the common ground on which they used to meet; it brought him back also to his former position on his knee, which was embarrassing to Lucy, though she had not the heart to draw back, nor even to withdraw her hand, which somehow happened to be in Mr. Wentworth's way.

"I am but a man," said the young lover. "I would rather have the roses of life; but, Lucy, I am only a Perpetual Curate," he continued, with her hands in his. Her answer was made in the most heartless and indifferent words. She let two big drops—which fell like hail, though they were warmer than any summer rain—drop out of her eyes, and she said, with lips that had some difficulty in enunciating that heartless sentiment, "I don't see that it matters to me!"

Which was true enough, though it did not sound encouraging; and it is dreadful to confess, that for a little while after, neither Skelmersdale, nor Wentworth, nor Mr. Proctor's

new rectory, nor the no income of the Perpetual Curacy of St. Roque's, had the smallest place in the thoughts of either of these perfectly inconsiderate young people. For half an hour they were an emperor and empress seated upon two thrones, to which all the world was subject; and when at the end of that time they began to remember the world, it was but to laugh at it in their infinite youthful superiority. Then it became apparent that to remain in Carlingford, to work at "the district," to carry out all the ancient intentions of well-doing which had been the first bond between them, was, after all, the life of lives;—which was the state of mind they had both arrived at when Miss Wodehouse, who thought they had been too long together under the circumstances, and could not help wondering what Mr. Wentworth could be saying, came into the room, rather flurried in her own person. She thought Lucy must have been telling the curate about Mr. Proctor and his hopes, and was, to tell the truth, a little curious how Mr. Wentworth would take it, and a little—the very least—ashamed of encountering his critical looks. The condition of mind into which Miss Wodehouse was thrown when she perceived the real state of affairs would be difficult to describe. She was very glad and very sorry, and utterly puzzled how they were to live; and underneath all these varying emotions was a sudden, half-ludicrous, half-humiliating sense of being cast into the shade which made Mr. Proctor's *fiancée* laugh and made her cry, and brought her down altogether off the temporary pedestal upon which she had stepped, not without a little feminine satisfaction. When a woman is going to be married, especially if that marriage falls later than usual, it is natural that she should expect, for that time at least, to be the first and most prominent figure in her little circle. But, alas! what chance could there be for a mild, dove-colored bride of forty beside a creature of half her age, endowed with all the natural bloom and natural interest of youth?

Miss Wodehouse could not quite make out her own feelings on the subject. "Don't you think if you had waited a little it would have been wiser?" she said, in her timid way; and then kissed her young sister, and said, "I am so glad, my darling—I am sure dear papa would have been pleased," with a

sob which brought back to Lucy the grief from which she had for the moment escaped. Under all the circumstances, however, it may well be supposed that it was rather hard upon Mr. Wentworth to recollect that he had engaged to return to luncheon with the squire, and to prepare himself, after this momentous morning's work, to face all the complications of the family, where still Skelmersdale and Wentworth were hanging in the balance, and where the minds of his kith and kin were already too full of excitement to leave much room for another event. He went away reluctantly enough—out of the momentary paradise where his perpetual curacy was a matter of utter indifference, if not a tender pleasantry, which rather increased than diminished the happiness of the moment—into the ordinary daylight world, where it was a very serious matter, and where what the young couple would have to live upon became the real question to be considered. Mr. Wentworth met Wodehouse as he went out, which did not mend matters. The vagabond was loitering about in the garden, attended by one of Elsworthy's errand-boys, with whom he was in earnest conversation, and stopped in his talk to give a sulky nod and "Good-morning," to which the curate had no desire to respond more warmly than was necessary. Lucy was thinking of nothing but himself, and perhaps a little of the "great work" at Wharfside, which her father's illness and death had interrupted; but Mr. Wentworth, who was only a man, remembered that Tom Wodehouse would be his brother-in-law with

a distinct sensation of disgust, even in the moment of his triumph—which is one instance of the perennial inequality between the two halves of mankind. He had to brace himself up to the encounter of all his people, while she had to meet nothing less delightful than her own dreams. This was how matters came to an issue in respect of Frank Wentworth's personal happiness. His worldly affairs were all astray as yet, and he had not the most distant indication of any gleam of light dawning upon the horizon which could reconcile his duty and honor with good fortune and the delights of life. Meanwhile other discussions were going on in Carlingford, of vital importance to the two young people who had made up their minds to cast themselves upon Providence. And among the various conversations which were being carried on about the same moment in respect to Mr. Wentworth,—whose affairs, as was natural, were extensively canvassed in Grange Lane, as well as in other less exclusive quarters,—it would be wrong too to omit a remarkable consultation which took place in the rectory, where Mrs. Morgan sat in the midst of the great bouquets of the drawing-room carpet, making up her first matrimonial difficulty. It would be difficult to explain what influence the drawing-room carpet in the rectory had on the fortunes of the Perpetual Curate; but when Mr. Wentworth's friends come to hear the entire outs and ins of the business, it will be seen that it was not for nothing that Mr. Proctor covered the floor of that pretty apartment with roses and lilies half a yard long.

MR. HOTTEN of Piccadilly is about to publish a dictionary of colloquial expressions, giving, where possible, their origin, with instances of their use, which has been in course of preparation for some time by the compiler of the small "Dictionary of Modern Slang," published in 1859. The new book is entitled "The Slang Dictionary; or, the Vulgar Words, Street Phrases, and 'Fast' Expressions of High and Low Society;" and it will contain, it is said, several thousand words and phrases in daily use, but which are not contained in our English dictionaries.

A LIBERAL CONTRIBUTOR.—A gentleman waited on Douglas Jerrold to ask his aid in behalf of a mutual friend in distress. It was not the first time such an appeal had been made to him for the same person. On this occasion, therefore, the agent was received in any other but a complying humor. "Well," said Jerrold, "how much does — owe this time?" "Why, just a four and two noughts will, I think," replied the petitioner, "put him straight." "Well, then, put me down for one of the noughts," said Jerrold.

From The Spectator, 9 July.

THE STRENGTH OF GERMANY.

MR. COBDEN, in the splendid speech in which, on Tuesday night, he denounced manliness as a crime, called the "balance of power" a "mere figment," and in the sense in which the phrase is popularly employed he was undoubtedly in the right. When he adds that the idea began with the "unsettlement of all things called the Treaty of Vienna," he talks the kind of nonsense to be expected from a man who does not know history; but the blunder affects the influence of his arguments over educated men rather than his arguments themselves. The "balance of power" is a modern phrase; but it has been the governing principle of Europe since the death of Charlemagne,—since, that is, the last successful attempt to revive the imperial system, which looked to a world controlled, or rather guided, by a single chain of ideas, in preference to a world in which all ideas have scope. It is, in fact, the formula invented to defend the independence of separate nations against the revival of the imperial system, which would make them all mere sections of one grand but monotonous whole. Of late years it has, however, been used by statesmen so as to imply only an equality of territorial power, and in that sense it is of course, as Mr. Cobden exclaims, a meaningless figment. Modern political science has proved that mere increase of territory is one of the smallest additions to a nation's active strength. Great Britain has not only not increased her territory since 1815, but she is from geographical situation incapable of increase; but her power has more than quintupled. The elevation of an Italian of genius to supreme power indefinitely multiplied for twenty years the inherent resources of France. A discovery made by a spinner tripled within ten years the fighting strength of Great Britain. The lucky hit of an old martinet who thought ramrods might as well be iron as wood doubled in six months the strength of the Prussian line. The life of Cavour was worth whole provinces to Italy; the physicians who murdered him had better have killed an army; and German *savans* could hardly predict the addition which unity—hearty unity—might make to the effective force of the Fatherland. Russia owes more to Peter the Great's reforms than to all his conquests, and the discovery of a great coal-field might do more for Spain than the restoration of all her transatlantic dominion. Suppose the population of France to have multiplied like that of Great Britain, or the people of Denmark like the people of the United States; what would be the worth of territorial treaties? Internal progress alters

the relations of States more rapidly than any treaty or any diplomatic combination, and Spain has fallen and England risen, though both have equally lost their transatlantic possessions.

Thus far the old theory of the balance of power is demonstrably false, and Mr. Cobden in exposing its falsity before diplomatists have obtained the courage to abandon the ancient grooves does a very great public service; but the ancient formula has yet another meaning. It implies, besides a desire for the independence of all existing nations, also, a fear lest any one nation should acquire such strength as to make it temporarily and after great exertions supreme over Europe. That supremacy more or less avowed has from time to time been the object, four or five times the attained object, of a single European power. The authority so acquired has always been obtained by violence, has always so arrested or so crossed the aspirations of its subjects as to stir them to present revolt and an enduring hatred, has never endured for a generation, and has usually brought on the aggressive nation a terrible retribution; but so frightful have been its immediate consequences, so long continued its permanent effects, that far-sighted statesmen have always believed its prevention worth a great European war. Spain nearly obtained it, had the Armada not been dispersed would have obtained it altogether, and her success cost Italy three hundred years of slavery, the Low Countries the accumulations of two centuries of successful industry, England a century of Stuart government, a revolution, and an arrest in development of a hundred years, and America the surrender of her most fertile soils to a race who after three hundred years are giving way in every direction before the unimprovable red tribes. Louis XIV. made the attempt, and it cost England twelve years of war and the creation of a national debt, Germany the desolation of two provinces and the elevation of the Hapsburgs to imperial power, Holland her position as a progressive country, and France the awful series of events which, beginning with her "great monarch's" death and the Regency, have not ended yet. Napoleon renewed the struggle, and there is not a country in Europe which has fully recovered its effects,—witness our debt, German disunion, the Russian military organization, and the French readiness to bow before the rule of a Cæsar; and the mere fear lest a second Napoleon should once again play this rôle curses the world with unendurable taxation, turns one per cent. of the European family into soldiers, and makes even Mr. Cobden allow that the British navy must cost us fifteen millions a year.

The attempt may never be made again, but

it also may, and if any power could make it with success, it is the German Confederation. That cumbrous and multiform body, with its absurd constitution and powerless Parliament, its divided principalities and hostile courts, has shown that whenever inflamed by ambition it can act as a whole,—act with rapidity, act with a perfect forgetfulness of the local jealousies of its States. The Cimbric Peninsula is now garrisoned by the troops of the entire Confederation, and of all its subject peoples. Nothing can be more perfect than the unity for *offence* which pervades that miscellaneous mass. Napoleon was not obeyed more rapidly than Prince Charles of Prussia. Berlin may hate Vienna, and Frankfort distrust both; but no reasonable politician doubts that if Prince Charles were defeated, Count von Gablenz would hasten to his support; or that if both encountered a check the troops of the Diet now in Holstein would in twelve hours be streaming to their aid. The nation for offensive purposes, when warmed by the lust of conquest or the passion for vengeance, is one, and a most terrible one. Forty-five millions of persons, one in language and opinion, in civilization and institutions, trained under an admirable military organization, active as any race but the French, and brave as any people on earth, wield all the military resources of thirty millions more in addition to their own. The greatest rivers of Europe are within German frontiers; Germany is seated in full strength on the North Sea and the Mediterranean, and she alone of European powers strikes at every enemy from the inside of the campaigning circle. Her literature influences the world; her alliances are absolutely ubiquitous; she can control an election in North America as easily as a succession in Denmark; and of all the kings of Europe there are but two not sprung of a German stock or thinking in the German tongue. The nation which wields this extraordinary power has no hereditary enemies among first-class States, and swallows nationalities on every side without incurring for a moment the charge of ambition or aggressiveness. Crushing Poland to the ground, holding Hungary as we hold India, ravaging Denmark, threatening Turkey, and striving to emascuate Italy, she is still popularly believed to be a “stationary and Conservative power” “essential to the peace and good order of Europe.” One limit only has for ages been placed on her ambition. She has been able to do little at sea; but with the conquest of Denmark even this disability disappears. Germany does not assimilate as France does; but she has the talent shown by our own race on the American continent,—the capacity for eating out all weaker nationalities. Denmark conquered will be digested, and

then seventy millions of people magnificently organized for warfare by land will be posted on all northern seas, with harbors in abundance, arsenals only limited by the wealth of the third richest race in Europe, and a maritime population of six millions, of which one-fourth is Scandinavian. Grant her but a genius at her head, and what is to resist such a power, or stop her from regaining Alsace, overflowing Holland, reconquering Italy, or crushing the rising hope of the Slavon tribes of European Turkey? France? France with a Napoleon for chief drove Austria alone with difficulty out of a foreign province, and who reckons on a succession of Napoleons? Italy? Can Italy even face South Germany? Russia? Russia is governed by Germans, is a sharer in the spoils of Poland, and would sell the world for ten hours’ undisturbed possession of Constantinople. Great Britain? Great Britain is shrinking from the battle now, when Germany has no fleet and Denmark is alive, is plunging deeper and deeper into the trade which makes her prosperity and enfeebles her sense of right, and is governed and will be governed by a house German in blood and sympathies. We believe firmly if the career be once commenced, if Germany once pass through a time of exaltation, there will be no remedy for Europe till it has tasted what German domination means,—till it has felt the rule which has in three centuries made all Italians the sworn enemies of all Germans, has in ten centuries failed to reconcile Hungarians, has in eighteen months made of the Roumans allies of their Magyar oppressors, has in a century and a half changed Poles from prosperous enemies into pauperized foes, and has so alienated its own people that no German conquered by a Frenchman has in three centuries ever struck one blow for German dominion. When the Germans move to the north, the east, or the south, they drag with them irreconcilable foes,—soldiers whom they must watch as vigilantly as their adversaries in the field; when they move west, they are encountered by men of their own lineage, obeying their own traditions, speaking their own language, but who will resist their progress to the death. It is a people like this, thus powerful, thus aggressive, and thus hated, whom we are called upon to resist, if not in Denmark while Germany is without a navy, then in Holland when she has a navy,—that is if the marriage of a Prince of Orange into the English house should happily for the world enable us to perceive that Holland is defensible.

But nothing, we shall be told, will happen of all this; for Germany is not united, and in the long run is peaceful. We heard that argument of disunion *ad nauseam* before Ma-

genta; but we do not hear much of it now; and union for aggression is to the world more dangerous than union for internal improvement. Bavaria may obey laws which Westphalia rejects; but if Bavarians assist Westphalians in cutting Danish throats, their internal jealousies are not of perceptible advantage to Danes. Every statesman who has spoken this week admits that if we defend Denmark, we must fight all Germany, and if all Germany fights, the difference between Austrians and Prussians matters no more than the discontent of Ireland or the separate Church of Scotland matters to the enemies of Great Britain when the Scots Greys charge. Peaceful and unaggressive! Well, the German Diet of Vienna has voted that Venice is a part of the Confederation; Prussia will not give up one inch of Posen; the Reichsrath refuses to condemn the state of siege in Galicia; and Germany from end to end is ringing with delight because German troops are cutting the unripe corn which might encourage Danish Jutlanders to resist their German invaders. Our opponents put to us a prediction, and in reply we only state what *is*.

From The Saturday Review.

DANISH POLICY OF FRANCE AND RUSSIA.

THE vituperation of England which at present occupies and amuses the Continent may serve as a warning against hasty and indiscriminate censure of foreign nations and governments. The annoyance will not be abated or alleviated by recriminations on those neutral powers which have combined secure inaction with a fortunate immunity from popular criticism. It is evident that France and Russia, if not more generous, have been more adroit than England; and it is useless to find fault with a policy which has been successful, as a passenger is successful who makes his way through a riotous crowd without being forced or tempted to interfere. It would be more meritorious to suppress the tumult; but an abortive effort to restrain the passions of the combatants exposes the baffled peacemaker to temporary ridicule. Of all European States, Russia has profited most immediately and most cheaply by the Danish quarrel. In the midst of an excitement nearer home, the western nations have suddenly forgotten the wrongs and the very existence of Poland. Only a year ago, almost every European State, with the exception of Prussia, was remonstrating with Russia in tones of indignation and of menace. England, France, and Austria denounced in concerted language the

crimes of Russia, and the unfeeling complacency of Prussia. The Emperor Alexander and Prince Gortschakoff must have received with gratified surprise an application from England for armed assistance against the aggressions of Austria and Prussia; yet their satisfaction would have been incomplete if France had not taken the opportunity to proclaim the interruption of the English alliance. Such results would have been almost worth obtaining at the cost of war, and when they were gratuitously offered, it was natural that they should be thankfully accepted. The policy of Russia on this special question has not yet been fully disclosed. In all the negotiations which have taken place, and more particularly in the conference, the Russian ministers have been more forward than even their English colleagues in demonstrations of friendship to Denmark. The remarkable summary of the proceedings which appears to have been drawn up by an eager Danish partisan is generally attributed to the Russian plenipotentiary. Except with fleets and armies, the Emperor Alexander has apparently been ready to oppose the pretensions of Germany; but the support of Austria and Prussia in Poland concerns his interests more closely than the safety or independence of Denmark. It is not improbable that Russian influence may be exerted to obtain comparatively favorable terms of peace, while France and England are excluded by different circumstances from all share in the negotiations. It is strange that any statesman can have believed that Russia would engage in war with the German powers while Prussian troops are watching for Polish insurgents on the frontiers of Posen, and during the continuance of military law in Galicia. The German fleet of the future at Kiel and the contingent Scandinavian monarchy involve remoter dangers than those which at present occupy the attention of Russian statesmen.

The conduct and motives of France are somewhat obscurer, and it may be doubted whether they deserve the indiscriminate eulogy of rival politicians in the House of Commons. Like Russia and England, France undoubtedly felt a certain good-will to Denmark, and, as in all similar cases, the Emperor Napoleon foresaw that he might possibly find profit by fishing in troubled waters. Two or three alternative courses presented themselves for his choice at different stages of the controversy. After the rebuff which had been received from Prince Gortschakoff in the Polish correspondence, it would have been undignified to cultivate a close union with Russia; and England had, in the same negotiation, incurred the imperial displeasure. Mr. Disraeli probably exaggerates the bad effects of Lord Russell's withdrawal from

co-operation in the matter of Poland, as well as of his subsequent refusal to attend the Congress; but there is no doubt that in both cases a feeling of resentment was left behind, to be treasured up until it could be made a collateral reason for some measure which was in itself thought expedient. The Danish complication, while it has conferred unmixed benefit on Russia, has indirectly tended to counteract the cherished policy of France. For nearly three centuries, the traditional project of encroaching on German territory has been pursued by successive French governments, with varying success. Richelieu, Louis XIV., and Napoleon induced German armies to ravage and dismember their native country for the aggrandizement of France. Even Louis XV., on the extinction of the Austrian male line of Hapsburg, thought it possible to divide the German Empire into four dependent kingdoms, to be governed by as many satellites of France. It was always understood that, once united, Germany would be invulnerable, if not actually dangerous. French diplomacy used its utmost efforts to discredit and thwart the attempt of the Austrian Emperor, in the course of last summer, to draw the bonds of the Confederacy tighter, and to place Austria at its head. The quarrel with Denmark once more directed the attention of France to Germany; but the means of profiting by the occasion were not easy to discover.

As the agitation increased, it became evident that the governments were but imperfectly expressing the unanimous convictions and feelings of the German people. For the first time since the days of Frederick Barbarossa, or perhaps of Otho, the whole nation was devoted to the entertainment of a common object; and while some patriots advocated harmonious action for the sake of redressing the wrongs of Schleswig, politicians of more comprehensive views urged on the invasion of Denmark, because the enterprise seemed likely to promote the cause of German unity. The joint intervention of France and England might perhaps have saved Denmark from invasion; but it would also have cemented the union of all parties and of all local subdivisions in Germany. The alliance which Lord Russell failed to effect would have been dangerous to England, because it might have involved practical participation in schemes of conquest; but, on the other hand, France would have created a hostile feeling on her own frontier, while England, in case of the worst, would have been inaccessible to German revenge. The only hope of political victory through the intestine divisions of Germany rested on separate vigilance, to be followed by activity if an opening occurred. it was, above all things, necessary to repu-

date the unfortunate treaty of 1852, because the arrangement was equally unpalatable to the sovereigns who had signed it under coercion, and to the nation whose rights it had confiscated. It remained to watch for possible or probable divergence of opinion between the lukewarm patrons of Schleswig at Berlin and Vienna, and the enthusiastic advocates of the Augustenburg claims in the minor States. The interests of Denmark were postponed to considerations more immediately interesting to France.

About the beginning of the present year, at the time of the Federal execution in Holstein, French diplomacy was more than ordinarily busy and sanguine; and perhaps it may for a moment have seemed possible to revive the former Protectorate or the Confederacy of the Rhine. Austria and Prussia had been defeated in the Diet, and they afterwards had some difficulty in procuring a vote that Schleswig should be occupied, and not avowedly conquered. Popular orators everywhere declaimed against the treason of the great powers, and the petty princes followed the prevailing current the more readily, because the arbitrary dethronement of the house of Augustenburg constituted a precedent which might be dangerous to themselves. Accordingly, the legitimate pretender received a welcome at the Tuileries, and the Diet was induced to believe that Germany might count on French assistance in an internal conflict with the two great monarchies of the Confederation. The Prussian minister, by his unscrupulous energy, leading Austria in his train, has since effectually baffled for the present the ambitious designs of France. Notwithstanding the protests of the national party at Berlin and Frankfort, it was certain that an army which, on any pretext, attacked Denmark would be regarded as the most effective instrument of the popular will. Every angry speech which is uttered in England confirms the faith of Germany in Prussia, because it expresses a feeling of indignation against the relentless enemy of Denmark. Even the easy victories which have been won please the general fancy, and at present a foreign assailant of Prussia would find at her back a united and formidable nation. The minor princes are, perhaps, more alarmed by the predominance of Prussia than by the agitation which produced the war. It is even possible that they may be still intriguing for French support; but if they draw back, they will no longer represent the wishes or passions of their subjects. If kings were mere proprietors, with provinces for their private estates, there would be a superficial kind of poetical justice in the loss of the Rhine as a penalty for the acquisition of the Eyder. The Germans are the less concerned

to dispute the theoretical fitness of retribution, inasmuch as they have no present reason for dreading foreign aggression. The Danish war has gone far to redeem the failure of Frankfort, because every German regiment would be available if it were required for the prosecution of the campaign. The union of the petty Italian States, was highly unwelcome to France, although the new peninsular kingdom is still held in leading strings; but united Germany would be more unmanageable, nor would it consent to forfeit any Savoy or Nice by way of fine on its enfranchisement.

The policy of France has thus far consisted in prudent submission to unavoidable circumstances. If a disappointment is incurred, it is better to hear it in silence than to burst out in useless lamentations; but there is little tact in loudly congratulating a loser because he looks as if he had won the stakes. If England had maintained the treaty of 1852, an undesirable or pernicious result would have been overlooked in the complacent feeling that English influence had been found irresistible. The unresistant invasion of Denmark is rather mortifying than injurious, and future French politicians will not fail to point out the perfidious astuteness of a government which, by apparent opposition and hypocritical threats of hostility, has helped to raise up a great power in the immediate vicinity of France.

From The London Review, 25 June.
CONTINENTAL MANNERS.

DURING the last few weeks, travellers returning from Germany have brought home the intelligence that travelling in Germany has become, for English gentlemen and ladies, a difficult and annoying business. Complaints are made, not merely of the rudeness of officials, but of the rudeness of those who are casual passengers as well. The Prussians, in particular, are said to visit on the heads of unfortunate English individuals the political sins and shortcomings which they attribute to the English nation. A few years ago an awkward quarrel between German officials and Englishmen at Cologne gave people who never went abroad an insight into some of the misfortunes to which Cœlebs in search of scenery is liable; and it cannot be doubted for a moment that travelling in German railways and steamboats may be made intensely unpleasant, if the natives of that favored country choose to make it so. But it is not merely owing to political complications that

travelling abroad owes some of its most obvious drawbacks. The change of life, the scenery, the amusements, the information gained by a tour along the principal high-roads of Europe, have their charm, and make travelling worth all its many inconveniences. But the operation by which the pleasure is won, in itself is usually a mixed pleasure. In the first place, there are invariably restrictions connected with it which all Englishmen hate, and to which they are little accustomed to submit. The Briton who enters a continental railway station leaves at the door his liberty, and becomes for the journey the miserable slave of a paternal government. In happy unconsciousness of his crime, he is forever sinning against some important regulation, and forever being called to order by authoritative officials. If he sits down, he thereby contravenes a by-law of which he never heard; but the violation of which is looked upon by every *gens-d'arme* and railway guard as a deliberate outrage upon their own dignity. If he stands up, he is sure to find himself standing at the wrong place. It seems as if destiny, on such occasions, had marked him out as the one sheep which was always getting into trouble with the shepherds of the railway flock, and he sees the natives eying him with astonishment, as if he were a wild and insubordinate animal, wherever he either opens a door or shuts it. Iron statutes of the same nature as those of the laws of the Medes and Persians govern him at every stage. He is forbidden to look after his luggage; he is forbidden to enter the platform before the bell rings; bearded officers prevent him loitering on the way to the carriage, or from stretching his head out of the window when he is there. The most remarkable thing of all is, that the inhabitants do not appear to mind this rigid discipline, and regard the foreign guest as an evil-mannered person, should he accidentally infringe upon it. Nor are Englishmen—unless they happen to be familiar with the Continent—at all prepared for the power and dignity of foreign officials. In England no gentleman pays more than a very limited attention to the discipline of the railways. Railway guards are not generally considered servants of the nation; and if a traveller wishes to smoke, he smokes and gives the guard a shilling. The consequence is, that Englishmen abroad are continually in trouble. It takes a long experience to teach them that by-laws may not be broken. In Germany, above all countries in Europe, this is peculiarly the case. Nor is the supervision of the law confined by any means to public conveyances. It is long odds that an Englishman cannot ride along a high-road in Germany for half a mile, on horse-

back, without exposing himself to the penalties of a misdemeanor. Either he is riding too fast, or too slow. If not, he is probably riding on that perfectly indistinguishable side of the highway which it is the pleasure and custom of the natives in the neighborhood to consider dedicated to the use of foot-passengers. As he ambles pleasantly along, a shout is heard from some field or cottage at the side. A native, dressed in a blouse, rushes with loud cries at his horse's head. It seems that the Englishman has done something for which he must anyhow submit to be fined. If he attempts to escape, the only difference is that he will be imprisoned.

The courtesy itself which is commonly said to be characteristic of foreigners is of a peculiar kind, and is not of very much use to Englishmen and Englishwomen on the Continent. An Englishman may be quite sure that if he takes off his hat to the poorest-looking man in the streets, the poorest-looking man will, in return, take off his hat to him. If he knocks at a door, the maid-servant will receive him with a smile. The traveller opposite will cheerfully offer him a light for his cigar. These amenities of life are of some value, and are too apt to be underrated by English people. They proceed, however, not so much from unselfishness as from sociability. There is a wide margin between the two. The absence of all aristocratical distinctions gives the French *ouvrier* a bearing and a good-humored dignity that seem charming at first sight; but it is a charm that lies upon the surface; at least, the French are not more courteous than the English, though they are gayer, and more friendly in manner towards each other. They will bear the adventures and roughness of a journey with more composure. They will breakfast merrily on sour bread, drink bad coffee, dine on worse soup. They will not, however, go so far as an Englishman to do a real service to a lady, and if you vacate for a moment the last seat in a railway carriage, it is by no means certain that some one will not pounce upon your place. To Englishwomen, French manners are far from univer-

sally agreeable. The French, since the Revolution, are a polite, but are not essentially a chivalrous, nation. They look upon women, not with the exaggerated homage of the American, nor with the inbred reverence of an Englishman, but with the gallantry of a nation that adores, without respecting, beauty. A lady represents to a Frenchman gaiety, pleasure, elegance,—in fact, the luxuries and the perfume of life. It is obvious that this is not a species of worship which is calculated to intoxicate Englishwomen. With all a Frenchman's finished ease in talking to a woman, there is always something intensely disagreeable at the bottom of his tone and in the inmost recesses of his eye. The truth is, that the French, with all their idealism, mix materialism in still larger quantities. They are at best divine monkeys; and when Talleyrand tells us that you have only to scratch a Russian to get at the Cossack underneath, he forgets that the maxim might be turned against his own race. Scratch the Parisian, you will find underneath a Gaul.

Even in the early literature of France, this strange connection between gallantry and materialism is to be found. The amatory poets of France have not in bygone times been usually over-complimentary to women. Many an old French writer (poets among the number) tells us how man created all the gentle, woman all the savage, animals. To Adam we owe the sheep. Eve in her turn struck the ground, and upsprang thereupon the wolf. If it had not been for Adam's presence of mind, who retaliated immediately with the dog, according to the gallant rhymers, the world might long ago have seen a scarcity, if not of inhabitants, at least of mutton. The story is more suitable, perhaps, to the character of French Eves than of English. Like the French Adam, the French Eve, with all her graces, has generally a tolerable share of selfishness. For conversation, for grace, for social talent, she is unrivalled; but experience tells us that for real delicacy of heart, we had better remain on this side of the Channel.

THE PHI BETA KAPPA MEETING.—Dr. O. W. Holmes read the following poem at the Phi Beta Kappa Meeting at Cambridge:—

AN OLD GRADUATE'S VERSES.

A PEACEFUL haven while the deep is seething,
An alcove's cobwebs while the flags are flaunting,

A spot of tranquil shade for quiet breathing,
While all the haggard, hurried world is panting ;

Hard by, a churchyard full of soundest sleepers,
Old square-browed presidents with wisdom
brimming,
Long "deaded" tutors and clean swept up
sweepers,
And the slim youths of promise, drowned in
swimming.

Old trees, the saplings of the Revolution,
That heard the banging of the *Lively's* cannon,

The first salute that hailed the *Constitution*,
The broadsides of the *Chesapeake* and *Shannon* ;

Old halls, each building youth's eternal palace,
Stirring and sparkling still with fresh newcomers,

As the last vintage fills the same old chalice
That held the life-blood of a hundred summers ;

Old teachers, abstracts of the mouldy centuries,
Sines, xs, accents, etched on all their features ;
Old beldames slopping through the windy
entries

With pail and besom,—obsoletest creatures !

Old legends of our fathers' fathers' follies,

Born of hot youth and blood-inflaming revel,—
The midnight leap from Harvard's roof to Hollis,
The sinful words that summoned up the devil ;

Prayer-bells—brief toilets—limited lavation—
Sharp run of tardy saints to *Pater noster*,
Where worship mingles with the contemplation
Of doubtful record on the morning's roster ;

The long, long grind of daily recitation,
Chalk, blackboard, "pony," prompter, all in
action,

The prisoned hour of stifling condensation,
The final gush, rush, flush of rarefaction ;—

These are the old, old tangled recollections
That time in strange confusion blends and
mingles

Till with the awakened thrill of young affections
The marrow in the bones of Memory tingles !

These weave the dream, the beatific vision
That haunts our busy day, our toil-bought
slumbers ;
Here are the blissful shades, the bowers Elysian,
And these the brightest hours our evening
numbers.

LYRICS OF TO-DAY.

I.

Ho ! merchant in the counting-house,
Ho ! clerk with busy pen,
List to the voice of stern To-day,
And once again be men.

II.

Turn from the paper's printed page,
Where gold reports you con,
Put ledgers, daybooks, all aside,
And gird your armor on.

III.

Let's hear no more this idle talk :
"Why is not something done ?
This cruel war goes on so slow
That peace will ne'er be won."

IV.

Go forth where sons and brothers are
Facing the hated foe ;
Shoulder to shoulder with them stand,
And with them strike the blow.

V.

Then will the good work bravely speed,
And, peace restored again,
You, too, can claim the right to share
The deeds of valiant men.

VI.

Oh, better this than idling here,
Unmindful of the cry
Our bleeding country sends to all,—
"Come forth, to do or die !

VII.

Better to aid in crushing out:
Foul Treason from the land,
Than to sit still with folded hands,
And wear the coward's brand.

VIII.

Now is the day, and now the hour ;
It rests with *you* to say
Whether this war shall linger on,
Or terminate to-day.

W H. K.

July 23, 1864.

—*Transcript*,

THE LIVING AGE.

No. 1055.—20 August, 1864.

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FAITH AND REASON.

Reason unstrings the harp to see
Wherein the music dwells ;
Faith pours a hallelujah song,
And heavenly rapture swells ;
While Reason strives to count the drops
That lave our narrow strand,
Faith launches o'er the mighty deep,
To seek a better land.

One is the foot that slowly treads
Where darkling mists enshroud ;
The other is the wing that cleaves
Each heavier obscuring cloud.
Reason, the eye which sees but that
On which its glance is cast ;
Faith is the thought that blends in one
The future and the past.

In hours of darkness, Reason waits,
Like those in days of yore,
Who rose not from their night-bound place,
On Egypt's veiled shore ;
But Faith more firmly clasps the hand
Which led her all the day,
And when the wished-for morning dawns,
Is farther on her way.

By Reason's alchemy in vain
Is golden treasure planned ;
Faith meekly takes a priceless crown,
Won by no mortal hand.
While Reason is the laboring oar
That smites the wrathful seas,
Faith is the snowy sail spread out
To catch the freshening breeze.

Reason, the telescope that scans
A universe of light ;
But Faith, the angel who may dwell
Among those regions bright.
Reason, a lovely towering elm,
May fall before the blast ;
Faith, like the ivy on the rock,
Is safe in clinging fast.

While Reason, like a Levite, waits
Where priest and people meet,
Faith, by a "new and living way,"
Hath gained the mercy-seat.
While Reason but returns to tell
That this is not our rest,
Faith, like a weary dove, hath sought
A gracious Saviour's breast.

Yet BOTH are surely precious gifts
From Him who leads us home,
Though in the wilds himself hath trod,
A little while we roam,
And linked within the soul that knows
A living, loving Lord ;
Faith strikes the key-note, Reason then
Fills up the full-toned chord.

Faith is the upward-pointing spire
O'er life's great temple springing,
From which the chimes of love float forth
Celestially ringing ;

While Reason stands below upon
The consecrated ground,
And like a mighty buttress, clasps
The wide foundation round.

Faith is the bride that stands enrobed
In white and pure array ;
Reason, the handmaid, who may share,
The gladness of the day.
Faith leads the way, and Reason learns
To follow in her train ;
Till step by step the goal is reached,
And death is glorious gain.
—Good Words.

NIL ADMIRARI ;

OR, DON'T BE ASTONISHED,

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

I.

When Horace in Vendusian groves
Was scribbling wit or sipping "Massic,"
Or singing those delicious loves
Which after-ages reckon classic,
He wrote one day—'twas no vagary—
These famous words : *Nil Admirari* :

II.

"Wonder at nothing !" said the bard ;
A kingdom's fall, a nation's rising,
A lucky or a losing card,
Are really not at all surprising,
However men or manners vary,
Keep cool and calm ; *Nil Admirari* !

III.

If kindness meet a cold return ;
If friendship prove a dear delusion ;
If love neglected, cease to burn ;
Or die untimely of profusion,
Such lessons well may make us wary,
But needn't shock ; *Nil Admirari* !

IV.

Does disappointment follow gain ?
Or wealth elude the keen pursuer ?
Does pleasure end in poignant pain ?
Does fame disgust the lucky wooer,
Or haply prove perversely chary ?
'Twas even thus : *Nil Admirari*.

V.

Does January wed with May,
Or ugliness consort with beauty ?
Does Piety forget to pray ?
And heedless of connubial duty,
Leave faithful Ann for wanton Mary ?
'Tis the old tale ; *Nil admirari* !

VI.

Ah ! when the happy day we reach
When promisers are ne'er deceivers ;
When parsons practise what they preach,
And seeming saints are all believers,—
Then the old maxim you may vary,
And say no more, *Nil admirari* !
—N. Y. Ledger.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE NAPOLEONIC IDEA IN MEXICO.

NAPOLEON THE THIRD is a monarch of rare genius as well as of great power; and it is a pleasure to review the policy of such a man in a sphere which is free from the influences of international rivalry. The French in Mexico is a different question from the French on the Rhine. As Englishmen, we cannot regard without a feeling of mistrust and dislike the policy of Napoleon in Europe; but happily we can do so when the scene of his far-reaching projects is the old empire of Montezuma. We do not demand of any monarch that he shall consult the good of the world irrespective of the interests of his own country; but unquestionably the greatest monarch, the one who will longest live in the memory of men, is he who shall achieve the greatest triumphs for mankind at large. In exile and in prison, Louis Napoleon had ample time to meditate on the high mission to which, by a strong and strange presentiment, he felt himself called. He reviewed, as a political philosopher, the requirements of the age; and thus when he came to the throne, he brought with him many high designs already formed, which he was resolved to accomplish so far as the opportunities of his career should permit. One of the earliest-formed of his great schemes was the construction of a ship canal which should cross the Isthmus of Darien, and form a highway of commerce between the oceans of the Atlantic and Pacific. Such a work is less needed now that the age of railways has succeeded to the age of canals; nevertheless, it will probably be accomplished in the future. As emperor, Louis Napoleon has taken no measures to carry out this project,—his other schemes having hitherto absorbed his attention and fully taxed his powers. But he has energetically supported the sister project of the Suez Canal, designed to connect the eastern and western seas; and however doubtful may be the success of the scheme at present, we doubt not it will be realized in the end. The project of tunnelling the Alps likewise owes its initiative to Napoleon III., and will connect his name with a greater work than the road of the Simplon, which was one of the glories of his uncle's reign. With a boldness which pays little regard to what ordinary men call impossibilities, he has also proposed to unite England and France by

carrying a submarine railway under the British Channel,—a project which we have no desire to see accomplished until a new epoch has dawned upon Europe, and the relations between the two countries have been established upon a more reliable basis of friendship. Lastly, among those projects of material as well as of political interest, we come to the intervention in Mexico, undertaken professedly, though not primarily, with a view to regenerate that fine country, to rescue it from impending ruin, to restore it to a place among the nations, and launch it upon a new and independent career.

Of all the projects of Napoleon III., this is the one which is most to be applauded for the good which it will accomplish for the world at large. Nevertheless,—and this is a compliment to his sagacity rather than a detraction from the merits of the project,—the motive which inspired it was connected with the interests of France, and still more with those of his own dynasty. The emperor was desirous to find some enterprise which should employ his army, and engage the attention of his restless and glory-loving subjects, until the affairs of Europe should open to him a favorable opportunity for completing his grand scheme of “rectifying” the frontiers of France. And in this he has succeeded. Even though the enterprise has not been popular in France, it at least served to attract the thoughts of the French to a foreign topic,—it has furnished a subject of conversation and debate,—and it has, moreover, shut the mouths of the war-party in France, and established a solid excuse for the emperor not engaging in a European conflict until he had got this transatlantic affair off his hands. These were considerations of present value which Napoleon was not likely to under-estimate, though he could not frankly avow them. Nevertheless, they would have been void of force if the expedition could not have been justified upon intrinsic grounds. And it is to the peculiar character of those grounds, as illustrative of the scope of the emperor's views, that we desire briefly to draw attention, before considering what are likely to be the actual results of the enterprise.

The grandeur of a nation depends upon the influence of the ideas and interests which it represents not less than upon the material force which it can exert. England, for example, is

peculiarly the representative of Constitutional Government and of the interests of commerce. In Russia we behold the head and representative power of the Greek Church. France, also, we need hardly say, is a representative power. Her monarchs for centuries have borne the title of the "eldest son of the Church;" they have been the protectors of, and at all events they peculiarly represent, the Church of Rome. But the Church of Rome has been losing ground, alike in the Old World and in the New. The great kingdom of Poland has dropped out of the map of Europe, and nearly all its parts have gone to increase the territories of Protestant Prussia and of Russia, the champion of the Greek Church. The loss has not been compensated by an adequate increase of power in the States which adhere to the Latin Church. Spain, once the greatest power in Europe, has for long been torpid, and though now showing symptoms of revival, will never regain anything like its former position in the world. In America the collapse of the Romish Church has been still more conspicuous. On the other hand, the Protestant and Greek powers are prospering and extending themselves. The greatest change which is impending in Europe—the downfall of the Ottoman rule—will bring a vast extension of power to the Greek Church; and slowly but steadily the same Church, following the battalions of Russia, is spreading over Central, and will soon spread likewise over Southwestern, Asia. It will extend from the Baltic to the Pacific, from St. Petersburg to Petropaulovski. Protestantism has still greater triumphs to show. Accompanying the colonies of England, it has become the dominant faith in North America,—among the thirty millions of the Anglo-Saxon race who may be said to hold the fortunes of the New World in their hands. In India, in the Australian world, at the Cape, and wherever England has planted her energetic colonies, it is the Protestant Church which reigns supreme. By his intervention in Mexico, Napoleon III. endeavors to arrest the decay of the Romish Church in America, and to check the continuous spread of the Protestant Anglo-Saxons. The "Empire of the Indies," reared by Spain, and so long a bright gem in the tiara of the popes, has gone to wreck. Brazil, with its enormous territory but mere handful of people, is the only non-Protestant State in Amer-

ica which is not a prey to anarchy and desolation; and a few years ago, the gradual extension of Anglo-Saxon power over the whole of the New World appeared to be merely a question of time. Seizing a favorable opportunity, the "eldest son of the Church" now intervenes to repair the fallen fortunes of the Papacy in Central America, and in so doing to erect a barrier against the tide of Protestantism, and to reflect new lustre upon the Church of which he is the champion, and with whose greatness that of France is indissolubly connected.

These considerations affect the moral rather than the political greatness of France; but there are others of a different character which moved Napoleon III. to attempt the regeneration of Mexico. The latter, however, relate to the same object considered from a different point of view. Europe is remodelling herself on the principle of nationality. Twenty years hence, the Slavonian race will have experienced a great augmentation of power,—partly from increase of population, which is proceeding rapidly in Russia, and partly from a more perfect political organization and community of action established among the now scattered portions of that family of nations. The Teutonic race is destined to experience a lesser but somewhat similar increase of power. Compelled by disasters which, even in this hour of triumph, may be seen to await them, the Germans will consolidate their strength by unification, and will thereby acquire much greater power than they now possess, even though they lose a considerable portion of their non-German territory. In the face of these contingencies, Napoleon III. meditates, has long been meditating, how France is to obtain a commensurate addition to her strength. Centralization and organization are already complete in France; no new strength is to be looked for from these sources. Her population, too,—unlike that of Germany and of Russia,—is stationary, and even threatens to decline if some new impulse be not communicated to it. How, then, is she to keep her place in the future? Partly, replies Napoleon, in his secret thoughts, by incorporating the Rhine provinces and Belgium,—thereby acquiring at once an increase of population, and a strong and advantageous frontier. Partly, also, he hopes, by establishing a league, a community of sentiment

and action, between the so-called Latin races of France, Italy, and Spain,—in which league France will naturally hold the first place. By his intervention in Italy, he has endeavored, and not unsuccessfully, to attract Italy to him as a dependent ally. By his intervention in Mexico, he plays a part which will tend to attract Spain likewise; and he trusts to complete an alliance with that country by, ere-long, supporting the claims of the Spaniards to the possession of Gibraltar; and also, if an opportunity offers, of effecting a “unification” of the Peninsula by obliterating Portugal (the ally of England) as an independent State. Meanwhile, by regenerating Mexico, he adds to his own renown,—shows himself a fitting leader for the future league of the Latin races; and, at the same time, he opens a new field for the commerce and enterprise of France, which may help to save the nation from its social demoralization and concomitant discontent, and impart to it a new and healthy impulse towards increase of population, without which it will be impossible for France to retain her high position among the powers of Europe.

Mexico is a country well fitted to engage the attention of a great monarch, to justify his efforts on its behalf, and to more than repay them by the results which will attend its regeneration. The climate of its central and most inhabited region is perfectly suited to the constitution of Europeans, and especially of the so-called Latin races. The country abounds in mines of the precious metals; and so great are the treasures hidden in its mountains that the mineral wealth of the country is still, comparatively speaking, undeveloped. The soil, too, is remarkably fertile; and owing to its peculiar geographical formation, the country yields in perfection most of the productions alike of the temperate and the torrid zones. Extending for 1,200 miles along the seaboard of the Atlantic, and 900 miles along the coast of the Pacific, Mexico contains an area three times larger than France, situated between the two great oceans of the world, and presenting in its southern portion a route well fitted to become a highway between them. Mexico contains within herself all the material elements of a great empire. All that is wanted is to regenerate her people,—to revive in them the energies which they, both Indians and Spaniards, once exerted gloriously in the olden

time,—and thereby make them fit to profit by the extraordinary natural resources with which they are surrounded.

On either side Mexico is bordered by a narrow low-lying coast region, abounding in heat and moisture, where vegetation presents the full luxuriance of the tropics. The interior of the country, on the other hand, consists of a vast table-land, as level as the sea, of an average height of 7,000 feet above the coast; and out of this great plain rise chains of mountains rich in minerals, and lofty isolated peaks, like snow-capped Popocatepetl, the breezes from which cool down the summer heat. Here and there, especially on its outskirts, this great plain is seamed by profound valleys or glens, bounded by precipitous walls of rock; and standing on the temperate table-land, the stranger beholds with amazement the gorgeous scenery of tropical vegetation which opens upon him in glowing colors in the valley beneath. Mexico is rich in indigenous plants and flowers. On the plains, the strange-looking stems of the cactus, like grotesque vegetable pillars, silent and unbending to the wind, rise to the height of twenty feet, gorgeous with scarlet or yellow blossoms.* The air is perfumed by the wild and profusely-growing convolvuli, with their graceful bell-flowers. And the vanilla plant, whose pods yield an expensive luxury, grows spontaneously in the coast-region,—ivy-like climbing the loftiest trees, while its large white flowers, striped with red and yellow, fill the forest with their rare and delicious odor. The coffee-tree is indigenous, and can be most successfully cultivated in the region above the

* “On nearing the towns, vast fields are seen covered with clumps of aloes arranged in the quincunx form, to which the similar plants found in Europe, whether in the open air or in the greenhouse, are not to be compared. This is the maguey, whose juice (*pulque*) delights the Mexican palate and enriches the treasury. The maguey and the cactus are the two plants characteristic of the Mexican table-land. In uncultivated districts there are immense tracts offering nothing to the eye but aloes and cactus, standing solitary or in scattered groups,—a strange and melancholy vegetation that stands insensible to the whistling of the wind instead of replying to it, as do our waving forests, with a thrill of animation. The silent inflexibility of the aloes and cactus might make the traveller fancy, as he loses sight of the villages, that he is traversing one of those countries he has been told of in fairy tales, where an angry genie has turned all nature to stone.”—*Chevalier's Mexico (English Edition)*, vol. i. p. 23.

reach of the malaria, on the comparatively temperate mountain-slopes between four and five thousand feet above the sea. The cocoa-shrub, also, is indigenous, but requires the damp and sultry warmth of the coast-region. In such districts it is amazingly productive. Humboldt, in his "Tropical World," says he never should forget the deep impression made upon him by the luxuriance of tropical vegetation on first seeing a cocoa plantation. "After a damp night, large blossoms of the theobroma issue from the root at a considerable distance from the trunk, emerging from the deep black mould. A more striking example of the productive powers of life could hardly be met with in organic nature." Tobacco, indigo, flax, and hemp grow wild, and amply repay cultivation.

The vegetable productions which supply the necessities of life are numerous and remarkably productive. Maize, which of all the indigenous productions of the New World has been of the greatest value to Europe, yields about two hundred-fold, and on the best cultivated land five hundred-fold; and in the coast-region, sometimes three crops of it are raised within the year. The banana, the most prolific of all vegetables, likewise abounds in Mexico, and might support a population of unusual density. Planted with the banana, a piece of land will yield a weight of fruit a hundred and thirty times greater than if planted with wheat, and fifty times greater than if planted with potatoes. Wheat and barley, introduced from Europe, thrive in the temperate region, and owing to the natural fertility of the soil, yield large returns. The sugar-cane of Mexico, famed for its unrivalled abundance of saccharine matter, is cultivated, not only in the coast-region, but on the adjoining mountain-slopes, above the noxious influence of the *terra caliente*. The cotton plant, though yielding its finest qualities in the moist coast-region, can be cultivated on the higher grounds, especially as the Mexican plant is capable of resisting the effects of frost. In truth, the vegetable productions, as well as the mineral wealth of Mexico, are almost unrivalled in the world; and in course of time, when foreign capital has been introduced, and when the population has increased alike in energy and in numbers, it will become a great exporting country, and will rise in prosperity while benefiting the world at large.

To know what a country may become, we must know what it has been. When Cortez landed on the mainland of America, he heard from all quarters the fame of a great empire and a magnificent monarch; and when he began his memorable march inland from Vera Cruz, he soon met abundant proofs of the prosperity of the country and the power of its ruler. Superb presents were brought to him,—cultivation, aided by irrigating canals, overspread the plains and valleys,—populous cities rose in his path. There was a well-ordered administrative system and a powerful priesthood. Immense teocallis, or pyramidal temples, rose in stages to the height of one hundred to three hundred feet and more, covering so much ground that the base of one of them, not remarkable for its height, was twice as large as that of the Great Pyramid of Ghizeh: while from their summits perpetual fires blazed, lighting the darkness of night with strange and lurid gleams. Under the emperor were Caciques, or great nobles (like the Daimios of Japan), ruling their provinces in unswerving and devoted loyalty to the emperor. There was a numerous and well-cared-for army, with orders of knighthood resembling those in Europe,—and (remarkable fact) a Chelsea Hospital or *Hotel des Invalides*, in which the veterans were cared for at the expense of the State. "It shall never be said," wrote the grave and circumspect Cortez to Charles V., "that I have exaggerated facts. I shall do what is possible to relate, as well as I can, a few, of which I have been an eye-witness, so marvellous that they pass all belief, and for which we cannot account to our own selves."

The wonder of the Spaniards was at its height when, after defiling through the mountain-passes, they entered the valley of Mexico, and saw before them a great basin or plain seventy miles in diameter, bounded on all sides by lofty mountains, and studded with great and populous cities, clustering around the series of connected lakes which lay in the centre of the valley. Several of those cities, like Tezcuco and Cholula, had a population of 150,000; and the whole valley was richly cultivated. In the centre of the great lake, approached by three causeways from the mainland, rose the capital, Tenochtitlan (Mexico)—the Venice of the New World—with 300,000 inhabitants. There were the royal palaces of Montezuma, one—

storied, but covering such large areas that one of them sufficed to contain the whole band of Cortez, including his Tlascalan allies. Pyramidal temples, in great numbers and of immense size, towered aloft, with their perpetual fires reflected in the waters; and the houses, coated with solid white stucco, gleamed in the brilliant sunshine as if constructed of the precious metals. Like Venice, the city was intersected with canals from the lake, forming watery highways, by which goods could be transported from the mainland into the heart of the city; and in the centre was the great market-place, surrounded by porticos,—twice as large as the city of Salamanca, said Cortez, and in which 60,000 persons could traffic with ease. "It is the most beautiful thing in the world," said Cortez, speaking of the capital, with bitter regret, when the heroic defence of the Aztecs compelled him to demolish it house by house. Around all was the great lake, crossed only by the three causeways, and dotted by artificial floating islets, bearing fruits and flowers for the market of the capital, which struck the Spaniards alike with wonder and admiration.*

"I think there is no Soldan nor infidel prince known up to this time, who has himself waited upon with so much display and magnificence," said Cortez, when he reached Mexico and beheld the royalty of Montezuma. In the mouth of Cortez, the phrase "Soldan" is a sort of superlative. Let us remember, too, that this was written to the Emperor Charles V., the greatest European monarch of his time. There were botanical gardens, too,—before anything of the kind had been thought of in Europe,—and menageries and collections of birds. "Hanging gardens," rivalling those of Babylon, adorned the mountain-sides, and the humblest of the

people had a passion for flowers.* Nor was intellectual cultivation forgotten, and the monarch mingled with and took part in the assemblies of the men of letters, feeling that by so doing he added lustre to his royalty. Their books were collected in libraries, and were written on leaves like ours, and not on rolls. Horses were unknown, but posts were established throughout the empire, with relays of runners, who, with marvellous speed, transmitted the orders of the emperor. So fleet were these runners, and so admirably organized the system, that the fish which one day were swimming in the waters of the Pacific or Atlantic were next day served up at the royal table in the capital. The beauty of their goldsmiths' work was praised as unrivalled by Cortez, even when sending the very articles to his emperor, who would judge of them for himself. The cotton plant was cultivated, and its snowy pods were woven, and formed the clothing of the people. The vine was unknown; but they found a substitute in the sweet juices of the agave; while its pulp was converted into paper, and its fibres into rope. They had explored the mineral treasures of the mountains, and pos-

* "Another curiosity existed in the *chinampas*, or floating gardens, scattered over the lakes. These artificial islets, of fifty to a hundred yards long, served for the cultivation of vegetables and flowers for the market of the capital. Some of these islets had consistency enough for shrubs of some size to grow on, or to bear even a hut of light material. They were at pleasure moved to the bank by poles, or were made to move over the waters with their floral treasures by the same means. This spectacle impressed the Spaniards greatly, and, according to Bernal Diaz, made them say that they had been transported into an enchanted region like those they had read of in the romance of 'Amadis de Gaul.'"—*Chevalier's Mexico*, vol. i. p. 31.

* "The Mexicans had a passion for flowers. They collected together in splendid gardens such as were remarkable for perfume or for brilliancy of color. To these they added medicinal plants, methodically arranged; shrubs distinguished by their blossoms or their foliage, by the excellence of their fruit, or their berries; and also trees of elegant or majestic appearance. They delighted in laying out their terraces and bowers on hilly slopes, where they looked as if suspended. Aqueducts brought thither water from a distance, which overflowed in cascades, or filled spacious basins tenanted by the choicest fish. Mysterious pavilions were hidden among the foliage, and statues reared their forms amid the flowers. All the kinds of animals that we assemble in our gardens consecrated to science—such as the Jardin des Plantes at Paris, and the Zoological Gardens of London—contributed to the ornament or curiosity of these resorts of pleasure. Birds were there of beautiful plumage, kept in cages as large as houses; there also were wild beasts, animals of various kinds, and even serpents. Bernal Diaz there first beheld the rattlesnake, which he describes as having '*castanets in its tail*.' One of the royal gardens, two leagues from Tezcuco, was formed on the side of a hill, whose summit was reached by an ascent of five hundred steps, and was crowned by a basin, whence, by an effort of hydraulic skill, water flowed in succession into three other reservoirs, adorned with gigantic statues. Cortez also mentions the gardens of a Cacique, which were not less than two leagues in circumference."—*See Chevalier's Mexico*, vol. i. p. 28-30.

sessed gold, silver, copper, tin, and even iron. In astronomical science, also, they were well advanced; and to the astonishment of the Spaniards, they possessed a calendar more perfect than that of Greece and Rome, or even than that which prevailed in Europe under Francis I. and Charles V.

This spectacle of grandeur and prosperity, which met the eyes of Cortez, and the other chroniclers of the conquest, disappeared like a dream. The numerous and civilized population dwindled and sank into barbarism. The very face of the country became changed. It was not a government studious to preserve civilization and order that made the Conquest, but a band of bigoted and rapacious adventurers. The administrative system of the Aztec emperors fell into decay; the reign of order was succeeded by chaos and rapacity; cultivation was neglected, the people enslaved, the collections of science scattered, and the libraries of literature destroyed. "To the mines!" was the cry of the Spaniards. Their only thought, as Christians, was to obliterate and destroy the pagan past; their only passion, as conquerors, was to possess themselves of the precious ores. The great nobles were killed or despoiled; the priesthood, the depositaries of the national learning and traditions, were persecuted and massacred; and the books were gathered together, and destroyed in the flames. The Indians were hurried off to work in gangs in the mines. The great cities were depopulated, and crumbled into ruins. The forests were felled or burned, partly because they afforded shelter to the natives, partly in imitation of the treeless plains of Castile; and the soil, denuded of its natural covering, became arid and barren, and no longer attracted or retained as before the fertilizing showers. The population is now probably not one-third of what it was in the time of Montezuma. And by partially draining the lakes of the valley, the Spaniards have only uncovered an expanse of salt-impregnated soil,—a disfigurement to the eye, and utterly useless for cultivation.

But this did not complete the tale of ruin which has befallen Mexico. In course of time evil days came for the whites themselves, and they began to suffer disasters at their own hands, as if in divine vengeance for those which they had so ruthlessly inflicted on the natives. The government of

the mother-country became oppressive to the Spanish population of Mexico; and when they threw it off, they only fell into worse evils. Revolution after revolution, each accompanied by a civil war, took place; and the country became a prey to military factions. Private adventurers set themselves in arms against the government of the hour, and if their insurrection proved successful, their first care was to enrich themselves and their followers at the expense of the rest of the community. Peaceful industry went to the wall; wealthy citizens found themselves singled out for extortion; and commercial enterprise gradually became extinct. The profession of arms—if such a title can be applied to what was simply brigandage—was the only one which prospered, and was eagerly followed by the whole scum of the population. Robbery and murder became even more common than revolts. The whole country was a prey to licentious marauders, and its whole strength was exhausted in internal commotions. One-half of its territory was given up to the encroaching ambition of the United States. Texas, with its prairies of exuberant fertility, and California, with its immense mines of gold, were wrung from Mexico by force of arms; and the vast territory now known as New Mexico was ceded to the overbearing Cabinet of Washington for a trifling sum of money. Mexico was fast disappearing from the map. The still-existing half of the country seemed ready to be absorbed as soon as the people of the United States felt the desire for further annexations. Mexico was perishing by her own sins, when, fortunately for her, some of her own sins gave rise to an intervention on the part of other powers who had no selfish ambition to gratify at her expense, and which was converted by the Emperor Napoleon into a means of rescuing her from impending destruction.

When the Mexicans murdered and despoiled one another, they were not likely to be more tender towards foreign settlers. Several British and other foreign merchants and traders were murdered or despoiled of their goods; the debts due to foreign creditors were repudiated, and the claims of foreign governments were contumeliously ignored. In these circumstances—apparently at the suggestion of the Emperor Napoleon—England, France, and Spain agreed to act in concert, with a view to obtain redress for their

wrongs. That the Emperor Napoleon meditated from the outset an intervention in the internal affairs of Mexico is obvious from the tenor of his instructions to Admiral Gravière. He foresaw that it was hopeless to expect redress from the Mexican Government as long as that government—or rather that rule of anarchy—was permitted to exist. He considered it probable, also, that the better classes in Mexico would avail themselves of the presence of the allied expedition to establish a government in accordance with their own wishes and the requirements of civilization. He did not avow his convictions on these points,—at least, not to England; but he trusted that, once fairly engaged in the enterprise, his allies would see the necessity of proceeding further than was originally agreed on. In truth, the convention was a blunder if its terms were not to be exceeded. What cared a ruler like Juarez for a seizure of a seaport or two? And how ignoble would be the attitude of the three great powers if their forces were simply to act as tax-gatherers at Vera Cruz and Matamoras, while a full-blood Indian, like Juarez, refused all redress, and openly set them at defiance! But when the question of a direct intervention came to an issue, Spain, seeing that France would take the lead, withdrew in pique, and England patched up a useless treaty with Juarez, and recalled her squadron. But the emperor adhered to his purpose. As usual, he had formed his plans and counted the cost beforehand, and he would not recede. He could not have reckoned that England would willingly engage in an intervention such as he designed, and so opposed to her principles of policy; but doubtless he did not expect to be left so summarily and entirely to his own resources. But the die was cast. The French troops could not be allowed to remain at Vera Cruz, exposed to the deadly malaria of the coast-region. They must either advance into the interior, or be withdrawn at once. The advance was ordered; the troops ascended to the edge of the table-land, where the climate was temperate and healthy; but there the march was stayed. The force was found quite inadequate to undertake a further advance; for some months the troops had a difficulty in maintaining their intrenched position at Orizaba; and even after reinforcements arrived, and the advance was resumed, the fortunes of the expedition trembled in the

scales before the walls of Puebla. The defence made by the Mexican garrison was unexpectedly obstinate; it seemed as if the spirit of the defenders of Saragossa still existed among their countrymen in the New World. But with the fall of Puebla resistance ceased. The French advanced, unopposed, to the capital. Conciliatory proclamations were addressed to the people, and soon every element of organized resistance to the invaders melted away and disappeared.

It was a sagacious act on the part of Napoleon to associate with him, in the outset of the enterprise, the only two powers in Europe who might have regarded his policy in Mexico with distrust. He was equally careful to leave no ground for international jealousy in the selection which he made of a ruler for the regenerated empire. His great uncle, in the heyday of his success, surrounded France with affiliated kingdoms, placing members of his own family upon the thrones which his conquests had rendered vacant. Napoleon III. does not seem disposed to imitate his example. His cousin Prince Napoleon, although notoriously “a prince in search of a crown,” was not chosen to fill the throne of Mexico; and Prince Murat was left to dream of possibilities which might one day place him on the throne of Southern Italy. The emperor made a good choice in selecting the Archduke Maximilian of Austria. Mexico could furnish no man suitable for the throne. The country had been in such a state of chaos and revolution for forty years that the only prominent personages were unscrupulous adventurers, dishonored by their previous career, and in whom no confidence could be placed. If any Mexican had been raised to the throne, his name would have had no power, he would have commanded no respect. Pronunciamentos and insurrections would have gone on as before. A foreigner was needed for the throne. “Let us wipe out the past; let us have a clear stage; let us start afresh.” Such ought to be, and such in great part is, the sentiment of all the better classes in Mexico. But the chief of the new empire must not be a *parvenu*. All nations prefer to have for ruler a man born in the purple, a prince of royal lineage,—a man accustomed to royalty, and removed from the jealousies which attend a commoner who is suddenly raised to be a king. Such a prince is the Archduke Maximilian, a mem-

ber of one of the oldest royal families in Europe, and the lives of whose ancestors form part of the public history of Europe. Moreover he was not inexperienced in the practical duties of government, and he had discharged those duties creditably and with ability. We trust that in the wider and higher sphere of duty to which he is now called, the archduke will justify the best expectations which have been formed of him. Many difficulties will attend the outset of his career, although they are not such as should daunt any monarch of ordinary resolution and intelligence. He is a foreigner; he enters Mexico escorted by a foreign army; and foreign troops will for several years remain to support his throne. But he does not come as a conqueror. He does not seek to destroy the past, but to restore it. He succeeds to a blank in the annals of Mexico, and he will seek to make his reign a continuation of the prosperity which preceded that blank, and to raise the country to a higher position in the world than it ever enjoyed before. A brilliant future is before him if he prove equal to the occasion. It is in his power to leave behind him a distinguished name in history,—to found a great empire,—and to restore to the civilized world one of its portions which had relapsed into misery and barbarism.

While thus carrying out his "Mexican idea" with admirable circumspection, the Emperor of the French took care that the importance and true character of his design should be generally known. No man knows better than he the power which a policy derives from the support of public opinion. He wished to get the moral sense of Europe on his side, and to prove to France that the "idea" was one which was worthy of a great nation which aspires to be the leader of civilization. He intrusted the task of exposition to one of his senators whose character for impartiality is as well known as his high intellectual powers, and who enjoys a celebrity greater than any which can be conferred by the favor of courts. Michel Chevalier is the ablest political economist on the Continent; he is a man of facts, and of sound and careful reasoning; so that he was eminently fitted to be an expositor of the imperial policy upon whose judgment and integrity the public could rely. He has produced

a work upon Mexico* which goes far beyond the scope of the present intervention, and which gives a clear and solid exposition of the condition and history of the country from the earliest times of which we have any knowledge down to the present day. Although warmly approving the motive which led to the Napoleonic intervention in Mexico, he nowhere shows the slightest trace of the spirit of a partisan. He views everything clearly and dispassionately, and takes full account of the difficulties which beset this attempt to establish a stable Mexican empire.

The greatest danger which besets the new empire manifestly arises from the ill-will with which the Americans of the United States will regard an undertaking which has for its object to rob them of their prey. Either the new Mexican empire must be established on solid foundations before the termination of the civil war in the United States, or the project will run a great risk of failure. The provinces of Sonora and Lower California, especially, with their rich mines, will tempt the cupidity of the Americans in California; and these provinces lie so remote from the capital, and the means of communication with them are so extremely defective, that the Mexican Government will have much difficulty in defending them in the event of their being attacked. In order to secure her northwestern provinces, adjoining the Pacific, from attack, Mexico must have a fleet, or else obtain the assistance of a naval squadron from France. If the civil war in the United States terminates, as it seems likely to do, in a permanent disruption of the Union, the Mexican Government may find support in one or other of the rival sections into which its colossal neighbor will break up. But this is a very doubtful support to rely upon; and if the Mexicans are wise, they will act as men who know they are enjoying a breathing-time, and that ere long they must confide in their own energies to defend their territories and maintain their independence.

As regards the immediate difficulties which surround the new government, M. Chevalier evidently considers that the most serious is

* "Mexico, Ancient and Modern." By M. Michel Chevalier, Senator, and Member of the Institute of France.

that which may arise from the conduct of the pope,—from the policy of the very Church which the emperor takes under his special protection. In order to regenerate Mexico, says M. Chevalier, it is indispensable that the government should secularize and take into its own management the immense property of the Church; by which means the finances of the State would be placed on a prosperous footing, without really impairing the resources of the clerical body. But the pope has hitherto shown himself strongly opposed to any such project; and M. Chevalier states that the influence of the clergy is so great among the Mexicans that no government can secure an adequate amount of popularity which sets itself in opposition to the head of the Church. Is, then, the pope to make the required concession, or is the new emperor to find himself surrounded by disaffection, arising from the great influence of the clergy over the minds of the people? Before embarking for his new empire, the archduke visited Rome to obtain the benediction of the pope, and also doubtless to endeavor to procure a favorable settlement of this important question. We have not heard that the archduke succeeded in the latter and more important part of his mission. He got a blessing on his voyage, but, probably, a *non possumus* as regards all else.

Ere this, the new emperor may have landed at Vera Cruz, amid salvos of artillery, and will have commenced his royal progress to the capital. On the way, he will have abundant evidence of the fallen condition of the country; and when the magnificent valley of Anahuac opens upon him, he will see how ample are the triumphs which await him if he succeeds in his mission. Doubtless his first act will be to assemble a council of the notables, the leading men in the country, to ascertain from them the wants of the nation, and to obtain their co-operation in the measures requisite to re-organize the state and regenerate the people. Order must first be established, and the administrative system put upon an efficient footing. The work of regeneration will necessarily be a slow one, and years must elapse before much progress can be made in awaking the energies and developing the resources of the country. Mexico is almost roadless, and the cost and difficulty of transport at present are serious obstacles to the development of the export

trade. A railway from Vera Cruz to the capital will probably be the first great public work undertaken by the new government; and in the execution of this work, foreign capital and enterprise will doubtless be drawn into the country. The mines of the precious metals will likewise engage the eager attention of the government, as the most promising of all the immediate resources of the State. Two-thirds of all the silver circulating in the world has been produced from the mines of Mexico. Nevertheless, the mineral wealth of the country can hardly be said to have yet been explored; and probably Humboldt was right in his conjecture, that if the mines of Mexico be adequately worked, Europe will again be inundated with silver as in the sixteenth century. In any case we may expect that, ere-long, the produce of the Mexican mines will, to a great extent, redress the balance of the precious metals, and prevent any derangement in the relative value of gold and silver by adding largely to the supplies of the latter metal. Let us hope also that, as soon as the finances of the State permit, the emperor will seek to restore his capital—the noblest city which the Spaniards ever built in the New World—to its former splendor, and make it worthy of its magnificent site, which is hardly rivalled, and certainly not surpassed, by any in the world. Let him do in some degree for Mexico what Napoleon has accomplished for Paris. Let him employ the crowds of beggars which disfigure the streets in works of embellishment and public utility, —thereby arousing them to a life of honest industry, and at the same time making his renovated capital a beautiful and stately symbol of the happy change which in like manner, we trust, will be accomplished in the country at large.

If the new emperor has difficulties to encounter, he has also many advantages. Although a stranger, a majority of the people will receive him as a monarch of their own choice, and the remainder will readily acquiesce in the new regime. He has no native rivals: there is no old sovereignty to be overborne,—no old traditions of government to be encountered and supplanted. He is the first monarch after chaos. He succeeds to a long interregnum of anarchy which constitutes a mere blank in the history of the country. His throne will be raised upon ruins which are not of his making,—upon the debris of

a power which had crumbled into the dust half a century before his arrival. The founding of his empire is like building a city upon the site of another which had long perished, and with which the new one does not enter into rivalry, but simply replaces. England wishes him good-speed. And among the strange events of the future it may possibly happen that the House of Hapsburg may be the head of a great and flourishing empire in the New World after the original empire in Europe has been broken into pieces.

The intervention in Mexico is a remarkable episode in the policy of Napoleon III., and as such will not fail to attract the regard of future historians. It is a task as novel as it is honorable for a monarch to attempt the regeneration of a country other than his own, to carry civilization and prosperity into a region of the globe where they have fallen into decay,—even though he undertook the task primarily with a view to his own interests. To raise a country thrice as large as France from a state of chronic desolation,—to pierce it with railways, to reconstruct the old watercourses of irrigation, to re-open the rich mines, and to make the waste places blossom with flowers and fruits and useful plants, is certainly a noble design. And still nobler is it, to rescue a population of eight millions from anarchy, demoralization, and suffering, and to restore to them, in better fashion than they ever had before, the protection of the State and the benefactions of the Church. Lawlessness and rapine, wastefulness and oppression,—no public virtue and no private enterprise,—such has been the condition of Mexico for many years. Napoleon, it is true, does not undertake to remedy these evils himself; but he has made a beginning, he has taken the first step, which is proverbially so difficult. He has placed the Mexicans on a vantage-ground which they could not have

obtained for themselves, and he gives to them a government temporarily aided by his troops, recognized by the powers of Europe, and possessing a fair amount of credit in other countries, by which the work of regenerating the moral and material condition of Mexico may be carried out. He has cleared away the old obstructions; he has founded the new empire; and whatever be the ultimate results of his enterprise, he has thereby added fresh laurels to his renown, which are all the more honorable since they are voted to him by the world at large.

So far as it has gone, the intervention has been successful, and the Napoleonic idea has a good prospect of being fully realized. Meanwhile two important ends have been attained. The expedition has paid its expenses: the cost of the intervention is to be refunded to France by the new government, which likewise takes upon itself the charge of maintaining the French troops which are to be left in Mexico. The enterprise, moreover, has successfully engaged the thoughts of the French people during a period when the emperor found it advisable to remain at peace in Europe. France is still in a condition in which the stimulus of military action abroad is requisite to keep her quiescent at home. The emperor's Mexican idea has served this purpose as well as others. And Europe has been thankful that the French have been amused otherwise than at her expense. But the Mexican idea, so far as regards the direct action of France, is now at an end; and looking at the circumstances of Europe as well as at the fact that the emperor's hands are again free, we think the Continental powers may now feel as King John did when, at the close of the tournament at Ashby de la Zouch, he received the brief but significant warning, "The devil has got loose."

From The Edinburgh Review.

1. *The Queen's English: Stray Notes on Speaking and Spelling.* By Henry Alford, D. D., Dean of Canterbury. London and Cambridge: 1864.
2. *Modern English Literature: its Blemishes and Defects.* By Henry H. Breen, Esq., F. S. A. London: 1857.

DISCUSSIONS on small points of grammar, spelling, and pronunciation are very frequent in these islands, though not, perhaps, among those persons whose education and pursuits have qualified them to treat such subjects to the greatest advantage. Officers in the army and navy, sporting men, and attorneys' clerks seem to be particularly addicted to these disputations, which (generally speaking) are characterized rather by the loudness than the relevancy of the arguments and illustrations, and are terminated by a bet which is never decided. Men of literary tastes and habits touch these matters more rarely; partly, no doubt, for the same reason that the rules of etiquette are not often discussed among well-bred people; partly also, perhaps, from a fear of being thought pedantic triflers, who attach undue importance to insignificant questions because they are incapable of taking an interest in exalted themes; and of the few who are both qualified and willing to assume the office of public teachers, the majority, unfortunately, are people with crotchets, who take aversion to particular words and phrases, and employ themselves on the vain and unprofitable task of proving that the English language ought to be something different from what it is.

Under these circumstances, the public ought to be much obliged to Dean Alford and Mr. Breen for the useful and entertaining works above named; the former being (as its author informs us) a collection, "in a considerably altered form," of papers originally used as lectures at Canterbury, and afterwards published "in the widely circulated periodical entitled *Good Words*." That we should entirely agree with every one of the opinions expressed by these writers, is not to be expected; but on the whole, they will be found trustworthy guides on sundry doubtful questions, and just prosecutors, judges, and executioners of numerous common errors and vulgarisms in spoken and written English; in short, the aforesaid dis-

putants cannot do better than elect them joint standing referees of all their bets,—past, present, and future.

Certain it is that, owing to various causes, some of which we shall presently mention, the well of pure sound English is in great peril of permanent defilement; and any duly qualified person who has a chance of being listened to can hardly do a better service to literature than by writing such books as those before us. The need of such monitors is pretty obvious when we read even in a royal speech that "the territories which have hitherto been under the sway of the King of Denmark should *continue so to remain*." They must, however, be practical: doctrinaires and theorists are not wanted. To state clearly what words and expressions are, or are not, good English is useful information; to investigate the causes which have led to the adoption of this or that word or expression, is an interesting branch of the history of the language; to protest against new words or forms which are not wanted, or which have not been coined in the true mint, is almost a duty, while they are yet new, and are still only in the hands of the conceited pretenders who have introduced them; but beyond that it is vain to go. People who write essays to prove that though a word in fact means one thing, it *ought* to mean another, or that though all well-educated Englishmen do conspire to use this expression, they *ought* to use that, are simply bores. The question whether any word or phrase is or is not good English is strictly a question of fact. We are a little apt to fall into a narrow and erroneous tone of criticism from the circumstance that we have most of us received our first notions of grammar in connection with a dead language. For Latin and Greek there are fixed standards of purity; at any rate, conceivable standards, though scholars may dispute as to where the line shall be drawn; but for a living language there is, and can be, no standard but the usage of educated men. The elegance, accuracy, and propriety of the language in use among a people depend mainly on the preservation of a pure standard of speech at the bar, in the pulpit, in parliament, and as far as possible by the principal newspapers,—though the jargon of the daily press unhappily acts more commonly in the opposite direction. Our dean says, in the

concluding paragraph of his book, with great good sense,—

“These stray notes on spelling and speaking have been written more as contributions to discussion than as attempts to decide in doubtful cases. The decision of matters such as those which I have treated is not made by any one man or set of men; cannot be brought about by strong writing, or vehement assertion: but depends on influences wider than any one man's view, and taking longer to operate than the life of any one generation. It depends on the direction and deviations of the currents of a nation's thoughts, and the influence exercised on words by events beyond man's control. Grammarians and rhetoricians may set bounds to language; but usage will break over in spite of them. And I have ventured to think that he may do some service who, instead of standing and protesting where this has been the case, observes, and points out to others, the existing phenomena, and the probable account to be given of them.”

Strange to say, however (or rather, not strange at all), the author of these just and sensible observations is not entirely without his own little prejudices,—cannot entirely help feeling that certain words have no business to be English, though he can hardly deny that they are. Thus he says that the expression, “a superior man,” is an odious way of speaking, which, if “followed out as a precedent, cannot but vulgarize and deteriorate our language.” Yet he would be the first to point out (in any case but his own) that it is no argument against the admissibility of a phrase to say that it does not allow of being “followed out as a precedent.” He would not object to speak of “falling in love,” because we may not say that we “fall in hate.” But any stick, as the proverb goes, will serve to beat a dog. If authors with crotchets would but examine a page of the first book that comes to hand, and say candidly how many words and sentences in it would stand the test of the kind of criticism which they are in the habit of applying to their own “favorite aversions,” we are persuaded that many an unprofitable tirade might be saved.

But although we admit the force of usage, which is continually legalizing expressions before unknown, or proscribing expressions once familiar to our forefathers, we are entitled to claim that these innovations should be governed by the usage of the educated

classes and not of the illiterate and the vulgar. A conflict is always going on between the written and the spoken language of a country,—because it is written by the more cultivated few, it is spoken by the less cultivated many. Those who write labor, on the whole, to preserve the traditions and fences of the language; those who speak to break them down. Hence in colonies or dependencies, where classical standards are unknown, and literature itself is degraded to the lowest forms of the newspaper, the corruption of the language is far more rapid than with us; but these slang and cant phrases of Americans and Australians tend to find their way back to England, and more than one of the most questionable innovations of the day might be traced to base usages of this nature. Again, we cannot admit the authority of usage, when it is clearly opposed to the very principles of language. There is, we fear, ample authority, amongst writers of the present day, for the use of the word “supplement,” not as a noun substantive, which is its proper meaning, but as a verb active in the sense of to supply what is deficient, to complete. We have seen it used of late years by prelates and judges, who ought to have abhorred such a solecism; nay, we will even confess, so infectious has it become, that it has, once or twice, crept, notwithstanding our utmost vigilance, into these pages. “Supplement” is by its form the thing added or supplied, not the act of supplying it. You might just as well say that instead of appending another page to your book, you intend to appendix it.

We have already hinted that men of superior education are sometimes deterred from instructing the public in the right use of their language by the fear of being thought triflers. “But,” says the dean, “the language of a people is no trifle.”

“The national mind is reflected in the national speech. If the way in which men express their thoughts is slipshod and mean, it will be very difficult for their thoughts themselves to escape being the same. If it is high-flown and bombastic, a character for national simplicity and truthfulness, we may be sure, cannot be long maintained. That nation must be (and it has ever been so in history) not far from rapid decline, and from being degraded from its former glory. Every important feature in a people's language is reflected in its character and history.

"Look, to take one familiar example, at the process of deterioration which our Queen's English has undergone at the hands of the Americans. Look at those phrases which so amuse us in their speech and books; at their reckless exaggeration and contempt for congruity; and then compare the character and history of the nation. Such examples as this (and they are as many as the number of the nations and their tongues) may serve to show that language is no trifle."

Agreeing with the dean that language is no trifle, we do not think it necessary to mix it up with morals and politics; and if he means that the deterioration of a language is in any sense a *cause* of the deterioration of the national character, we do not agree with him. The same causes may produce both. The preservation of the purity and force of our noble mother-tongue, for its own sake, appears to us a sufficiently important object to all Englishmen, or at least to all Englishmen of literary tastes and pursuits; and we do not think it necessary to go further afield in search of a warrant for devoting a few pages to the cause. There are, indeed, people who seem to be insensible both to beauties and to faults of style, and to be able to take in the substance of a book (when it has any) equally well, whether it be well or ill written; just as some persons are, or profess to be, indifferent to cookery, provided they are supplied with a sufficiency of carbon and so forth; but it is probable that even these are unconsciously influenced by literary defects or merits, while it is certain, on the other hand, that people of sensitive taste often find themselves absolutely debarred from reading a book at all, from the intolerable irritation caused by an affected or otherwise objectionable manner.

While the dean's work was still in progress in the pages of *Good Words*, a Mr. Washington Moon amused himself by demonstrating that while he undertook to instruct others, the author was himself but a castaway in matters of grammar. He published a pamphlet entitled "A Defence of the Queen's English;" the dean replied, of course, in his next number; then Mr. Moon produced a second Defence; and a very pretty quarrel ensued, in which, it must be confessed, neither side showed more courtesy or good taste than is usually displayed in literary squabbles. As, however, the dean has been wise enough to eliminate the bitter

parts of this controversy from the book as now published, we should not have thought it necessary to allude to it, if some of Mr. Moon's remarks did not afford examples of a kind of verbal criticism on which it is desirable to say a few words, inasmuch as it is of frequent occurrence, and both erroneous and mischievous.

It is a favorite artifice with some people who are determined to find fault with a writer's language, to make out that the words are so arranged as to produce meanings ludicrously different from what he really intended; proceeding on the assumption that no sentence is correct, unless the mere syntactical arrangement of the words, irrespective of their meaning, is such that they are incapable of having a double aspect. There are people who will think it just and facetious to say, for instance, that because "a red Indian's wigwam" means the wigwam of a red Indian, therefore "a blue sailor's jacket" must mean the jacket of a blue sailor. But what do *they* mean when they say that? They cannot mean that it really produces that idea in their mind, or could produce that idea in the mind of any human being; nor that they believe that the writer meant to produce that idea in their mind, or in the mind of any human being; it is, in fact, an impossible meaning; and yet they call it a necessary one. Where is the law which creates such a necessity? Nowhere. It is quite a mistake to think that all sentences must be framed according to a formula, whatever be the context. Provided you avoid real ambiguity, you have a perfect right to arrange your words in any order which the idiom of the English language admits of; and those who examine into the matter for the first time will be surprised to find how much they are always guided by the sense in attributing verbs, pronouns, and adjectives to their right substantives. Anxious writers may rest assured that they can safely disregard a critic who says, virtually, I admit that I understand this perfectly, and that everybody else understands it; but I assert my right to pretend that I misunderstand it. The dean met some criticisms of this description by saying, "We do not write for idiots;" an expression on which Mr. Moon seized with some exultation, as giving him a right to infer that the dean called *him* an idiot; but obviously its true meaning was, that a

writer is not bound to write as if he were writing to idiots; a perfectly just remark, and the only proper answer to give to such frivolous complaints. If a man writes in a way which cannot be misunderstood by a reader of common candor and intelligence, he has done all, as regards clearness, that can be expected of him. To attempt more is to ask of language more than language can perform; the consequences of attempting it any one may see who will spend an hour with the statutes at large. Jack was very respectful to Tom, and always took off his hat when he met him. Jack was very rude to Tom, and always knocked off his hat when he met him. Will any one pretend that either of these sentences is ambiguous in meaning, or unidiomatic in expression? Yet critics of the class now before us are bound to contend that Jack showed his respect by taking off Tom's hat, or else that he showed his rudeness by knocking off his own. It is useless to multiply examples: no book was ever written that could stand a hostile examination in this spirit; and one that could stand it would be totally unreadable.*

The dean's arguments and advice are mostly given with reference to single words and phrases; Mr. Breen, after chapters on Composition and Blunders, has one on Mannerism; but neither writer treats very fully of the general form and style of modern language. These, however (as it seems to us), are being deteriorated to a serious extent, primarily in written English, and by inevitable contagion in spoken English also; and it may be worth while, in the hope of finding some cure, to investigate the causes of the corruption, and to call attention to some of its developments. We do not propose to advert here to the genuine peculiarities of individuals. Most original writers have some habits of expression which have become incurable, and which the world of readers at first tolerates, and after a while often learns almost to love, for the writers' sake. Argument and entreaty are alike thrown away on these chartered libertines, who, moreover,

* It is not meant that *all* Mr. Moon's comments are of this kind. The dean's style is not particularly elegant or correct, and his adversary sometimes hits him hard, besides in one or two cases successfully disputing his judgments. On the important question (for instance) whether we should say the cat jumped *on* to the chair, or *on* the chair, we must vote against the dean, who unjustly condemns the former expression.

have got a habit of resenting as an impertinence any application of independent criticism to the good things that they may vouchsafe to bestow on us. But the condition of the current literature of the present day is such that there is a considerable body of writers, and of those whose productions are most widely read, who do seem to be possibly yet amenable to advice and correction. It is a fact (whether to be deplored as a national misfortune or not) that "literature" is daily becoming more and more of a profession; and when we consider how small comparatively is the number of those who read anything besides the newspapers or cheap novels, it may safely be said that at least nine-tenths of all that is read in any given day is written by men whose first consideration is to produce what is expected of them, and to give satisfaction to their employers. Such men have, probably, no literary whims of their own,—indeed, are rarely sufficiently advanced in literature to be capable of having any; but, being impressed with the notion that certain forms are looked for by the public in the treatment of certain subjects, they laboriously endeavor to obey the supposed exigencies of their vocation, and are ever on the alert to catch the last fashion, and to keep up with their competitors in the struggle for popular favor; and thus it happens that every stray trick of style which may chance to be taken up by any leading writer is now eagerly seized on by the whole rank and file of the profession, and inflicted on their readers without tact, discretion, or mercy. There does seem to be a faint hope that some few of these humbler workers in the field of letters, who sin now rather from a mistaken sense of duty than from that deliberate hostility to their readers which seems to actuate some of the fraternity, may be led to amend their ways by a few words of friendly expostulation.

The dean mentions only two of the offences now prevalent in the way of style: first, the use of inflated and pompous terms, and unnecessary substitution of words of Latin descent for our "fine manly Saxon;" secondly, the practice of interlarding English with foreign words and phrases. There are, however, many others, equally if not more worthy of castigation.

One, now very widely in vogue, is the eternal use of the present tense in the nar-

ration of past events. This artifice which, when used very sparingly, and by a master hand, may add occasional variety and liveliness to a composition, but which is not in accordance with the idiom of the English tongue, is now adopted through whole columns, whole chapters, whole volumes, as the ordinary form of ordinary narrative, in a way that is really excruciating. It is not only in the newspapers and their ubiquitous correspondents that we meet with this abomination: whole books are now written in this style, not merely books of personal adventure (in which it is bad enough), but grave historical compositions. In a work of no small pretension, which was recently before us, descriptive of events that occurred upwards of two hundred years since, nearly the whole story from beginning to end is written in the present tense, as though the incidents were in the very act of occurrence. This evil is spreading, and unless it is arrested, reading will become nearly impossible to all lovers of pure wholesome English: it is even beginning to assume forms still more hideous. Some of the more advanced practitioners of the school, feeling, perhaps, that the reader must need some relief from the ceaseless repetition of the same affectation, have hit upon the ingenious expedient of obtaining variety by going a step further, and recording a few of their events as being not only present, but future: introducing a new tense, the paulo-ante-futurum, or præteritum-propheticum, for the further botheration of schoolboys. Thus the writer already alluded to, wishing to tell us that Lord Bacon's wife and three sisters-in-law were the orphan daughters of Benedict Barnham, and that these latter became, by marriage, Lady Castlehaven, Lady Constable, and Lady Soames, expresses his meaning by saying that "the four young girls *are* the orphan daughters of Benedict Barnham; that Alice *is* the first to fall in love, but the others *will soon* be in their turns followed; that Elizabeth *will* marry the Earl of Castlehaven, and the others *will* become *in due time* Lady Constable and Lady Soames;" and a member of the Alpine Club, having occasion to mention that on a certain Monday in August, 1860, his guide made himself very useful in cutting steps in the snow and ice, can devise no more simple and idiomatic method of saying so than post-predicting that "all the day he

will be cutting steps, but his limbs *will* show no signs of extra exertion;" continuing (of course) with "we ascend a narrow edge,—the snow is frozen and hard as rock,—in a few minutes we stop and rope all together," and so on. Although the doctrine of "irresistible impulse" as an excuse for acts of violence is denied by some, we must express a conviction that the impulse to toss a book written in this style into the fire after two pages, is one which may be yielded to without any imputation on the general sanity of the reader.

We would fain, also, denounce a style of writing now much affected by small humorists which it is not easy to characterize, but which appears to owe its existence to two leading ideas; first, that it is absolutely necessary to be smart on all occasions; and next, that smartness is to be obtained by jerking handfuls of substantives, adjectives, and adverbs, unconnected by any verb, at the reader's head, as though to furnish him with the rough materials of sentences, which he is to link together by conjecture as best he may. A writer who has occasion (for instance) to record that he bought a pair of gloves at a shop in the Strand now thinks it necessary to deliver himself in some such strain as this: We are in the Strand. See, a haberdasher's shop. Let us enter. On the right, a counter. In front of it, a chair. Behind it, a smiling shopman. Mustachioed, of course. I sit down. A pair of gloves, if you please. Light yellow. Will I try these? Too large. Will I try a second pair? Too small. A third. A wriggle, a thrust, a struggle; they are on! That will do. Three and tenpence, did you say? Thank you, sir. Any other article? I rise and resume my umbrella. Once more we are in the Strand.—What can be more dreadful than the forced levity, the jaunty insolence, of this kind of composition, or rather decomposition! One longs to exclaim with Hamlet, "Leave thy damnable faces and begin!" Tell us what thou hast to say, if anything thou hast; and if not, hold thy peace.

If there be any disciples of the new school who are not yet incorrigible, let us implore them to believe that the reader who does not care to learn that they or others *went* to a place will be equally indifferent to a statement that they *go*, or *will go* there; that the preterite tense is quite as comic as the pres-

ent, or even as the future; that the omission of verbs adds neither perspicuity nor elegance to agglomerations of the other parts of speech; and that Nothing cannot be made to assume the appearance of Something by these doleful assumptions of gayety and laborious imitations of easy originality.

Another new-fangled mode of writing may be called the Parenthetico-Allusive style; it is much used by the authors of literary notices and criticisms of books. The chief characteristic of this style is an assumption that in knowledge and intellect the reader is exactly on a level with the writer, and that, consequently, it is unnecessary for the latter to say plainly what he means, the slightest hint being sufficient to convey his thought to the sympathetic brain of the other; as though the most important function of critical or didactic writing were not to convey information or instruction from one who is qualified to teach to another who desires to learn, but to prove to the reader that, know what he may, the writer knows it too. We all remember what Pope said on that celebrated occasion. Now, without waiting to ask the question which Burleigh asked of Sir C. Hatton under circumstances somewhat similar (though the reference to the *hat*—as to which see D'Eves's diary—certainly made some difference), one cannot help wishing that Pope had rather followed the example set by Buonarroti (note the double *r* and single *t*; we have not forgotten the great controversy on this orthographical difficulty, nor the triumphant confutation by Venturi of the heresies of Volpi thereanent) than have fallen into the common error so well exposed by Fracastorius (who does not remember the passage?)—and so on, and so on. Surely, it is not unreasonable to ask why on earth a writer who assumes that we know exactly what he knows, recollect exactly what he recollects, and understand exactly what he understands should have thought it necessary to address us at all.

Another variety of this style is noticed by Mr. Breen. He calls it the Tally-ho, or Nimrodian style. This method of composition (he says)

“Consists in starting some fresh idea at the beginning of every paragraph; in losing sight of it as soon as it is started; and in pursuing in its stead the first stray conceit that turns up. During the chase the reader gets occasional glimpses of the particular

notion with which the writer set out. He sometimes even fancies that he is once more on its track, and on the point of coming up with it. But he soon discovers his error; for now it appears that the writer had mistaken one idea for another, and had lost sight of the old in his pursuit of the new. At times, the reader is hurried on in a straight line. At others, he is dragged through apparently interminable windings, and finds himself, at the winding up, on the exact spot whence he had taken his departure. The great beauty of this style consists in jumbling in one sentence every form and figure of speech. The longer the sentence, the more rugged its construction, the more intricate its involutions, the more gaps it presents in the way of dashes, the more barriers it opposes in the way of parentheses, the more fences it shows in compound epithets; the more pleasurable will be the reader's excitement, and the keener his appreciation of the author's dexterity and skill.”

Then there is a whole family of misde-manners which may be called the Anglo-Gallic. The dean (or rather the writer whom he quotes) touches on only one of these when he complains of the authors who talk of a “fair *debutante* on the look-out for *un bon parti*, accompanied by *mamma en grande toilette*, though *entre nous*, she looks rather *ridee*,” etc. It seems to us that this particular member of the family is happily rather losing strength; but some younger offsets from it are lamentably vigorous. One is the practice adopted by some fashionable writers of fiction and books of travel of recording in French, Italian, or German (as the case may be) whatever is said, or supposed to be said, by Frenchmen, Italians, or Germans. There are novels, and clever ones, too,—Curren Bell's “*Villette*” is a notable example,—in which a large proportion of the dialogue, and this not merely in the parts illustrative of character, but even in the parts containing the very marrow of the plot, is thus written in French, presenting the preposterous spectacle of a book called an English book, yet unintelligible to an Englishman, however well acquainted with his native tongue, unless he happens to have learned that of a certain foreign people also. Though it does not aggravate the bad taste, it does aggravate the presumption of this offence that, in the majority of instances, the French thus introduced is of the kind which Chaucer describes as being “after the scole of Stratford-atte-

Bowe." Dr. Johnson relates in the *Rambler* that "when Lee was once told by a critic that it was very easy to write like a madman, he answered, that it was difficult to write like a madman, but easy enough to write like a fool;" and certain novelists may usefully be reminded that it is possible to write what is not English without writing what is Parisian. But a still worse distortion than even this has lately been invented. A something is now coined which is neither French nor English, but a third language, obtained by making literal translations of the words forming a French sentence, without any attempt to convert them into the corresponding idiom of the English. Thus a writer who wishes to tell us that one Frenchman invited another to sit down, will represent him as saying, "Give yourself the pain to seat yourself; behold a chair!" or a man enjoying the morning breeze is made to exclaim, "How the air is good to respire!" To do this once for a jest is well enough; to do it a second time is somewhat too much; but to go on hammering upon the same rapid pleasantries through a whole volume is at once tedious and irritating to the last degree. Apart from mere imitation, it is really impossible, when one comes to think of it, to discover any other motive than one for using either the English-French or the French-English. "*Oui, monsieur*," instead of "Yes, sir," or "Behold me!" instead of "Here I am," cannot be easier to write, is certainly neither pleasanter nor more intelligible to read, and is a violation of that consistency with its own conditions which is a primary rule of good taste in all the arts. Let those who do not fully feel the ridiculous nature of this practice, just imagine the delighted contempt with which they would seize on a French tale in which the author should adopt a similar means of displaying to his countrymen his familiarity with English. What amusing extracts, what facetious commentaries, we should have: what complacent pity for the extraordinary infatuation that leads our worthy neighbors to suppose themselves qualified to write about England and the English, on the strength of a dictionary and a month in London!

The following passage may pass for a specimen of a somewhat different form of the new Norman invasion: "The min-

ister having demanded the tribune, observes that in presence of the gravity of the situation the mobilization of the National Guard was a measure of necessary precaution against the eventuality of a tentative of disembarkation on the littoral. Of two things one; either the initiative must be at once assumed, whatever painful preoccupations it may excite, or the great cause of the solidarity of the peoples must be definitely abandoned. (Profound sensation.) Interrogated respecting the concession of the line Passy-Batignolles to the Society Jabot, the speaker called in doubt the exactitude of the details put in evidence by the honorable deputy, and invoked the textual reproduction of the project of law. The measure (he said) had been consecrated in the interests of the future, and came to establish the beginnings of a new hierarchy, destined, he declared it formally, to close, in a brief delay, all the so regrettable attributions of the system of to-day." It must be admitted, in palliation of the guilt of offenders in this style, that they are not actuated either by childish vanity, or by a twaddling love for the small-beer of wit, but write thus (for the most part) because they have no time to write better, being translators from French newspapers and novels under the severest pressure from the printer; but the injury that they are causing to our language is serious. Addison would certainly have found it difficult to understand a good deal of what is now daily done into English (so called) from the foreign press.

To the same school belongs a form of expression which we can best indicate by an example: "Born in 1825, our hero went to Eton in 1837:" "Examined as to his accounts, the bankrupt stated," etc. This form is not unfrequently met with now among the writers of the uneasy class; those who seem to think that it is their business not to use their language, but to make it. There is a clumsy affectation about this which makes it particularly objectionable, and it is quite unidiomatic. What Englishman ever *spoke* so? Nobody can complain of the adoption into a living language, from whatever source, of such new terms as the progress of art and science really requires, where its own resources are unable to supply the want; but there is no justification for forcing into cir-

ulation disfigured coins from abroad, when there is an ample stock of our own genuine money ready for use.

Then there is Editorialism ; for if we laugh at the infirmities of others, we shall not shrink from commenting on those which more particularly affect periodical literature, and are indeed rooted in its nature. If it were possible to suppose that any public writers desired to obtain over the unreflecting an ascendancy to which their learning and virtue did not strictly entitle them, one might insinuate that their rule of concealing, not only their personality, but their individuality also, under the mysterious veil of the plural number, was cunningly devised for the express purpose of effecting that object. By the use of this method the reader is impressed with a notion that the vaticinations and denunciations laid before him proceed from some infallible oracle, some fountain of unerring wisdom, or, at the lowest, from some body of sages assembled in solemn conclave to settle the affairs of mankind ; certainly not from anything like a fellow-mortal, sitting, perhaps, in no palatial lodging, and biting his pen in anxious search for the materials of an article ; dealing, indeed, with the fate of empires and the prospects of the human race, but thinking chiefly of finishing his day's or night's work, and getting to bed. It is useless to say anything to or about those writers, editors, and proprietors (if any such there be) who maintain this artifice for the purpose of keeping up a popular delusion ; but there are many compositions, especially essays in periodical publications, in which by custom, and without any unworthy motive, this form of expression is deemed to be necessary ; and the spirit of unreasoning imitation leads some writers of the second class to adopt it, where even this customary necessity does not exist. It is, however, a form which, though not new, has never obtained with the best writers ; it is neither elegant nor convenient ; and there is really no sufficient reason why it should not be abandoned by all those who now use it only in obedience to a rule established nobody knows how, certainly valued by none, and distasteful to many. Its effects are, indeed, more injurious than is commonly suspected ; for, on the one hand, it tempts a man to indulge in *Nos-ism*, where modesty and a sense of propriety would have made him shrink from undisguised egotism ;

and, on the other hand, it spoils all the grace and charm of those passages where the writer's own peculiar thoughts, actions, or experience can be brought forward. Many a confident assertion, or dogmatic impertinence, now uttered under the mask of plurality, would have been modified, had the writer been distinctly reminded of his individual responsibility by a more natural form of speech ; while the interest of many a narrative of personal adventure, or record of personal recollections, has been destroyed by this pompous unsubstantiality : " We felt that a few moments would decide our fate. We were totally alone ; we shouted, but no one answered. The projecting ledge on which we had contrived to support one of our feet was now slowly giving way ; we looked down ; a sheer precipice of a thousand yards yawned beneath us ; our hat fell off ; our head grew dizzy ; our right hand was rapidly becoming benumbed." Pray who can care for a Mr. We in such a situation ? The passage is perused with frigid indifference, as not appealing to any human sympathy with a fellow-creature ; or if any feeling is evoked, it is one perhaps rather resembling satisfaction,—a vague notion that somehow or other there will shortly be one newspaper-editor the less in the world.

In considering the perils to which a language is exposed, the constant influence of corruption from colonial sources must not be overlooked. Our language circulates much as our blood does. It brings back with it to the heart all sorts of impurities from the extremities to which it has penetrated, and unfortunately nature has not provided any lungs for the oxygenation of speech. It is scarcely necessary to point out whence these impurities arise,—want of social refinement, the absence of literary men of a high class, of universities, of a cultivated bar or pulpit, and on the other hand the presence (in some cases) of an aboriginal population speaking a different tongue, are sufficient to account for them ; but it is important to observe that the conditions favorable to their adoption in the mother-country are greatly on the increase. It would take a long time for a strange word or phrase to get naturalized here by word of mouth alone ; but vast quantities of printed matter now pour in daily from the very outskirts of civilization ; publishing travellers take pleasure in reproduc-

ing with minute accuracy all the uncouth and barbarous jargon that they hear uttered ; and when printing once intervenes, there is no saying where an expression may be carried, or what favorable accidents may enable it to strike root and flourish. There seems at the same time to be an unhealthy passion for adoption on the part of the public. Two or three years ago nobody would have known what was meant by a Sensation Novel ; yet now the term has already passed through the stage of jocular use (a stage in which other less lucky ones will sometimes remain for whole generations), and has been adopted as the regular commercial name for a particular product of industry for which there is just now a brisk demand. These considerations should put us on our guard, and induce us to be as surly and inhospitable as possible to all those strange sounds which come back to us like an Irish echo before we have uttered them ourselves.

With regard to magniloquence and misuse of words, the dean remonstrates earnestly with the gentlemen who will talk of " encountering an individual," " partaking of refreshment," " sustaining bereavement of a maternal relative," and so forth. May his exhortations produce good fruit ! It is true, no doubt, that folly, conceit, and ignorance are not peculiar to any age or any country ; yet in matters of literature, the present times do seem to be specially marked by the boldness with which sciolists take the lead as *innovators*. The study of Language, as Professor Max Müller observes, is properly one of the physical sciences ; but the difficulties of future philologists will be greatly increased by the intrusion into modern languages of changes and combinations which have got there by no natural process, but owing to conscious and wilful interference,—chiefly, too, by those who have no business to interfere. A long list might be made of words which have been perverted from their legitimate use solely by the operation of ignorance in people who have chosen to use them without knowing what they meant. It is true that this is to a certain extent one of the necessary consequences of the spread of literary education ; nevertheless, an exhortation to modesty and caution in this respect is not a little needed, especially by those who take upon themselves the responsible office of public monitors and teachers. The profound

scholar (for instance) who wrote *etcetera* the other day in a newspaper, as an improvement upon *etceteras*, may be usefully reminded that his knowledge of the plural of *musa* has for once been too much for him. Not that professed " literary men " are the sole offenders ; everybody who can read now comes forward as a reformer. Thus, some philological iron-monger, having discovered that *chandelier* is derived from *chandelle*, and holding himself fully qualified by education and position to take charge of the English language, has determined that the word is inapplicable where *gas* is used, and triumphantly imposes on us the new word *gasalier*, forgetting that he has retained half of the candle in the second syllable. Another man offers to supply the world with *gas apparatus*. The word *oc-toroon* (framed, we presume, in America) presents the same blunder as the *gasalier* ; the *r* in *quadroon* belongs to the root significative of *four*, and *octoon* would have been a more proper form, according to analogy. But enough of these ; it is needless (as Dr. Johnson expresses it in the Preface to *Cymbeline*) " to waste criticism on unresisting imbecility, upon faults too evident for detection, and too gross for aggravation."

A few words of special remonstrance might also be usefully addressed to two classes of authors,—the writers of fiction and the writers of history ; no satire is intended in placing them together. The gentlemen and ladies of the former class must now indulge in egotizing prefaces, giving narratives of the circumstances under which their works were composed, and the considerations which led them to conduct the fable in this manner rather than in that ; or making statements with all the formal accuracy of the specification of a patent, of the precise points in which the author claims the merits of originality. This practice, like some of the former ones, is not altogether new, but it is disagreeably on the increase.* Thus, such a one will tell the reader, by way of enhancing the likelihood of his tale, that he had at first thought of making Lady Arabella marry Sir Reginald, but had afterward determined on

* The example of Sir Walter Scott must not be cited in justification of these offences against good taste. His prefaces (it should be remembered) did not accompany his novels when they originally came out ; they are only literary gossip addressed to a public whom he assumed to be familiar with the books themselves. It is true that he forgot the case of future generations of readers.

giving her to Walter, in order to enable him to introduce the death-scene, which he happened to have by him out of another manuscript (for which he is unable just at present to find a publisher); or that it may be interesting to know that down to last Tuesday he had absolutely not determined whether the will should prove a forgery or not. He will add, perhaps, that this tale is in some respects a new experiment in fiction; there being, so far as he is aware, no previous instance of a story in which a young man is represented as falling in love with two middle-aged ladies at once, and a middle-aged man with two young ladies at once. The same materials in other combinations may, no doubt, have been used by other writers; but of this special combination he claims the credit of being the sole inventor. Surely, it is strange that a man with any respect for his art should thus destroy half his chance of touching the affections merely for the sake of indulging in a little trumpery gossip about himself and his intellect: how can a writer hope to move the passions who deliberately destroys that state of mind which he should foster, and takes pains to remind the reader that the incidents placed before him are neither the truth, nor due to the warm and easy flow of inspiration, but are the labored product of cold calculation, the unloved progeny of a brain which feels no genial sympathy with its own creations?

To pass to the historians. Errors arising from ignorance, prejudice, or stupidity are not within our present province; but the student is now liable to be misled by a practice on the part of the teachers, which regular historical criticism does not, perhaps cannot, always deal with, and which, unless it be classed among faults of style, has some chance of escaping due reprobation altogether. We refer to the notion which authors now seem to entertain that it is necessary to make their works attractive by composing them in the style of historical novels, and introducing circumstantial details of all sorts on no better authority than their own imaginations. The historical romance is going out; but the romantic history is coming in. There are many modern historians, and those the most famous and popular, whose productions force one to ask at every turn, "How can you know that?" Yet, surely, the first requisite in a history is that it should be true; and

the writer who, for the sake of being called "picturesque," or "graphic," states one circumstance, however trivial, which he has not good reason, on sufficient historical evidence, to believe to be true, shows himself incapable of understanding the duties of his vocation. If it is once to be admitted that an author may represent anything as having actually occurred, only because his fancy pictures to him that it may have occurred, all confidence is destroyed. How is the reader to know when the author is giving him fact, and when fiction? One would have thought that the unjustifiableness of such a practice was too obvious to require demonstration; yet it is sometimes justified on the plea of necessity,—the necessity of making books "readable." This is the sort of necessity which compels grocers to sand their brown sugar. If you cannot make your history readable without inserting what is baseless, you had better try some other trade. Then it is said that everybody understands where the author is indulging fancy, and where not. But that is not the case. Readers of high literary acumen, and well acquainted with the subject, may, indeed, often guess that there would be no answer to the "How do you know that?" but the great majority of readers are in capable of judging on such questions; and, surely, it is a monstrous doctrine that, while we are reading history, we are to be perpetually on our guard to separate that which we are intended to believe from that which is only intended for our amusement. It is obvious that, without any intention to deceive, an entirely false view of events and characters may be conveyed to the reader by the artificial light thus thrown over them.

A very flagrant instance of this sort of trickery has just been perpetrated by two very notorious offenders at the expense of the present Duke of Manchester and of the public. The duke, with a due regard for the history of his family and the traditions of his house, seems to have thought it desirable that the papers collected at Kimbolton by successive members of the race of Montagu should be examined, and that such of them as are of historical interest should be prepared for publication. Family papers of this nature are the most valuable materials of history, provided they are placed before the reader in a plain, intelligible, and authen-

tic form. The gentlemen whose assistance and literary skill the Duke of Manchester has generously acknowledged in the introduction to these volumes unfortunately took a different view of their functions. Catharine of Aragon died at Kimbolton, and accordingly "Donna Catalina of the golden hair" is made to flourish in her red locks and farthingales through a volume of semi-intelligible gibberish, from the half-Moorish city of Alcalá de Henares, where she was born, to the secluded castle "eight miles from a post town and nine miles from a railway line," where she died. It is scarcely fair to the late Mr. James to say that this strange production is very inferior in point of taste and style to the worst of his once popular romances. It is simply history gone mad, and we very much regret that the Duke of Manchester's excellent intentions should have been so very injudiciously fulfilled. If "liveliness" is only to be had on such terms as these, then welcome dulness, welcome dryness, welcome an old almanac,—anything, provided one can be sure that it is what it professes to be, and that the author does not deem it any part of

his business to cook or create his facts for the sake of being picturesque.

To return to our dean: we cannot close this article better than by extracting a few lines from his general advice to his readers:—

"Be simple," he says, "be unaffected, be honest in your speaking and writing. Never use a long word where a short one will do. Call a spade a spade, not a *well-known oblong instrument of manual industry*. . . . Elegance of language may not be in the power of all of us; but simplicity and straightforwardness are. Write much as you would speak: speak as you think."

These last words contain the key-note of the whole theme. It is affectation which is the root of almost all offences against good language and good manners. The simple and uncouth expressions of a clown are far more nearly allied to the roots of our mother tongue than the high-flown efforts of mannerists and euphemists; and people are never ridiculous as long as they are contented to remain themselves.

Am. coll.
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THE TRIPLE EPISCOPAL CONSECRATION.—The consecration of the new Bishops of Peterborough, Tasmania, and Niger, which took place on Wednesday, in Canterbury Cathedral, differed externally in no material respect from other ceremonies of the like kind. It was, however, accompanied by circumstances which were deeply suggestive, and by one in particular which marked it as an era in the history of the Anglican Church. One could not but think of the vast distances which were from that day to separate, in three different continents, the three men who knelt before the primate to receive their sacred functions. But the great event—the peculiar feature—which invested the proceedings with the most stirring interest was the presence, in lawn sleeves, of Dr. Crowther, once a poor African slave-boy, but now the brightest ornament of the African Missionary Church, and one of its bishops. His story is briefly told. When a boy he was sold as a slave, and, packed in the usual herring-like fashion, carried in a ship to America. The ship was afterward captured by British cruisers, and young Crowther was taken back, and left in charge of the missionaries at

Sierra Leone. It was soon seen that he had great abilities. He was carefully educated by his new friends, and eventually became one of their missionary agents. In 1840, he was ordained in England; since which time he has labored with great success in an extensive sphere of duty in his own country. Being the right man for the right place, the government have justly selected him for the diocese of the Niger, which, no doubt, he will fill with ability commensurate to his former success. If Wilberforce were alive now, how would not his heart rejoice to see the child of slavery thus intrusted by the Church with the highest office she can bestow on one of her members!—*London Review*, 2 July.

ACRES AND WISEACRES.—A wealthy but weak-headed barrister once remarked to Curran that "No one should be admitted to the bar who had not an independent landed property." "May I ask, sir," replied Curran, "how many acres make a *wiseacre*?"

From The Edinburgh Review.

Eugénie de Guérin: Journal et Lettres publiées avec l'assentiment de sa Famille. Par G. S. Trebutien. Ouvrage couronné par l'Académie Française. Paris: 1863.

It is a remarkable proof of the impression made in France by this book, that the prize given by the French Academy was awarded to it, and that it has gone through ten editions in less than two years. Perhaps it owes these distinctions, in part, to the contrast it affords to the prevailing spirit of the French nation and the present age; but its own merits are undeniable, and we have never read a more touching record of devoted piety, sisterly affection, and love "strong as death." Eugénie de Guérin is an Antigone of France sublimed and ennobled by the Christian faith. Her Journal is the outpouring of one of the purest and most saintly minds that ever existed upon earth. The style is exquisitely beautiful, and it lingers in the memory like the dying tones of an Æolian harp, full of ineffable sweetness. Amidst the impurity which has so long flooded French literature, it is delightful to come upon the streams of thought that flowed in limpid clearness from the fountain of her mind, and to find in a young French girl a combination of piety and genius with so much felicity and force of expression that her countrymen have not scrupled to compare her style to that of Pascal himself.

Religion was with her, not a thing to be resorted to at certain times and on particular occasions, but it was part and parcel of her existence. She breathed its atmosphere, and it was the essential element of her life. She was one of those rare beings who seem to belong less to earth than to heaven, whose temperament, so to speak, is *theopathic*, and whose faith enables them to regard this world as a world of shadows and the unseen life as the only reality. To many, even of those who think deeply on religious subjects, this is a state of mind which is unattainable, perhaps hardly intelligible. The piety seems too seraphic for the wants of daily life, the armour too ethereal for the combat and struggle which are the ordinary lot of man; and they look upon it as a beautiful flower which may flourish in a cloistered solitude, but which would droop and wither in the wilderness of the world. This temperament, however, beyond all doubt, does exist, and such a journal

as that of Eugénie de Guérin will find a responsive echo in many hearts, both Protestant and Catholic; for there is in it a depth of piety which transcends mere difference of creed, and swallows up, as it were, that difference in the intensity of Christian faith and a large-hearted love of God.

No doubt there are also many to whom this ecstatic view of religion is sickly and sentimental, and who are disposed to attribute the highly-wrought expressions of pious enthusiasm to weak health, habitual solitude, and an excitable imagination. The character of Eugénie de Guérin belonged rather to the cloister than the world: and it is remarkable that in an age like the present, these journals and letters of a recluse, breathing no passion but that of the tenderest affection to God and to her brother, should have been read with extreme avidity. They owe their success to their entire moral sincerity and their great intellectual refinement. There is not a trace of cant or affectation in these pages, which indeed were never intended to be seen by any human eye but that of Maurice; and their purity of intention is equalled by a purity of style and felicity of diction so remarkable, that this unknown provincial maiden is raised by the French Academy itself to the rank of one of the best writers of the language.

Before we notice the work in detail, we will say a few words of the De Guérin family and of the brother who may, without exaggeration, be said to have absorbed the whole of Eugénie's existence. This is necessary to justify, and even render intelligible, the devotion with which she clung to him while living, and cherished his memory when dead. Maurice and Eugénie de Guérin were born at the old family château of Le Cayla, in Languedoc, near the town or village of Ardillac, and not very far from Toulouse. They were of ancient and, indeed, noble lineage, and their ancestors had fought in the Crusades. A Guérin, or Guarini, was, at the beginning of the ninth century, Count of Auvergne, and members of the family became lords of the domains of Ols in Quercy, Rhodés in Rouergue, Apchier in Gévaudan, and Laval, Saigne, and Cayla in Languedoc. It could boast of a cardinal, who was also a troubadour at the court of Adelaide of Toulouse; and of a chancellor of France, the Bishop of Senlis, in the reign of Queen

Blanche, who animated by his example the courage of the troops at the battle of Bovines. By various intermarriages, also, it mingled its blood with some of the noblest families in France,—the Séguiers, the Dulacs, the Bernis, and the Rochefoucaulds. The château itself is situated in a solitary spot overlooking a valley shaded by woods, and with broad cornfields to the north. Eugénie says in her *Journal* that the surrounding country is “a great empty desert, or peopled almost as the earth was before man appeared on it, where one passes whole days without seeing anything but sheep, or hearing anything but birds.” A little rivulet gurgles close under a terrace in front of the windows. The house was furnished in the simplest style; for the family was not affluent. She thus describes it:—

“Our rooms are all white, without mirrors, or a trace of luxury; the dining-room has a sideboard and chairs, with two windows that look out upon the wood at the north; the other saloon at the side has a sofa, in the centre a round table, some straw-bottomed chairs, an old arm-chair worked in tapestry, where Maurice used to sit (a sacred piece of furniture), two glass doors on the terrace, the terrace overlooking a green valley where a rivulet flows; and in the saloon a beautiful Madonna with her infant Jesus, a gift by the queen; such is our abode.”

Monsieur and Madame de Guérin had four children, of whom Eugénie was the second. She was born in 1805, five years before her youngest brother Maurice, to whom she may be said to have devoted her whole existence. The difference in their ages made her feel toward him, as she expressed it, more like a mother than a sister. The other children were a sister Marie, or Mimi, as she was called, and a brother, the eldest of the family, named Frembert. They lost their mother at a comparatively early age, when Eugénie was thirteen years old.

This was Eugénie's first sorrow, and it made a profound impression upon her mind. She was religious from her cradle, and the loss of her mother deepened her convictions and sanctified her faith. She says, in her *journal*, Dec. 31, 1839, with reference to it,—

“From being a merry and laughing girl, I became pensive and reserved; my life suddenly changed; there was a flower drooping and broken in a coffin. From that epoch dates

a development in my faith, a religious impulse, a love of God, which carried me away from all earthly things, and which left me that which sustains me now, a hope in God which early consoled me.”

Both she and Maurice were gifted with a rare intelligence. Both were born poets in the true sense of the word. Both clothed their thoughts spontaneously in verse which gushed from them like a fountain, and the prose of both was poetry. Wandering in the solitary woods hand in hand, they passed their childhood together, “like twin cherries on one stalk,” clinging to each other with inexpressible fondness; and each might say to the other,—

“For sure our souls were near allied, and thine
Cast in the same poetic mould as mine.”

Eugénie showered upon the little Maurice the treasures of her love, and he returned it with all the warmth of his young heart. One of his teachers said to his father, “You have there a transcendent child.” From his earliest infancy, his delight—or, rather, his passion—was the contemplation of Nature. His sister says, in a few brief memoranda she drew up for a notice that was to be prefixed to an edition of his works after his death,—

“Maurice was, as a child, imaginative and a dreamer. He passed long periods of time in gazing on the horizon, under the shadow of the trees. He had a peculiar affection for an almond-tree, beneath which he used to take refuge when he felt the slightest emotion. I have seen him stand there whole hours.”

He used, as a boy, to declaim in the open air, and made a rustic pulpit of a grotto in the woods, where he preached to his sisters,—his only audience. They called it the pulpit of Chrysostom. He quitted home to attend a school at Toulouse, and at the age of thirteen he went to the Stanislaus College, in Paris, where he remained five years and brilliantly distinguished himself. During all that period he never visited his home; for Cayla was far distant and travelling was expensive. When he came back, his sister remarked in him an increase of melancholy, which was the habitual feature of his character. In a letter written in 1828, apparently in a fit of deep dejection, to the Abbé Briquet, one of the professors at the college,

he attributes this to early sorrows. He says,—

"You know my birth, it is honorable—that is all; for poverty and misfortune are hereditary in my family, and the majority of my relatives have died in trouble. I tell you this, because I believe that it may have had an influence upon my character. . . . The first years of my life were extremely sad. At the age of six I had no longer a mother. An eye-witness of the prolonged grief of my father, and often surrounded by scenes of mourning, I perhaps then contracted the habit of sadness. Living a life of retirement in the country with my family, my childhood was solitary. I never knew those games nor that noisy joy which accompany early years."

He goes on to say that he had the image of death constantly before his eyes, and his dreams were of the tomb. Clearly his mind was then in a very morbid state. He told his sister that the sentiment in which they resembled each other was melancholy,—“an affection of the soul which had been often turned into ridicule owing to its abuse, but which, when natural, ennobled the heart and became even sublime.”

At the end of 1832, at his own earnest request, Maurice was allowed to join the little society at La Chênaie, in Brittany, half Benedictine, half secular, of which the Abbé de La Mennais—that lost star in the firmament of the Roman Catholic Church—was the head. But he had not then thrown off his allegiance to the pope, nor startled the world with the publication of his “*Paroles d'un Croyant*.” Lacordaire and Montalembert were still amongst his disciples. The community consisted of the Abbé de La Mennais, Abbé Gerbet, and six or seven young men who pursued their studies chiefly with a view to a monastic life. La Chênaie was a kind of Port Royal of the nineteenth century. It stood solitary amongst boundless woods,—“an oasis,” as Maurice de Guérin called it, “amidst the steppes of Brittany.” In front of the house was a large garden, divided into two by a terrace planted with limes, and at the extremity was a chapel in which they offered up their daily devotions. In the following passage in a letter to his sister Maurice describes the famous abbé, the Pythagoras of the establishment :—

“The great man is little, frail, pale, with gray eyes, oblong head, a nose large and long,

his forehead deeply furrowed with wrinkles which descend between the eyebrows to the commencement of the nose; dressed in a complete suit of coarse gray cloth from head to foot; running about his room in a way that would tire my young limbs, and when we go out for a walk marching always at the head of us covered with a straw hat as old and worn as that of Charles de Bayne.”

Maurice stayed at La Chênaie until the society was broken up, in September, 1833, by the pressure of ecclesiastical authority. While there, he nourished his native melancholy with the tender reminiscences of an early and lost love. We know no more of the circumstances than that the name of the object of his attachment was Louise. He wrote poetry in secret, and confided the outpourings of his muse to one intimate friend, M. de Marzan, with whom he used to roam in the solitude of the woods. Of course he kept up a correspondence with Eugénie, and some of the letters have been preserved and published, as also a Journal, now well known as the “*Cahier Vert*,” in which he noted down his impressions and feelings just as they occurred. The last entry in it is the following :—

“I have travelled. I know not what movement of my destiny has carried me along the banks of a river to the sea. I have seen on the banks of that river plains where nature is puissant and gay,—royal and ancient dwellings marked with memories which keep their place in the sad legends of humanity,—numerous cities, and the ocean rumbling in the far distance. . . . The course of travel is delightful. Oh! who will set me afloat on the Nile?”

Wordsworth himself was not a more ardent admirer nor a closer observer of natural scenery than Maurice de Guérin. His love of Nature was a worship and a passion, and her ever-changing forms were to him little less than beings endowed with life.

“Still snow,” he writes, in the month of March, “torrents of rain, gusts of wind, cold. Poor Brittany! you have need of a little verdure to cheer your sombre physiognomy. Oh! cast off quick your winter cloak, and take your mantle of spring,—a tissue of leaves and flowers. When shall I see the folds of your robes floating in the air, the sport of the winds?”

Again :—

“I have paid a visit to the primroses. Each

bore its little burden of snow, and bent its head beneath the weight. Those pretty flowers, so richly colored, produced a charming effect under their white headdresses. I have seen whole tufts of them crowned with a single block of snow. All those smiling flowers thus veiled and leaning their heads toward each other were like a group of young girls surprised by a wave and sheltering themselves under a white sheet."

Describing a mist which, as it curled upward, unveiled the mountain-tops:—

"One would have believed he saw old darkness fleeing away, and God like a statuary removing with his hand the drapery which covered his work,—and the earth exposed, in all the purity of its primitive forms, to the rays of the first sun."

Again, in a different strain:—

"The winter is passing away with a smile. . . . It is another step of Time that is gained. Oh, why can it not, like the coursers of the Immortals, reach at a bound the limits of its duration?"

But he did not pass all his time in poetic reveries. He was a diligent student, and made himself master of Greek, Latin, English, and German. In a letter to his sister, written a little later, he mentions his partiality for Byron and Scott,—*le bon homme Walter Scott*,—and says he was then reading "Faust," which he describes as a work that "might have been written by an angel under the dictation of the Devil."

When the Abbé de La Mennais was compelled to dismiss his little band of students, they migrated to the monastic establishment of Ploërmel, which was under the direction of a brother of their former chief, himself also an abbé. Maurice quitted La Chênaie with profound regret, but said, "Although my grief is very bitter, I will not hang my harp on the willows by the watercourses, because the Christian, unlike the Israelite, ought to sing the Lord's song, and the song of the servant of the Lord, in a strange land." At Ploërmel he was not happy; he felt oppressed by the monotony of his daily life, and revolted against the narrow strictness of the discipline. He pined for a more active sphere, and in one of his letters thus expressed himself: "I would rather run the risks of an adventurous life than allow myself to be thus strangled by rule." He

was then a warm champion of the cause of his former teacher, and speaking of his quarrel with the pope, said, "Even if the pope condemned him, is there not in heaven a court of appeal?" At this period of his life he suffered intense agony from a strange and miserable feeling of incapacity. He humbled himself to the dust under an exaggerated idea of the intellect of others, and a sense of his own inferiority. His depreciation of his own powers was absurdly wrong; but the distress he endured in consequence was indescribable. This morbid feeling increased upon him as the period drew near when, according to his own resolve, he was about to exchange the monastic solitudes of Brittany, for the bustle of the metropolis and the stern realities of active life,—La Chênaie and Ploërmel for Paris. His delicate organization, where disease was already at work, made him shrink from the rough tumults of the world; and he thought himself wholly unfit to contend for "the immortal garland," which, to use the words of Milton, "is to be won not without dust and heat." But a sense of duty nerved him for the struggle. He said, "I toil simply and solely for my father and my friends; all my forces are in them; and it is not I who work, but they who work in me."

Before, however, he started for Paris he paid a visit to his friend M. Hyppolyte de la Morvonnais, who, with his young wife and an only daughter, had a charming residence in Brittany called Le Val, on the banks of the river Arguenon, not far from St. Malo, on the coast. From the Val d'Arguenon he went to Paris, where he hired a chamber at twenty francs a month, and struggled manfully to maintain himself by writing essays for the newspapers, and afterward by giving instruction as a tutor to young men attending or preparing for the university. He was at first astonished to find his articles accepted. With unaffected humility he speaks of them in language which, now that his genius is recognized, can hardly be read without a smile:—

"I write boldly," he says, "a quantity of articles, which are received, I know not by what miracle, in a little newspaper. I know not, in truth, which I ought most to wonder at, the excess of goodness in men who accept such poor essays, or my incredible assurance in launching such stupidities into the world."

But in the mean time, his intercourse with the Abbé de La Mennais had borne its natural fruit, and he had become unsettled in his faith, even if he was not quite an unbeliever. This caused great distress to his sister Eugénie, who perhaps exaggerated the extent of the mischief. At all events, she feared that her brother had ceased to pray, and her Journal at this period contains several allusions to the subject. On the 4th of August, 1835, she writes,—

“O my friend, if you knew how the soul in affliction finds sweet consolation in God! what force it derives from the divine power!”

And on the 26th of January, 1838, when he had returned to Paris, after paying a short visit to home:—

“Maurice, my dear Maurice, oh, what need I have of you and God! Therefore, in taking leave of you, I went to church, where one can pray and weep at ease. What do you do—you who do not pray—when you are sad, when you have your heart broken? For myself, I feel that I have need of superhuman consolation,—that I must have God for my friend, when that which I love causes me to suffer.”

This was until the latter end of her brother's life the one drop of bitterness in her cup of joy as regarded him. No pride in his intellectual powers, no conviction, comforting as it was, that in the midst of temptation his morals were pure, could make her forget that he had ceased to be a follower of the cross. Her passionate prayer to Heaven was that he might return like a wandering sheep to the fold of his Saviour, and be a partaker in the glorious hope of a blessed immortality, which was the support and consolation of her life. And her prayers, as we shall see in the sequel, were not in vain.

During his residence in Paris, Maurice met with Caroline de Gervais, a young lady who was born at Calcutta, and had only lately come to France, having lost her father. An attachment sprung up between them, and she became his affianced bride. Eugénie calls her “a charming Eve come from the Orient for a paradise of a few days.” But in the mean time seeds of consumption had already been sown in his delicate frame, and the state of his health caused serious alarm to his affectionate family, and above all to his devoted sister. Her letters addressed to him

have by some mischance been lost; but she was in the habit of keeping a private Journal for his eye alone. In this she noted down her thoughts as they occurred, and the little occurrences of her daily life, in the pious hope that, as he from time to time perused it, he might, though absent, be as it were present amongst them, and might feel himself surrounded in the midst of the dangers of Paris and the world by the sweet and holy influences of home. She did this at his especial request, and no more welcome packet ever reached him than that which contained his sister's diary. It is to this Journal that we purpose to introduce our readers. She, however, little thought that it would meet the public eye. In one of the entries, dated 24th August, 1835, she says, “*This is not for the public; it belongs to my inmost feelings, to my soul; it is for one.*” It was written on separate paper-books, or *cahiers*, as she calls them, for the convenience of transmission to her brother by the post, and some of them are unfortunately lost. Of those which remain the first is dated Cayla, the 15th of November, 1834.

Before his marriage took place, Maurice, after five years' absence, returned home, and spent six happy months at Cayla. Speaking of this period, his sister says,—

“Those six months with us, when he was ill, and so much beloved, had again strongly attached him to this place. Five years without seeing us had made him perhaps a little lose sight of our tenderness; but having found it again, he had returned it with all his own; he had so completely renewed all his relations with the family that when he left us death alone could have broken them. He had so assured me. His errors were past; his illusions of heart had vanished; from a feeling of need, and by his primitive tastes, he embraced sentiments of a good kind. I knew all. I followed his steps; from the fiery circle of the passions (very brief for him) I have seen him pass into that of the Christian life. Beautiful soul! soul of Maurice! God had withdrawn it from the world to shelter it in heaven.”

It was so arranged that Eugénie should accompany the rest of the family to Paris, and be present at the marriage. This was a great event in her life; for she had never before undertaken so long a journey. A visit to the neighboring towns of Gaillac or Alby had been the utmost limit of her wanderings.

But although her diffidence in herself made her fancy that she was unfitted for society, we are assured that in the capital of France, her conversation made a deep impression upon those who met her; and owing to her tact and the native grace and dignity of her manner, she was in reality as much at home in the glittering *salons* of Paris as in the quiet and rustic retirement of Le Cayla. She was, however, little known, and it was not till long after her death that her name reached the ears of those who would most cordially have welcomed and received her.

Maurice returned to Le Cayla on the 8th July, 1839; but his disease had already made great progress, and he was within sight of the bourne of rest which he had so ardently longed for. Ten days afterward his sister notes in her Journal the end of his melancholy existence. He was buried in the cemetery at Ardillac, and it is a curious trait of the state of feeling in France at this time, even before the Revolution of 1848 had inaugurated the reign of Liberty and Equality, that when the De Guérin family placed a stone crucifix in the churchyard to mark the resting-place of their beloved Maurice, there was a strong opposition on the part of the peasantry, who thought it a violation of the equality of death. It even became necessary to guard the tomb during the night to prevent its spoliation. Eugénie says in her Journal:—

“Poor sovereign people! This is what we must suffer from it; this is the fruit of their knowledge. In times past all would have crossed themselves before that crucifix which to-day they talk of throwing down in the enlightened times in which we live. Unhappy times, when respect for holy things is lost, when the lowest pride themselves in revolting against the mournful elevation of a tomb!”

As Eugénie had devoted the chief part of her existence to her brother while he lived, so she now consecrated the remainder of her days almost exclusively to his memory. It cannot be denied that there was something morbid in this. She hugged her sorrow to her heart, and, like Rachel weeping for her children, refused to be comforted. But she mourned not as those who have no hope. Across the dark cloud of her sorrow there darted a ray of light, and that was the ineffable comfort she found in the conviction that Maurice had died a sincere Christian.

And she knew that his life had been in a singular degree innocent and pure; so that she might say of him what was said by Cowley on the death of his friend Hervey:—

“He, like the stars to which he now is gone,
That shine with beams like flame,
Yet burn not with the same,
Had all the light of youth, of the fire none.”

Her great anxiety was that his manuscripts should be published, in order that the world might know his worth, and estimate the treasure it had lost. A eulogistic notice of her brother from the pen of Madame Sand, appeared in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, the 15th of May, 1840. This first brought Maurice's name before the public, and it contained a sort of prose poem called “Centaure,” which was found amongst his papers. The idea of the subject, as well as of another short piece called “Bacchante,” included in the recent edition of his works, was formed in the course of several visits he paid to the Museum of Antiquities in the Louvre, in company with M. Trebutien, a distinguished antiquary, and Conservator of the Library at Caen, who is also the friend who has devoted himself with affectionate zeal to the task of publishing the remains of both brother and sister,—“his mission,” as he calls it, “here below.” The “Centaur” is supposed to relate to Melampus the story of his birth and early life in the dark caverns of the mountains. We will quote the concluding passage by way of specimen of the style:—

“For myself, O Melampus, I decline into old age tranquil as the setting of the constellations. I preserve still sufficient daring to scale the lofty top of the rocks, where I linger, engaged either in watching the wild and restless clouds, or in viewing the watery Hyades, the Pleiades, or the great Orion come up from the horizon. But I am conscious that I am sinking, and fall rapidly, like a snow-flake floating on the waters, and that soon I shall pass away to mingle with the rivers that flow on the vast bosom of the earth.”

Unforeseen difficulties occurred to prevent the publication in a collected form of what Maurice had written. Eugénie was profoundly ignorant of the mysteries of publication, and confided entirely to others the fulfilment of the wish which was now dearest to her heart. But she occupied herself diligently in gathering manuscripts and letters, adding, as it were, stone to stone for the cairn which was to be raised to her brother's

memory. And in the mean time, with a broken heart, at different intervals she continued her Journal, and still addressed it to him with the touching inscription :—

“ Still to him, to Maurice dead ; to Maurice in heaven. He was the glory and the joy of my heart. Oh ! how sweet and full of affection is the name of brother ! Friday, 19 July, at 11 1-2 o'clock. Eternal date ! ”

At last the book appeared.* It was published at the end of 1860, and has already passed through several editions. It was preceded by a biographical and critical notice written by M. Sainte-Beuve, one of the first of French critics. He calls the Centaure “ a magnificent and singular composition,—a colossal fragment of antique marble,” and speaks of “ the youth of a select school, a scattered generation of admirers, who repeated to each other the name of Guérin, who rallied round that young memory, honored it in secret with rapture, and looked forward to the moment when the complete work would be delivered to them, and when the whole soul would be discovered to them.” This strain of eulogy appears to us to be extremely exaggerated ; but the romantic narrative of the lives of these young persons has excited an unusual interest in their literary efforts. The same writer also speaks of Eugénie as “ his equal, if not his superior, in talent and in soul.” She did not live to see the wish of her heart gratified by the publication of her brother's works ; for on the 13th of May, 1848, she herself died, and rejoined him in heaven. She lived after her brother's death very much the life of a religious recluse, devoted to works of charity in the neighborhood. Her father survived her only six months, and Erembert died two years afterwards, leaving a widow and one daughter. Caroline returned to India, and marrying again, died young ; and now of the whole family there remain, we believe, only Madlle. Marie de Guérin and the daughter of Erembert, who still inhabit the old château of Le Cayla.

We will now proceed to quote some extracts from the Journal, taken almost at random, conscious as we are how difficult it is to choose where all is so beautiful, and con-

* The work was entitled “ Maurice de Guérin. *Reliquæ*, 2 vols. in 16.” The new edition is entitled “ Maurice de Guérin. Journal, Lettres et Poèmes.”

scious also, alas ! how much of their beauty will be lost in translation. Almost the whole of them were written by Eugénie in her solitary *chambrette* at Cayla, very often while the nightingale was pouring out its song beneath her window, and the glorious canopy of a southern sky was studded with stars before her view. It was there that she most loved to be—“ an anchorite,” as she expressed it, “ in her cell.” “ Like the dove,” she said, “ I love to return every evening to my rest ; I covet no other place : ”—

“ Je n'aime que les fleurs que nos ruisseaux arrosent,
Que les prés dont mes pas ont foulé le gazon ;
Je n'aime que les bois où nos oiseaux se posent,
Mon ciel de tous les jours et son même horizon.”

Nothing could be more simple or more uneventful than her daily life. In her little room with her distaff by her side, she spun and read, and thought and wrote ; now caressing a pet pigeon, or linnet, or goldfinch,—now putting aside her Journal or her work to kneel down and pray,—now rising like Eve, “ on hospitable thoughts intent,” to descend into the kitchen and preside over the mysteries of the oven, or to go out and carry alms to some poor cripple in the village.

She describes her favorite room thus :—

“ The air this morning is mild, the birds sing as in spring, and a little sun pays a visit to my chamber. I love it thus, and am as much pleased with it as with the most beautiful place in the world, as lonely as it is. The reason is that I make of it what I please,—a saloon, a church, an academy. I am there, when I like, in company with Lamartine, Chateaubriand, Fénelon : a crowd of men of genius surrounds me ; anon there are saints.”

On the chimney-piece was an image of the Virgin, above that a print of Christ, above that again a portrait of Saint Theresa, and, surmounting all, a picture of the Annunciation ; “ so that,” she says, “ the eye follows a celestial line as it gazes and travels upward. It is a ladder which leads to heaven.”

Under the date 18th November, 1834, she writes :—

“ I am furious against the gray cat. That naughty animal has just carried off a little frozen pigeon which I was warming at the corner of the fire. It began to revive, poor creature ! I wished to tame it ; it would have loved me ; and all that crunched by a

cat! What mishaps in life! This event, and all those of to-day, have passed in the kitchen; it is there that I stay all the morning and part of the evening since I have been without Mimi. It is necessary to superintend the cook, and papa sometimes comes down, and I read to him near the oven, or at the corner of the fire, some morsels of the Antiquities of the Anglo-Saxon Church. This big book astonished Pierril [a servant lad]. 'What a lot of words are in it!' he said, in his patois. He is a droll creature. One evening he asked me if the soul was immortal, and, afterwards, what a philosopher was. We discussed grand questions, as you see. Upon my answering that it was a person of wisdom and knowledge, he remarked, 'Then, mademoiselle, you are a philosopher.' This was said with an air of naïveté and sincerity which might have flattered Socrates, but which made me laugh so that all my seriousness as a catechist was put to flight for the evening. There he is, with his little pig searching for truffles. If he comes this way, I will go and join him, and ask him if he still finds me with the air of a philosopher.

"With whom would you believe I have been this morning at the corner of the kitchen fire? With Plato. I hardly ventured to say so, but my eyes lighted upon him and I wished to make his acquaintance. I am only at the first pages. He seems to me admirable, this Plato; but I think it a singular idea of his to place health before beauty in the catalogue of blessings which God has given us. If he had consulted a woman, Plato would not have written that; do you think he would? I think not; and yet, remembering that I am a 'philosopher,' I am a little of his opinion. . . . When I was a child I should have wished to be pretty. I dreamed only of beauty, because, I said to myself, mamma would have loved me more. Thank God! that childishness is past, and I desire no other beauty than that of the soul. Perhaps even in that respect I am a child, as heretofore. I should like to resemble the angels."

"24th April, 1835.—I know not why it has become necessary for me to write, if it were only two words. To write is my sign of life, as it is of the fountains to flow. I would not say it to others; it would appear folly. Who knows what this outpouring of my soul is,—this unfolding itself before God and before some one? I say some one; for it seems to me that you are here, and that this paper is you. God, methinks, hears me: he even answers me in a way which the soul understands, and which one cannot express. When I am alone, seated here, or on my knees before my crucifix, I fancy myself Mary, listening tranquilly to the words of Jesus."

There is one passage, twice repeated, in which, after quoting an extract from the works of Leibnitz, where he speaks of "a pious, grave, and discreet confessor, as a great instrument of God for the salvation of souls," she bursts out into a strain of fervent rapture on the subject, in language which, however exaggerated, shows how deep and sincere was her conviction of the benefit she derived from the Confessional. Under date 28th April, 1835, she writes,—

"The world knows not what a confessor is,—that friend of the soul, its most intimate confidant, its physician, its master, its light; the man who binds us and unbinds us, who gives us peace, who opens to us heaven, to whom we speak on our knees, calling him like God our Father. Faith makes him truly God and Father. When I am at his feet I see in him nothing else but Jesus listening to Magdalene, and forgiving her much because she has loved much. Confession is only an overflow of repentance in love."

We will give two or three more extracts from her Journal of the same year:—

"1 August, 1835.—This evening my turtle-dove has died; I know not from what cause, for it continued to coo up to to-day. Poor little creature! what regret it causes me! I loved it; it was white; and every morning it was the first voice I heard under my window, in winter as well as in summer. Was it mourning or joy? I know not; but its songs gave me pleasure. Now I have a pleasure the less. Thus each day we lose some enjoyment. I mean to put my dove under a rose-bush on the terrace; it seems to me that it will be well there, and that its soul (if soul there be) will repose there sweetly in that nest beneath the flowers. I have a tolerably strong belief in the souls of animals, and I should even like there to be a little paradise for the good and the gentle, like turtle-doves, dogs, and lambs. But what to do with wolves and other wicked minds? To damn them? That embarrasses me. . . ."

"24th.—How quickly it passed, my dear, the night passed in thinking of you! The day dawned when I fancied it was midnight! it was, however, three o'clock, and I had seen many stars pass; for from my table I see the sky, and from time to time I regard it and consult it, and it seems that an angel dictates to me. From what source except from on high can there occur to me so many ideas, tender, elevated, sweet, true, and pure, with which my heart is filled when I commune with you? Yes, God gives them to me, and I send them to you."

When her brother's friend, Hyppolyte de la Morvonnais, had lost his wife, a correspondence was kept up between him and Eugénie, and he thanked her in one of his letters for her "ineffably tender" thoughts. Upon this, she says in her Journal, 27th August, 1835 :—

" . . . I feel my own aridity, but I feel also that God, when he pleases, makes an ocean flow over this bed of sand. It is thus with so many simple souls from which proceed admirable things, because they are in direct relation with God, without science and without pride. So I lose my taste for books; I say to myself, 'What can they teach me which I shall not know one day in heaven? Let God be my master and my study!' I do thus, and I find myself benefited by it. I read little; I go out little; I bury myself in my own thoughts. There many things are said and felt and happen. 'Oh! if you saw them! but what good is it to show them? God alone can penetrate the sanctuary of the soul. Mine to-day abounds in prayer and poetry. It is a wonder to me how those two fountains flow together in me and in others.'"

Her mind was too sensitive and her feelings were too finely strung for her own happiness. Not quarrelling with the tastes of others, she herself cared nothing for the gayeties of life, and a certain degree of restlessness and dissatisfaction is visible both in her Journal and her Correspondence. Indeed, she more than once complains of *ennui* as her besetting enemy; but her sure refuge was religion, and she was rewarded by the gift of that peace which passeth all understanding. Thus we find her saying, in an entry dated 20th March, 1836,—

"To-day, and for a tolerably long time, I have felt calm, with peace of head and heart, a state of grace for which I bless God. My window is open; how calm it is! all the little sounds from without reach me; I love that of the rivulet. Adieu! I hear at this moment a church-clock and a house-clock that answers to it. This striking of hours in the distance and in the hall assumes in the night something of a mysterious character. I think of the Trappists, who awake to pray; of the sick, who count in suffering all their hours; of the afflicted, who weep; of the dead, who sleep frozen in their bed. Oh! how the night makes serious thoughts occur! I do not believe that the wicked, the impious, the unbeliever, are as perverse in the night as in the day. A gentleman who doubts many things has often said to me that

at night he always believed in hell. The reason apparently is that in the daytime external objects dissipate our thoughts and distract our soul from truth. But what am I going to say? I had to speak of such sweet things. I have received your ribbon this evening, the net, the little box with the beautiful pen and the pretty little billet. All this I have touched, tried, examined, and put to my heart. A thousand thanks!"

We will now quote two or three passages which exhibit her in different moods :—

"5 Dec., 1834.—Papa is gone this morning to Gaillac, and here we are, Mimi and I, sole *châtelaines* and absolute mistresses. This regency is not amiss, and pleases me well enough for a day, but not longer. Long reigns are wearisome. It is enough for me to rule over Trilby [a favorite dog], and get her to come to me when I call her, or when I ask her to give me a paw. . . ."

"9 Dec., 1834.—I have just been warming myself at all the fireplaces in the hamlet. It is a round which I make from time to time with Mimi, and which has its *agréments*. To-day it was a visit to the sick; so we talked of remedies and drinks,—'Take this, do that;' and we are listened to with as much attention as any doctor. We prescribed for a little child who was ill from walking bare-footed—to wear wooden shoes; for his brother who was lying flat with a bad headache,—to put a pillow under his head; that has relieved him, but it will not cure him, I fancy. . . ."

"19 May, 1835.—Here I am at the window listening to a choir of nightingales which sing in the Moulinasse wood in a ravishing style. Oh, what a beautiful scene! Oh, what a beautiful concert! which I leave in order to carry alms to poor lame Annette."

"11 March, 1836.—I have great joy in my heart to-day; Evan [her other brother] is gone to confess. I hope much from this confession with our gentle curé, who knows how to speak so well of the compassion of God. It is, besides, papa's birthday."

"1 May, 1837.—. . . You are right in saying that I employ a little artifice to conceal my Journal. I have, however, read some of it to papa, but not all. My good father would, perhaps, be somewhat concerned at what I say, and at what now and then occurs to me in my soul. An air of sorrow would seem to him a real distress. Let us hide from him these little clouds; it is not good that he should see them, and know anything else of me except the calm and serene side. A daughter ought to be so sweet and gentle to her father! We ought to be to them almost what the angels are to God. Between brothers and sisters the case is different; there is less restraint and more

abandon. To you, then, the course of my life and of my heart, just as it comes."

"9 May, 1837.—A day passed in hanging out linen to dry leaves little to say. It is, however, pretty enough to stretch white linen on the grass, or to see it floating on ropes. One is, on those occasions, if so pleased, the Nausicaa of Homer, or one of those princesses in the Bible who washed the tunics of their brothers."

"29 May, 1837.—Life is like a road bordered with flowers, trees, bushes, herbs, a thousand things which would fix without end the eye of the traveller; but he passes on. Oh! yes, let us pass on without lingering too much on what one sees on earth, where everything fades and dies. Let us look on high; let us fix our eyes on the skies and the stars; let us pass from them to the heavens which will not pass away. The contemplation of Nature leads there; from objects of sense the soul mounts to the regions of faith, and sees the creation from on high; and the world appears then quite different."

"14th Feb., 1838.—If I had a child to bring up, how gently and gayly would I do it, with all the care that one bestows on a delicate little flower! Afterwards, I would speak to it of the good God in words of love; I would tell it that he loves it better than I do; that he gives me all that I give it, and, besides, the air, the sun, the flowers; that he has made the sky and so many beautiful stars. Those stars, I remember how they gave me a beautiful idea of God, as I often rose, when I was put to bed, to gaze upon them through the little window at the foot of my bed."

At times Eugénie felt an almost irresistible longing to enter a convent, but was deterred by the thought of her home duties, and also by the clinging love she bore to her father and all her family. Her good sense and acute judgment were hardly less remarkable than her piety. After expressing how much she enjoyed reading the lives of hermits and recluses,—“at least, such as are not inimicable; as to the others, one admires them like the pyramids,”—she goes on to say,—

“In spite of this, for many persons the ‘Lives of the Saints’ seems to me a dangerous book. I would not recommend them to a young girl, nor even to others who are not young. The reading has such an effect on the heart, which thus loses itself sometimes, even for God. . . . How one ought to watch over a young woman!—over her books, her correspondence, her companions, her devotion, everything which demands the tender attention of a mother. If I had had mine, I remember

things which I did at fourteen years of age, which she would not have allowed me to do. . . . So Francois de Sales once said to some nuns who begged him to allow them to go barefoot, ‘Change your brains, and keep your shoes.’”

Like her brother Maurice, she was an accurate and imaginative observer of external nature, and very prettily could she describe the objects that caught her attention. Thus:—

“I love the snow: that white aspect has something heavenly in it. Mud and bare earth displease and sadden me. To-day I perceive only the traces of roads and the feet of little birds. However softly they alight, they leave their little tracks, which make a thousand figures in the snow. It is pretty to see those small red claws, like pencils of coral, that make the drawings.”

Or, when writing in the wooded country of the Nivernois,—

“It is in the sweet air of May, as the sun rises on a day radiant and fragrant, that pen travels over the paper. It does one good to rove in this enchanting scenery amongst flowers and birds and verdure, under the ample blue sky of the Nivernois. I like much its graceful goblet shape, and those little white clouds here and there, like cushions of cotton hanging to give repose to the eye in that immensity.”

We know not whether Eugénie was ever in love; but she alludes to the early death of a cousin Victor in a way that makes it probable that she cherished for him a tenderer feeling than that of friendship. She certainly had no prejudice against marriage, and in one passage shows that she had formed visions of “love in a cottage” for herself, which were not destined to be realized. On the 9th of February, 1838, she writes, half seriously and half in jest,—

“I have never dreamed of grandeur or of fortune, but how often of a small house away from a town, very clean, with its wooden furniture, its bright earthenware, its lattice-work at the entrance, some chickens, and myself there with—I know not whom; for I should not fancy a peasant like one of ours, who are boorish, and beat their wives!”

After her brother's death she—as we have mentioned—continued her Journal, and still addressed it to him, or sometimes to one of his surviving friends, a M. d'Aureville, whom she calls her “brother by adoption.” The tone of it now becomes inexpressibly mourn-

ful, although the thoughts are as beautiful as ever.

It begins with the date 21st of July, 1839:—

“No, my beloved one, death shall not separate us; it shall not remove you from my thoughts. Death separates only the body; the soul, in place of being there, is in heaven, and this change of dwelling takes away nothing from its affections. O my friend Maurice, Maurice, are you far from me? Do you hear me? What are those regions where you now are? What is God, so beautiful, so good, who makes you happy by his ineffable presence, unveiling for you eternity? You see what I wait for; you possess what I hope for; you know what I believe. Mysteries of the other world, how profound you are, how terrible you are, but how sweet you sometimes are! yes, very sweet, when I think that heaven is the place of happiness. . . . All my life will be a life of mourning, with a widowed heart, without intimate union. I love Marie and my surviving brother much; but it is not with *our* sympathy.”

On the 17th of August, 1839, she writes,—

“Began to read the ‘*Saints desirs de la Mort*,’ a book much to my taste. My soul lives in a coffin. Oh! yes, entombed, sepulchred in thee, my friend; just as I lived in thy life I am dead in thy death,—dead to all happiness, to all hope here below. I had placed all in thee, like a mother on her son; I was less of a sister than a mother.”

She expresses the same idea in some unpublished verses addressed to her brother, which we have seen, and in which, alluding to the death of her mother, the following lines occur:—

“Elle me dit: ‘A ton amour,
Ma fille, je confie un frère;
Dans les soins d’une sœur qu’il retrouve sa
mère,’—
Et je devins ta mère dès ce jour.”

We are glad to learn that M. Trebutien has been able to collect a sufficient number of Eugénie’s letters to justify their appearance in a separate volume, which will shortly

be published, together with a few fragments of other parts of her Journal which have not yet appeared. But he has been unable to recover the two missing *cahiers* which she wrote, and which probably no longer exist. M. Trebutien has kindly favored us with a sight of part of his forthcoming publication and we will give a last extract from it.

The following is from a letter written to a sick friend in Paris, the date of which is May 5, 1838:—

“I resume my pen to the song of the nightingale which is singing beneath my window. It is delightful to hear it, and write, as it were, under its dictation. Sweet musician! I wish it were in your room at Paris; it would give you pleasures; but these bards of solitude do not like to leave us. Besides, we, hermits that we are, require our concerts; God does not wish that we should be without pleasures. The fields are full of them: flowers, verdure, beautiful plants at every step, birds everywhere; and then the air,—the embalmed air. What a charm there is in a walk—and to wander like the partridges! Yesterday we went to see the invalid, a poor man, one of our friends, who was suddenly seized with a brain-stroke. It was distressing to hear him delirious, and to hear his poor wife and little children who wept. Ah! my God, it was heart-rending; but there is a way to comfort these poor people. It is to speak to them of God, who afflicts in this world to render happy in the next. . . .”

Our chief object in making these selections has been to bring under the notice of our readers the character and writings of a person of whom perhaps not many of them have heard, but with whom those who share her sentiments may wish to become better acquainted. We have no doubt that the new volume will be received with the same interest that has been shown in the case of Eugénie’s other writings, and that it will disclose more of the same beauty of style, purity of thought, and fervor of religion, which are her characteristics and her charm.

From The Examiner.

Strathcairn. By Charles Allston Collins, Author of "A Cruise upon Wheels." In two Volumes. Low, Son, and Marston.

THIS tale is a romance of August holiday adventure that arose from the renting of a month's shooting upon a well-stocked Highland moor. As a story it is well invented and well told. The interest is strong; the incidents and several of the characters are unbackneyed, and though vividly romantic, possible enough to take their place in a picture of easy every-day life with a cheery English shooting party on a Scottish moor. At the same time all is told smoothly and pleasantly, without superfluous words or incidents; the narrative is graceful, carefully-written English, the dialogue lively with character, and the author's wit never unequal to the occasion, whether it be the comic or the pathetic side of his tale that he turns towards us. There is no secret and there is no crime in the book. Under the autumn sky there is acted out an interesting story, of which it is understood from the beginning that it can end only with a wail of wintry wind, and the fall of the dead leaf from its bough. And yet there is no false sentiment of melancholy. The book ends with a healthy faith in Time—strong, patient, merciful Time—and his sister Hope.

The exceptional condition that is the main-spring of romance in this story of "Strathcairn" is not crime, but insanity. The Earl of Strathcairn is mad, as men are mad outside the lunatic asylums; odd on some point, unreasonable, and perhaps a little dangerous. The earl's eccentricity takes chiefly the form of extreme parsimony. He lived at Strathcairn Castle, a widower with an only child, a daughter full of beauty and of a fresh and pure simplicity, who had been there immured with him and her old nurse, ignorant of the world and perhaps—but who could tell?—incapable of knowing it or living in it. By all her humble neighbors she was known affectionately as the Lily of Strathcairn. The earl's parsimony caused the game to increase on his moor. It was the best in Scotland, and of course he was glad to take the good price it would fetch him in the shooting season. For a certain August this Castle of Strathcairn and its shooting had been taken by Sir John Balmain, who with his party of friends set off thither in the true holiday spirit.

"I have said that our party was divided and that we filled two carriages; but in reality it was almost as if we were all together. We changed about, we got down whenever there was a few minutes' pause, and talked at each other's windows; nay, we did more than this, for in the course of the morning and before we reached York, where we were to have a late lunch or an early dinner, whichever we chose to consider it, we in the carriage in which I occupied a seat were suddenly startled by the apparition at one of the windows of a piece of folded paper fastened with string to the end of a long stick. The paper contained a wretchedly bad riddle, suggested, I think, by the name of one of the stations we had just passed, but bad as it was it made us laugh, and a means of communication between the two carriages having now been hit upon, an incessant fire of riddles and answers and all sorts of jokes (except good ones) was kept up between the two carriages.

"At York we found out that we were all very hungry, and made a capital meal, though, as we were too much hurried to finish it, we were obliged to buy all sorts of eatables for subsequent consumption on the road. Then, of course, the string and the stick—two joints of a fishing-rod I think it was composed of—were wanted in order that the occupants of the two carriages might exchange their delicacies; in short, we indulged in a thousand mad follies, and there was not one of us sufficiently steady even to read the newspaper, except, by the by, Mrs. Crawford, who, with a fixed smile of the most complacent kind, and enjoying thoroughly all that was going on around her, managed to knit incessantly all through the day."

The castle had been taken on condition that a particular turret should be reserved for the earl's daughter, Lady Helen, who would live retired there with a nurse and an old servant during her father's absence. The old servant, as it turned out at last, and as the reader sees from the first, was the earl himself, fabled to be abroad, who chose to remain in the turret, save his money, and keep watch and ward over the property. Two of the English party in the castle were Mr. Beaumont, the literary gentleman who tells the tale, and a noble young soldier, Captain Gordon. There is among the holiday-makers curiosity about the secluded Lily, but meanwhile the poor child fastens upon Captain Gordon, a gallant, honorable man, who, imperfect as her nature seems to be, cannot resist the fascination of her innocence and

beauty. At last he has this to confide to his friend Beaumont:—

"I will tell you about it. One day, not long after our first coming here, I went out to try the fishing. You were all of you gone to the hill to shoot, and I was entirely alone. I walked through the thick plantation which, as you know, lies just outside the walls of the castle gardens, and which, as you also know, is of considerable extent. As I passed along the narrow path I thought that I heard a sort of rustling sound beside me, and stopping to listen, I found that it stopped too; yet when I moved on again I still heard it. It fidgeted me, for I could not make it out, though I could not help supposing that it must be some dog which had followed me from the house without my observing it. I saw a little in front of me a spot where the wood was a degree less thick than in other places, and I thought it possible that there I might be able to obtain some solution of this little puzzle. So, as soon as I reached this particular spot, I turned round as sharply as I possibly could, and without the very slightest warning. In one moment I found myself face to face with the strangest loveliness I had ever beheld. You have seen this creature," he added; "so I need not attempt to describe her to you. But you have not seen her as I did then. A little bower of trees and shrubs was round her, and from the darkness behind, her face and the white covering on her head showed in a strange kind of half light. She stood there motionless, gazing at me, and I stood and gazed at her. There was wonder and curiosity in her look, but nothing at all, it seemed to me, of shame or awkwardness. The awkwardness fell to my share, all of it, and I hardly knew what I had best do in so strange a situation. At last I determined to speak.

"I am afraid I am obstructing the path by which you wish to pass," I said, and stood aside out of the way as I spoke.

"She made no answer, and I repeated what I had just said. She answered at length, in a low voice, 'I am going with you as long as you are in my wood.'

"I did not know then, by the by, as I do now, that the fir enclosure on the west side of the Strathcairn gardens goes always by the name of Helen's Wood. I believe there is some story of the earl having made this part of the estate over to his daughter; but I don't rightly know about it. You may conceive, however, how astonished I was at this answer.

"I am afraid I ought not to be here, then," I managed to stammer out at last, 'without your permission.'

"You may come here," she said, with the

most perfect frankness, 'but not the others.'

"I was so entirely staggered by this, that for some time I did not know what to answer. At last I said,—

"But why do you make me an exception? You know me no more than the others.'

"Oh, yes, I do," was her reply. 'I have seen you continually since you have been here. Whenever you have gone out, I have watched you, and my nurse saw you, with the second sight, before you came.'

"There was no answering this at all; so I did not attempt it.

"Come and see my wood," she said, after a moment. She did not wait for any answer, but turning round, led the way back by the path along which I had just passed. I followed her, and after pursuing the pathway a certain distance, she turned aside into a very narrow and indeed almost imperceptible track, and looking round as if to beckon me on, went before me into the very thickest part of the plantation.

"As we passed along, the whole thing seemed to me to be invested with a strange unreality. The figure before me, the wood around, nay, the part that I myself was playing, all seemed unreal. I was as one acting involuntarily, and with no actual share in the transaction in which he is engaged; and so we continued for some time to thread the intricacies of the wood, no word being exchanged between us, till quite suddenly we emerged into a little open space in which there stood the very smallest chapel I had ever seen."

The earl and his daughter are Roman Catholics. In this ancient chapel, dedicated to St. Helen, there is a side for each of them right and left of the high altar, and the girl decorates all the shrines with her fresh flowers. There is a service here sometimes by a priest, Father Matthias, who makes occasional visits to Strathcairn, and who alone has influence over the earl.

When the month was expired, and the earl, appearing in the character of his own agent, had produced an astounding inventory of damages to be made good, and when Sir John and his party were all gone, there were new tenants expected. Mr. Beaumont had been acting for his friend Gordon, who was resolved to venture all for Lady Helen. There had been negotiation, therefore, through Andrews, the earl's faithful keeper, and another letting of the moor had been secured upon hard terms for Captain Gordon, whose guest

Beaumont was to be, and who wanted so little of the castle that he and Beaumont were, except in paying for their fare, to be as guests, and dine at the earl's table. They were half starved by insane stinginess, charged, as beyond the bond, sixpence a glass for all the watered wine they drank, and when they went out with their guns were carefully kept off the best game-preserves by one device or another. One day the dinner was a singed sheep's head, its tongue and brains being reserved for the next day. And this was the first experience of the mad earl's housekeeping in the way of breakfast:—

"Neither tea nor coffee appeared upon the board; there was no sign of anything in the shape of meat, no butter, no bread. In place of these luxuries three huge bowls of porridge smoked upon the table, in the middle of which, there appeared also a great piled-up dish of the inevitable oat-cake. I suppose that I must have involuntarily suffered a certain amount of dissatisfaction to show itself in my appearance; for our host went so far, after looking at me suspiciously, as to mutter something about 'the cows giving so little just then, that they could only get butter enough to supply their customers. The lad went down to the burn,' he added, 'to get some trout, too; but the water was so thick that it was useless.'

"'Maybe you'd like an egg?' asked the old sinner presently.

"I firmly believe that he knew there was not one to be had, or he never would have made the offer. However, he summoned Mr. Andrews, and bade him send the hen-wife up without delay. A great, gaunt, bony woman, with a cast in her eye, appeared in due time.

"'Wal, Phemie, how are the hens doing?'

"'They're just doing naething, my lord,' said the woman, in a deep bass voice, and looking at the two strangers while she spoke, — 'that is, next to naething.'

"'What, wont they lay?'

"'Naw. We do all we can to make them, but it's to little purpose; they're a thankless, unfruitful lot just noo.'

"'Do you mean to say, woman, that you've got no eggs at all?'

"'Nane over and above what it's needful to send into the toon.'

"'Then you can't give these gentlemen, who are not satisfied with their porritch as you and I are, an egg apiece for their breakfast?'

"'Naw, that I cannot,' was the emphatic answer, 'after delivering which, Mrs. Phemie stared at us more than ever.

"'That'll do,' said his lordship.

"'Aw, if your honor pleases, there's auld Maggie.'

"'Auld Maggie'—well, what about 'auld Maggie'?"

"'Wal, it's just sax months since she's laid an egg, and I'm thinking she'll be gone barren altogether.'

"'Sax months,' you thriftless devil; and have you, that have the guardianship of the pou'try-yard, allowed my substance, in the shape of grain, to be wasted for sax months on an unprincipled beast that just gives naething in return for her keep, any more than you do yourself, you idle, extravagant hussy?'

"'I'm not extravagant any more than yourself, Strathcairn, and ye know it!' said the woman, indignantly. 'It's naething that the auld creature has received from my hands since she ceased to make herself useful, the gude-for-naething auld beastie! She's just picked up a living how she could.'

"'Yes, and picked up what the others might have had that are doing their duty. You should have twisted her neck and sold her five months ago.'

"'There's nawbody wad buy "auld Maggie" now,' remarked the woman, sulkily. 'She's awful bad, too, with the pip.'

"'Then I'll tell ye what,' retorted her master, after a moment's reflection. 'Tomorrow is the sawbath, as ye call it, ye heretical devils, so we'll just hae the beast ourselves, and make a meal befitting the day. So go your ways and make short work of her, and see that ye look more carefully after my substance for the future, or it'll be the warse for ye.'"

All this while nothing was seen of the Lady of the Turret. But the next visit of Father Matthias produced a change in the earl's policy. It was on his arrival that the Lady Helen for the first time reappeared; then, too, for the first time the earl set a good dinner and good wine upon his table.

"When we two entered the room where dinner was served, I think we must both have started, so great was our surprise. In one moment we saw that the table was brilliantly lighted, that it was covered with plate, both gold and silver, that there was a stranger present, and that the head of the table was occupied by the Lily of Strathcairn.

"I believe that both Gordon and myself were entirely upset and lost in the bewilderment of this surprise. For myself I hardly knew what happened during the first two or three minutes after our entry into the room. I only know that somehow or other we got into our places, that we were presented to

the stranger, and that he was called Father Matthias. But these were small matters. The presence of the daughter of the house at the head of the table, that was the wonderful thing, that was the only thing to be thought of, nor could even that be thought of steadily at this time.

"The Lily of Strathcairn was splendidly attired. A dress of the usual dark-green color, but made of velvet of the richest and most lustrous kind, showed the fairness of her complexion and hair to such advantage as made her beauty seem almost unearthly. Gold and pearls were about her neck lying on the deep green of the velvet, and there were diamonds in her hair. The beauty and splendor of the creature were indeed wonderful to behold, and I could hardly be surprised at the infatuation of my friend, however deeply I might and did deplore it."

Father Matthias knew Gordon's father to be rich and liberal; knew that he owned several estates, of which one only was entailed. He smoothed the way, therefore, for the lovers at Strathcairn, and they were happy; she completely, he uneasily; for how would it be in the world away from Strathcairn with a wife who might be like an Undine taken from her native streams? And then, what a father! Meanwhile his own father had heard talk at the clubs of his son's infatuation for the only daughter of the mad Earl of Strathcairn, who was as mad herself, but in a different way. For his son's happiness, he felt it necessary to prevent a marriage into such a family, and wrote in generous strain to that effect to his son's friend, Beaumont. Considering the earl's character, apart from any question that might arise of difference of creed, Mr. Gordon knew that to refuse money to his son in the event of his marriage, would be to make the match impossible,—and this he did. The scene between the friends after this letter had been received and acted upon is very delicately and skilfully imagined. The lovers have come in from a ride together; Gordon is hopeful. The innocent mind seems to him to be developing; the strangeness only the result of extraordinary bringing up and unwholesome seclusion. He comes to the holder of ill news flushed with new pleasure:

"'Do you know,' continued Gordon, turning towards me, and clapping me on the shoulder, 'I feel so happy to-day that I am inclined to approach a subject which I have been trying not to think of for some time'—

"As he spoke, there was a tapping sound

at one of the windows of the north tower, and looking up we saw the Lily of Strathcairn standing watching us as we talked.

"She smiled and nodded with a sort of childish gladness as Gordon turned round. Then she signed that we should go on with our conversation, and stood there watching us, my friend looking up from time to time to the turret-window, the very window, by the by, at which I had first caught sight of her on the morning after our arrival at the castle."

"'And what,' I asked, resuming our talk where it had been interrupted,—'what is the subject which you have been dreading so keenly?'"

"'Why, it is this,' replied Gordon, looking up once more at the window: 'I feel that the time has come when I must make some announcement of what is going on here to my family at home.'"

"Alas, the hour had come. He had run to meet his fate. Already I had decided in my own mind that he must be told of what had happened, and that the contents of his father's letter must be made known to him. But I had not had the heart yet to break the bad news. Seeing him in such spirits, and so happy, how could I tell him what I had to say? Those spirits, that happiness, were in this case the precursors of evil. Like Romeo, 'his bosom's lord sat lightly on his throne' just when the bad tidings were at hand.

"'How shall I make it known to them?' asked Gordon, surprised at my silence.

"'To one member of your family,' I said, the words grating in my throat as I spoke, —to your father, what is going on here is known already.'

"Gordon started violently, as he heard these words, and looking past him, I observed that the poor girl at the turret-window shifted her position too, as if wondering what it could be that had moved him.

"'My father knows what is going on?' cried Gordon. 'Stop, that letter—you have not—but no, you couldn't.'

"'I have not written to your father,' I answered, 'if that is what you mean; but he has written to me.'

"'And why to you?' he cried, almost angrily. 'Where is the letter?'"

"'It is here,' I answered, and I took it from my pocket and handed it to him.

"Since this disclosure had taken place, my friend had not looked up once to the turret-window. The Lily of Strathcairn was still there, and now she made a little questioning grimace to me, as if asking what all this that was going on could mean."

The looking on of Lady Helen at that unheard conversation of her lover with his

friend, which unfolds the tragedy of her own life, is only one of many delicate artistic touches in this very clever book. It was with her own lips that the poor child was at last forced to pronounce her doom. The following extract is long, but to quote it will remove all possible doubt of the high promise of Mr. Charles Collins's genius :—

"There was no sound of footsteps outside before the door opened slowly, and the Lily of Strathcairn entered the room. The walls of the castle are thick and the doors double, and we heard no sound to tell us of her approach. Old Jeannie, who followed her young mistress, closed the door after her, and then they both stood there, not advancing into the room.

"There was something infinitely touching about this young lady's appearance, as she waited there in entire ignorance of what was coming, but with a vague fear, too, of something wrong. After one timid glance round the room at first entering it, she remained with her eyes fixed upon her father. One of her hands was in old Jeannie's, the other fidgeted nervously with her dress, and I thought that she even trembled a little. It was impossible, however, to add to her trouble by watching all her movements, so I looked away. I could *feel*, without looking, that my companion who stood by me was touched to the quick by what he saw. His breath came thick and frequent, and often in short and broken sighs, inaudible to anybody but myself. There was now a pause of some duration. It was broken at last by Lord Strathcairn.

"*'Helen, come here,'* said the earl, speaking in a tone of command, but not unkindly.

"The young lady left her nurse, and crossed the room to where her father stood. He took her hand, and looked down at her with a sort of grim affection. *'You see this gentleman,'* he said, pointing to where Gordon stood.

"The Lily of Strathcairn turned round towards her lover. Their eyes met, and the old lovely smile passed over the girl's face. It was there only for a moment, though, for she could see by Gordon's expression that trouble was at hand.

"*'Helen,'* the earl went on; *'the time has arrived when you must choose between him and me.'* He paused here, as if in difficulty as to how he should proceed; but presently he went on. *'I'm not speaking, Helen, as I might do, with authority and in a tone of command, and the reason why I abstain from doing so is that I know most certainly that it's not needful. You've been brought up—and I'm prepared to acknowl-*

edge that it's been no difficult task—to consider your father's will as law, and to question none of his decisions. That being so, I'll not enter into the reasons which render necessary the step which I'm now taking, partly because you'd not understand them, and partly because I choose that my child should take it for granted that what her father does is right, and act upon his judgment without inquiry.'

"The earl stopped again; for what he had to say seemed to stick in his throat. He appeared to expect some answer; but there was none. The Lily of Strathcairn stood with her eyes fixed on her father, waiting with white lips for what was coming. Father Matthias had turned away from his window, and watching the young lady with eager eyes, waited also for what was to come.

"*'It came only too soon. 'Now, child, listen to me,'* said Lord Strathcairn. *'This gentleman has been told by me already what I now tell you in his presence,—that—that you and he must part.'*

"She looked up quickly in his face, then she turned as if to read in the face of her lover whether this could be true, and she even moved a few steps towards him. But Gordon had averted his head, as if unable to look on while this horror was accomplished.

"*'Father,'* she said, going back to him, and half smiling, *'you are playing with me—as you sometimes do?'*

"*'I am in earnest,'* said the earl. *'Now, Helen, be what I and this holy father have sought to make you.'* He spoke hastily and eagerly; for she had left him now, and supporting herself against the chimney-piece at his side, had buried her face in her hands. *'I am ashamed to see a daughter of this house with so little pride. I tell you that this thing must be—'*

"*'But, father,'* said the unhappy girl, going back to him, and placing her hand in an attitude of remonstrance on his arm, *'what has he done?'*

"*'Child, child,'* said the earl, angrily, *'I'm ashamed of you. I bade you ask for no reason for what I do; are you daring to rebel against me?'*

"*'Oh no, no!'* she murmured, almost inaudibly; *'but I'd like to have known—'*

"*'Lord Strathcairn,'* said Gordon, unable to control himself longer, and standing boldly forward, *'this must not be. I claim it as a right that you make it known to all here present, and, above all, to HER, that I am free from blame in this matter. Oh, Helen!'* he cried, arresting his own words, *'it is because I am poor that I am thrown aside like this.'*

"*'Stop, sir,'* interrupted the earl. *'If you'd fain be guilty of the impious work of*

seeking to persuade the daughter that the father is influenced in what he does by unworthy motives, you may spare yourself the trouble, for she'd not believe you. Once more, I say that I'll assign no reason for what I do; but simply bid you, Helen, to tell this man—what, forsooth, he'll not take from me—that you're a true daughter of the house of Strathcairn, and that now, as ever, you do the bidding of its head.'

"There was a long silence now. The unhappy daughter of this relentless man seemed fast sinking into a condition in which neither speech nor action would be possible. She had turned round when Gordon spoke, and faintly smiled upon him. Then she had dropped her head again, and so remained for several minutes, which seemed like hours. At last she made a great effort, and rousing herself from that utter prostration, spoke as I never thought to have heard her speak.

"Yes, father," she said, in a strangely quiet voice, 'I'll do your bidding; but then I'll die. I know what belongs to you, father, and I know, as you've always taught me, what I owe to our ancient house, and indeed I love it, and I could ill bear to leave it, or the wood, or the chapel, where I've been happy always, and my life seems mixed up with them. But oh, father! there is something else mixed up with it all as well, and that seems to confuse me, and it's brought trouble into what was without trouble before; and that's why I shall die! for there's no little bit of it that isn't changed to me now, father; and the wood itself, and the chapel, and all the country round, where before I used to ride on my white pony so happily—it's all changed, even to the look of the trees and the flowers and the sound of the birds' voices; for—for now it's all full, full of *him* that's—that's standing there, and that you bid me leave. And I'll do your bidding, father, as it's right I should; but after that I'll—I'll die, and see it all no more.'

"The convulsive sobs which broke up these last few sentences almost into detached words at length seemed to deprive this unhappy girl of all power of utterance, and blinded with tears and with head bent down, she turned away from her father and seemed to

feel her way slowly to where her nurse was waiting for her.

"There was something in those words as they were spoken by that suffering young creature that broke my heart as I listened to them. I never heard her speak so, nor knew that it was in her. Was not that sudden eloquence something more than natural, and might it not be like that fabled song which is but the precursor of death?

"Old Jeannie came forward to meet her young charge and bear her away to her rooms; but Gordon was, in a moment, between them and the door.

"What, Helen!" he cried; 'have you no word for me? Will you give me up like this in a moment?'

"Stand off, sir, stand off!' said the old nurse, angrily, and pushing him away with all her force. 'Are ye not satisfied yet with the mischief ye've done? Oh, sir, leave her; she can bear no more! Leave the poor babe to me that's nursed her for years, and all for this.' And she pushed her away to the door; but the Lily of Strathcairn turned round and faintly put out her hand.

"Good-by, my love, my love," she said, and smiled upon him as she always did whenever she looked upon his face."

There is little more to tell, and that we shall leave untold. But the book is one to be read not only for its story. Mr. Charles Collins has a grace of fancy and a ready and true sense of humor that can hardly be said to characterize the skilful intricacies of his brother's plots. Mr. Wilkie Collins seldom appears in his stories as a man whose "eyes make pictures when they are shut," and there are not many novelists of equal reputation who have written so few scenes that a painter would desire to reproduce by his own art. But in this story of "Strathcairn" there are a score of passages that, if the book were as famous as it promises that the future and yet riper work of its writer will in due time be, would tempt the painters to translate them into form and color.

From The Spectator, 23 July.
ENGLAND AND FRANCE.

"AFTER all," said Louis Napoleon, Emperor of the French, to Lord Elgin, guest and viceroy elect, "I think I have done something since I saw you in London. Russia defeated, Italy revived, Paris rebuilt, the Revolution bridled,—something has been accomplished." "Your Majesty," said the polite Scotchman,—we tell the story as it was told to us; the scene was dinner at St. Cloud,— "forgets the greatest of your achievements." "Eh! what is that,—the greatest?" "Your Majesty has made of the English a military nation." There is no cautious Scot, with a pedigree derived from the Bruce, and the possibility of a sneer always visible under his geniality, to tell Herr von Bismark a truth so polite and so unpleasant; but he, if he heard the story, might take its lesson to heart. He, also, has done great things; Russia conciliated and Denmark dismembered, the Coburgs baffled and Austria bound to his chariot wheels, he, also, might boast with some show of reason in his pride, but that his very successes are accomplishing the result which of all others he most fears, forcing on the *rap-prochement* between England and France of which the reactionary powers stand in avowed and permanent dread. What is the use of the subjection of Austria, what the value even of a renewed Holy Alliance, if France and England, the great military and the great naval power of the world, with their irresistible strength and their irrepressible ideas, their revolutionary belief in principles and their shameful concessions to the subversive theory that God made the world for people other than the descendants of Henry the Fowler, are to come together again? Herr von Bismark groans in spirit, contemplates, it is said, publishing all the private correspondence about the Napoleonic Congress, and so reviving a jealousy which never altogether sleeps, a personal pride which, after all its successes, remains still jealously sensitive. The danger is a real one to Herr von Bismark; for the wisest sovereign in Europe is talking at Vichy to the most powerful, and the cardinal dogma of Leopold of Belgium is that union between England and France is the *me quâ non* of progress throughout the world. The nations fortunately have never been apart,—an English theatre rings every night with applause, as Toole suggests that "If

the English and French clocks are to remain first-rate timepieces they must strike together,"—and the two governments are recovering a momentary fit of chagrin. Earl Russell took an opportunity during the late faction fight of paying high compliments to the emperor, and now the demi-official press of Paris has orders to praise to the skies the "civilizing power" of the Anglo-French alliance. Napoleon probably cares little about Earl Russell's praises, and Englishmen certainly care nothing for leaders written to order; but great men must apologize, like little persons, and these forms do quite as well as more elaborate courtesies. The article in the *Opinion Nationale* of Saturday does better; for it assigns a distinct reason for the new attitude of France other than her desire to extend her frontier eastward, and one which suspicious Englishmen who believe that the benefit of the French alliance is all on the English side will do well to ponder. France, says the mouth-piece of Prince Napoleon, is isolated in Europe, and therefore powerless. By her institutions, her manners, her principles, and he might add her dynasty, she "is an incarnate Revolution" she never can inspire with confidence the powers whose very existence is menaced by the "radiance" (rather the power of shooting rays, the speciality of France) of her internal life. Russia dreads her for Poland, Austria for Venice, Prussia for the Rhineland; and these fears are in their very nature incurable. It is all true, and though the writer does not draw the deduction that France can find an ally only in England, but turns off the argument to puerile talk about alliance with the secondary powers, his real object and aim, like that of all the papers of France which recognize the situation, is England. Her alliance only can save France from her permanent dread, a league of the old despotisms with their vast military force to oppress, perhaps to restrain, the only great power which, not only shelters Liberal ideas,—for England and America also do that,—but will also at favorable conjunctures propagate them by the sword. Facing Italy is one thing, facing Italy with the Zouaves to ride over first is quite another, and though the documents recently published in the *Morning Post* may be all inventions—they are very odd inventions some of them,—the Holy Alliance may be at any moment a fact, and the Holy Alliance means resistance, active

or passive, at all points and in every way to France and her ideas.

On the whole, and with reservations, it is the desire and the interest of Great Britain that those ideas should advance. It is the desire, because, though this country likes neither Cæsarism nor French annexations, neither the banishment of politicians to Cayenne nor absorptions like those of Nice and Savoy, it does most heartily approve the external scheme upon which those acts are blotches. Nothing in politics for the last forty years ever gave such genuine or such lasting pleasure to Englishmen as the result of the campaign of 1859,—the reinvigoration of Italy; nothing would gratify her more keenly than the completion of that great work by the evacuation of Rome. However deeply penetrated with Mr. Cobden's ideas,—and the wound is, after all, only skin deep, and will disappear with the next strong government,—she prefers, if there must be movement on the Continent, that it should be movement in the French rather than the Russian or the German direction; better Italy democratic than Austrian, Germany temporarily under a Cæsar than Germany permanently under two despots and thirty despotings. The French system, bad as it may be, at least leaves to nations like Poland a future, at least gives to countries like Italy the possibility of material civilization. The Holy Alliance simply kills Poland, places Venetia under a government which reduces the life of the province to mere existence, and would give up Romagna to a priest who will not sanction gas as a "modern" invention, and prohibits the study of anatomy as leading to "impropriety." While there is life there must be movement, and better movement towards the ideal of Bonapartism than towards the ideal of the Hohenzollerns, towards a civilization overcentralized than towards a civilization in a military shroud; the choice may lie only between a prison and a grave; but in the latter even the power of revolt has ended. It is the interest of England because she, like France, suffers at this moment from isolation. Her only possible alliance, while America is unreasonable and Germany under a monomania, is with France, and while the two powers, which with many differences still wish well to humanity, keep apart, the powers which wish ill, which, for example, do not scruple to depopulate when depopulation is easier than

conciliation, work their will with impunity. So long as the two are separated the remonstrance of each is powerless, and as England, despite Mr. Cobden, cannot see free nations perish in silently selfish contentment, England must always be in the position of the judge who decrees justice in orders at which ruffians only laugh. Sooner or later, and sooner rather than later, this will end in efforts made regardless of consequences,—suppose Herr von Bismark took a Danish envoy out of an English ship!—and the peace which the two powers united can always secure would be broken by a furious, expensive, and probably universal war, waged solely because while the East was united by the strong bond of a common crime, the West could not agree that crime should have limits if not retribution. Within the last two years mere concert, without artillery, would, we firmly believe, have secured to Poland an independent life, have released Venetia, and have prevented absolutely the invasion of any Danish territory inhabited by Danes. Those objects are all good, are all earnestly desired by the people of this country, and have all been lost, without any diminution of the national burdens, any increase of the national dignity, any addition to the national alliances, or any satisfaction whatever to the national conscience. And they have been lost because it has suited Napoleon to indulge his temper in protesting against an over plain-spoken rebuff, and because it suits Lord Palmerston to believe that English interests require us to defend aggressive Germany from the possible occupation by aggressive France of a snippet of territory on the Rhine. The public is robbed in open day because each policeman thinks that if he interferes his rival may come out of the struggle with a cleaner uniform. It is time all this should end,—time that France should be able to raise a nationality without fear of England assailing her in flank,—time that England should be able to keep her promises without dread of finding herself alone against all the soldiery of the Continent. It is easy to say that renewed alliance is impossible, that France asks too much and England is too unwilling to spend; but it is easier still to find the reply in the fact that the alliance has been already a reality. From 1852 to 1862, for ten long years of progress, the two powers under the governments which still rule them, stood to-

ether, and while Germany owes her new gor to their first action, Italy owes her life to their second. England was just as jealous in 1859 as she is at this moment, and had her government yielded to aristocratic opinion, the Austrian would still be in Lombardy, the Bourbon in Naples, and France without the ally who commits her, despite herself, to the cause of the people against the ancient houses. 'Under the shadow of that alliance, despotism for ten years slowly withered away, and while the czar, with his *prestige* broken in the Crimea, acknowledged the need of renovation by emancipating the serfs, the kaiser granted and worked a constitution which might have made his people

masters at least of their own purses, and Prussia nearly carried reforms which would have changed Prussians from soldiers into freemen. The very first cloud on that friendship revived the dying old upas-tree, and a discord of only eight months has sufficed to extinguish one nationality, to dismember one free State, and to paralyze constitutional freedom among seventy millions of men. The consequences of another year of disunion may be irremediable, and freemen throughout the world have reason to pray that the counsels of the Nestor of Europe may find acceptance at Balmoral and Broadlands as well as in the little house at Vichy.

SHUTTING UP AND WALKING OUT.—There was a singular plan, first adopted by Sheridan, of getting rid of untimely visitors; but then his visitors were creditors. They came early, at seven in the morning, to prevent the possibility of being tricked with the usual answer,—“Not at home;” and of course they would not go away. One was shut up in one room, another in another. By twelve o'clock in the day there was a vast accumulation; and at that hour the master of the house would say, “James, are all the doors shut?” “All shut, sir.” “Very well, then open the *street* door softly.” And so Sheridan walked quietly out between the double line of closed doors.

BEAUTY UNSATISFIED.—The Emperor Alexander of Russia was present in Paris at a collection in aid of the funds of a hospital. The plate was held to his majesty by an extremely pretty girl. As he gave his *bouis d'or*, he whispered, “Mademoiselle, this is for your bright eyes.” The girl courtesied, and presented the plate again to him. “What,” said the emperor, “more!” “Yes, sir,” said she; “I now want something for the poor.”

A WICKED SUGGESTION.—A gentleman, taking in apartment, told the landlady, “I assure you, na'am, I never left a lodging but my landlady shed tears.” She answered, with a very inquiring look, “I hope it was not, sir, that you went away without paying?”

A NEW DISINFECTANT.—Charcoal, which has been long known for its antiseptic properties, is now ingeniously used in the form of charcoal paper, or charcoal lint. The carboniferous paper may be applied to ulcerated surfaces, to absorb, and at the same time, deodorize the liquid discharges, thus preventing the bed from being soiled. The carboniferous paper may be applied to indolent ulcers with good effect. Messrs. Maw and Sons, in London, are agents for the French inventors of this novel preparation of charcoal.

A RATIONAL OBJECTION.—Sir Edwin Landseer, the celebrated animal painter, and Sydney Smith met at a dinner-party. The canon was in one of his best humors, and so delighted was the painter that he asked him to sit for his picture; to which proposition Sydney replied, “Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this thing?”

THE PERILS OF EMPTINESS.—A coxcomb, teasing Dr. Parr with an account of his petty ailments, complained that he could never go out without catching cold in his head. “No wonder,” returned the doctor; “you always go out without anything in it.”

THE *London Spectator* says that the cotton that comes from Surat is so dirty, and gives out such a foetid smell, affecting the health of the operatives, and is so rotten, that no amount of it can restore the trade of Lancashire.

From The Spectator, 23 July.

HERR VON BISMARCK.

RECENT events in Germany have made at least one thing clear, that the world was mistaken in its first estimate of the powers of Herr von Bismark. When that person was first converted from a diplomatist into a premier, the majority of politicians on the Continent and almost all Englishmen thought the appointment one indicative of his master's want of judgment. It seemed so incredible that a mere country squire, known to be rash in counsel and incontinent of tongue, full of the narrowest *junker* prejudices and despised by his own countrymen, should be a successful statesman, that people ordinarily not very sanguine thought that Prussia had advanced a great step towards a successful revolution. The impression was deepened by all the acts of the new premier which attracted foreign attention. The true statecraft of kings under ordinary circumstances is to conceal strong acts under legal forms; but Herr von Bismark lost no opportunity of deriding the laws which appeared to interfere with the free prerogative. He treated the Prussian Parliament with a contempt which would have driven a people fit for freedom wild with disgust and indignation, broke through all the forms which protect deliberative order, laughed at the authority of the Commons, sneered at the chiefs of the independent parties, and told the nation flatly that if the necessary moneys were not forthcoming to carry on the king's government, the king's government would take them. He seemed indeed to deride the representatives with a persistence which suggested a deliberate policy intended to bring them into contempt, and his final announcement that the house had no authority over the ministers sitting within it was equivalent to a *coup d'état*. All Germany talked for some days of the possibility of a revolution, and the "impetuous premier" seemed to have no friend but his royal master. He had snubbed the National Verein by talking of unity as a revolutionary dream, and affronted the house of Hapsburg beyond—we were going to say—forgiveness—but kings forgive when forgiveness pays—by suggesting that they had better remove to Pesth, as the true centre of the monarchy lay eastward. The combined annoyance of "Germany," Austria, and the Prussian people seemed irresistible, and Europe ex-

pected from day to day a movement which, if it did not shake the Hohenzollerns, would at least rid Prussia of her "Brummagen Strafford."

Europe underrated the man. Much in the recent imbroglio is still obscure,—more especially the part played by Russia; but this at least is clear: Herr von Bismark had taken the measure of his own people, and of most of the courts around him, possessed under all his incontinence of speech great powers of perception, a firm will, and that scarcest of all qualifications, political audacity. His cool contempt for Parliament really diminished its authority; for it emancipated both the bureaucracy and the army from any risk of being deserted by their chiefs through dread of parliamentary censure. Englishmen, even with the example of Lord Palmerston before them, scarcely comprehend the political power of insolence, forget that Germans *expect* to be ruled by their sovereigns, and feel no more humiliated by their rebukes than sons do by the sarcasms which modern fathers substitute for reproof. Parliament made ridiculous, it became necessary first to form alliances useful for internal defence, then to divert the Prussians from dwelling on internal affairs, then to pacify Austria while still claiming the "hegemony," and finally to break the power of the National Verein. Herr von Bismark accomplished in one year all those diverse ends. The Polish revolt gave him his first opportunity, and it was eagerly seized.

The bayonets were with the czar, and the premier by arresting all refugees who trusted in the honor of Prussia, by marching an army on to the Polish frontier, by a pledge to send armed assistance, should the revolution prevail, by threatening Earl Russell that if the Treaty of Vienna were declared at an end, he would support the czar by force, earned the enduring gratitude of St. Petersburg. Here was support sure to be granted against the revolution, and then came the death of Frederick VII., and Herr von Bismark, by assuming the direction of the inevitable war, paralyzed the Verein, and compelled Austria, however unwillingly, to follow in his path. With the Prussian armies in motion the Liberal party was paralyzed; for the national object was being secured, and the little States dared not resist without full national sympathy, while Austria was

compelled either to imitate Prussia or to see her rival outstrip her in the race for German favor. The Prussians fired up as all nations fire up at the prospect of aggrandizement; the wrongs of the Parliament were condoned; the press was placed in irons without opposition, and it is doubtful still whether the loans which the government must have raised during the war will not be sanctioned perforce almost without discussion. Finally, Herr von Bismark gratified to the quick the national pride of Germany by meeting threats of foreign interference by an attitude of cool defiance. France appeared, to the public eye at least, uncertain, and England was avowedly hostile to the invasion of Denmark, but Herr von Bismark moved his troops on without attending to either. It is probable that he knew privately how little he had to fear, how difficult it was for Napoleon to break at once with the little powers of Germany and the cry of the nationalities, how strong allies Germany had in England in Mr. Gladstone and the court. But externally his attitude was one of resistance to external influence in a domestic question, an appeal to that imperial feeling which lies so close to the heart of every great nationality. Since Rosbach, the Germans had never felt so keenly how great they really were. Austria and Prussia united, Denmark invaded, Napoleon silenced, Palmerston defied, Sweden bidden to retreat,—Germans felt proud of themselves and of each other; and nations pardon all to those who make them great abroad. Had James II. but maintained the foreign policy of Cromwell, the mob, at least, would never have shouted about the dispensing power. Nor can we deem the Germans altogether in the wrong. Success is not the test of statesmanship, for government requires moral qualities,—but it is of ability; and Prussians who see such results attained are right in believing that he who attains them is at least unable man. Nor, judging from their point of view, can we pronounce the premier wholly without a claim to the gratitude of those who can bear to postpone the national freedom to the national *status*. Prussia had fallen very low; the belief in the artificial character of its strength was very general, and the doubts as to its army infected the people themselves. In twelve months Herr von Bismark has vindicated her claim to be one of the first powers of Europe, has changed the depression of the army into an over-

weening confidence, has assumed in reality the leadership in Germany which his predecessors have so long claimed. He may also have prepared great misfortunes for his country; but the justice of Heaven is slow; the seizure of Silesia remains unpunished, and meanwhile no kaiser will venture again to summon the German princes to his stirrup without, at least, a cordial previous agreement with Berlin. These are great results for Prussia, enough, at least, to convince her that if she did not misjudge, she at least underrated the squire so suddenly raised to the helm. The truth would seem to be that Herr von Bismark belongs to that order of which the Napier family are the best English examples, men of the true Gascon stamp, whose boasting covers courage and not the absence of it, who talk loudly, but whose performance falls only short of their talk, who can be insolent when excited, but whose insolence is based, not upon pride, but on a conscious sense of power.

People tell us very gravely and solemnly that the influence of persons is dying, and Tennyson, with Louis Napoleon on the throne, sings how "the individual withers, and the world grows more and more;" yet look what this single man has done. He has visibly retarded the revolution, has driven back the current which was setting in all over Europe towards freedom. It is not yet two years since every country in Europe except Russia became nominally constitutional, since the resuscitation of Poland was a visible possibility, since the pope was asking an asylum in Malta, and Greece was about to strike the note of general Turkish revolt. Setting aside phrases, how stands it now? Poland is crushed to the ground, the pope is as strong as ever; the only free State of the North has disappeared; the Greek revolution has ended in a *fiasco*; the constitution has ceased in Prussia and become powerless in Austria, and three men, heads of three of those ancient royal houses which for generations have so burdened Europe, are independent masters of a million and a half of trained soldiers, of a conscription which can replace them, of the public wealth, taxes, duties, and monopolies through two-thirds of territorial Europe, and more than one-half its population. And all this has occurred simply because the Prussian Court has called to its aid a man who, devoted to reactionary ideas, has the brains to discover means which may be effectively used on their behalf, and the evil audacity to use them without dread of results. All this success is temporary, for principles never die, and nations survive statesmen; but "a time" in history involves sometimes a generation, and for "a time" Europe has no more formidable enemy than Herr von Bismark.

From The N. Y. Evening Post.

MRS. HOWARTH'S POEMS.

A VOLUME of poetry published by Willis P. Hazard, of Philadelphia, under the title, "The Wind Harp and other Poems," by Ellen Clemantine Howarth, comes to us invested with a peculiar interest. The author, whose maiden name was Doran, and who now lives in Trenton, New Jersey, was born in Cooperstown, N. Y., thirty-seven years ago. Her parents were Irish, and at the age of seven years she was placed in a factory, working in such establishments in different cities till about eighteen years of age. Marrying a laboring man, she has since then been obliged to work at chair-bottoming to aid in providing for the scanty expenses of her humble household.

When a factory girl, she studied at night-schools and devoted all the intervals of her daily labor to reading; and this has been her only education. In writing her poetry she seems to evince what, we suppose, is often commonly called the "poetic afflatus." The theme will be suggested suddenly, and she must needs sit down at once and fix the passing idea in rapid rhyme, or it is gone. After it is once down, there is no revision attempted; and the printer has the first unaltered manuscript.

In the present volume, amid some inferior strains and some pardonable repetitions of thought or expression, which might have been avoided by a competent revision, we find many verses of remarkable beauty. The poems are all short,—mere strains of delicate sentiment from a woman's heart. Many of them are tinted with the quiet—almost morbid—melancholy which so often marks the writings of those who feel their position in life is not such as to afford them scope for their finer ambitions. Of such is

AMONG THE GRAVES.

Among forgotten graves

I, too, have wandered oft at midnight hour,
But not where o'er white stones the willow waves,
Or incense floats from nightly breathing flower;
But o'er the lonely graves in mine own heart,
Where love and friendship hath been buried long,
Where names are traced by sorrow's sculpture art
That never yet were breathed in jest or song;
'Tis here, forgotten by the careless throng,
I muse among the graves.

Here lies my buried hope,
With girlhood faith torn from its fragile stem,

Alas! no resurrection day shall ope
The earthly gates of light and life to them.
Are those grim ghosts, in winding-sheet and shroud,
Which haunt at midnight hour those silent aisles,
One-half so lonely as the spirit proud
That like a spectre passes through the crowd,
And while its pale, sad face is wreathed with smiles,
Is thinking of the graves?

There is no weary heart,
It matters not how reckless it hath been,
But 'mid its desert life hath left apart
Some little spot which tears keep fresh and green,—
The memory of some little golden head
Laid on that heart to still its passions strong,
Some early love, whose tender sweetness shed
A charm that lives through sorrow, sin, and wrong,
And 'mid the loudest laugh, the wildest song,
Reminds us of the dead.

In the poem below—"My Kingdom"—we see how a lively imagination forgets, in dreams at least, the trammels of homely life, the unpoetic duties of which fall to the share of a laboring man's wife; the idea is the same as that expressed in Whittier's "Maud Müller":—

"Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls
Stretched away into stately halls."

MY KINGDOM.

I sit alone in the gathering gloom,
And wave my sceptre, a fairy wand,
And lo! in an instant my little room
Is changed to a kingdom grand.
There are palace walls,
And stately halls,
And a crowd of kneeling subjects near:
And a royal crown on my brown hair falls;
For I am a monarch here.

I wave my wand, and the ages rise,
Like the dreams of youth, on the morning air,
And all that is beautiful, great, or wise,
Is borne to my kingdom fair;
And the wisdom page
Of the pagan sage,
And the Druid priest with his mystic lore,
And the relics of former age,
Are found on the earth once more.

I wave my wand, and the Indian isles
Have brought their treasures to deck my throne;
For I rule where eternal summer smiles,
And where winter was never known.
And the sanguine sports
Of the savage courts,
Like a panorama's page I see;
Kings, castles, and kingdoms, fields and forts,
Are called and they come to me.

I wave my wand, and a glorious band
Of warrior youths to my presence spring ;
And rich are the gifts from the Holy Land
Those mailed crusaders bring.
They are jewels rare,
That a queen might wear,
And regal robes of texture fine ;
But one gift most dear those warriors bear
From the plains of Palestine.

I wave my wand, and a thousand lyres
Wake in my halls, and the dead bards sing ;
But where is the voice that my soul inspires,
Like the voice of the poet king ?
Solemn and grand
Doth the monarch stand,
And his mournful *miserere* pour :
My tears flow fast, I have dropped my wand,
I awake, and my reign is o'er.

The very next poem in the volume is as
tender a thought for a mourning mother as
any of our poets has yet arrayed in verse :—

THOU WILT NEVER GROW OLD.

Thou wilt never grow old,
Nor weary nor sad, in the home of thy birth ;
My beautiful lily, thy leaves will unfold
In a clime that is purer and brighter than
earth.
Oh, holy and fair, I rejoice thou art there,
In that kingdom of light, with its cities of
gold ;
Where the air thrills with angel hosannas, and
where
Thou wilt never grow old, sweet,—
Never grow old !
I am a pilgrim, with sorrow and sin
Haunting my footsteps wherever I go ;
Life is a warfare my title to win—
Well will it be if it end not in woe.
Pray for me, sweet ; I am laden with care ;
Dark are my garments with mildew and
mould ;
Thou, my bright angel, art sinless and fair,
And wilt never grow old, sweet,—
Never grow old !

Now, canst thou hear from thy home in the skies,
All the fond words I am whispering to thee ?
Dost thou look down on me with the soft eyes
Greeting me oft ere thy spirit was free ?
O I believe, though the shadows of time
Hide the bright spirit I yet shall behold ;
Thou wilt still love me, and, pleasure sublime,
Thou wilt never grow old, sweet,
Never grow old !

Thus wilt thou be when the pilgrim, grown gray,
Weeps when the vines from the hearthstone
are riven ;
Faith shalt behold thee, as pure as the day
Thou wert torn from the earth and trans-
planted to heaven.
Oh, holy and fair, I rejoice thou art there,
In that kingdom of light, with its cities of
gold,

Where the air thrills with angel hosannas, and
where
Thou wilt never grow old, sweet,—
Never grow old !

Among other selections in this volume de-
cidedly worthy of notice are "The Aged,"
"Kyrle Eleison," "The Followers of the
Cross," "The Poets," "And Then ?" "New
Year's Valentine," "The Dying Wife,"
"Death," "The Serenade," and "Prayers
for the Dead."

We can readily imagine that these poems
of Mrs. Howarth, offered to the public in
dainty style,—in delicate binding of blue and
gold,—would find a welcome in many a home.
In some instances we would do away with com-
monplace similes—with "lutes" and "lyres"
and similar worn machinery ; but we would
not do away with the majority of these ten-
der strains,—strains which often remind one
of Adelaide Proctor or Jean Ingelow,—strains
as sadly beautiful as this :—

THE FALLING OF THE LEAVES.

The autumn days are here,
And the trees are brown and sere,
And I hear the sighs of sadness that a girlish
bosom heaves ;
And I mark the hectic bloom,
That is brightening for the tomb,
And I know her strength is waning with the fall-
ing of the leaves.
It is hard for one so fair,
Who hath never known a care,
Nor love that hath departed, nor friendship that
deceives,
To leave this world so bright,
For the gloomy shades of night,
And to tread the shadowy valley 'mid the falling
of the leaves.

Hushed is the sound of mirth,
As she shivers by the hearth,
In the cool and frosty morning and the damp
and chilly eves ;
As she shudders at the knell
Of the schoolmate loved so well ;
For the young are falling round us like the fall-
ing of the leaves.

With the gentle art of love,
I would lead her thoughts above
And bid her trust the Saviour when her tender
bosom grieves ;
But still with gasping breath,
She shrinks from gloomy Death,
While fast her tears are falling as the falling of
the leaves.

Oh, pray for her, kind hearts,
That peace, ere she departs,
May gently fall upon her : not Death alone be-
reaves.
Oh, well may we despair,
If the innocent and fair
Fall with a troubled spirit, with the falling of
the leaves.

SEA-SHORE FANCIES.

I.

O PLEASANT waters, rippling on the sand,
 Green and pellucid as the beryl-stone,
 With crested breakers heaving toward the land,
 Chanting their ceaseless breezy monotone,
 What snowy little feet at girlish play
 Have ye not kissed on Newport's beach to-day?

II.

O waves, that foam around yon lonely rock,
 Boding the distant storm with hoarser roar,
 Has not some ship, beneath the tempest's shock,
 Gone down, a piteous wreck, to rise no more?
 Lost in the mighty billows' wash and sway,
 What gallant hearts have ye not stilled to-day?

III.

O dancing breakers, fresh from other seas,
 Whereon the lingering, loving sunshine smiles,
 Your spray is fragrance on the fragrant breeze
 Borne from the spice-groves of those palmy
 isles

Where dusky maids make merriment alway—
 Have ye not laved their perfect forms to-day?

IV.

O tossing billows, come ye from afar
 Where over ice-fields the Aurora beams,
 Dimming the radiance of the Northern Star
 That through the lengthened night of winter
 gleams

Upon the toppling icebergs, grim and gray?
 Have ye not lashed their frozen sides to-day?

V.

O sea of life, whose waters heave and roll,
 Ye lave sad wrecks and joyous youthful forms,
 Ye bring sweet fragrance to the weary soul,
 And chill it with the breath of icy storms;
 Here on the shore we smile and weep and pray—
 O waves, cleanse all our sins from us to-day!

DAY-DREAMS.

WHERE the orange bee on the purple flower
 Of the roadside thistle dozes;
 Where the flying down blows, filmy white,
 And the azure air-bell poises light,
 And where the mole, deep out of sight,
 After his work reposes,—
 Alone I would be,
 Without company,
 And dream my old dreams o'er again.

Where the plovers whirl and circle and scream,
 Over the loneliest places;
 Where the eastern clouds roll heavy and slow,
 And the glad winds race and flutter and blow,—
 Where the golden corn is all of a glow,
 And so are the reapers' faces,—
 Alone I would be,
 Without company,
 And dream my old dreams o'er again.

Where the fir, so balmy and evergreen,
 Raises its dripping cones,
 And the squirrel, sailor-like, climbs the tree,
 And the wind is breathing its lullaby,
 Fond and soft and ceaselessly,
 The songs of distant zones,—
 Alone I would be,
 Without company,
 And dream my old dreams o'er again.

Where the sunshine comes in level lines
 Across the velvet mosses,
 And stealing in and out in patches,
 In sunny fits and playful catches,
 As a bough or trunk it snatches,
 With varying gains and losses—
 Alone I would be,
 Without company,
 And dream my old dreams o'er again.

—Chambers's Journal.

HEAVEN.

BY MISS NANCY A. W. PRIEST.

BEYOND these chilly winds and gloomy skies,
 Beyond death's cloudy portal,
 There is a land where beauty never dies
 And love becomes immortal,—

A land whose light is never dimmed by shade,
 Whose fields are ever vernal;
 Where nothing beautiful can ever fade,
 But blooms for aye, eternal.

We may not know how sweet its balmy air,
 How bright and fair its flowers;
 We may not hear the songs that echo there
 Through those enchanted bowers.

The city's shining towers we may not see
 With our dim, earthly vision;
 For death, the silent warder, keeps the key
 That opens the gates elysian.

But sometimes, when adown the western sky
 The fiery sunset lingers,
 Its golden gates swing inward noiselessly,
 Unlocked by silent fingers;

And while they stand a moment half ajar,
 Gleams from the inner glory
 Stream brightly through the azure vault afar,
 And half reveal the story.

O land unknown! O land of love divine!
 Father, all-wise, eternal,
 Guide, guide these wandering, wayworn feet of
 mine
 Into those pastures vernal.
 —Springfield Republican.

THE LIVING AGE.

No. 1056.—27 August, 1864.

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SATISFACTION.

Psalm 15th.

"Be satisfied!" Oh, blissful thought!
How glorious will that waking be,—
The closing of the night of Death,
The dawn of Immortality!

"Be satisfied!" Though parted long,
The loved of earth we there shall meet,
And join with them the ransomed throng,
Who worship at the Saviour's feet.

This voice, that ne'er on earthly ground
Hath joined in these harmonious strains,
Harmonious shall with angels blend,
And echo o'er the heavenly plains.

"Be satisfied!" for sin no more,
That sole destroyer of my rest,
Nor grief, nor care, nor anguish sore,
Shall e'er disturb my fearful breast.

"Be satisfied!" How dark soe'er
Hath seemed at times my earthly lot,
One blissful hour of worship there,
Earth's darkest scenes will be forgot;

Or, if remembered, but to prove
In each event a Father's love,
Who sought to wean my soul from earth,
And fit it for his home above.

But this, the sum of all my joy,—
My Saviour, thee I there shall see!
And gaze in transports of delight
On that dear form that bled for me.

And while I gaze, in wonder lost,
On the sweet glories of that face,—
Into his sacred image changed,
I, too, shall pass from grace to grace,

Till, purged from every stain of sin,
From earthly dross refined and free,
I, in myself reflected bright,
His perfect likeness then shall see.

Oh, grant me patience, Lord, to wait,
Content thy will to do or bear,
Till with *thy likeness* I awake,
And, with thy saints, thy glory share.
—*Boston Recorder.*

THE BRAVE AT HOME.

BY T. B. READ.

THE maid who binds her warrior's sash
With smile that well her pain dissembles,
The while beneath her drooping lash
One starry teardrop, hangs and trembles,

Though Heaven alone records the tear,
And fame shall never know her story,
Her heart shall shed a drop as dear
As ever dewed the field of glory.

The wife who girds her husband's sword,
'Mid little ones who weep or wonder,
And gravely speaks the cheering word,
What though her heart be rent asunder—
Doomed nightly in her dreams to hear
The bolts of war around him rattle,
Hath shed as sacred blood as e'er
Was poured upon a field of battle.

The mother who conceals her grief,
When to her breast her son she presses,
Then breathes a few brave words and brief,
Kissing the patriot brow she blesses,
With no one but her secret God
To know the pain that weighs upon her,
Sheds holy blood as e'er the sod
Received on Freedom's field of honor.

THE ANGELS IN THE HOUSE.

THREE pairs of dimpled arms, as white as snow,
Held me in soft embrace;
Three little cheeks, like velvet peaches soft,
Were placed against my face.

Three pairs of tiny eyes, so clear, so deep,
Looked up in mine this even;
Three pairs of lips kissed me a sweet "good-
night,"
Three little forms from heaven.

Ah! it is well that "little ones" should love
us!
It lights our faith when dim,
To know that once our blessed Saviour bade
them
Bring "little ones" to him.

And said he not "Of such is heaven," and
blessed them,
And held them to his breast?
Is it not sweet to know that when they leave us,
'Tis then they go to rest?

And yet, ye tiny angels of my house,
Three hearts encased in mine,
How 'twould be shattered if the Lord should
say,—
"Those angels are not thine!"
—*Standard Bearer.*

From The Quarterly Review.

1. *A Critical History of Free Thought in Reference to the Christian Religion.* By Adam Storey Farrar, M. A. London, 1862.
2. *Essays and Reviews—Tendencies of Religious Thought in England, 1688–1750.* By Mark Pattison, B. D. London, 1860.

TOLAND, Collins, Tindal, Woolston, Morgan, Chubb, Annet. What kind of recollection do these names call up in the minds of English readers of the present day? Are they, to the majority, anything more than a bare catalogue of names,—“*Alcandrumque Haliumque Noëmonaque Prytaninque*,”—known, perhaps, in a general way as deistical writers, much as the above-mentioned Virgilian, or rather Homeric, worthies are known as soldiers; but, in other respects, not much more distinguished as regards personality and individual character? Yet these were men of mark in their day, the essayists and reviewers of the last century, attracting nearly as much attention, and receiving nearly as many criticisms, as their successors are doing at present. Nor were some of them without confident hope of the lasting effects which their works were destined to produce. Tindal prefaces his “*Christianity as Old as the Creation*” with the declaration that he “thinks he has laid down such plain and evident rules as may enable men of the meanest capacity to distinguish between Religion and Superstition, and has represented the former in every part so beautiful, so amiable, and so strongly affecting, that they who in the least reflect must be highly in love with it.” And towards the conclusion of the work, he sums up his estimate of its argument in terms equally flattering: “For my part, I think, there’s none who wish well to mankind, but must likewise wish this hypothesis to be true; and can there be a greater proof of its truth than that it is, in all its parts, so exactly calculated for the good of mankind that either to add to or to take from it will be to their manifest prejudice?” Chubb, in the preface to his “*True Gospel*,” asserts that he has “rendered the gospel of Christ defendable upon rational principles.” Annet tells his readers that his end is “to hold forth the acceptable Light of Truth, which makes men free, enables them to break the bands of creed-makers and imposers asunder, and to cast their cords from us; and to set at liberty cap-

tives bruised with their chains; to convince those that believe they see, or that see only through Faith’s optics, that their blindness remaineth.”* Woolston boasts that he will “cut out such a piece of work for our Boy-lean Lectures as shall hold them tug so long as the ministry of the letter and an hireling priesthood shall last.”† And truly, if temporary popularity were any security for lasting reputation, Woolston had good grounds for his boast. His discourses are said to have been sold to the extent of thirty thousand copies, and to have called forth in a short time as many as sixty replies.‡ Swift’s satirical lines testify to his popularity; while in other respects they might pass for a description of a right reverend critic of the present day.

“Here’s Woolston’s tracts, the twelfth edition.
 ’Tis read by every politician;
 The country members, when in town,
 To all their boroughs send them down;
 You never met a thing so smart;
 The courtiers have them all by heart.
 Those maids of honor who can read
 Are taught to use them for their creed.
 The reverend author’s good intention
 Has been rewarded with a pension.
 He does an honor to his gown
 By bravely running priestcraft down:
 He shows, as sure as God’s in Gloucester,
 That Moses was a grand impostor.”

Other authors of the same school attained to a like celebrity. Against Collins’s “*Discourse of Freethinking*,” according to the boast of the author himself, no less than thirty-four works were published in England alone;§ and the list of antagonist publications enumerated by Thorschmid amounts in all to seventy-nine in various languages. Tindal’s “*Christianity as Old as the Creation*” gave occasion, according to the same diligent collector, to as many as a hundred and fifteen replies.

At this time, when we are again startled by a similar phenomenon,—when we once more see writings, whose literary merits, to say the least, are by no means sufficient to account for the notice they have attracted and the apprehensions they have excited,

* “The Resurrection of Jesus considered,” p. 87.

† “Fifth Discourse on the Miracles of Our Saviour,” p. 65.

‡ Lechler, “*Geschichte des Englischen Deismus*,” p. 294.

§ Thorschmid, “*Freydenker Bibliothek*,” vol. i. p. 155. In the *Acta Eruditorum Lipsiens.*, A. 1714, it is said that as many as twenty answers appeared in the same year with the discourse itself.

pushed into an adventitious celebrity by the subject of which they treat, and the circumstances under which they were written,—our attention is naturally drawn to the parallel furnished by the last century; and we feel an interest in asking why it is that men so celebrated and so dreaded in their own generation should be so utterly forgotten in ours. And the interest is increased when we become aware of the existence of other parallels in other countries. The same state of things which existed in England in the early part of the eighteenth century was repeated in France in the latter part of the same century, and in Germany at the end of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth. In France, the names of La Mettrie and De Prades and D'Argens and D'Holbach and Damilaville and St. Lambert and Raynal are almost as much forgotten as those of their English predecessors. In Germany, those of Tieftrunk and Henke and Eckermann and Paulus and Röhr and Wegscheider represent men who once exercised a living influence on the theology of their day, but whose works are now little more than the decaying monuments of a dead and buried rationalism.

These, it may be objected, are neither the only nor the greatest names that can be cited as examples of freethinking in their respective countries; nor are they entitled to be considered as its chief representatives. Yet they are fair representatives, not indeed of the highest amount of ability or influence that has at any time been combined with freethinking tendencies, but of the class of writers whose reputation rests principally or solely upon those tendencies. Men like Hume and Gibbon, or even Shaftesbury and Bolingbroke, in England, like Voltaire and Rousseau in France, like Lessing and Wieland in Germany, may have written in the same spirit, and may have been as heterodox in their belief as their less distinguished countrymen; but they so little owe their literary reputation exclusively or principally to their heterodoxy, that that reputation would now in all probability be as great or greater than it is, had their thoughts on religion never been given to the world. If we are to compare the freethinking of individuals with the teaching of the church, in respect of its permanent influence on the minds of men, we must compare them, as Plato compares

justice and injustice, in themselves, and not in their accidental accompaniments. We may perhaps add that by so doing we shall find a closer parallel to the writers who have excited the greatest religious panic among ourselves at the present day.*

These three schools of England, France, and Germany, however differing in the spirit and details of their teaching, have this feature in common,—that they are all, to a great extent, of native growth in their several countries, and sprung up under, or were modified by, the influence, rightly or wrongly understood, of a native system of philosophy. In England, in the early part of the last century, both the assailants and the defenders of Christianity borrowed their weapons from the armory of Locke. In France, the prevailing religious unbelief took much of its tone from the philosophy of Condillac; and the rationalism of Germany, at the beginning of the nineteenth century, allied itself, as regards its main principles, with the system of Kant. In every case, also, the theological deductions were rather inferred from than contained in the philosophical systems with which they were connected, and, in some cases, were neither intended nor admitted by the authors of those systems. Locke, to use the words of his friend Molyneux, took an early opportunity of “slaking off” Toland. Condillac, devoting himself chiefly to philosophical speculations, carefully avoided all application of his principles to questions of morals or religion; and while he allowed no other source of knowledge than the experience of the senses, he was at the same time so far removed from the materialism of his later followers that his system has even been regarded as logically identical with the idealism of Berkeley.† In the philosophy of Kant we may discern two opposite tendencies: the rationalism which his practical philosophy encourages is refuted by his speculative phi-

* The apologist for the “Essays and Reviews,” in the *Edinburgh Review* of April, 1861, compares the excitement caused by that work to such “religious panics” as that on the prospect of the admission of Dissenters to the universities in 1834, that on the Education Scheme in 1839, and those caused by the Hampden and Gorham controversies and by the papal aggression. It would have been more just to compare it with the interest excited by the deistical works of the last century; but such a comparison would have overthrown the reviewer’s argument.

† See Diderot, “Lettre sur les Aveugles,” *Œuvres* (1821), tom. i. p. 321.

losophy ; and while it must be admitted that the Kantian rationalists could find some support for their views in the later writings of their master, it must be admitted, also, that they are supported by one portion only of his philosophy, and that portion not the one on which his fame as a thinker principally rests.

The English and French movements were in this distinguished from the German,—that in the former, political interests and influences were largely mingled with the religious and the philosophical. In Germany, the rationalist theories were of the closet rather than of the world. They were the production of men who applied themselves calmly, and with little more than a speculative interest, to discuss as an abstract question the bearings of certain philosophical speculations on religious belief,—religion itself being little more than a branch of philosophy. In England, and France, on the contrary, the philosophical speculation mingled with an existing political current, earried along in its motion and colored by its hue. The English freethinking of the eighteenth century was in part the offspring of the English Revolution : the French infidelity was one of the movements which prepared the way for the French Revolution ; and this difference may go some way toward explaining the difference of temper manifested in the respective controversies. Revolutions are not made with rosewater, nor do they impart a rosewater flavor to the events which follow them while the ocean is still heaving with the scarcely-subsided storm. The German philosopher might calmly discuss his thesis as a statement of abstract truth, which, if not immediately acknowledged, had only to bide its time. In England and in France the question was one involving, or seeming to involve, immediate action, dealing with persons and institutions, not merely with theorems and proofs. In passing from the controversies of the last century to those of the present, we may note a decided improvement in the temper of the disputants ; but at the same time it may be questioned whether the gain is all on one side. Our taste may be less offended by rude language and injurious imputations ; yet it may be doubted whether all the coarse language which a recent writer has so severely censured in the English apologists of the last century * contained anything

so revolting to the moral sense as the proposition which was calmly and philosophically advocated by Röhr at the close of his " Letters on Rationalism," and which has been revived in more than one quarter at the present time ; namely, that a clergyman is at liberty, while retaining his office in the church, to accept the formularies of that church in a new sense, and to teach them in that sense to his congregation.

The characteristic feature of English deism in the last century was, that it was not merely a promulgation of certain opinions on the subject of religion, but also an attack on a body of men, and on the church of which those men were ministers. The idea which the deistical writers labored most earnestly to impress on the mind of the English nation, was that priests are knaves and their congregations fools ; that the shepherds fleeced the flock for their own benefit, and the sheep were simple enough to submit to the process. The attack, it is true, was sometimes masked under the form of an attack on heathen or popish priests, sometimes coupled with an ironical exception in favor of the orthodox ministers of the establishment ; but these transparent disguises were not calculated, and probably were not intended, to deceive any one as to their real purport. The words which Bishop Berkeley puts into the mouth of his Alciphron, exactly represent the general tone of the freethinkers of his age :—

" Take my word for it, priests of all religions are the same ; wherever there are priests there will be priestcraft ; and wherever there is priestcraft there will be a persecuting spirit, which they never fail to exert to the utmost of their power against all those who have the courage to think for themselves, and will not submit to be hoodwinked and manacled by their reverend leaders. Those great masters of pedantry and jargon have coined several systems, which are all equally true, and of equal importance to the world.

Shaftesbury, " to whom," he says, " as well after his death as in his lifetime, his privileges as a peer seem to have secured immunity from hangman's usage."—" Essays and Reviews," p. 311. It may be doubted whether the peerage had anything to do with the matter. Shaftesbury's work was not directly theological, and his occasional allusions to religious doctrines were not, like the more directly deistical publications, an open challenge to controversy. At any rate, Bolingbroke's peerage did not save him from some pretty severe treatment at the hands of Warburton and Leland ; and Shaftesbury himself fared little better under the criticism of Skelton.

* Mr. Pattison allows one exception in the case of

The contending sects are each alike fond of their own, and alike prone to discharge their fury upon all who dissent from them. Cruelty and ambition being the darling vices of priests and churchmen all the world over, they endeavor in all countries to get an ascendant over the rest of mankind; and the magistrate, having a joint interest with the priests in subduing, amusing, and scaring the people, too often lends a hand to the hierarchy, who never think their authority and possessions secure, so long as those who differ from them in opinion are allowed to partake even in the common rights belonging to their birth or species."

This determined hostility to the clergy as a body was the distinguishing feature of the deistical movement from first to last; and it is necessary to bear this circumstance in mind, if we would form a just estimate of the attitude taken by the party assailed. The Church of England had but recently recovered from two political attacks, threatening her very existence. She had actually been subverted for a time by Puritanism under the Commonwealth; she had been threatened with a second subversion by Popery, under James II. When a new movement presented itself in a similar form, embodying not merely a discussion of doctrines, but an assault upon men and institutions, it was inevitable that a personal character should be imparted to the controversy; that the defenders of the church should feel that they were contending, not merely against a speculative error which might be met by argument, but against a political assault which was endeavoring to stir up all the bad passions of men against them. A new Martin Marprelate seemed to have arisen, to make war, not only against prelacy, but against a clerical order of any kind; and so far as past experience furnished any augury of the future, it might well be feared that if his hostility were suffered to reach its climax, the struggle would not be for victory, but for existence. That such a fear was not altogether groundless, was terribly shown at the close of the century in a neighboring country; and the tree which bore fruit in France was sown in England.

The coarseness and virulence with which this attack was carried on, can be appreciated fully only by those who will take the trouble to search into the now happily forgotten publications of the period. The task

is not a pleasant one; but we have lately heard so much censure of the apologetic writers for want of politeness towards their opponents, that it becomes a duty to inquire what manner of men these opponents really were. A few extracts from their writings will answer this question better than any description.

Toland, the leader of the band, was, after his fashion, a poet as well as a philosopher, and attacked the priests in verse as well as in prose. His earliest work was a poem entitled "The Tribe of Levi," the beginning of which is a tolerably fair specimen of his poetical powers and of his controversial temper.

"Since plagues were ordered for a scourge of men,
And Egypt was chastised with her ten,
No greater plague did any state molest
Than the severe, the worst of plagues, a priest."

His theological system is summed up in some equally meritorious verses in a later work, the "Letters to Serena":—

"Natural religion was easy first and plain;
Tales made it mystery; offerings made it gain;
Sacrifices and shows were at length prepared,
The priests ate roast meat, and the people stared."

His prose is to the same effect. In his "Christianity not Mysterious," which, in point of language, is one of the most moderately written of his works, he cannot forbear telling his readers that it was "through the craft and ambition of priests and philosophers" that mysteries were introduced into Christianity; * and if he does not extend the condemnation in full measure to the clergy of his own day it is only because he charitably allows that they may be well-meaning dupes instead of designing knaves. † So, again, when, in 1713, he came forward as the antagonist of Sacheverell, he was not content to deal with that hot-headed ecclesiastic on his own merits, but availed himself of the occasion to attack the clerical order in general, prefixing to his pamphlet the inflammatory title, "An Appeal to Honest People against Wicked Priests," denouncing the clergy generally, as the enemies of good government, and even justifying on this ground the persecution of Christianity by the Roman emperors, because "the emula-

* See "Christianity not Mysterious," p. 168, ed. 1696.

† See "Christianity not Mysterious," p. 127.

tion and ambition of Christian priests had made the Christian religion seem incompatible with good policy." That this kind of language was not merely the expression of individual petulance, but was part of the ordinary and systematic warfare of this class of writers, will be sufficiently shown by the following passages from other authors of the same school :—

Tindal, "The Rights of the Christian Church Asserted," 1707, p. 23 :—

"The tacking the priests' preferments to such opinions not only makes 'em in most nations, right or wrong, to espouse them, and to invent a thousand sophistical and knavish methods of defending 'em to the infinite prejudice of truth, but is the occasion that humanity is in a manner extinct among those Christians who by reason of such articles are divided into different sects, their priests burning with implacable hatred, and stirring up the same passions in all they can influence against the opposers of such opinions."

Ibid. p. 103 :—

"Here one's at a stand which to admire most, the mad insolence and daring impiety of the clergy, or the gross stupidity and wretched abjectness of the laity; one in thus imposing and t'other in being imposed upon."

Ibid. p. 235 :—

"This cursed hypothesis had perhaps never been thought on with relation to evils, had not the clergy (who have an inexhaustible magazine of oppressive doctrines) contrived it first in ecclesiasticals, to gratify their insupportable itch of tyrannizing over the laity and over one another."

Collins, "Discourse of Freethinking," 1713, p. 88 :—

"Priests have no interest to lead me to true opinions, but only to the opinions they have listed themselves to profess, and for the most part into mistaken opinions. For it is manifest that all priests, except the orthodox, are hired to lead men into mistakes."

Ibid. pp. 91, 92 :—

"The great charge of supporting such numbers of men as are necessary to maintain impositions is a burden upon society. . . . The charge alone, therefore, of supporting such a number of ecclesiastics is a great evil to society, though it should be supposed that the ecclesiastics themselves were employed in

the most innocent manner imaginable; viz., in mere eating and drinking."

Ibid. p. 93 :—

"Besides, they who have an interest to enlarge their sect and keep it united, know that nothing tends so much to its increase and union as the toleration of vice and wickedness to as great a degree as they can conveniently; for by that means they are sure to engage all the rogues and vicious (and, by consequence, the fools, who will ever be led by them) in their party. And therefore, wherever the power of the priest is at the height, they proceed so far in the encouragement of wickedness as to make all churches sanctuaries or places of protection."

Woolston, "Fifth Discourse on the Miracles," 1728, p. 70 :—

"According to the aforesaid articles of this my faith, I am so fully convinced, not only of the error of the ministry of the letter, but of the mischiefs and inconvenience of an hireling priesthood, that having set my shoulders to the work, I am resolved, by the help of God, to endeavor to give both a lift out of this world. This is fair and generous warning to our clergy to sit fast and look to their own safety, or they may find me a stronger man than they may be aware of. And tho' I don't expect long to survive the accomplishment of so great and glorious a work, yet I am delightfully ravished and transported with the forethought and contemplation of the happiness of mankind upon the extinction of ecclesiastical vermin out of God's house, when the world will return to its primogenial and paradisiacal state of nature, religion, and liberty, in which we shall be all taught of God, and have no need of a foolish and contentious priest, hired to harangue us with his noise and nonsense."

Woolston, "Defence of his Discourses on the Miracles," 1729, p. 23 :—

"And why should not the clergy of the Church of England be turned to grass, and be made to seek their fortune among the people, as well as preachers of other denominations? Where's the sense and reason of imposing parochial priests upon the people to take care of their souls, more than parochial lawyers to look to their estates, or parochial physicians to attend their bodies, or parochial tinkers to mend their kettles? In secular affairs every man chooses the artist and mechanic that he likes best; so much more ought he in spirituals, inasmuch as the welfare of the soul is of greater importance than that of the body or estate. The church-lands

would go a good, if not a full, step towards paying the nation's debt."

Morgan, "The Moral Philosopher," 1738, p. 96 :—

"In short, this clerical religion is a new thimble-and-button, or a powder-le-pimp, which may be this or that, everything or nothing, just as the jugglers please. And yet all this, in their different ways, if you can believe them, is divine institution and immediate revelation from God. All which can amount to no more than this,—that the several passions and interests of every party, and of every man, are divinely instituted by immediate revelation; and this is the privilege of the orthodox faith and of being religious in the clerical way."

Ibid. p. 100 :—

"The generality of the clergy of all denominations, from the very beginning, have been continually palming upon us false coin under the authority of God, and when they are convicted of it, they cry out, that this is but now and then, in a few particular instances, and only here and there a piece; and they think it hard, very hard, that they cannot have credit upon such small matters."

Ibid. p. 101 :—

"In the mean while, how are our political state-divines everywhere caressed and flattered; and how happy is it for them that they have an interest much superior to Truth and Reason, Religion or Conscience! And the ground of all this is certainly a clerical religion above reason and above all possibility of proof."

Chubb, "The True Gospel of Jesus Christ Asserted," 1738, p. 170 :—

"The enlarging the revenues of the church not only introduced a *useless*, but also a *superfluous*, clergy, or a set of clergymen who, with respect to their offices in Christian societies, have answered very little or no good purpose to the gospel of Christ or the souls of men, whatever plausible pretences may have been made in their favor. These superfluous clergymen have been dignified and distinguished by pompous titles and vestments, which have served to introduce a groundless veneration and respect to their persons, whilst their principal business has been to possess great revenues, to live in pomp and grandeur, assuming and exercising dominion over their brethren, whom they have endeavored to keep under the power of ignorance and superstition, as it has been the ground and foundation of their wealth and sovereignty; whose power has been employed to

the very great hurt and damage of Christian people, and has been highly injurious to the gospel of Christ."

Ibid. p. 174 :—

"To this I may add that the possessing the clergy with wealth and power, which was first introduced by men's great liberality in giving their goods both movable and immovable to the church, this introduced not only a useless, a superfluous, and a supernumerary, but also an *injurious* ministry, or a ministry which were *directly and immediately* highly injurious to the gospel of Christ and to the souls of men. I shall not here take notice of the numberless evils and mischiefs and the miseries which have been brought upon multitudes of our species by their means, by their wicked, perfidious, and barbarous practices, and by their procurement; for were all these to be entered upon record (allowing me to use the same figure of speech which St. John has used before me), I suppose the world itself would not contain the books which might be written; but this is beside my present purpose. What I observe is, that the introducing of wealth and power into Christian societies introduced with it a ministry which were *directly and immediately highly injurious* to the gospel of Christ and to the souls of men; for as the clergy were set upon increasing their wealth and power at all hazards, so they, in order to answer those purposes, have introduced *such doctrines*, and such a multitude of *superstitious practices*, and assumed to themselves *such power*, as took away the persuasive influence of the gospel, and rendered it of none effect."

Annet, "Judging for Ourselves; or, Free-thinking the great Duty of Religion," 1739, p. 8 :—

"If the *mysteries* of the *spiritual craftsmen* were exposed by reason, no man would buy their merchandise any more. Depend upon it, when you are hoodwinked with *mysteries supernatural*, there is *fraud* in the case; 'tis but another word for it; the meaning is the same. Whatever is imposed on men to believe, which will not bear the light of honest inquiry, is all craft and guile."

Ibid. p. 11 :—

"The *Buyers* and *Sellers*, the *Bigots* and *Priests*, will unite again: the trade is likely to continue to the end of the world; for men being born ignorant, perverted by education, prepossessed with notions before they have sense or reason to judge of them, which some never have capacities to do, and others thro'

cowardice or idleness never make use of the capacities they have, there is no fear but the mystery-mongers will always find fools enough to buy their sophisticated wares."

Among many rude and some unjust things which disfigure the controversial writings of Warburton, there is one remark at least which most readers of the above extracts will allow to be, not, indeed, politely expressed, but most richly and thoroughly deserved; and that is the passage in his "Dedication to the Freethinkers" in which he describes their "scurrilities, those stink-pots of your offensive war."

If from the language of the freethinkers we turn to the matter of their teaching, we shall find something to remind us of some of the popular theories of the present day, and much more to warn us of the tendency of such theories when pursued to their natural results. The first step in the rationalism of that age was an attempt to eliminate from the doctrines of Christianity all that is above the comprehension of human reason: the second was an attempt to eliminate from the contents of Christianity all statements of facts which cannot be verified by each man's personal experience: the third was an attempt to get rid of Christianity altogether, as having no proper claim to respect or obedience. "No Dogmatic Christianity," may be taken as the watchword of the first stage; "No Historical Christianity," as that of the second; "No Christianity at all," as that of the third. The representative book of the first period was Toland's "Christianity not Mysterious;" of the second, Chubb's "True Gospel of Jesus-Christ Asserted;" of the third, "Bolingbroke's Essays and Fragments." The first represents revealed religion as brought down to the level of philosophical speculation, and to be tried by philosophical tests: the second subjects it to the judgment of the rough common sense of the many: the third represents it as tried and condemned by the verdict of the scorner and the profligate.

Toland, the disciple of Locke, and himself, in his own estimation, a philosopher of no mean order,* found a criterion of reli-

* His estimate of his own merits may be judged from his epitaph, written by himself. Molyneux, an unfriendly witness, speaks of the "tincture of vanity" which appeared in the whole course of his conversation. Bishop Browne tells us that he "gave out he would be the head of a sect before he was thirty years of age."

gious truth in the principles, or what he supposed to be the principles, of his master. "The exact conformity of our ideas with their objects," was his ground of persuasion and measure of belief, the origin and nature of these ideas being explained according to the philosophy of Locke. Chubb, the journeyman glover, was the advocate of a gospel to be judged in all things by the uneducated intelligence of working men. With him, no "historical account of matters of fact" can be any part of the true gospel; for a gospel preached to the poor must be plain and intelligible, and level to the lowest understanding. Bolingbroke, the brilliant and profligate man of the world, attempted to exhibit religion in a form adapted to sinners of rank and fashion, imposing no unpleasant restraints on gentlemanly vices, by precepts to be observed in this life, or punishments to be dreaded in the next. Accordingly, the purport of his system, so far as so inconsistent a writer can be said to have a system at all, appears to be to deny the possibility of any revelation distinct from the law of nature, and to interpret the law of nature itself in the manner most favorable to the pursuit of pleasure. At the same time, combining the politician with the epicurean, he finds it convenient to recognize so much of religious obligation as may be necessary to serve as an instrument of civil government, and to act as a check on the more unruly vices of the lower orders.

The relation of Toland to Locke is a question of far more than mere historical interest. It is a question affecting the character of English theology during the greater part of the eighteenth century; it marks the point of departure at which the religious teaching of that century separates from that of the preceding age; it helps to explain the difference, which no student can fail to observe, between the one and the other; it suggests some useful considerations as to the best mode of meeting similar questions at other times. For though we have spoken of the philosophy of Locke as furnishing the weapons employed alike by the deists and by their opponents, this remark is strictly applicable only to the later stages of the controversy. The earlier opponents of Toland, such as Stillingfleet, Norris, and Browne, were also direct antagonists of Locke, and combated the positions of his philosophy no less in themselves than in the conclusions which his disciple professed to

deduce from them. Afterwards, when the system of Locke became the reigning philosophy of the day, it numbered disciples among believers and unbelievers alike; and the later apologists were thereby enabled to contend with the freethinkers on their own ground and with their own weapons. In this, they did no more than justice to the personal piety and sincere Christian belief of Locke: they employed his philosophy for the purpose for which he would himself have wished it to be employed; and they adopted the most effectual means of obtaining an immediate triumph over their antagonists. But they broke off, perhaps unconsciously to themselves, from that grand old catholic theology which had been the glory of the English Church in the preceding centuries; and the point of their separation, apparently minute and indifferent in itself, was in fact the leaven which has leavened the whole course of English religious thought, for good or for evil, ever since.

Will our readers pardon the introduction of so much of metaphysics as may be necessary to explain this point? Small as the change may seem at the beginning, it is an instance of how great a matter a little fire kindleth. It relates to a question, one of the most important that man can ask,—that of the right use of reason in religious belief; and it is not wholly alien to some controversies which have been raised concerning the same question in our own day.

Locke wrote his great work without reference to theology, and probably without any distinct thought of its theological bearings. When challenged on account of the relation of his premises to Toland's conclusions, he expressly repudiated the connection, and declared his own sincere belief in those mysteries of the Christian faith which Toland had assailed. No one who knows anything of Locke's character will doubt for an instant the sincerity of this disclaimer; but our question does not relate to Locke's personal belief, but to the admissions which may be unconsciously involved in some of the positions of his philosophy, and which, perhaps, had they been foreseen, might have led to a modification of those positions themselves,—a modification, we may add, which might easily have been made without injury, or even with benefit, to the integrity of the work as a system.

“Simple ideas, derived from sensation or

reflection, are the foundation of all our knowledge.” This is the assumption which is common to Locke with Toland, and is acknowledged to be so by Locke himself. Is this assumption true in itself, and has Locke so handled it as to warrant in any way the consequences which Toland deduced from it?

That we think by means of simple ideas, is true in the same sense in which it is true that we breathe by means of oxygen and azote. The simple ideas, though they are the elements of which thought is composed, are elements elicited only by an artificial analysis of objects which naturally present themselves in a compound state. “I see a horse,” said Antisthenes to Plato; “but I do not see horseness.” “True,” replied Plato; “for you possess the eye of sense which sees the one, but not the eye of intellect which sees the other.” In like manner, and with more reason, an adversary, judging with the eye of sense alone, might urge against Locke, “I see a white horse, or a white sheet, or a white snowball; but whiteness, apart from the horse, or the sheet, or the snowball, I do not see.” Whatever distinction may be made between our original and our acquired perceptions at a time before distinct consciousness begins, at the later stage, when sight has become a recognized fact of consciousness, and we are able to give an account of what we see, the objects presented to it are presented as complex ideas, not as simple ones. We do not see color alone, but color in connection with a certain extension and a certain shape, and generally with certain other accompaniments. When Locke asserted that complex ideas are made by the mind out of simple ones, and that knowledge is the perception of the agreement or disagreement of two ideas, he overlooked the fact that the most important of our sensitive perceptions consist of a plurality of ideas given in conjunction; and that the act of the mind is more often an analysis by which simple ideas are elicited from the compound, than a synthesis by which complex ideas are formed out of simple ones.

But this admission involves a further consequence. If our intuitive and spontaneous judgments are not formed by the mind out of previously existing simple ideas, but are given already formed out of ideas in combination, it follows that our natural apprehension of a thing or object is not merely that

of an aggregate of ideas, but of ideas in a particular combination with and relation to each other. And hence the logical conception of an object, as based on and reflecting the character of this intuitive apprehension, implies not merely the enumeration of certain ideas as constituents of the object, but likewise the apprehension of their coexistence in a particular manner as parts of a connected whole. To conceive an object as a whole, we must know something more than that its definition may be expressed by certain words, each of which is separately intelligible and represents a known idea; we must also be able to combine those ideas into a unity of representation; we must apprehend, not merely each idea separately, but also the manner in which they may possibly exist in combination with each other.

For example: I can define a triangle as a rectilinear figure of three sides. But I can also, as far as a mere enumeration of ideas is concerned, speak of a rectilinear figure of two sides, and call it by the name of a *biangle*. Now what is the reason that the one object is conceivable and the other inconceivable? It is not that the separate ideas in the one definition are less intelligible than in the other; for the idea of two is by itself quite as intelligible as that of three. It is because in the one case we are able, and in the other case unable, to represent to ourselves the several ideas as coexisting in that particular manner which we know to be necessary to constitute a figure. So, again, I may speak of a being who sees without eyes and hears without ears; and the language in each of its separate terms is quite as intelligible as when I use the word *with* instead of *without*: yet the nature of such seeing and hearing is to me inconceivable, because the manner in which it takes place cannot be apprehended by me as resembling any manner of seeing or hearing with which I can be acquainted by my own experience. And as it is in the simplest instances of conception, so it is in those more complicated instances in which we explain a number of phenomena by reference to a general law. When, for example, we refer the motions of the planets to the law of gravitation, we do not thereby determine what gravitation is, and how it acts upon bodies; we only represent to ourselves the motion as taking place in a certain known manner,—as being of the same kind as that

with which we are already familiar in the fall of the apple from the tree:—

“That very law which moulds a tear,
And bids it trickle from its source,
That law preserves the earth a sphere,
And guides the planets in their course.”

Now the defect of Locke's philosophy in this respect is, that, by representing a complex idea merely as an accumulation of simple ones, and not as an organized whole composed in a certain manner, he leaves no room for a distinction between those groups of ideas whose mode of combination is conceivable or explicable from their likeness to other instances, and those which are inconceivable or inexplicable, as being unlike anything which our experience can present to us. Hence there is no room for a further distinction between the *inconceivable* or *mysterious*, and the *absurd* or *self-contradictory*; between ideas which may be supposed to coexist in some manner unknown to us, and those which cannot coexist, as mutually destroying each other,—in brief, between those complex ideas of which we cannot conceive how they are possible, and those of which we can conceive how they are not possible. Regarded merely as heaps of ideas in juxtaposition, any combination is possible of which the parts do not destroy each other; but, within these limits of possibility, there may be some combinations of which the mode is conceivable, as resembling others; and there may be some of which we can only say that they may possibly coexist in some manner unknown to us.

This defect is most apparent when the method of Locke comes to be applied to invisible things,—to mental philosophy in the first instance, and through that to theology. The idea of an immaterial spirit, he tells us, is gained by “putting together the ideas of thinking and willing, or the power of moving or quieting corporeal motion, joined to substance of which we have no distinct idea,” just as the idea of matter is gained by “putting together the ideas of coherent solid parts, and a power of being moved, joined with substance, of which likewise we have no positive idea”*. In thus appealing to our obscure apprehension of material substance, by way of illustrating that of spiritual substance, Locke realized the remark of his great rival Leibnitz,—“Les hommes cherchent ce qu'ils savent, et ne savent pas ce qu'ils cherchent.”

“Essay,” ii. 23, 15.

He wandered into the region of existence in general, in search of the abstract and remote conception of a *spirit*, when the witness of his own consciousness was close at hand to supply him with the concrete and immediate conception of a *person*. Our consciousness presents to us, not merely the ideas of thinking, willing, and the like, but also the combination of these several mental states into one whole, as attributes of one and the same personal self. I am conscious, not of thinking merely, but of myself as thinking; not of perceiving merely, but of myself as perceiving; not of willing merely, but of myself as willing. And in this apprehension of myself as a conscious agent, is presented directly and intuitively that original idea of substance, which, had it not been given in some one act of consciousness, could never have been invented in relation to others.

In neglecting the conception of a Person, whose unity is given, to seek for that of a Spirit, whose unity has to be invented as a "supposed I know not what," Locke adopted the chief error of the scholastic psychology, and transmitted it, modified after his own manner, to his successors. The same conception of the soul, not as a power manifested in consciousness, but as a substance assumed out of it, accounts for nearly all the deficiencies which critics have noticed in Butler's "Argument on a Future State;"* and, long before Locke's time, the bewildered student, in old Marston's play, owed to the same mode of investigation most of the perplexities of which he so humorously complains.†

* In justice to Butler, however, it should be observed that the defects in his argument arise from restrictions necessarily imposed upon him by the purpose of his work. The human consciousness is a thing *sui generis*, and therefore the positive evidence which it furnishes in behalf of the immortality of the soul has nothing to do with analogy. Arguments derived from a comparison of the soul with other objects must for the most part, be, as Butler's are, of a merely negative character.

† "I was a scholar: seven useful springs
Did I deflower in quotations
Of crossed opinions 'bout the soul of man;
The more I learnt, the more I learned to doubt.
Delight, my spaniel, slept, whilst I boused leaves,
Tossed o'er the dunces, pored on the old print
Of titled words; and still my spaniel slept.
And still I held converse with Zabarell,
Aquinas, Scotus, and the musty saw
Of antick Donate; still my spaniel slept.
Still on went I; first, *an sit anima*;
Then, an 'twere mortal. Oh, hold, hold! at
that
They're at brain buffets, fell by the ears again

The false method thus applied to the apprehension of the nature of finite spirits was carried on by a natural transition into the domain of theology; and it is here that we find the connecting link which unites Locke's teaching, in effect if not in intention, with that of Toland:—

"It is infinity," says Locke, "which, joined to our ideas of existence, power, knowledge, etc., makes that complex idea whereby we represent to ourselves, the best we can, the Supreme Being. For though in his own essence (which certainly we do not know, not knowing the real essence of a pebble, or a fly, or of our own selves) God be simple and uncompounded, yet I think I may say we have no other idea of him but a complex one of existence, knowledge, power, happiness, etc., infinite and eternal, which are all distinct ideas, and some of them, being relative, are again compounded of others; all which being, as has been shown, originally got from sensation and reflection, go to make up the idea or notion we have of God."*

The argument thus left Locke's hands in the form, "We know not the real essence of God, as we know not the real essence of a pebble or a fly." In the hands of Toland, by a slight transformation, it comes out with a positive side. We understand the attributes (or nominal essence) of God as clearly as we do those of all things else; and, therefore, "the Divine Being himself cannot with more reason be accounted mysterious in this respect than the most contemptible of his creatures."†

How completely this assertion reversed the catholic teaching of the church in all ages might be shown by a series of quotations from theologians of various ages and languages, from the second century to the seventeenth. One such only our limits will allow us to give, from the writings of a great

Pell-mell together; still my spaniel slept.
Then, whether 'twere corporeal, local, fixt,
Ex traduce; but whether 't had free will
Or no, hot philosophers
Stood banding factions, all so strongly propt,
I staggered, knew not which was firmer part;
But thought, quoted, read, observed, and pryed,
Stuffed noting-books; and still my spaniel slept.
At length he waked and yawned; and by yon
sky,
For aught I know, he knew as much as I."

—*What you Will*, Act. ii. Sc. 1.

* "Essay," ii. 23, 35.

† "Christianity not Mysterious" (1696), pp. 88, 89.

English divine of the latter century; and we select it from many others because its language, from the similarity of subject, is peculiarly adapted to show the contrast to which we refer; and because it also by anticipation exactly points out the error which Locke planted and Toland watered. In a sermon on the text, "Without controversy great is the mystery of godliness," Bishop Sanderson says,—

"Herein especially it is that this mystery doth so far transcend all other mysteries. *Μέγα ὑπολογουμένως μέγα*: a great, marvellous great mystery. In the search whereof, reason, finding itself at a loss, is forced to give it over in the plain field, and to cry out, *O altitudo!* as being unable to reach the unfathomed depth thereof. We believe and know, and that with fulness of assurance, that all these things are so as they are revealed in the Holy Scriptures, because the mouth of God, who is truth itself, and cannot lie, hath spoken them; and our own reason upon this ground teacheth us to submit ourselves and it to the *obedience of faith*, for the *τὸ ὅτι*, that so it is. But then for the *ὡς πῶς*, Nicodemus, his question, *How can these things be?* it is no more possible for our weak understandings to comprehend that than it is for the eyes of bats or owls to look steadfastly upon the body of the sun, when he shineth forth in his greatest strength. The very angels, those holy and heavenly spirits, have a desire, saith St. Peter,—it is but a desire, not any perfect ability, and that but *παρὰ ὧς* neither,—to peep a little into those incomprehensible mysteries, and then cover their faces with their wings, and peep again, and cover again, as being not able to endure the fulness of that glorious lustre that shineth therein."*

Sanderson's distinction between the *τὸ ὅτι* *that it is*, and the *ὡς πῶς* *how it is*, indicates the exact point which Locke overlooked, and which Toland denied. When the older theologians declared the essence of God to be mysterious and incomprehensible, they were not thinking of Locke's Real Essence, of which they knew nothing, but of that logical essence which is comprised in attributes, and can be expressed in a definition, and which Locke calls the Nominal Essence. This is most distinctly stated in the language of Aquinas: "The name of God," he says, "does not express the divine essence as it is, but the name of man expresses in its significance the essence of man as it is,—that is to

say, by signifying the definition which declares the essence."* The ground of this distinction was the conviction that finite things cannot indicate the nature of the infinite God otherwise than by imperfect analogies. "The attributes of God," it was argued, "must be represented to our minds, so far as they can be represented at all, under the similitude of the corresponding attributes of man. Yet we cannot conceive them as existing in God in the same manner as they exist in man. In man they are many; in God they must be one. In man they are related to and limit each other; in God there can be no relation and no limitation. In man they exist only as capacities at times carried into action; in God, who is *purus actus*, there can be no distinction between faculty and operation. Hence the divine attributes may properly be called mysterious; for, though we believe in their co-existence, we are unable to conceive the manner of their co-existence."

When we examine the controversy between Locke and Stillingfleet, and observe the frequent complaints of the latter against "the new way of ideas," we see that Stillingfleet's theological learning had enabled him to discover the true source of Locke's error, though his inferiority to his adversary in philosophical acumen and controversial dexterity prevented him from making sufficient use of his discovery. A very few years afterwards, Locke's great philosophical rival, Leibnitz, in an argument directed, not against the intellectual dogmatism of Toland, but against the intellectual scepticism of Bayle, points out the just medium between the two, in language exactly coinciding with that already quoted from Sanderson:—

"Il en est de même des autres mystères, où les esprits modérés trouveront toujours une explication suffisante pour croire, et jamais autant qu'il en faut pour comprendre. Il nous suffit d'un certain *ce que c'est* (*τὶ ἐστὶ*) mais le *comment* (*πῶς*) nous passe, et ne nous est point nécessaire."†

The attitude, if not of antagonism, at least of indifference, to dogmatic theology, which was thus assumed indirectly, and perhaps unconsciously, in the philosophical positions of Locke's Essay, appears more plainly

* "Summa," Pars i. Qu. xiii. Art. I.

† "Theodicee, Discours de la Conformité de la Foi avec la Raison," § 56.

* "Sanderson's Works," vol. i. p. 233.

and directly in the latitudinarian terms of Church Communion advocated in his "Reasonableness of Christianity." In this work, written, it is said, to promote the design entertained by William III. of a comprehension with the Dissenters, and published in 1695, the year before Toland's book, Locke contended that the only necessary article of Christian belief is comprised in the acknowledgment that Jesus is the Messiah; that all that is required beyond this consists entirely of practical duties, of repentance for sin, and obedience to the moral precepts of the gospel. On these practical duties of Christianity, and on the new authority given by it to the truths of natural religion, Locke dwells earnestly and at length; but all points of doctrine, all distinctions between sound and unsound belief are, with the exception of his one fundamental article, either passed over without notice or expressly declared to be unessential. The teaching of the Epistles is separated from that of the Gospels. "It is not in the Epistles," he says, "that we are to learn what are the fundamental articles of faith;" and again, "There be many truths in the Bible which a good Christian may be wholly ignorant of, and so not believe; which, perhaps, some lay great stress on and call fundamental articles, because they are the distinguishing points of their communion." And two years later, in his "Second Vindication of the Reasonableness of Christianity," Locke retorts the accusations of his antagonist Edwards, in a manner which virtually concedes the entire position contended for by Toland. "It is ridiculous," he says, "to urge that anything is necessary to be explicitly believed to make a man a Christian, because it is writ in the Epistles and in the Bible, unless he confess that there is no mystery, nothing not plain or intelligible to vulgar understandings in the Epistles or in the Bible." The reasoning by which he supports this assertion is identical in substance with that which had just before been advanced by Toland; namely, that a proposition, to be believed, must be expressed in intelligible terms; and that if the terms are intelligible, the thing signified cannot be mysterious. In this case, however, it is possible that Locke may have been driven beyond his deliberate judgment by the heat of controversy which offered many temptations to retaliation.

If we have dwelt somewhat at length on a dry and abstruse subject, we trust that its importance may be accepted as an excuse. The philosophy of Locke constitutes the diverging point at which the religious thought of the eighteenth century separates itself from that of the preceding ages; and to examine that thought at its source and in its purest condition is necessary, not only to a just judgment of the past, but to a right conduct as regards the present. The experiment of the last century is being repeated in our own day, upon the foundations of our own belief. We have a like independence of authority, a like distrust of, if not disbelief in, the supernatural, a like appeal to reason and free thought, a like hostility to definite creeds and formularies, a like desire to attain to practical comprehensiveness by the sacrifice of doctrinal distinctions. In the spirit, and almost in the language, of Locke, we are told by distinguished writers of our own day, that in the early church no subscription was required beyond "a profession of service under a new Master, and of entrance into a new life;" and again that, in points of doctrine, to regard the teaching of the Epistles as an essential part of Christian doctrine, is to "rank the authority of the words of Christ below that of apostles and evangelists;" and in so doing "to give up the best hope of reuniting Christendom in itself and of making Christianity a universal religion." Under these circumstances, it is no mere question of literary curiosity, but one of practical and vital interest, to ask what was the effect of Locke's influence on the generation which succeeded him, and how far the benefits arising from it were such as to warrant us in looking hopefully on a repetition of the same attempt.

The tendency, if not the actual result, of Locke's philosophy, as applied to religious belief, pointed, as we have seen, in two directions: first, to a distrust of, if not to an actual disbelief in, the mysterious and incomprehensible as a part of religious belief; secondly, to a depreciation of distinctive doctrines in general, as at least unessential, and to a dislike of them, as impediments to comprehensive communion. Both these tendencies found their gradual development in the religious thought of the succeeding generation. The open denial of mysteries, commenced by Toland, was carried on in a coarser

strain by Collins, the personal friend and warm admirer of Locke, but a man of a very different spirit. From the mysterious in doctrines the assault was extended to the supernatural in facts, in the attacks of Collins on the Prophecies, and of Woolston on the Miracles. And, finally, when the supernatural had thus been entirely eradicated from Christian belief, the authority of the teachers naturally fell with the evidences of their divine mission; and Christianity, in the hands of Tindal and Morgan, appears simply as a scheme of natural religion, to be accepted, so far as it is accepted at all, solely on the ground of its agreement with the conclusions of human reason, but having no special doctrines of its own, distinct from those discoverable by the light of nature, and no special authority of its own, as a ground on which it can lay claim to belief.

Collins's earliest theological work, "An Essay concerning the Use of Reason in Propositions the Evidence whereof depends upon Human Testimony" (1701), reads almost as if it were intended as a second part to Toland's unfinished "Christianity not Mystical," though the name of Toland is not mentioned in the book. Like Toland, Collins follows Locke, in making all knowledge consist in a perception of the agreement or disagreement of two ideas; and like Toland, he differs from Locke, in making such perception the sole condition of all assent, whether in matters of science, or of opinion, or of faith. Where this perception does not exist, he regards the mind as absolutely inert and void. "That which falls not within the compass of our ideas," he says, "is nothing to us." Like Toland, also, Collins refers the belief in religious mysteries to the craft of the clergy; and as if to leave no doubt of the application of his theory, he selects, as a special instance for animadversion, Bishop Caustrell's "Considerations on the Trinity." Finally, as if to mark the work still more early as a sequel to Toland, Collins concludes his essay with an attempt to carry out Toland's unfulfilled promise of "solving very easily" the difficulties connected with the idea of eternity; though his solution, in fact, consists in little more than a simple denial that such difficulties exist.

The once-celebrated "Discourse of Freethinking," by the same author, is principally taken up with abuse of priests, and praise of

freethinkers; but these congenial topics are now and then agreeably diversified by an oblique sneer at the mysteries of the Christian faith. Thus he tells us, "The Bonzes of China have books written by the disciples of Fo-he, whom they call the god and saviour of the world, who was born to teach the way of salvation, and to give satisfaction for all men's sins. The Talapoins of Siam have a book of scripture, written by Sonmonocodom, who, the Siamese say, was born of a virgin, and was the god expected by the universe." Of such scarcely disguised blasphemy as this, the most candid critic can hardly pronounce any other judgment than is given in a paper in the "Guardian," attributed, with some probability, to the gentle Bishop Berkeley:—

"I cannot see any possible interpretation to give this work, but a design to subvert and ridicule the authority of Scripture. The peace and tranquillity of the nation, and regards even above these, are so much concerned in this matter that it is difficult to express sufficient sorrow for the offender, or indignation against him. But if ever man deserved to be denied the common benefits of air and water, it is the author of a Discourse of Freethinking."*

Eleven years later, when the controversy had extended itself from the doctrines to the evidences of Christianity, a third work of Collins, the "Discourse of the Grounds and Reasons of the Christian Religion," and its sequel, the "Scheme of Literal Prophecy considered," attempted, under show of an interpretation of the Old Testament Prophecies, to undermine the foundations of Christianity by a method of insinuation similar to that

* A different judgment has been given by a recent critic in the case of *Bentley against Collins*. "The dirt endeavored to be thrown on Collins," says Mr. Pattison, "will cleave to the hand that throws it." We doubt whether any amount of dirt could be thrown which would not amalgamate sympathetically with the ingredients of Collins's own book. The "Discourse of Freethinking" is one of those works which cannot be judged of by extracts: it must be read as a whole, and estimated according to the impression produced by its general tone and *animus*. Our own impression is that a more dishonest or a more scurrilous publication has seldom issued from the press. Mr. Pattison censures Bentley for treating Collins as "an atheist fighting under the disguise of a deist." If we may trust an anecdote recorded, on the authority of Bishop Berkeley, in Chandler's "Life of Samuel Johnson, D. D.," p. 57, Bentley may have had some reason for suspecting that this was really the case.

which the author had previously employed against its distinctive doctrines. The whole proof of Christianity, Collins maintained, rests upon the Prophecies. If this proof is valid, Christianity is established; if it is invalid, Christianity has no just foundation, and is therefore false. He does not openly deny that the Prophecies have any reference to Christ, but asserts that they can only be so referred in a mystical and allegorical sense, which is not their literal and proper meaning, nor that in which they were originally understood by the Jews, among whom, as he asserts, the expectation of a Messiah did not arise till a short time before the coming of Christ. "His inference," says Mr. Farrar, "is stated as an argument in favor of the figurative or mystical interpretation of Scripture; but we can hardly doubt that his real object was an ironical one, to exhibit Christianity as resting on apostolic misinterpretations of Jewish prophecy, and thus to create the impression that it was a mere Jewish sect of men deceived by fanciful interpretations."*

In the argument of Collins, it is easy to trace the influence of Locke's "Reasonableness of Christianity," and to see how the position originally advanced in support of latitudinarianism has degenerated, in the hands of a less scrupulous disciple, into a weapon for the service of unbelief. Collins, indeed, avowedly commences his argument from Locke's thesis. "The grand and fundamental article of Christianity," he says, "was that Jesus of Nazareth was the Messiah of the Jews, predicted in the Old Testa-

* "Bampton Lectures," p. 190. A censure of this kind from Mr. Farrar has more significance than from most theological writers. His lectures exhibit in a remarkable manner how a firm and unhesitating belief on the part of the author in the great truths of the Christian faith may be combined with a spirit of the utmost gentleness and tenderness toward those whose religious errors he is compelled to notice and to deplore. Where Mr. Farrar censures, the reader may be sure that the censure is well deserved, and has been pronounced, after every allowance which the most liberal and kindly criticism can make, consistently with the interests of truth. We regret that the plan of our article will not permit us to notice these lectures as fully as they deserve. They contain a fund of learning and valuable information on one of the most important departments of church history, and afford a striking proof that a candid and honest study, in a religious spirit, of the history of free thought, is one of the best antidotes against freethinking.

ment; and how could that appear, and be proved, but from the Old Testament?"* But if his premise is an echo of Locke, his conclusion reads like an anticipation of one of the writers in "Essays and Reviews." The interpretation of prophecy which Dr. Williams, with the aid of Bunsen, has rendered familiar to English readers of the present day, Collins, with the aid of Surenhusius, rendered almost equally familiar to English readers of nearly a century and a half ago. If the former writer says of the early fathers, that, "when, instead of using the letter as an instrument of the spirit, they began to accept the letter in all its parts as their law, and twisted it into harmony with the details of Gospel history, they fell into inextricable contradictions;"† the latter undertakes, with still more confidence, to assure us that "the Prophecies cited from the Old Testament by the authors of the New do so plainly relate, in their obvious and primary sense, to other matters than those which they are produced to prove, that to pretend they prove, in that sense, what they are produced to prove, is to give up the cause of Christianity to Jews and other enemies thereof, who can so easily show, in so many undoubted instances, the Old and New Testament to have no manner of connection in that respect, but to be in an irreconcilable state."‡ If the former enumerates among the merits of his guide, philosopher, and friend, that "he can never listen to any one who pretends that the Maiden's Child of Isaiah vii. 16 was not to be born in the reign of Ahaz;"§ the latter is equally sure that "the words as they stand in Isaiah, from whom they are supposed to be taken, do, in their obvious and literal sense, relate to a young woman in the reign of Ahaz, King of Judah."|| If the former states it as "beyond fair doubt" that Daniel's "period of weeks, ended in the reign of Antiochus Epiphanes,"¶ the latter assures us that "Dodwel, in a posthumous work, does (with the learned Sir John Marsham) refer even the famous prophecy in Daniel about the weeks to the times of Antiochus Epiphanes."** If

* "Grounds and Reasons of the Christian Religion," p. 12.

† "Essays and Reviews," p. 64 (2d edition).

‡ "Grounds and Reasons," etc., p. 48.

§ "Essays and Reviews," p. 69.

|| "Grounds and Reasons," p. 41.

¶ "Essays and Reviews," p. 69.

** "Grounds and Reasons," p. 49.

the former insists on the necessity of "distinguishing the man Daniel from our book of Daniel,"* the latter is equally convinced that "the famous Daniel mentioned by Ezekiel could not be the author of the book of Daniel."† If the former cannot shut his eyes to the fact that the Deliverer predicted by Micah as coming from Bethlehem "was to be a contemporary shield against the Assyrian,"‡ the latter quotes the same prophecy with a similar remark, "which words are so plain as not to need the least comment to show them to be inapplicable to the peaceable times and to the person of Jesus."§ If the former says of Baron Bunsen's arguments for applying Isaiah lii. and liii. to Jeremiah, "their weight in the master's hand is so great that if any single person should be selected, they prove Jeremiah should be the one,"|| the latter with a like hesitating adhesion says, "Part of the words of the text are literally applicable to Jeremiah, to whom Grotius applies the whole prophecy."¶ An argument is not necessarily the worse for being old; but at any rate, it is well that readers should know that a good deal of what is paraded as a demonstration of modern German erudition is in substance a *rechauffé* of the forgotten criticisms of one of our old English deists.

The method applied by Collins to the Prophecies of the Old Testament was carried on, with a still thinner disguise, by Woolston in relation to the miracles of the New. Like his predecessor, he writes as a nominal Christian, and professes only to destroy the literal interpretation of the Gospel narrative, that he may establish Christianity more securely on a spiritual interpretation. But the coarse and ribald blasphemy of the work betrays at almost every page the unbeliever and scorner. In this respect, Woolston's work marks a new phase in the literature of deism,—a phase represented subsequently by Bolingbroke in England, and by the general tone of French infidelity in the latter part of the century. The earlier deists carried on their attack under the cover of a reverence for primitive Christianity, and con-

fining their personal scurrilities to the clergy, whom they professed to regard as corrupters of the faith. The ribaldry of Woolston was openly directed against the person and works of the Saviour himself, as depicted in the Gospels. Though differing in its tone and in its positive object, the work on its negative or destructive side pursues a method identical with that carried out in the present century in the more elaborate criticism of Strauss, the aim of both assailants being to discover or invent improbabilities and discrepancies in the Scripture narrative, which may hinder its reception as a true history.

The above-named writers labored chiefly in a negative direction, striving to set aside the distinctive or specially revealed doctrines of Christianity, in themselves, or in the evidences on which they rest. Having done its utmost in this respect, it was natural that the same effort should be continued in a positive direction, by an attempt to sum up the results of the destructive criticism, and to exhibit the residuum that was left to constitute the actual contents of Christianity as an undogmatic religion. This was accordingly done in the works which form the two next steps in the progress of deism,—Tindal's "Christianity as old as the Creation," and Morgan's "Moral Philosopher."

Tindal, who assumed to himself the title of a *Christian Deist*, was a man whose life, if we may trust contemporary testimony, was equally a scandal to Christianity and to any respectable form of deism.* He had previously distinguished himself as the author of the "Rights of the Christian Church asserted." The ostensible purpose of this work was to prove that there is no such thing as a spiritual power distinct from the temporal, and that the Church is nothing but the crea-

* The most definite statements on this point are to be found in a pamphlet published in 1735, entitled, "The Religious, Rational, and Moral Conduct of Matthew Tindal, LL. D., late Fellow of All Souls' College, Oxford, by a Member of the same College." The pamphlet is too scurrilous to be received as unexceptionable evidence; though the author mentions some facts, such as the public reprimand of Tindal by the authorities of his college, which even a libeller would hardly have ventured to invent. But other witnesses corroborate the testimony. Swift, in 1708, in his remarks on Tindal's "Rights of the Christian Church," speaks of his antagonist as "one wholly prostitute in life and principles;" and Skelton, in the eighth Dialogue of his "Deism Revealed" (1749), speaks to the same effect.

* "Essays and Reviews," p. 76.

† "Scheme of Literal Prophecy considered," p. 49.

‡ "Essays and Reviews," p. 68.

§ "Scheme," etc., p. 201.

|| "Essays and Reviews," p. 73.

¶ "Scheme," etc., p. 220.

ture of the State: its actual purpose was to serve as the vehicle for a torrent of invective against the clergy, of which some specimens have been already quoted. Tindal's later and more famous work, "Christianity as old as the Creation," is remarkable, not merely on its own account, but also as having been probably the work which, more than any other of that day, gave rise to the "Analogy" of Bishop Butler. No two works could be more opposed to each other, in their method as well as in their results. While Butler reasons inductively, endeavoring to illustrate the course of God's Providence in spiritual things from the actual features of the same Providence as manifested in temporal things, Tindal "nobly takes the high *priori* road," commencing with a conception of the divine nature and attributes, and endeavoring to deduce from that conception what the course of God's Providence ought to be, and therefore what it actually is. "No religion," he argues, "can come from a being of infinite wisdom and perfection but what is absolutely perfect. A religion absolutely perfect can admit of no alteration, and can be capable of no addition or diminution. If God has given mankind such a law, he must likewise have given them sufficient means of knowing it; he would otherwise have defeated his own intent in giving it, since a law, as far as it is unintelligible, ceases to be a law." * Natural religion being thus absolutely perfect, revealed religion, according to Tindal, cannot differ from natural in any portion of its contents, but only in the manner of its being communicated; and therefore Christianity can be nothing more than a republication of the law of nature.

The contents of this law of nature may be briefly summed up in the precept, "Act according to your nature." "Whoever," says Tindal, "so regulates his natural appetites as will conduce most to the exercise of his reason, the health of his body, and the pleasure of his senses, taken and considered together (since herein his happiness consists), may be certain he can never offend his Maker, who, as he governs all things according to their natures, can't but expect his rational creatures should act according to their natures." † All positive precepts, distinct from this injunction to follow nature, Tindal regards as merely arbitrary, "as not founded

on the nature and reason of things, but depending on mere will and pleasure." *

Tindal did not live to publish the second part of his work, which was intended to show that all the truths of Christianity were nothing more than a republication of this law of nature, though his sneers at Christian doctrines, under the pretence of exposing heathen errors, sufficiently indicate the spirit in which his task would have been executed. ‡ The unfinished design was in some degree carried out by his successor Morgan, in the "Moral Philosopher." This writer, who, like Tindal, styles himself a *Christian Deist*, adopts Tindal's principle of the absolute perfection of natural religion, though he admits the need of a republication of it. The question, however, whether Christianity can be regarded as such a republication, is answered by simply excluding from Christianity all that is usually believed to be included in it. Both the Jewish religion, as contained in the Old Testament, and the Christian, as contained in the New, are tried by the criterion of the moral sense and rejected. His system, as Lechler has remarked, has more resemblance to Gnosticism than to Christianity. He regards Judaism and true Christianity as irreconcilably opposed to each other; and maintains that the first disciples corrupted and interpolated the books of the New Testament, in order to give Christianity a leaning towards Judaism. § The acknowledgment of Jesus as the Messiah, which Locke had declared to be the one fundamental article of the Christian faith, is regarded by Morgan as a Jewish gospel, and the Christianity based upon it as "nothing else but a political faction among the Jews, some of them receiving Jesus as the Messiah, and others rejecting him under that character." ¶ In this perverse reasoning we may recognize at least the important admission, that the so-called Christianity of Deism is not the Christianity of the New Testament.

The greater part, however, of Morgan's work consists of a bitter onslaught on the Jewish religion, which he describes as "a wretched scheme of superstition, blindness, and slavery, contrary to all reason and common sense, set up under the specious

† See "Christianity as old as the Creation," p. 114.

* Ibid. especially p. 87. *seqq.*

‡ "Moral Philosopher," vol. i. pp. 440, 441.

§ Ibid. vol. i. p. 354.

* See "Christianity as old as the Creation," p. 3.

† Ibid. p. 17.

popular pretence of a divine institution and revelation from God.* And in his work, as in that of Collins, it is instructive to observe how many of the conclusions which are now put forward as the discoveries of the criticism and learning of the present day, are the repetition of *à priori* guesses, flung out at random by an uncritical and by no means learned deist of the last century. In Morgan we find Abraham's great act of faith explained on the ground that these Hebrews always looked upon human sacrifices; from the very beginning, as the highest and most acceptable acts of devotion and religion; and that Abraham "had strongly wrought himself up into such a persuasion, that he concluded God in reality required it of him and expected it from him"†—much as, in a recent essay, we are told that "the fierce ritual of Syria, with the awe of a divine voice, bade Abraham slay his son."‡ In Morgan we find the notable discovery that Samuel is the author, or at least the compiler, of the book of Genesis, §—a discovery which Bishop Colenso has revived in our own day, and extended to other portions of the Pentateuch. In Morgan we find the narrative of the Exodus criticised in the spirit of the same fastidious prelate, and the later Jewish history reconstructed from the depths of the writer's moral consciousness, in a manner worthy of the ingenious author of the "History of the Hebrew Monarchy."|| In Morgan we find the special instances of Divine Providence in the same history explained away on the ground that

* "Moral Philosopher," vol. i. p. 71.

† Ibid. p. 132; iii. p. 96.

‡ "Essays and Reviews," p. 61.

§ "Moral Philosopher," vol. ii. p. 70.

|| For instance, he tells us that the rejection of Saul was owing to an intrigue of Samuel, in revenge for Saul's having deposed him from the high-priesthood; that the command to destroy the cattle of the Amalekites was a plot laid by the prophet, to make the army mutiny against the king; that the idolatry of Ahab was the result of a benevolent design to destroy the intolerance of the prophets, and to establish a religion more friendly and beneficent to mankind; that Jezebel slew the prophets with a view to establish liberty of conscience, as enjoined by the law of nature and nations. In his third volume, this historical criticism descends to libellous insinuations against those whom the Scriptures honor. He intimates that Abraham was ready to prostitute his wife, to secure a settlement in Egypt; that Joseph possibly "made up the matter" with Potiphar's wife; that Moses forged God's covenant with Abraham for political purposes; that Hannah committed adultery with one of the sons of Eli.

the Hebrew mind was accustomed to ascribe all remarkable events to the interposition of God,—an explanation recently revived by Dr. Williams in his sermons on "Rational Godliness."* In the same writer we find also a hint, developed by Strauss, that portions of the New Testament may be regarded as the mythical deposit of Jewish Messianic ideas; † and we find also the germ of that contrast between the Christianity of St. Paul and that of other apostles, which has been resuscitated in our own day as one of the products of the critical insight of the Tübingen school.‡

The effect of such criticism as that of Tindal and Morgan was to eliminate from Christianity, not only all mystery and all distinctive doctrine, but even all connection with the person and earthly life of Christ. In strange contradiction to the creeds of the church, it was virtually maintained that the death, the resurrection, the ascension of Christ, are no portions of Christian belief; for if Christianity is but a republication of natural religion, and contains nothing which cannot be verified by each man's moral consciousness, it is evident that facts dependent upon testimony, no less than doctrines above reason, are excluded from its creed. And accordingly we find Morgan asserting that he "cannot receive any historical facts as infallibly true;" § and in the same spirit his contemporary Chubb more explicitly declares, "The gospel of Jesus Christ is not an *historical account of matters of fact*. As thus, Christ suffered, died, rose from the dead, ascended into heaven, etc. These are *historical facts*, the *credibility* of which arises from the strength of those evidences which are or can be offered in their favor; but then those facts are not the *gospel of Jesus Christ*, neither in whole nor in part."|| The same position is maintained a few years later, in 1744, in the work entitled "The Resurrection of Jesus considered, by a Moral Philosopher,"—a work which was for some time attributed to Morgan, but which was really the production of Peter Annet. This writer follows Morgan and Chubb in the rejection of "Historical Christianity." "My aim," he says, "is to

* "Moral Philosopher," vol. i. p. 256; iii. p. 95. Cf. "Rational Godliness," p. 295.

† "Moral Philosopher," vol. i. p. 440.

‡ Ibid. p. 329, *seqq.*

§ Ibid. p. 411.

|| "True Gospel," p. 43.

convince the world that an historical faith is no part of true and pure religion, which is founded only on truth and purity; that it does not consist in the belief of any history, which, whether true or false, makes no man wiser nor better." * Annet's writings were collected and published in 1766, under the title of "A Collection of the Tracts of a certain Free Enquirer, noted by his Sufferings for his Opinions." On a separate title the author is designated as "P. A., Minister of the Gospel." The pamphlet called "Social Bliss considered," which forms part of this collection, is a sufficient proof that free inquiry, in the hands of this author, was as impatient of the restraints of morality and decency as of those of religion.

In Annet the deism of England had reached its lowest point. His work does not, like those of most of the earlier deists, profess a respect for Christianity as a whole, while attacking it in parts. It rather marks the commencement of a new phase in the progress of unbelief, which, having undermined the substance of the faith, finds it no longer necessary to profess allegiance to the shadow. "It indicates," as Mr. Farrar remarks, "the commencement of the open allegation of literary imposture as distinct from philosophical error, which subsequently marked the criticism of the French school of infidelity, and affected the English unbelievers of the latter half of the century."

The same spirit of revolt from all Christianity is also the predominant character, as far as so inconsistent a writer can be said to have a character at all, of the writings of Bolingbroke. Like his successor Gibbon, Bolingbroke generally makes his attack rather by way of sneer and insinuation than of direct accusation; he sometimes even condescends to speak respectfully and patronizingly of Christianity; but his real purpose is not the less discernible for being in some degree disguised. Bolingbroke's opinion of the divine authority of Christianity may be gathered from his sneering comparison between it and Platonism: † his estimate of one portion at least of the Christian Scriptures may be seen in his language concerning St. Paul, whom he describes as having "carried with him, from the pharisaical schools, a great profusion of words and of involved unconnected

discourse"—as being "often absurd, or profane, or trifling,"—as teaching things "repugnant to common sense and to all the ideas of God's moral perfections." * Bolingbroke distinguishes, indeed, as Morgan had done, between the teaching of St. Paul and that of the other apostles, but in a different manner and for a different purpose. According to Morgan, the Judaizing apostles corrupted the true gospel by their Messianic traditions; while St. Paul represents the Christian deist, who preached it in its purity and universality. According to Bolingbroke, the gospel was intended by Christ for the Jews only; and St. Paul was the first who saw the necessity of extending it to the Gentiles, ‡ while he was at the same time the great corrupter of its original simplicity. § The true gospel he describes in general terms, after Tindal, as a republication of the law of nature; while at the same time he does not hesitate to set aside its doctrines and precepts in detail, whenever they impose an inconvenient restraint on the inclinations of men. Polygamy he regards as a "reasonable indulgence to mankind," and its prohibition as "a prohibition of that which nature permits in the fullest manner." Monogamy is only reasonable when accompanied by an unlimited facility of divorce, without which it is an "absurd, unnatural, and cruel imposition." ¶ The precept of our Lord in this matter is spoken of as sanctioning "a new interpretation of the law, founded on a grammatical criticism;" and the Christian law of marriage as "a new jurisprudence, the child of usurpation, of ignorance, and bigotry." † Marriages within certain degrees of consanguinity and affinity (the degrees include even that of brother and sister) "are forbid by political institutions and for political reasons, but are left indifferent by the law of nature." § Future rewards and punishments, which he admits to be sanctions of the evangelical law, he maintains nevertheless to be a doctrine invented by men, and one which it is impossible to reconcile to the divine attributes. || Even the immortality of the soul, though not absolutely denied, is treated as being at best an invention of men, and of very doubtful truth. "It was originally an hypothesis;

* Works, pp. 326, 331.

† Ibid. vol. iv. pp. 305, 306.

‡ Ibid. vol. v. pp. 160-171.

§ Ibid. vol. v. p. 177.

|| Ibid. vol. v. pp. 512-516.

* "Resurrection of Jesus considered," p. 87.

† "Bolingbroke's Works," vol. iv. p. 341.

and it may, therefore, be a vulgar error. It was taken upon trust by the people who first adopted it, and made prevalent by art and industry among the vulgar, who never examine, till it came to be doubted, disputed, and denied by such as did examine. . . . It was communicated from Egypt, the mother of good policy as well as superstition, to Greece."*. Against the belief in particular providences, he urges that such providences are inconsistent with the government of the world by general laws; and he hints that this belief and that of the efficacy of prayer, are an invention of priestcraft. "To keep up a belief of particular providences," he says, "serves to keep up a belief, not only of the efficacy of prayer and of the intercession of saints in heaven, as well as of the church on earth, but of the several rites of external devotion; and to keep up a belief that they are few, and that the providence of God, as it is exercised in this world, is therefore on the whole unjust, serves to keep up a belief of another world, wherein all that is amiss here shall be set right. The ministry of a clergy is thought necessary on both these accounts by all; and there are few who see how difficult it is to make the two doctrines, which these reverend persons maintain, appear in any tolerable manner consistent."† On the whole, the tendency of Bolingbroke's scheme, the close and the consummation of the freethinking of his age, is not unfairly exhibited in the summary of Leland. "Man, according to his account of him, is merely a superior animal, whose views are confined to this present life, and who has no reasonable prospect of existing in any other state. God has given him appetites and passions; these appetites lead him to pleasure, which is their only object. He has reason indeed; but this reason is only to enable him to provide and contrive what is most conducive to his happiness; that is, what will yield him a *continued permanent series of the most agreeable sensations or pleasures*, which is the definition of happiness. And if no regard be had to futurity, he must govern himself by what he thinks most conducive to his interest, or his pleasure, in his present circumstances. The constitution of his nature is his only guide: God has given him no other, and concerns himself no farther

about him, nor will ever call him to an account for his actions. In this constitution his flesh or body is his all: there is no distinct immaterial principle: nor has he any moral sense or feelings naturally implanted in his heart; and therefore to please the flesh, and pursue its interest, or gratify its appetites and inclinations, must be his principal end. Only he must take care so to gratify them as not to expose himself to the penalties of human laws, which are the only sanctions of the law of nature for particular persons."*

Bolingbroke's works may be regarded as the last utterance of the philosophical deism which attacked Christianity by appeals to reason and natural religion; and also as the partial commencement of a new phase of unbelief, which appealed to historical criticism, and the testimony in behalf of facts. In both characters, they produced but little effect; for the old deism was virtually refuted and worn out before their publication; and the new, in Bolingbroke's hands, was too slight and trifling to attract serious attention. But in the former aspect, at the close of half a century of infidel speculations, these writings have a significance for us which they had not in their own day. They exhibit the natural result of a current of unbelief of English origin, which ran its course and did its work in its native soil once, and may, under similar influences, run a similar course once again. They exhibit the natural tendency of the combined influences of empiricism and latitudinarianism, of a philosophy impatient of the supernatural, and a polity hostile to creeds and articles and formularies of faith. They show how the cry for a reasonable belief and a comprehensive communion, set on foot, with the best intentions, by men of persuasive genius and amiable character and sincere Christian belief, became a weapon in the hands of coarse ignorance and elegant profligacy, to destroy, first the doctrines and facts of Christianity, and then its precepts and moral restraints.

The history of English deism, thus exhibited, is of itself sufficient to explain the fate which has attended the writings of its chief representatives. They were men pushed into adventitious celebrity for a time by the magnificence of their promises, and then consigned to deserved oblivion by the worthless-

* "Bolingbroke's Works," pp. 351, 352.

† Ibid. p. 419.

* "View of the Principal Deistical Writers," vol. ii. p. 44, ed. 1798.

ness of their performances. They acquired a transitory reputation under the specious pretext of reforming and purifying Christianity; they sank to their proper level when it was discovered that the true result of their principles was not to reform, but to destroy. Such will ever be the fate of that spirit of minute cavil and negative inquiry which applies itself to overthrow the hope and the trust of ages, to substitute in its place, not a belief, but the criticism of a belief. Powerless alike as a source of good and as a defence against evil,—powerless alike to satisfy the religious needs of the longing soul and to restrain the violence of unruly passions, it may stand for a while in the calm weather of a lethargic rationalism, “too proud to worship and too wise to feel;” but it falls prostrate as soon as the sense of spiritual want is awakened in the heart, and men begin to ask with trembling, “What must I do to be saved?”

We have described with some detail, as our main subject, the progress of the unbelief of the last century, as regards its direct antagonism to the doctrines of the church. But the parallel between that age and the present, and the lesson to be learned from that parallel, would be incomplete, did we not also bear in mind another feature of the movement, of which our limits will permit only a passing notice; namely, the indirect antagonism by which the same doctrines were assailed through the securities which constitute their external safeguards. The Church of England at that day, here again offering a remarkable parallel to her condition at the present time, had lost, by the secession of the Nonjurors, much of the zeal and learning, and yet more of the catholic spirit which still lingered round the close of the golden age of her theology; and the extravagance which disfigured this spirit in some of its later representatives fostered the reaction which political causes had introduced. And thus, side by side with the progress of free-thinking within and without the church, there arose, as its natural accompaniment, a series of attempts to evade or abolish those subscriptions and declarations of belief, which, so long as they exist, constitute a distinct self-condemnation on the part of those who remain in the ministry of the church while rejecting her doctrines. These attempts may be regarded as commencing with the proposal of Tillotson, at the time of the com-

mission in 1689, to substitute, in the place of all former declarations and subscriptions required of the clergy, a mere promise to *submit* to the doctrine, discipline, and worship of the Church of England,—a proposal which strongly reminds us of that ingenious casuistry of the present day which maintains that a man may “allow,” as a law, articles which he would “be horror-struck” to have enacted. To this succeeded the pleas of Clarke and Sykes in behalf of Arian subscription, and Hoadly’s denial of all authority in the church to legislate or interpret in religious matters; while, about the same time, the *Independent Whig* propounded the notable discovery, which an Oxford professor has not been ashamed to revive in the present day, that subscription to definite statements of doctrine is a hindrance to the attainment of truth.* The movement reached its culmi-

*The *Independent Whig* was a periodical publication commenced in the year 1720, and principally devoted to the laudable purpose of abusing the clergy. Its authors were Thomas Gordon (the *Silenus* of the Dunciad), John Trenchard, and Anthony Collins. Its contents are characterized by Mr. Pattison—certainly not an unfavorable judge—as “dull and worthless trash.” Those who have read Professor Goldwin Smith’s “Plea for the Abolition of Tests in the University of Oxford,” may judge for themselves how far the learned professor’s argument and temper are anticipated in the following extract from this “dull and worthless trash:”—

“I think I may therefore safely affirm that whatever body or society of men are the most restrained by themselves or others from reasoning freely on every subject, and especially on the most important of all, are the least qualified to be the guides and directors of mankind. I will now examine how far this is the circumstance of the clergy in most countries. They are no sooner discharged from the nurse or the mother, but they are delivered over to spiritual pedagogues, who have seldom the capacity, and never the honesty, to venture at a *free thought* themselves, and must consequently be improper channels to convey any to their pupils. From hence they are sent to the universities (very commonly upon charity), where they are hamstrung and manacled with early oaths and subscriptions, and obliged to swear to notions before they know what they are. Their business afterwards is not to find out what is truth, but to defend the received system, and to maintain those doctrines which are to maintain them. Not only their present revenues and subsistence, but all their expectations are annexed to certain opinions, established for the most part by popes and synods in corrupt and ignorant ages, and even then often carried by faction and bribery, in concert with the designs and intrigues of statesmen, but become sanctified by time, and now to be received without inquiry. . . . As clergymen, so educated, cannot, for the reasons

nating point half a century later, in the "Confessional" of Archdeacon Blackburne, and the Feathers Tavern Petition. The language of Burke, when this last document was presented to the House of Commons in 1772, might almost have been uttered yesterday, so exactly does it describe the position of those who are now complaining of a similar grievance.

"These gentleman complain of hardships. No considerable number shows discontent; but, in order to give satisfaction to any number of respectable men, who come in so decent and constitutional a mode before us, let us examine a little what that hardship is. They want to be preferred clergymen in the Church of England as by law established; but their consciences will not suffer them to conform to the doctrines and practices of that church; that is, they want to be teachers in a church to which they do not belong; and it is an odd sort of hardship. They want to receive the emoluments appropriated for teaching one set of doctrines, whilst they are teaching another. . . . The matter does not concern toleration, but establishment; and it is not the rights of private conscience that are in question, but the propriety of the terms which are proposed by law as a title to public emoluments; so that the complaint is not that there is not toleration of diversity in opinion, but that diversity in opinion is not rewarded by bishoprics, rectories, and collegiate stalls."

In the present day, when the voice of religious doubt is again making itself heard in English literature and in English society, there are not wanting those who tell us that the best mode of dealing with such a state of things is to permit and encourage "free inquiry" among the ministers of the church; to abandon those obligations which record the existence of definite religious doctrines as essential parts of the Catholic faith and which bind the clergy to teach according to that faith; and to substitute in their place a sort of roving commission to a body of chartered libertines to seek for the truth as their consciences may dictate, unfettered by adhesion aforesaid, be fair and impartial judges themselves of what is truth, so their authority can give but little weight to such doctrines as they may think fit to teach to others. The first question asked of a suspected witness, in every court of judicature, is, whether he gets or loses by the success of the cause; and if either appears, he is constantly set aside, and not trusted with an oath."—*Independent Whig*, No. V., Feb. 17th, 1720; compare "*Plea for the Abolition of Tests*," p. 88. seqq.

to the foregone conclusions of a traditionary belief. As yet, this advice is presented to us for the most part in its fairest and most attractive aspect, advocated by accomplished and estimable men, adorned with all the glorious hues and brilliant polish with which genius and refinement can invest it, recommended by the charm of good purposes and pure intentions. We say for the most part; for there are not wanting, even at this moment, threatenings of a rougher treatment and a more hostile temper; and in one instance, at least, the claims of free inquiry have been advocated in a spirit of rudeness and bitterness toward the clergy in general, which is, perhaps, the nearest approach which the manners of the present day will permit toward the coarse invectives of a Tindal or a Collins. But whether the means be blandishment or bullying, promises or threats, the end proposed is the same,—that, namely, which in the last century was ushered in by Collins under the plausible name of Free-thinking; and which, now that that name has acquired a somewhat evil reputation, is offered to us, with a very slight change of style, under the imposing titles of "free handling in a becoming spirit," and "honest doubt," which has "more faith than half the creeds."

It is, unhappily, only too true that religious unbelief is widely prevalent at the present time; but it is neither so novel nor so significant a phase of religious thought as its apologists would have us believe. In much of what is now presented to us as the fruit of the superior knowledge and conscientiousness of the present day, we recognize an old acquaintance in a new dress: much of the teaching which boasts of its freedom from traditional methods of treatment is but the revival of an obsolete tradition, which became obsolete because it was worthless. The English deism of the last century, like the English gentleman of the same period, has made the grand tour of Europe, and come home with the fruits of its travels. It has reinforced the homely bluntness of its native temper by the aid of the metaphysical profundities and ponderous learning of Germany, and the superficial philosophy and refined sentimentalism of France. Yet under a good deal of foreign lacquer and veneer, we may still recognize some of our own cast-off goods returned upon our hands; and discover that

free thought, no less than orthodoxy, may have its foregone conclusions and its traditional methods of treatment.

We are now told that the right mode of dealing with this state of things is to endeavor to repeat under happier auspices the latitudinarian movement which marked the close of the seventeenth century; to throw away distinctive doctrines and exclusive formularies, and to welcome within the pale of the church the roving spirit of doubt, provided it retains a nominal allegiance to some kind of Christianity. If this be the true remedy, latitudinarianism is indeed like the spear of Achilles, which can heal the wounds it has itself inflicted. The history of English deism is the history of a latitudinarian movement which commenced under the recommendation of qualities not less estimable than those by which it attracts us now. If brilliant intellectual endowments, a high personal character, a conciliatory and amiable temper, are the chief qualifications needed in a teacher of the truth, there is no name among our English worthies which has a better claim to be selected as the representative of these qualities than that of John Locke. And the fruits of the system which Locke and his fellow-latitudinarians inaugurated, is to be found in the history of the greater part of the eighteenth century, the age of rational religion and undogmatic Christianity,—an age whose spirit, so far as it manifested itself in hostility to the church, may be seen in the writers whose works we have been reviewing, and whose spirit within the church may be described in the language of one who reviewed, nearly at the end of the century, some of the later phases of its influence.

"A just abhorrence," says Bishop Horsley, "of those virulent animosities which in all ages since external persecution ceased have prevailed among Christians, especially since the reformation, among Protestants of the different denominations, upon the pretence, at least, of certain differences of opinion in points of nice and doubtful disputation, hath introduced and given general currency to a maxim which seemed to promise peace and unity by dismissing the cause, or rather the pretence, of dissension; namely, that the laity, the more illiterate especially, have little concern with the mysteries of revealed religion, provided they be attentive to its duties. Whence it hath seemed a safe and certain conclusion, that it is more the office of a

Christian teacher to press the practice of religion upon the consciences of his hearers than to inculcate and assert its doctrines.

"Again, a dread of the pernicious tendency of some extravagant opinions, which persons, more to be esteemed for the warmth of their piety than the soundness of their judgment, have grafted, in modern times, upon the doctrine of Justification by Faith,—a dread of the pernicious tendency of these extravagant opinions, which seem to emancipate the believer from the authority of all moral law, hath given general credit to another maxim, which I never hear without extreme concern from the lips of a divine, either from the pulpit or in familiar conversation; namely, that practical religion and morality are one and the same thing; that moral duties constitute the whole, or by far the better part of practical Christianity.

"The rules delivered may be observed to vary according to the temperament of the teacher. But the system chiefly in request with those who seem the most in earnest in this strain of preaching, is the strict, but impracticable, unsocial, sullen moral of the Stoics. Thus, under the influence of these two pernicious maxims, it often happens that we lose sight of that which is our proper office, to publish the Word of Reconciliation, to propound the terms of peace and pardon to the penitent; and we make no other use of the high commission we bear than to come abroad one day of the seven, dressed in solemn looks and in the external garb of holiness, to be the apes of Epictetus.*"

The church of that day, as has been truly observed by a recent writer, became practically if not openly Unitarian; because, in the religion then taught under the name of Christianity, there was no proper need for a Trinity; because the belief in the Trinity, dissociated from the related doctrines of the guilt of sin, atonement by the blood of Christ, and regeneration by the Holy Ghost, necessarily lost its importance, and hung round the faith of the age as an encumbrance and a superfluity.† To such a state we may expect to see the Church of England again reduced, if she consent to listen again to the voice of the charmer, to be allured again by the promise of peace and unity, and to abandon the reaction, which the present century has happily witnessed, towards the Catholic teaching of her earlier and better days. The

* "Charge to the Clergy of the Diocese of St. David's, 1790," pp. 5-8.

† See Dr. Fairbairn's Appendix to the English Translation of "Dorner on the Person of Christ," p. 405.

history of the last century, the least Catholic period of English theology, lies before us for our example or our warning. If the philosophy of that century is a model of elevated and comprehensive thought, if its theology is a model of pure and devout belief, if its practical religion is a model of all that is excellent in Christian life, then let us listen rever-

ently and obediently to the teaching of those who are laboring to re-establish among us the principles by which that century was formed. But if the history of which we have attempted the preceding slight survey teaches us an opposite lesson, it behoves us to remember that like effects may be expected to follow from like causes.

In one of the reviews in our last number, there was an incidental mention of Canon Cureton as one of the small group of Europe's greatest Oriental scholars. Ere the article appeared, Dr. Cureton was dead. He died on the morning of Friday, the 17th, at his country-house of Westbury in Shropshire, at the age of fifty-six. Born in 1808, and educated at Christ Church, Oxford, he was ordained priest in 1834, and was for a time sub-librarian of the Bodleian. In 1837, he became assistant-keeper of the MSS. in the British Museum, which post he retained till 1849, when he was appointed to a canonry of Westminster and to the attached rectorship of the parish of St. Margaret's. Two years before that date he had been appointed chaplain-in-ordinary to the queen. Recently he received the high honor of being appointed to a special or royal trusteeship of the British Museum. He was also a Fellow of the Royal Society, an honorary D. D of Halle, corresponding member of the Institute of France, and member of the Asiatic Society of Paris, the Oriental Society of Germany, and many other continental societies. These honors he owed to his great reputation as an Orientalist, and especially as a Syriac scholar. It is more than twenty years since this reputation was formed by publications of his while he was an official in the British Museum. His "*Corpus Ignatianum*," an edition of an ancient Syriac version of the Epistles of St. Ignatius, with commentaries thereon, was published in 1845, and gave rise to an interesting controversy. Among his subsequent works were an edition of a palimpsest of parts of Homer found in an Eastern convent, and his "*Spicilegium Syriacum*," published in 1855. He was understood to be engaged on some work connected with St. Matthew's Gospel at the time of his death. About a year ago Dr. Cureton sustained a severe nervous shock from a railway accident near Streatham (for which he obtained £3,170 in compensation), and his health had suffered ever since. Among his greatest admirers were the late Prince Consort and Baron Bunsen, to the first of whom, it is understood, he owed his preferment in the church. As a parish clergyman,

Dr. Cureton is said to have been quite out of his element. He was specifically the greatest Syriac scholar in Britain.

THE action of tobacco, when smoked, upon the pulsations of the heart, is a subject which in this country has not received the attention it deserves; we are therefore glad, for the sake of science, to find it has been taken up in France. M. Decaisne contributes a valuable paper to the *Comptes Rendus*, and therein expresses his opinion on the matter. He examined no less than eighty-eight incorrigible smokers, and found among the number twenty-one cases of intermittent pulse, which did not arise from any affection of the heart. Of these, nine were attacked by dyspepsia. Five or six had themselves perceived the peculiarity of their circulation, without, however, attaching any importance to it. It was remarkable that, as soon as the habit of smoking was given up, the digestion improved, and the pulsations became more regular. The average age was thirty-four years. If we consider (1) that none of the individuals suffered from organic disease of the heart; (2) that most of them enjoyed a state of health very unfavorable to the production of intermittent pulsation; and (3) that, by forsaking the habit of smoking, there were nearly half the number restored to health, the following conclusion will not appear unjustifiable: The abuse of tobacco-smoking may produce in certain constitutions a species of cardiac narcotism, which is indicated by the irregularity of the pulsations, as reckoned at the wrist; and it is only necessary to relinquish the habit in order to obtain a healthy action of the heart.

LARGE rewards have been offered by the Papal Government to stimulate the growth of cotton. Central and Southern Italy have years ago supplied very considerable quantities of cotton, the large culture of which is now confidently expected.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

MR. MAT COMMITS SACRILEGE AND FELONY.

MR. FALCONER, senior, did not go to Chewton on the Sunday, as he had purposed. He was prevented from doing so, and went on the next day,—that same Monday on which Mr. Mat was absent all day from the Chase, and on which “Kate and Walter” held their second session on the Lindisfarn Stone.

Mr. Mat had said nothing to anybody respecting his errand; but the fact was, that he also had determined on going over himself to Chewton; not with much hope of being able to effect any good, where wiser heads had failed, but still anxious, as he said, to see, if he could, what those Mallorys were up to.

Mr. Mat had known Charles Mellish, the late curate, well, in days gone by; and to tell the truth, they had, more often than was quite desirable,—at all events, for the reverend gentleman,—heard the chimes at midnight together, both in Silverton and out at the curate’s residence at Chewton. Music was the chief tie between them. Poor Charley Mellish,—for he had been one of those men to whom that epithet is always applied, and who are always called by the familiar form of their Christian names,—poor Charley Mellish had possessed a grand baritone voice, which made very pleasant music when joined with Mr. Mat’s tenor.

Mr. Mat had often stayed for two or three days together out at Chewton, in those pleasant but naughty old bygone times, and knew all Mellish’s ways and habits, his carelessness and his irregularity, but knew, also, as Mr. Mat was thoroughly persuaded, and loudly declared, that poor Charley was utterly incapable of permitting or conniving at any fraud, either in the matter of the registers intrusted to his keeping, or in any other. Mr. Mat had a very strong idea that the register, which would prove whether the propounded extract from it were truly and honestly made or not, must still be in existence, and might be found, if looked for with sufficient patience and perseverance.

It thus came to pass that Mr. Falconer, senior, and Mr. Matthew Lindisfarn were journeying toward the remote little moorland village on the same day. But they were not travelling by the same road, nor exactly at the same hour.

Mr. Mat’s way lay, indeed, through Sil-

verton, and coincided with that of the banker till after he had crossed the Sill by the bridge at the town-foot, and traversed most of the enclosed country intervening between the river and the borders of the moor. After that, Mr. Mat, being on horseback, pursued the same route which Dr. Blakistry had taken on a former occasion; whereas the banker in his carriage followed the lower road, by which Dr. Lindisfarn and Mr. Sligo had travelled.

Mr. Mat and the banker might therefore have fallen in with one another, had it not been that the former started on his journey at the earlier hour, and had already passed through Silverton when the banker was still finishing his breakfast.

Mr. Mat took his ride leisurely, being much longer about it than Dr. Blakistry had been,—not because he was the inferior horseman of the two—quite the contrary; Mr. Mat was in those days one of the best riders in Sillshire, and could have, without difficulty, found his way across and over obstacles that would have puzzled the M. D. But he rode leisurely over the moor because he so much enjoyed his ride. It so happened, that he had never been at Chewton since his old crony Charles Mellish’s death. And every mile of the way waked up whole hosts of long sleeping memories in Mr. Mat’s recollection.

The ten years that run from forty-five to fifty-five in a man’s life are a terrible decade, leaving cruelly deep marks in their passage, often accomplishing the whole job of turning a young man into an old one. And these were about the years that had passed over Mr. Mat’s head since he had last ridden that well-known road from Silverton to Chewton.

Not that these years could be said to have turned Mr. Mat into an old man, either. He was of the sort who make a good and successful fight against the old tyrant with the scythe and hour-glass. His coal-black, spiky, scrubbing-brush of a head of hair, was as thickly set and as black as ever. His perfect set of regular white teeth were as complete and as brilliant in their whiteness as ever. His shrewd and twinkling deep-set black eye was as full of fire and as bright as it had been when last he rode that way. And his copper-colored, deeply-seamed, and poek-marked face was not more unsightly than it had ever

been. And Mr. Mat always carried a light heart beneath his waistcoat, which is as good a preservative against age as camphor is against moth, as all the world knows.

So he rode through the keen morning air of the moor, reviewing his stock of recollections athwart the mellow sunshine-tinted Claude glass which memory presents to euphletic easy-going philosophers of this sort, carolling out ever and anon some fragment of a ditty, with all the power of his rich and sonorous tenor.

“There’s many a lad I knew is dead,
And many a lass grown old !
And as the lesson strikes my head,
My weary heart grows cold ;”

he sung, as he turned his horse’s head out of the main road across the moor into that breakneck track, by which we have seen Dr. Blakistry pick his way. But the stave was carolled forth in a manner that did not seem to indicate a very weary or cold heart in the singer’s bosom ; and Mr. Mat, as he sat on his well-appointed steed, with his white hat just a little cocked on one side, his whip under his arm, and his hand stuck into the pocket of his red waistcoat, certainly did not present to the imagination the picture of a sorrow-stricken individual.

A couple of rabbits ran across the path, startled from their dewy morning nibble by his horse’s tread ; and Mr. Mat broke off his song to honor them with a view-halloo that made the sides of a neighboring huge rock—a “tor,” in the moorland language—re-echo again.

“And when cold in my coffin,” he shouted again,—“when cold in my coffin—Ha ! Miss Lucy ! mind what you are about, lass ! turf slippery ; is it ?—When cold in my coffin, I’ll leave them to say, he’s gone ! what a hearty good fellow !”

“El—low !” said the echo off the gray tor side.

“What a hearty good fellow !” repeated Mr. Mat, in a stentorian voice, stimulated by the echo’s second.

The good resolution thus enunciated seemed, however, to have been uttered by Mr. Mat, rather in the character of the late curate than in his own proper person ; for he continued soliloquizing a train of reflections, which that view of the sentiment he had been chanting inspired him with.

“Yes, he was a hearty good fellow,—poor Charley ! as good as ever another in Sillshire,—not a morsel of vice in him—not a bit ! They got hold of the wrong bit of stuff, maybe, to make a parson out of. Poor old Charley ! He’s gone,—what a hearty good fellow ! How often have I heard him sing that. Well ! well ! Now he is gone. And we are all a-going !

‘And so ’twill be, when I am gone
Those evening bells will still ring on !
Some other bard will walk these dells’—

Hup ! Miss Lucy ! what are you about, lass ?

‘And sing your praise, sweet evening bells.’

And I wonder whether another as big a rogue as that old Mallory will pull your ropes, sweet evening bells ? There’s some devilry of some sort at the bottom of this business. I am sure of it,—sure and certain ; but it’s deeper, I am afraid, than anything I can get to the bottom of.”

And with these thoughts in his head, Mr. Mat came in sight of the tower of Chewton Church, and in a few minutes afterwards, pulled up at the house of Mr. Mallory, the clerk,—pulled up there more because it had always been his habit to do so in old times, when Charley Mellish lived in that house, than for any other reason ; though, in fact, anything that Mr. Mat was come there to do could only be done by addressing himself to the old clerk. But the fact was, that Mr. Mat did not very well know what he had come there to do. He had yielded, when he made up his mind to ride over, to a sort of vague and restless desire to do something, a conviction that all was not right, and a sort of feeling that it might be possible to find out something if one were on the spot.

It was about eleven o’clock in the forenoon when Mr. Mat reached Chewton, and hung Miss Lucy’s rein on the rail in front of Mr. Mallory’s door. He knocked at the door with the handle of his whip ; and it was instantly opened to him by the old man himself.

“Mr. Matthew Lindisfarn ! why ”—

“What has brought me here ? you were going to say, Mr. Mallory ; after staying away ten years or more ! Well ! a little of remembrance of the old times, and a little of interest about these new times. That’s about it, eh ?”

"The old times and the new times are pretty much alike, as far as I can see, Mr. Mat. A little more rheumatism, a little more weariness when one goes to bed, and a little more stiffness when one gets up in the morning; that's the most of the difference that I can see."

"Well! there is no jolly, good-humored, smiling face looking out of that window over the door up there, where poor old Charley's face used to be, when I rode over, three or four hours earlier than 'tis now, mayhap, and he would welcome me with, 'Chanticleer proclaims the morn!' Does that make no difference between the old times and the new?"

"You don't seem much changed, Mr. Mat, anyway," returned the old man, looking at his visitor with a queer sort of interest and curiosity; "you are pretty much as you were, I think, coat and waistcoat and all!"

"Pretty much; and I don't see that ten years have made any great improvement in you, Mr. Mallory. I don't see a mite of difference, to tell the truth."

"I don't know that there is much, Mr. Mat, barring what I told you just now," said the old man.

"And I don't suppose," said Mr. Mat, shutting one bright black eye, and putting his head on one side with an air of curious speculation, as he eyed the tall, grave old man with the other,—"I don't suppose, Mr. Mallory, that these ten years have made either of us a bit the better or the wiser. I can't say that I am aware of their having had any such effect on me, for my part."

"Well, Mr. Matthew, I should be sorry to think that, for my part. But then I'm nearer the great account, you know," said the clerk, with a touch of official sanctimoniousness.

"So that it is about time to think of making up the books, eh, Mr. Mallory? Well, that's true. But, bless your heart, there's no counting in that way. Think of that poor young fellow lost at sea the other day,—my cousin—a far-away cousin, but still my cousin, Mr. Mallory—and your son-in-law, as I understand, Mr. Mallory. Think of him!" said Mr. Mat, thus suddenly bringing round the conversation to the topic which was uppermost in his mind, by a bold stroke of rhetoric, which he flattered himself would not have disgraced the leader of the western cir-

cuit, "there was a sudden calling to account, Mr. Mallory."

"Ay, indeed, Mr. Matthew," said the old clerk, leisurely, folding his hands in front of his waistcoat, and twirling his thumbs placidly as he stood in front of his visitor, in the middle of the flagged floor of his large kitchen and entrance hall; for the two had by this time entered the house; but the old man had not invited his self-bidden guest to be seated,—“ay, indeed, Mr. Matthew, and it's what they are specially liable to, 'who go down to the sea in ships, and occupy their business in the great waters.'”

"Such queer business, too, by all accounts," said Mr. Mat.

"Indeed, I am not much in the way of hearing reports here," rejoined Mr. Mallory, indifferently.

"Very true, Mr. Mallory; out in the moor here, you know. But be all that how it may, it is necessary now to see that the rights of the child—your grandson, Mr. Mallory, and my far-away cousin—are properly settled. That is the feeling of all the family; and perhaps it is all for the best that there should be a male heir for the old place and the old name," said Mr. Mat, whom nobody, and least of all himself, would ever have supposed to have so much Jesuitry in him.

"Of course Mr. Oliver Lindisfarn, and the doctor, my honored master, can only wish that right should be done. Queer enough that the child should have the rector and the clerk of Chewton for his two grandfathers, is it not, Mr. Matthew? I suppose the settlement of the question don't make much more difference to either of them than it does to the other! I have had all the sorrow of the business; and I sha'n't have any of the advantage—No, not all the sorrow, either; for Dr. Lindisfarn had his share too, no doubt; and he will get as little good from it as I shall."

"Of course, of course, Mr. Mallory; and all you can wish is what all the parties concerned wish in the matter,—that the right thing should be done."

"I can safely say, Mr. Matthew, that that is *my* feeling. But to tell you the truth, I feared, from what I have heard my son say,—the lawyer at Sillmouth, Mr. Matthew,—that the family would make some attempt to dispute the boy's title," said the old man, looking keenly at Mr. Mat.

"I am sure the squire at the Chase has no wish to dispute anything that is not fairly disputable," rejoined Mr. Mat; "but as far as I can understand, there arises some doubt and difficulty about a missing register. If that could be found, I fancy it would make the thing all clear and plain."

"No doubt, Mr. Matthew, no doubt. But how to find it? that is the question. You knew poor Mr. Mellish, nobody better; and you knew his ways. Like enough to have made the old register into gun wadding, for want of better," said the clerk.

"No!" said Mr. Mat, shaking his head very decisively,—"no, Charley would never have done that. He would never have done anything that could bring no end of wrong and trouble to others."

"But you know, Mr. Matthew, that half his time he did not know what he was doing," said the clerk, with a sad and reproachful shake of the head.

"No, not so bad as that! Come, come, Mr. Mallory, don't stick it on to him worse than it was, poor fellow. I have seen him with a drop or two too much now and again towards the small hours. But not in the morning; not when there could ever have been any question about gun-wadding. No, no! Charley never made away with the book in any fashion, I'll lay my life! It must have been in existence somewhere or other when he died; and if it could be found, it would make this child's rights as clear as day, and spare all further trouble about it."

It was now old Mallory's turn to scrutinize his companion, which he did to much better purpose than simple Mr. Mat had done, observing his features furtively and keenly out of the corner of his eye, with a shrewdness calculated to detect an *arriere pensée* in a deeper dissembler than Mr. Mat.

"At all events," he said, "it is exceedingly vexatious that the register cannot be found. I have done my utmost long ago, as well as recently, to find it. And I shall be very much surprised if anybody else ever finds it now."

"Have you any objection to let me go upstairs into the rooms he used to inhabit? I should like to see the old place again for 'auld lang syne' sake. You know, Mallory, how many a jolly night I have passed in those rooms in old times."

"Ay, Mr. Matthew! it were better if I

had not any such to remember. They were sad doings; no credit to the house, nor to the parish, for that matter!" said the old clerk, casting up his eyes in pious reprobation.

"I am sure the next parish was never any the wiser for that matter. It must have been a roystering rouse with a vengeance, that the silence of Sillmoor could not swallow up and tell no tales of! And as for the people here, you know whether they loved poor Charley, or were likely to think much ill of him, poor fellow, with all his faults. May I go up and have a look at the old rooms?"

"Yes, Mr. Matthew, I have no objection whatever. You can go up-stairs if you wish it. I will wait on you. But the room has been used since Mr. Mellish lived in it."

"Both the rooms he occupied?" asked Mr. Mat.

"No, not both of them. The sitting-room has been occupied since by my daughter when she was here. But the room beyond, the bedroom, where he died, has never been used since. We have more space in the house than we need."

So they both went up-stairs; and Mr. Mat, under cover of indulging in the reminiscences of his dead-and-gone jollifications, cast his eyes sharply about him to see if he could get any hint of a hiding-place or repository in which it might be possible to suppose that the missing register might have been hidden and lost. In the room which had been the curate's sitting-room, no trace of his occupation remained. It had very evidently long since passed under feminine dominion, and had been, it may be hoped, purified, during the reign of the moorland wild-flower, from all odor of the naughty doings witnessed in that former phase of its existence. It was not so, however, in the inner room, in which the poor curate had slept, and had died. There everything had remained to all appearance exactly as he had left it. On a nail in the white-washed wall by the side of the old bedstead, just in the place where Roman Catholic devotion is wont to suspend a little vase of holy water, still hung the Protestant curate's dog-whip. On the wall opposite to the bed, and at right angles to the window, was scrawled in charcoal on the white surface a colossal music score, with a number of notes rudely but very clearly, legibly, and correctly placed on the lines of it. The main direction in which poor Mellish's efforts at

discharging his duty in the matter of instructing his parishioners had developed themselves, was in attempting to get up a choir, and to teach a class of the boys to sing. And this bedroom had been the poor fellow's school-room, and the huge score and notes on the wall his lecture-board.

Poor melodious Charley! He was willing to teach what he best knew; and whether Sternhold and Hopkins supplied all the exemplars commended to the voices of the ingenuous moorland youth, it were invidious too closely to inquire.

On another side of the room was a large worm-eaten chest, on which Mr. Mat's eye fell immediately. He lifted the creaking lid eagerly; but there was nothing but dust and one old rusty spur in a corner inside. And a smile passed over the face of Mr. Mallory as he let the lid and the corners of his own mouth fall at the same time.

There was no other shade of a possibility that the missing volume might be found in the curate's bed-chamber; and Mr. Mat turned with a sigh—quite as much given to the memory of his old friend as to the failure of his present hopes—to follow Mr. Mallory down the stairs, when, just as they reached the stairfoot, the unusual sound of carriage-wheels was heard outside Mr. Mallory's door.

"I suppose it must be that lawyer come back again," said the old clerk. "He was here the other day, wanting to find this same unlucky register, and he seemed for all the world to fancy that I could tell him where it is. As if I would not find it if I could! I know as well as he does—better for that matter—that it would set all right. I am glad that you should happen to be here, Mr. Matthew, when he pays us his visit: he may look where he likes, for me."

So saying the old man went to the door, and there found, instead of the lawyer he expected, Mr. Falconer, senior, all smiles and bland courtesy.

"Mr. Mallory, your servant. I dare say you can guess my errand; and— But whom have we here? Mr. Mat, I declare! Dear me! Why, Mr. Mat, are you going to enter the lists with us? Have you turned ecclesiologist? Have you visited the church, eh?"

"No, sir, no! we have not been near the church. Mr. Matthew Lindisfarn was here upon another matter. What, you want to

have one more look at the famous inscription, sir; is that it?"

"That is what I wish, Mr. Mallory; if you will be so obliging as to afford me the opportunity of doing so."

"Good-morning, Mr. Falconer. I know nothing about the inscription, and I am not turned any ologist of any sort, that I know of. But *you* might guess what brings *me* here. I wanted to have a look with my own eyes after this plaguey register. You know all about it, no doubt. All Sillshire knows it by this time."

"Ay, ay, I understand; a bad business, Mr. Mat, a bad business! Truly grievous! But my little matter is a question of some interest between Dr. Lindisfarn and myself and some others, walkers in the paths of hoar antiquity, Mr. Mat."

"What, all across the moor here away?" said Mr. Mat, with a puzzled air.

"Yes, indeed. These pleasant paths have led us on this occasion all across the moor out to Chewton. And now if you like to step across to the church, and if Mr. Mallory will be so obliging as to accompany us with the keys, I shall have pleasure in showing you the famous inscription, which is puzzling us all; and who knows but you may hit upon some suggestion that may help us?" added the old gentleman, patronizingly.

"With all my heart, Mr. Falconer. I used to know the church well enough at one time, years ago. Will you open it for us, Mr. Mallory?" said Mr. Mat.

"I must be going to the church myself in a minute or two, gentlemen," said the clerk; "for it is time to ring the noontide bell. The sexton is a laboring man away at his work; so I always ring the bell at midday."

"Ah, yes! I remember it," said Mr. Mat; "there always used to be noontide bell at Chewton. So you keep up that old fashion still, eh, Mr. Mallory?"

"Dr. Lindisfarn would not have it dropped on any account, sir; and indeed you might say the same almost of a many of the older parishioners. They hold to the noontide bell very much about here. There always *has* been a noontide bell at Chewton-in-the-Moor, time out of mind."

Thus talking the clerk and his two visitors strolled leisurely across the village street, and along the churchyard wall to the old-fashioned stile over it, formed of huge slabs of

stone from the moor,—that stile on which Dr. Blakistry had found little July Lindisfarn—or July Mallory, as the case might be—sitting and speculating on rashers in the coming time. July was there no longer, having been removed, with his mother, to Mr. Jared Mallory's house at Sillmouth.

The clerk opened the church, and admitting the two gentlemen into the body of the building, betook himself to the belfry, to perform his daily duty.

"This is indeed a fortunate chance, my dear sir," whispered Falconer to Mr. Mat, as soon as they were left alone, "an opportunity I have never enjoyed before. At my former visits here I have never been able to examine the curious relic of which I spoke to you except under the eyes of the man who has just left us—a creature of the doctor's, of course—worthy, excellent, good man, Dr. Lindisfarn, I am sure. I have the utmost regard for him. But crotchety, my dear Mr. Mat,—I do not mind saying it to you,—decidedly crotchety upon some points; erudite, but de-ci-ded-ly crotchety. Now in the matter of this inscription our dear doctor has formed a certain theory,—it is not for me to say whether tenable or not, at least, not here nor now," said the banker, with a meaning look at his companion, which, however, was meaningless for Mr. Mat,—“a certain theory,” continued the banker, “which might most judiciously be tested by the removal of a small portion of the coating of plaster which covers the ancient woodwork. But this I have never been able to attempt, as you will understand, in that man Mallory's presence. Even if he had allowed me to do so, which I do not think, any discovery which I could make would have been immediately communicated to the doctor, you see; and in these matters one wishes, you know—naturally—you understand”—

Mr. Mat understood nothing at all. But he very docilely followed the lead of the old banker, who, as he spoke the last words, had brought him into the corridor leading to the vestry, and stopped short in front of the partially discovered panel which appeared to be let into the wall under the low ornamented arch, in the manner which has been previously described. There, unquestionably enough, were to be seen the mysterious syllables, on which all the senior canon's superstructure of learned dissertation and con-

jecture was founded: “TANTI . . . VI . . . TANTI . . . VI . . . TANTI” And both above and below them were the half-obliterated remains of figures or painted symbols of some sort, which really looked more like hieroglyphics than anything else.

“There, sir, is the celebrated Chewton inscription,” said Mr. Falconer, “and I am bound to admit that I do not think there can be any doubt or discrepancy of opinion on the reading of the letters. They read most undeniably ‘TANTI VI, TANTI VI TANTI;’ but the doctor has never adverted to the probability that the letters ‘v, i,’ thus singularly repeated, and especially found thus in conjunction with the adjective ‘tanti,’ which signifies, my dear Mr. Mat, ‘so many,’—‘so many,’” repeated the banker, holding up his fore-finger in a manner intended to demand imperatively a strong effort of Mr. Mat's mind for the due comprehension of that important point,—“the *very great* probability, I say, that these letters ‘v, i’ may be simply Roman numerals.”

All the while the learned banker was setting forth his opposition theory in this manner, Mr. Mat was observing the panel in question more narrowly and with a greater appearance of interest than could have been reasonably expected from a man of his tastes and habits. Stooping down with his hands resting upon his knees, so as to bring his face nearly to a level with the letters, he stared at them, while a close observer might have marked a gradually intensified gleam of intelligence—first glimmer in his eyes, then mantle on his humorous puckered lips, and lastly illumine in its completion his entire visage.

“Now what I wish,” continued Mr. Falconer, “and what I propose doing, with your kind aid, Mr. Mat, now that the clerk's absence has given us the opportunity, is just to rub, or scrape off a little—just a *little*—of the whitewash here, to see if we can discover any further traces. Don't you think we might manage it, Mr. Mat?” said Mr. Falconer, coaxingly.

“All the world says you are a very learned man, Mr. Falconer, and the doctor another; and learning is a very fine thing. But what would you and the doctor and all the rest of the big-wigs say, if I was to tell you, without any rubbing off of whitewash at all, what comes next after the words you see there?”

said Mr. Mat, putting both his hands in his waistcoat-pockets, balancing himself on the heels of his boots, and looking at the banker with merry-twinkling, half-closed eyes, and his head thrown back.

"Say Mr. Mat?" replied Falconer, apparently quite taken aback with astonishment,—"say?—why, sir, I should say that any such statement was worth just nothing at all without verification. For my own part, I frankly admit that I do not perceive, nor indeed can imagine, the possibility of a conjecture"—

"Well, look ye here, Mr. Falconer, my conjecture is this: I am of opinion that the next letters after those where the whitewash has been rubbed off will be found to be *v, i*, over again, and then *t, h, i, s*; now if that turns out to be right when we rub off the whitewash, I think you ought to make me president of the antiquarian society, or the devil is in it."

"My dear sir," said Falconer, becoming very red in the face, and more distant in his manner, from annoyance and astonishment, and finding himself, as it were, shoved aside from his place of learned superiority,—"my dear sir, I must confess I do not understand you; I know not what notion you have taken into your head; I must protest"—

"Well, Mr. Falconer, I have told you what the next letters will be found to be. Now we'll proceed to verify, as you say."

And Mr. Mat as he spoke, drew out from his pocket one of those huge pluralist pocket-knives,—a whole tool-box of instruments in itself,—which such men as Mr. Mat love to carry about with them; and having pulled out from some corner of its all-accommodating handle a large wide-bladed hack-knife, proceeded with no light or delicate hand to scrape away a further portion of the coating of whitewash which covered the board.

Falconer looked on, aghast with dismay and horror.

"Mr. Mat, Mr. Mat! Good Heavens! what are you about? What will the doctor say? Gently, gently, at all events; or you will destroy whatever remains of antiquity time may have spared."

"Not a bit of it, sir," said Mr. Mat, scraping away vigorously; "there! now, sir, look and see if I was a true prophet. There they are! There are the letters I told you we

should find,—*v, i; t, h, i, s*;'—plain enough; aint they?"

Mr. Falconer put on his gold eyeglasses, and peered closely at the place where Mr. Mat had laid the wood bare. He read the letters, as deciphered by Mr. Mat, without any difficulty.

"My dear sir," he said, tremulously, while his hands before and his pigtail behind began to shake in unison with the excess of his perplexity and astonishment, "I confess I do not understand it,—I am at a loss,—I wash my hands of the matter. You must account for what you have done to the doctor; I fear he will be greatly displeased, I—I—retire baffled!—I can offer no conjecture—ahem!"

"Oh, I'll be accountable to the doctor! Why, I thought that he was worriting his life out to find out what this writing meant. I thought that was what you all of you wanted?" cried Mr. Mat. "But I'll tell you what it is, Mr. Falconer," he continued, selecting, as he spoke, another instrument from his pocket arsenal, "I mean to verify this a little more. I am going to have that board out, inscription and all. Why, it's an old acquaintance of mine, Mr. Falconer, the old board, and the inscription, as you call it, and the whole concern. Bless your heart, I know all about it! What do you say to this now, by way of a learned explanation?" And with a very reprehensible forgetfulness of the sacred character of the building in which they were standing, and throwing himself into an attitude meant to be in accordance with his words, Mr. Mat made the groined roof of the fine old church ring again with the well-known old burthen, "Tantivy, tantivy, tantivy! This day a stag must die!"

"Ha, ha, ha, ha!" he laughed uproariously; "to think of poor Charley's music-score coming to make such a piece of work; ha, ha, ha, ha!"

"That is all very well, Mr. Mat," said Falconer, seizing, with a transient gleam of hope, on a point which seemed to afford the means of hitching a difficulty on to Mr. Mat's explanation of the celebrated Chewton inscription; "but you will do me the favor to observe that the cabalistic word taken from the art of venerie which you have cited, 'tantivy,' must be held to be written as pro-

nounced, with a *y* at the end ; whereas the letters painted on that panel are *v, i.*"

"Tell ye, Mr. Falconer, I saw him paint it—helped him to do it. Fact was, the parish boys used to puzzle themselves with the *y* at the end ; so he wrote it *i*, comes to the same thing, you know. Poor Charley was always wanting to teach a lot of the parish boys to sing,—all he did teach 'em, or could teach 'em, I suppose, for the matter of that. But singing he did understand, nobody better. Poor fellow ! many's the glee he and I have made two at. Well, his plan was to paint a few bars of some easy song or other, with the words,—there, you can see the notes plain enough !—and paint it all so big that the whole of his class could read it at once. That was what this board was for. If you will go up into the room in old Mallory's house, where poor Charley used to live, you may see just such another bit of music done on the wall with charcoal. I was up there just now, before you arrived, and there is the poor fellow's handiwork on the wall pretty nearly as fresh as ever. Yes, there it is, music and all, plain enough," continued Mr. Mat, who had, all the time he was talking, been vigorously working away at the board, and had at last succeeded in wrenching it away from the wall,—“there is poor Charley's class-board, ‘Tantivy, tantivy, tantivy, this day a stag must die!’ Now, Mr. Falconer, don't I deserve to be made perpetual president of the learned Society of Antiquaries of Silverton, eh ? What do you say to the verification now, Mr. Falconer ?”

“It is truly a very extraordinary explanation of the mystery,—very unexpected and extraordinary indeed. Nevertheless, Mr. Mat, I am sure that you will forgive me, if I declare myself to be speaking strictly under reserve, and refrain from pronouncing at present any definitive opinion. I fear, as I before observed, that the doctor, who is rector of this church, you must remember, Mr. Mat, will be very seriously displeased at the— the somewhat precipitous and violent steps which have been taken for”—

“For the discovery of his favorite mare's nest, eh ? Well, I must take the blame of that. But now, Mr. Falconer,” continued Mr. Mat, changing his manner entirely, and speaking very seriously, “I'll tell you what it is ! I've got a mare's nest here as well as the doctor. I did not wrench that board

out of its place only to show you what it was. I knew the old board that my own hands had helped to paint well enough, directly I saw it. But something else came into my head at the same time. You have heard all about the missing register, and how much may depend on the finding of it ! Well, now I remember how this place in the wall used to be before Mellish had the board put up there. There was a space under this stone arch here, as you may see now, and at the bottom of it a stone trough like a small conduit. Well, when Charley had done with the old board, and the boys had got pretty perfect in ‘This day a stag must die,’ he scrawled that other lesson on the wall, as I was telling you just now, and I never knew nor cared what had become of the board ; for though I was often over here in those days, my visits were not for the purpose of going to church, more shame for me. But I recollect as well as if it was yesterday, hearing Mellish complain, time and again, that there was no proper place in the vestry for the keeping of the register book. And when I saw the board put up here so as to shut in a snug place under the old arch, and yet so as to leave an opening a-top,—for, as you may see, this board did not close up the arch ; that must have been done afterward, and I dare say our old friend who has just done ringing the bell could tell us the when, and maybe the wherefore,—when I observed all this, you see, having the matter of the register more in my mind than the inscription, it came across me like a flash of lightning that it was very likely Charley had put the board up here to make a place, and a very snug, safe place, too, for keeping the register in. It was just like him, always full of contraptions, and a deal cleverer with his hands than he was with his head, poor fellow.”

Just as Mr. Mat had completed his explanation, the two violators of the fabric of the church were rejoined by the old clerk. And a wrathful man was he, when his first glance showed him what had been done. Perhaps there was something more, besides anger, in the pallor that came over his rigid old face, and the dilation of his still fiery, deep-set eyes.

“What is this, gentlemen ?” he said, in a voice tremulous with passion. “Sacrilege ! You have committed sacrilege, gentlemen, and abused the trust I placed in you, in allowing you to remain in the church.”

"Mr. Mallory, I protest"—began the banker, with formal pomposity.

"Gentlemen," interrupted the gaunt old man, still shaking with rage, "you must answer for this outrage as best you may. You must be accountable to the rector of the parish—and to the law. I must insist upon your leaving the church instantly—instantly!" he reiterated, coming forward a step as he spoke, so as to advance towards placing himself between Mr. Mat and the partially disclosed aperture which the removal of the board had occasioned.

"Certainly, Mr. Mallory, certainly," said Mr. Mat, taking a rapid stride forward as he spoke, so as to be beforehand with the old man, and to place himself close to the spot from which the board had been taken; "I did this job. Mr. Falconer had no hand in it at all. I will be answerable for it. But before I go I must just see what lies buried among the rubbish there behind the boarding, only for the sake of antiquarianism, you know."

And while the words were yet on his lips he plunged his hand into the trough of the monk's old conduit, still hidden behind a second board, which had been placed below the old music-score, and in the next minute drew it forth with a small vellum-bound volume in it.

Holding his prize aloft with one hand, Mr. Mat put the thumb of the other to his ear, and uttered a view-halloa which might have waked the ancient monks from their tercentenary slumber.

Mr. Falconer, not a little scandalized, but quite awake to the possible importance of the discovery, held up his hands, partly in dismay and partly in interest.

Mallory became perfectly livid, and trembled visibly in every limb. He strove with might and main, however, to speak with stern calmness, as he said,—

"Mr. Matthew Lindisfarn, I require you to give up that volume instantly to me. If indeed it be a register, I, in the absence of the rector and the curate, am the legal and proper guardian of it. Mr. Falconer, I appeal to you!"

"I wash my hands—indeed, I have once already stated to Mr. Matthew that I wash my hands."

"And I will wash mine when I get back

to the Chase!" cried Mr. Mat, still holding high in the air the dusty and cobweb-mantled volume, and making for the door of the church.

Mallory rushed forward to intercept him, with an agility that could not have been expected from his years, crying out,—

"Mr. Lindisfarn, I warn you! This is sacrilege and felony; felony, Mr. Lindisfarn! Take care what you are about. Mr. Falconer, you are a magistrate, I call upon you."

"Good-by, Mr. Falconer; I'm off; no time to lose—see you in Silverton. Beg pardon, Mr. Mallory, but this book must go to Silverton, felony or no felony."

And so saying, he darted out of the church-door, and across the street to the rail where he had left Miss Lucy, and was in the saddle in the twinkling of an eye.

"Now, Miss Lucy, old girl, put the best foot foremost;" and turning in his saddle as he started at a gallop, he saw his two recent companions standing at the church-door, staring after him open-mouthed.

"Yoicks! Yoicks! hark forward!" he cried, once more flourishing his prize in the air before their eyes, and then carefully securing it within his coat, gave all his attention to guiding Miss Lucy across the moor, at what would assuredly have been a break-neck pace to most riders.

CHAPTER XLIX.

MR. SLOWCOME COMES OUT RATHER STRONG.

THE flanks of Miss Lucy were streaming as she stood at the door of Messrs. Slowcome and Sligo's offices in the High Street, about half-past one o'clock on that Monday morning. Mr. Mat had ridden the fifteen miles from Chewton in one hour and a quarter; but had nevertheless found time to reflect, as he rode, that after all he did not know what the register might prove, or whether it might be found to prove anything in the matter of the succession of the Lindisfarn property. He remembered with some misgiving that in truth he did not know with any certainty whether the dusty volume he had drawn from its hiding-place was any parish register at all or no; and justly considering that it would be very desirable to ascertain what might be the real facts in these respects before carrying his prize to the Chase, where probably nobody would be able to understand anything

of the matter, he determined very judiciously to submit the volume in the first place to the learned scrutiny of old Slow.

Hurriedly throwing Miss Lucy's rein to a boy in the street, who, like every other boy in the streets of Silverton, knew both Mr. Mat and Miss Lucy perfectly well, he rushed into the open door, and made straight for that inner one of glass, which gave immediate admittance to the sacred presence of the heads of the firm, quite regardless of the remonstrances of the outraged Bob Scott, who in vain tried to stop him.

"Sir, sir, Mr. Mat!" cried Bob, in his capacity of Cuberns, "they are engaged. Mr. Slowcome has people with him on business, and Mr. Sligo is with him too; you must wait, if you please," said the junior clerk, rushing out from his den on the left-hand side of the entrance.

"Can't wait; who's with him?" said Mr. Mat.

"Why, Mr. Jared Mallory, of Sillmouth!" whispered Bob, with an air of much mystery.

"All right!" cried Mr. Mat, with his hand on the lock of the glazed door; and in the next instant he was in the innermost shrine of Themis.

Mr. Slowcome was sitting in his accustomed chair, wheeled round a little from the writing-table, so as to face the Sillmouth attorney, who was seated opposite to him, while Mr. Sligo was standing dangling one leg over the back of a chair, on the rug before the fireplace.

One would have said to look at the three that both Mr. Slowcome and Mr. Mallory were exceedingly enjoying themselves, and that Mr. Sligo was much amused by watching them. And in this case Mr. Slowcome and not Mr. Mallory was the hypocrite. That latter gentleman was very thoroughly enjoying himself, and seemed entirely to have got over that appearance of being ill at ease, which a consciousness of his unprofessional and out-at-elbow-like shabbiness inspired him with on his first visit to the offices of the prosperous Silverton firm. He sat thrown back in an easy attitude in his chair, with one knee crossed over the other, with one hand in his trousers, while the other was caressing his chin; and he was eyeing old Slow with the look of a man who has forced

his antagonist into a corner, and triumphantly watches his struggles to escape from that position. But old Slow afforded him as little as possible of this triumph. He, too, seemed perfectly at his ease, and at all events, was not hurried into speaking or moving one jot beyond his normal speed. Mr. Sligo was biting his nails, and looked like a terrier watching for the moment when a baited badger might give him an opportunity for dashing in upon him.

"How do, Slowcome?" cried Mr. Mat, nodding to Mr. Sligo. "Who is this gentleman?" he continued, staring at the visitor to the firm: "Mr. Jared Mallory, I should say by the look of him."

"You are right, Mr. Matthew Lindisfarn, though I can't say I should have known you by the look of you, if I had not known you before!"

"We were engaged, Mr. Matthew, in discussing, quite in a friendly way, and without prejudice to any ulterior proceedings which it may be necessary to take in the matter—without prejudice, Mr. Mallory!"—

"Oh, quite so," snapped Mr. Mallory, with the rapidity of a monkey seizing a nut.

"We were engaged in discussing this matter of the disputed succession—not but what I am premature in calling it so," pursued Mr. Slowcome, as if he were speaking against time, and would beat it out of the field, "but this question, which may become such—may unfortunately become such—respecting the Lindisfarn property."

"Quite so," put in Mr. Sligo, like a pistol-shot.

"And I am come to help you," said Mr. Mat, briskly, drawing a chair between Mr. Slowcome and Mallory.

"Ay, ay, ay, ay," said Mr. Slowcome; "Sligo, Mr. Matthew has come to help us."

"More the merrier," said Mr. Mallory.

"Perhaps better see member of firm confidentially. My room at your service, Mr. Matthew," suggested Mr. Sligo.

"Look at that, Mr. Slowcome," said Mr. Mat, producing his book, and utterly disregarding the caution of Mr. Sligo.

"A remarkably dirty volume," said old Slow, taking it between his finger and thumb, and laying it gingerly on the desk before him.

"Have you a duster there, Mr. Sligo? Be so good as to ring the bell."

"Let me look at it, Mr. Slowcome; I am not so dainty," said Mallory, stretching out his hand towards the volume.

"Nay, Mr. Mal-lo-ry," returned Slowcome, waving him off with an interposing hand; "let us keep our hands clean if we can,—clean if we can, you know, Mis-ter Mal-lo-ry. What does the volume purport to be, Mr. Matthew?"

"It has not purported anything yet. That is what I brought it here for, that you might see. But if I am not mistaken, Slowcome, that is the missing register of Chewton church."

A sudden change, transitory as a flash of lightning, passed over Mr. Mallory's face, and he again stretched out his hand toward the little volume, which had by this time been duly divested of its dust and cobwebs, saying, as he did so,—

"Indeed, Mr. Matthew; that would be most satisfactory to us all."

Mr. Sligo sprung forward to interpose, and snatch the volume himself. But old Slow was beforehand with them both, quietly letting his fat white hand fall upon the volume as the words passed Mr. Mat's lips.

"Dear me, dear me," he said, without the change of a demi-semi-tone in his voice, "and where did you obtain the volume, Mr. Matthew Lindisfarn? That is if you have no objection to answer the question, you know."

"Oh, no objection in life," said Mr. Mat, readily; "I committed felony to get it. At least, so that gentleman's worthy father told me."

"Ay, ay, ay, ay. Dear me, dear me; you removed the volume from the parish church of Chewton, and Mr. Mallory, senior, who is, I understand, the clerk of that parish, expressed an opinion—a *primâ facie* opinion of course—that the removal of it amounted within the meaning of the statute to felony. Ay, ay, ay, ay! Your good father amuses his leisure hours with the pleasing study of the criminal law, Mr. Mallory?" said Slowcome, bowing to the Sillmouth attorney with a perfection of bland courtesy.

"Little study needed to tell that stealing a parish-register is felony, I should think," snarled Mallory.

"Very true, Mis-ter Mal-lo-ry, very true indeed. We will, however, examine the volume, at all events. We can hardly make felony of that, Mr. Mallory; can we?"

And thus saying, old Slow carefully and leisurely adjusted his gold eyeglasses, and proceeded to look at the book, from which he had not once removed his hand, during the above conversation.

"Most assuredly this is the register of births, deaths, and marriages of the parish of Chewton, ranging over all the time with which our present business can be concerned, Mr. Matthew," said he, after a leisurely inspection.

Mr. Mat's eyes twinkled, as he said,—

"I knew poor Charley Mellish could never have done anything wrong about it in any way"—

"No suggestion of the kind, Mr. Mat. Register lost, all about it, no case," interrupted Mr. Sligo precipitately, and thereby averting a storm of virtuous indignation, that was on the point of bursting from Mr. Mallory.

"And where was the mislaid volume found, Mr. Matthew?—always supposing that you have no objection to reply to the question," said Slowcome.

Mr. Mat related the scene in Chewton church as compendiously as he could, not omitting the old clerk's violent opposition to his taking away the book, and concluded by asking the legal oracle what he thought about it.

Mr. Slowcome had, while Mr. Mat was telling his story, handed the important book to Mr. Sligo, with a look, and the one word "Sligo," as he put it into his hands. And Mr. Sligo had in about a minute afterwards, while Mr. Mat was still speaking, returned the volume open to Mr. Slowcome, with his forefinger pointing carelessly to one of the late entries on the page. Old Slow glanced at the passage pointed out to him, while he said, in answer to Mr. Mat's final question,—

"Well, Mr. Mat, I am bound in justice to your friend Mr. Mallory, senior, of Chewton, to say that I am of opinion that the abstraction of the register does bear a *primâ facie* similarity to a case of felony."

"*Primâ facie* and *lasta facie*, too, I should say!" cried Mr. Mallory; "now look 'ee here, Mr. Slowcome," he continued, "this may come to be an ugly business, you see. Of course we cannot put up with such a document as that being left in the power and at the discretion of our opponents. Out of the question, no saying what may have been done

already, no offence." (Luckily for Mr. Jarad's bones, Mr. Mat had no conception of his meaning.) "But look'ee here, Mr. Slowcome, matters may be arranged; no wish to press hardly on a gentleman much respected in the county. Let the register be immediately sealed and returned to the clerk of Chewton, and we consent there shall be no further notice taken."

"That is a very handsome offer, very handsome and friendly, Mr. Mallory, indeed; but would it not," and here Mr. Slowcome paused to savor a huge pinch of snuff, and carefully fillipped away a grain or two from his immaculate shirt-frill before proceeding,— "would it not, I was about to observe, have an awkward appearance of compounding a felony, Mr. Mallory, since we are driven to use such hard words?"

"I'll tell you what it is, gentlemen, all three of you," cried Mr. Mat, striking his hand on Mr. Slowcome's table as he spoke, "if I have committed a felony, I'll be shot if it shall be for nothing! And that register shall be examined before either it or I leave this office!"

"We don't *shoot* felons in this country, Mr. Mat," said old Slow, while an earth-quaky sort of movement, originating in the inside of him caused his ponderous watch-chain and seals to oscillate, and indicated that old Slow conceived himself to have perpetrated a joke.

"And very few documents of any description that ever find their way into *this* office, go out again unexamined!" said the younger partner, with a hard look at Mr. Mallory.

"Very right, Sligo! very judiciously observed indeed! Capital business maxim that, Mr. Mallory! And as for our friend Mr. Mat being either shot, or t'other thing, you know, I think I could suggest another line of defence; I *think* I could, with all deference to an authority doubtless more conversant with that department of business than our house can pretend to be," said Mr. Slowcome, with a most courteous bow to Mr. Mallory.

"Indeed, Mr. Slowcome! And what may that be? I should be curious to hear it, I confess!"

"Well! it is true I am but an ignoramus as to the practice of the criminal side of the court, Mr. Mallory; but my humble notion is, that if I were in Mr. Mat's place, and

either you or your respected father were to say anything to me of so unpleasant a nature as felony, Mr. Mallory, I,—speaking in the character of our excellent friend Mr. Mat, you understand,—I should reply to either you or your respected father, *Forgery!* Mr. Mal-lo-ry, *FORGERY!* For-ge-ry!!" cried Mr. Slowcome, speaking with his accustomed slowness, but with an energy that caused his chin and his pigtail and his watch-chain all to oscillate in unison.

"I do not know what you mean, Mr. Slowcome!" cried Mallory, turning very pale; "but I would advise you to be very careful of actionable words, Mr. Slowcome,—spoken before witnesses, Mr. Slowcome!"

"Dear me! dear me! dear me! To think of its being actionable to talk of forgery in the most abstract, and I may say hypothetical, sort of way! See now! I told you that I knew nothing about these matters! But it's as well to be hung for a sheep as a lamb, now isn't it, Mr. Mallory? So we will come to the concrete. I say the document you submitted to me, purporting to be an extract from this register, has been fraudulently altered, Mr. Mallory! The *date* has been tampered with, Mr. Mallory! The marriage between the late Julian Lindisfarn and your good sister, Mr. Mallory, was celebrated, as duly shown by this register, not before, but after the birth of the child now wrongfully called Julian Lindisfarn; and that child is *nullius filius*, which means, strange as it may seem, Mr. Mat, the son of nobody at all, and therefore *à fortiori*, as I may perhaps be allowed to say, nobody's grandson, and in no wise heir to an acre of the Lindisfarn estates! *Nullius filius*, Mr. Mallory; and the rights of the Misses Katharine and Margaret Lindisfarn are indisputable, Mr. Mallory. That is all! And a very good day's work you have done this morning, Mr. Mat! I congratulate you with all my heart; and between ourselves I don't think that Mr. Mallory will, under the circumstances, be hard upon us about the felony—under the circumstances, eh, Mr. Mallory?"

"Can't say indeed, Mr. Slowcome! We shall see, we shall see, sir!" said Mr. Mallory, sticking his hat on over his ear, and taking a stride toward the door; "you shall hear from me shortly, sir!"

"I think not! I think not!" said Mr. Slowcome, shaking his head, as Mr. Sligo closed the door behind the discomfited foe.

"We shall here no more of them, sir!" he continued, turning to Mr. Mat; "Ha, ha, ha! Tantivy, tantivy! very remarkable chance. Tantivy, tantivy!" repeated the old gentleman, slowly as he rubbed his hands over each other softly,—“tantivy, tantivy! very good, very good indeed!”

Mr. Mat hardly waited to hear the end of old Slow's felicitations, before, rushing out of the office as precipitately as he had entered it, he sprung into the saddle, and astonished Miss Lucy by the unwonted style in which she was required to get over the ground between Silvertown and the Chase.

"Forgery! Forgery! Forgery!" he shouted in view-holloa tones as he rushed into the drawing-room, where the ladies of the family, including Lady Farnleigh, were sitting.

Of course the news of the finding of the register, and of old Slow's decision respecting the facts resulting from its contents were soon made known to every member of the family, and were welcomed by them with rejoicing, slightly diversified in the manifestation of it in accordance with the characteristics of the various individuals. The only one of the party whose peace of mind was in any degree permanently injured by the events which had taken place, and the erroneous impressions arising from them, was Miss Immy; for the upsetting of the foundations of her mind by the statement, which had with difficulty been made credible to her, that the Lindisfarn girls were not the heiresses to the Lindisfarn property, was so complete and irremediable that it was found impracticable to convince her that the decision now once again arrived at that they *were* heiresses, was not liable to be again reversed to-morrow. It is a dangerous thing to disturb the ideas of those who have never accustomed their minds to the possibility that their *certainities* may turn out to be not certain.

Kate nestled up to her godmother's side, and whispered, "I do so hope that nobody will have told *him* of it, before he comes here."

"Oh! you would like to have the telling of your '*him*'—as if there were but one of the sex in the world—yourself; would you?" said Lady Farnleigh, in the same whispered

tones: "Well, as he is at this moment probably in the *Petrel* off the coast of Moulsea Haven, and as the instant he can get away he will come here as fast as a horse's legs can carry him, I think you have a fair chance of being the first teller of your good news."

"If I can only make him understand how wholly my great joy at this change is for his sake," said Kate, drooping her face over her godmother's shoulder, and putting her lips very close to her ear.

"I am inclined to think, my dear, that you will not find him obtuse on that subject," replied Lady Farnleigh.

Miss Margaret, after having partaken with the rest of the family of the general burst of mutual congratulations with which Mr. Mat's news had been received, quietly stole away to her own room and locked herself in. There throwing herself into a large chair, she remained for many minutes plunged in reflections which, it would have been very evident to any eye that could have watched her, were not of an altogether pleasurable kind. There were certain expressions fitting changeably across those lovely features, like thunder-clouds across a summer sky, and certain clinchings from time to time of the slender, rosy-tipped fingers of those long, beautifully-formed hands which denoted that other feelings than those of unmixed satisfaction and rejoicing were present and busy within that snowy bosom. We know that Miss Margaret had been shamefully and cruelly treated. She certainly had cause to feel anger and bitter resentment against a certain person,—and Miss Margaret was apt to feel resentment keenly. How far it would be justifiable to conclude that Madame de Renneville's lovely pupil was engaged, during those long minutes of self-absorbed reflection, in debating within herself what course would secure the best and sweetest vengeance and the severest retribution on the individual who had incurred her displeasure, must be left to the consideration of the candid reader. Supposing it should seem probable that such was in fact the case, we can only discover the decision on this point arrived at in her secret meditations, by observing and carefully piecing together her actions immediately reverie gave place to action, and those particulars of her subsequent conduct which yet remain to be recorded in these pages.

Now what Miss Margaret *did* immediately

on rousing herself from her meditations and her easy-chair, was to change the somewhat neglected attire which she had adopted, during the sackcloth and ashes days of disappointment and misery through which she had just been passing, for a very carefully arranged and tasteful *toilette de matin*. Miss Margaret's practice in the matter was quite oriental and biblical, it may be observed. The fact is, that sorrow manifests its evil influence very differently in different natures. In Miss Margaret it produced a singular tendency to slovenliness. She was like the cats when they are ill, and when under a cloud took, as the phraseology of the servants' hall has it, "no pride in herself."

She was curiously prompt in making this change, certainly. Nevertheless, perhaps this promptitude may be seen to have been inspired by that judicious and keen appreciation of men and things by which Margaret Lindisfarn was so remarkably distinguished.

CHAPTER L.

ARCADES AMBO!—CONCLUSION.

JUST as Mr. Mat was hurriedly mounting Miss Lucy at Messrs. Slowcome and Sligo's door, the carriage of Mr. Falconer drove up the High Street of Silvertown, on its return from Chewton. As soon as possible after that triumphant flight of Mr. Mat with his prize in his hand from the village in the moor, the worthy banker had taken his leave of Mr. Mallory, and had entered his comfortable carriage, charging his coachman, as he did so, to make all possible speed in returning to Silvertown. But not only were the banker's handsome pair of carriage horses no match for Miss Lucy, but the road they had to traverse was some two miles longer. And it resulted thence that Mr. Falconer arrived in the High Street, as has been said, only just as Mr. Mat, after his important interview with the lawyers, was leaving it. The banker caught sight of Mr. Mat, as he rode away from the lawyer's door, and putting his head out of the carriage window, called to the coachman to stop at Messrs. Slowcome and Sligo's office.

"I saw Mr. Matthew Lindisfarn leave your door a minute ago, Slowcome," said he, making his way into the lawyer's presence in a much more hurried manner than comported with Mr. Bob Scott's ideas of the dignity of his principal. "Of course you have

heard all about the strange adventure at Chewton. You have seen the book, I suppose, that he carried off in such a—I must say—in a somewhat unjustifiable manner. Is it a register? Is it *the* register? Does it prove anything?"

"I never am able to hear more than one question at a time, Mr. Falconer," said Slowcome, looking up very deliberately from a letter he was writing, "even when I am not interrupted in another occupation. Yes! I have seen the book Mr. Mat brought from Chewton. What came next?"

"Why, was it the register? Do tell me all about it, Slowcome, come, as an old friend; interested, too, you know, in the matter."

"Ay, ay, indeed. Still interested in the matter? Dear me! But to tell you all about it would really occupy a larger amount of time than I am able, with due regard to other pressing avocations, to devote to that purpose at present,—just at present, you see, Mr. Falconer."

"Only just one word, Slowcome," said the banker, absolutely writhing with impatience, under the severe discipline with which old Slow was wont to chastise that failing: "Did the book Mr. Mat found prove anything?"

"Oh, dear me, yes! It proves all the marriages and deaths in Chewton parish for a very considerable number of years, Mr. Falconer."

"It was the register, then? Come, Slowcome, do 'let the cat out of the bag' with one word. Come, there is a good fellow. You know that I have good reasons for wishing to know the truth. What does the register prove in the matter of the Lindisfarn succession?"

"Well, I have no objection to state it as my opinion—with all due reservations, you will understand, Mr. Falconer—with all due re—ser—va—ti—ons, of course—that the register now fortunately discovered and brought forward in evidence, does very satisfactorily and indisputably," and old Slow, who had risen from his chair, and was standing with his back to his office fire, with his hands under the tails of his coat, made at each jointly uttered syllable of those polysyllabic adverbs a sort of little bow, which caused his coat-tails and his watch-chain and his pigtail to move in unison, like the different parts of some well-regulated machine,—“very

sa-tis-fac-to-ri-ly and in-dis-pu-ta-bly, Mr. Falconer, establish the clear, and, considering the age of the other parties named in the entail and other circumstances, I think I am justified in saying, in-de-fea-si-ble right of the young ladies at the Chase to their father's estates."

"You don't say so! By George, Slowcome, could you not have said so in half a word?" cried the banker, as he hurried to the door of the room.

"No, I think not, Mr. Falconer. I never make use of half-words considering entire ones to be more sa-tis-fac-to-ry."

But Mr. Falconer was half-way to the hall-door by the time old Slow had got through this last adverb, and was hurrying home up the High Street, before the earthquake that began to heave Mr. Slowcome's white waistcoat, giving evidence of the existence of hidden laughter far down below the surface of the man, had subsided.

"Fred, come here," said Mr. Falconer, as he passed hurriedly through the outer office of the bank into his private room behind it; "I want to speak to you."

Mr. Frederick, who had of late been far more regular in his attendance at the bank than had been the case for some time past, rose somewhat listlessly from his seat, and followed his father into his sanctum.

"Shut the door, Fred," cried the senior, hastily; "here's all the fat in the fire again, and we shall burn our fingers at last, if we don't mind what we are about. They have found a parish-register which proves that the girls up at the Chase are the rightful heirs after all. No mistake. Old Slowcome has just told me; took me half an hour to get it out of him."

"By Jove! If you had not sent that old fool Gregory to spoil all, I should have been all right by this time," said the unreasonable young gentleman.

"Yes, and if it had turned up t'other way? A pretty job. But it's not too late. If you are half a fellow, you will be able to put it right again. But sharp's the word. No time to be lost."

Freddy shook his ambrosial curls with a very decided expression of doubt. "I am afraid it won't do," said he, "I am afraid *that* game is up. Nothing, you know, sir, has passed since my letter to the squire withdrawing from the engagement."

"Dictated by me, of course," rejoined his father, "you make it right with the girl, and I will undertake the squire."

"I am almost afraid it won't do," replied his son; "it is worth trying though, anyway. I'll try it."

"Not an hour to lose, my boy; and, Fred," he added, as his son was leaving the room, already meditating his high emprise, "lay the blame on me, as thick as you like, you know. That will be your plan."

Fred nodded, and hastened to his own room to prepare for marching on this forlorn hope, having asked one of the juniors in the bank, as he passed, to have the kindness to order his horse to be saddled for him without delay.

In a few minutes he came down dressed altogether in black, with his face looking a good deal paler than it had been half an hour before, and with his left arm in a sling.

Thus got up for the occasion, he mounted his horse as gracefully as could be done by a man who had the use of only one arm, and made the best of his way to the Chase, arriving there about an hour and a half after Mr. Mat, and as near as might be about the time when Margaret had shown her admirable tact and knowledge of mankind by making the improvement which has been mentioned in her toilet. She was, in fact, in the act of descending the staircase which opened on the front hall at the Chase when our friend Fred entered the house. No more inevitable meeting could have been arranged for them. The groom, who had taken Frederick's horse from him, had opened the door for him, and had then gone away to the stables, leaving him, as a well-known and familiar guest, to find his own way into the drawing-room, after the unceremonious fashion of the house. And thus it happened that there was no servant present to mar the privacy of their interview.

Fred did it very well, certainly. Hurriedly advancing two or three rapid strides toward the foot of the stair, where Margaret stood, magnificent in the accusing majesty of her haughty attitude, he stopped suddenly; and made a partially abortive effort to clasp his hands before him, which, painfully impeded, as it evidently was, by the maimed condition of the arm supported by its black silk sling, was—or at all events ought to have been—exceedingly touching.

"Margaret," he said, in tones rendered low and husky (so much so indeed as to be inaudible in the neighboring drawing-room) by his evident emotion,—"my own, my adored Margaret, oh, tell me that I have still the right to call you so! Oh, Margaret, if you could only know what I have suffered during these dreadful, dreadful days! Again and again I have thought that my reason must have sunk under the horrible mental torment I have suffered. It would, I feel sure, have done so, had I not at length forced my way to you despite the orders and efforts of nurses and all of them. Thank God, I can at least see and speak to you once again!"

"I see that you have hurt your arm, sir," said Margaret, coldly and haughtily; "did it ever occur to you that there might be worse torture than that of an injured limb? You tell me of your sufferings. Did you ever give a thought to mine?"

"Oh, Margaret, is it necessary to tell you, does not your own heart tell you, that what has been driving me mad has been the thought that you were suffering?"

"Oh, indeed, Mr. Falconer? Your trouble on that score might have long since ceased; you made me pass a very, very miserable hour; but the agony was soon over; you do not suppose that I could feel aught but contempt for a man who could treat a girl as you treated me, or consider it anything but a matter for self-gratulation that I had escaped all ties with one who could be capable of such conduct?"

"You are unjust to me, Margaret. Your displeasure is natural; but it renders you unjust to me. Can you suppose that anything save physical impossibility,"—and here he glanced pitceously at his maimed arm,—"could have prevented me from keeping the appointment it had been such rapture to me to make?"

"The post-chaise, then, was not, as I had heard, countermanded by your father's clerk?" sneered Margaret.

"Assuredly it was," replied he, "in consequence of the unfortunate accident which happened to me as I was on the point of hastening to the *rendezvous*. It was necessary to provide against your being compromised by leaving the chaise standing all night at the garden-door. That was the only idea that remained firm in my mind when the

agony of the dislocation took from me all power of thinking. Can you harbor resentment, Margaret, against the victim of so cruel a misfortune?"

"Cruel as the misfortune was, it must be admitted that it was opportune, Mr. Falconer,—almost as strikingly so as the first moment at which you are able to get out to bring me the assurance of your unbroken affection."

"Opportune, Miss Lindisfarn? What do you mean?" said Frederiek, with a well-feigned air of utter perplexity.

"Simply this, Mr. Falconer," replied Margaret, with an expression of withering scorn,— "simply this: that the abandonment of your proposed elopement coincided with very curious accuracy with the moment when the information in all probability reached you that I was not entitled to any portion of my father's estates; and that your reappearance here follows instantly upon the discovery that that information was quite erroneous. That is all."

"Now, Margaret!" said Freddy Falconer, in a tone of friendly remonstrance, and not appearing at all overwhelmed by the accusations of his beloved,— "now, Margaret," he said, stretching out both hands toward her, the injured one, too, curiously enough, "is it not unworthy of both of us to suppose that either you or I could be influenced in our conduct by such considerations? Blakistry, I hear, declares that he has the certainty that both you and your sister were aware of the facts that were supposed to oust you from the inheritance of the Lindisfarn property at the time when you first made me happy by accepting the offer of my hand." And Frederiek looked at his beloved with a very peculiar expression as he spoke these words. "Now the low-minded Sillshire gossips might make a very disagreeable story out of that. But we know each other better. We know that you in first accepting my offer and then in consenting to an elopement before the secret of your Cousin Julian's being alive had become known, as well as I in apparently suspending my hope of calling you mine for a short interval,—we know, I say, that neither one nor the other of us was influenced for a moment by any unworthy considerations? We know, each that the other is incapable of any such baseness. The world, my Margaret, the vulgar outside world, may talk of these things; but we know each other. I

might have told you that I have induced my father to give Slowcome directions to make very exceptionally liberal arrangements in respect to pin-money. But it never occurred to me to mention it, knowing how little space any such matters would occupy in your thoughts."

"Little, indeed, Frederick," said Margaret, whose dark liquid eyes had begun, during the course of her Frederick's last speech, to turn on a service of glances of a very different quality from those with which she was regarding him at the commencement,—“little, indeed, would any such matters occupy my mind, except as affording a proof of your thoughtful love. Ah, Frederick, you know not, may you never know, what I have had to suffer since I doubted it!"

"But you doubt it no more, my Margaret?" he cried, advancing one stride toward her.

"To think of your having been so watchful over my future comfort, as to have persuaded your father to have the papers made differently. I must make that odious old Slowcome explain it all to me, that I may be able to say in days to come, Frederick, 'This I owe to the loving thought that remained true to me during the dark days.' May I ask old Slowcome to explain it to me?"

"He shall, my own Margaret. May I not once more call you so? It shall be explained to you, my Margaret," answered Frederick, who perceived that he was pardoned and restored to his former position, but that the little peace-offering he had mentioned must be really and absolutely paid, and not used only as dust to be thrown in the magnificent eyes of his Margaret.

"Ah, Frederick," she rejoined, allowing him to take her hand between both his, which he did with no impediment, apparently, from the maimed condition of one of his arms,—“ah, Frederick, these have been very painful days, a dark and miserable time! And we may be very sure that unkind and envious eyes have been watching us, and will not be slow to draw their own malicious conclusions, and make their own odious insinuations."

"But what need we care, dearest, for all the malicious tongues in the world, when we are mutually conscious of each other's truth and affection? Are we not all the world to each other, Margaret?"

"And that must be our strong and sufficient defence against all calumny; for you may depend on it we shall have to endure it. People are so envious, dear," she said, looking up at his handsome face and figure with all the pride of proprietorship.

"And well may all Sillshire be envious of me, my Margaret," murmured the gentleman, duly following lead.

So Margaret and Frederick understood one another very satisfactorily and completely, and, bold in their mutual support, advanced toward the drawing-room door.

"Take that handkerchief off your arm, Frederick; I am sure you can do without it," whispered Margaret, as they were on the point of entering; and Frederick did as he was bid.

I do not know that there is much more to be added to this chronicle of Lindisfarn. The most remarkable fact to be told in addition to what has been written, is that all four of the principal actors on the scene are yet alive, though it is forty years—ay, more than forty-one years by the time the lines will meet the reader's eye—since what has been related took place.

Admiral Ellingham, K. C. B., full admiral of the red, is a year or two on the wrong side of seventy; but he can still walk up through his own woods to the Lindisfarn Stone; and is altogether a younger man than Frederick Falconer, Esq., who, though a year or two on the right side of seventy, begins to find his daily drive from Belgravia into the city rather too much for him, though made in the most luxurious of broughams. His regularity in making this journey is not attributable, however, at all events, to any unsatisfactory state of things at home, due to the presence or conduct in his home of Mrs. Frederick Falconer; for she is not resident there. One child, a daughter, was born to them after a year of marriage. She is still single and is the natural heir to the great wealth of her father. Kate is the happy mother of a much larger family, and when all of them, with their respective wives and husbands and children, are collected at Lindisfarn, as is sometimes the case at Christmas, it would be difficult to find in all merry England, a finer, happier, merrier, or handsomer family party.

The loss of the *Saucy Sally* was eventually the making of Hiram Pendleton, and consequently of his brave and faithful wife, in-

stead of being their ruin. A good deal of admiration had been excited in the neighborhood by the gallant manner in which he had rescued his two passengers, Barbara Mallory and her child, from a watery grave, at the imminent risk of his own life; and partly by the assistance of others, but mainly by the exertions and influence of Captain Ellingham, he was put into possession of the neatest fishing-smack on all the Sillshire coast, on the condition—most loyally observed—that she was to be used for fishing in the most literal sense of the term.

Julian Mallory was also indebted to Captain Ellingham for his first start and subsequent protection in a career which has given him his epaulets in the coast-guard service, and enabled him to offer a home to his mother during her declining years; old Mallory died very shortly after the events above related; and Barbara lived for some years, the first of them with her boy, and the latter of them all alone, in the large stone house at Chewton, which her father left to her, to the exclusion of her brother Jared, and to the breach of all communication between the brother and sister.

I do not know whether it may occur to any readers of the above history that any case has been made out for an exemplary distribution of poetical justice. If so, I am afraid that I shall not be able to satisfy them within the limits of the few words which I have yet space to write.

Poetical justice often requires at least a volume or two for the due setting forth of it.

And perhaps if I had an opportunity of relating even compendiously some of the life experiences of the four principal personages of our story, it would be found that all the antecedents which have been either related or indicated in the foregoing pages bore fruit very accurately after their own, and not after any other, kind. Stones thrown into the air *always* fall down again according to the laws of gravity, and not sometimes only.

As for any more immediate and dramatic action of Nemesis, I am afraid there is little to be said. Each lady of our principal *dramatis personæ* married the man whom she wished to marry, and each gentleman had the lady of his choice. Assuredly no one of the four would have changed lots with the other. It is true the squire marked his sense of the difference of the way in which his two daughters had conducted themselves in the very peculiar and difficult circumstances in which they had been placed, by so arranging matters that the old house and the old acres fell wholly and absolutely to the share of Kate, a charge on them, equal to half their money value, being secured to Margaret. But although the old banker had originally dreamed other dreams, it was not long before Frederick and his wife had both learned to think that the arrangement made was such as they would have chosen. So there was no Nemesis in *that*.

But then does she not—thatsly and subtle Nemesis—habitually find the tools for her work rather in our choices gratified than in our choices frustrated?

“M. JULES JANIN suggests,” says the *Reader*, “that the interdiction of the Paris Shakspeare bouquet was the best thing that could have happened to it, and likens the catastrophe to that of Caleb, the cook, in Scott’s novel, where the accidental falling of some soot down the kitchen chimney is made to cover the nakedness of the arder by an excuse to the guests of a dinner of three courses spoiled by the soot.”

THE celebrated paper manufactory of Schlagelmühl, at Vienna, has succeeded, after many attempts, in producing excellent paper from maize-leaves. Paper has often been made from this substance, but on no previous occasion of so good a quality. It is stated, also, to be very moderate in price.

THE three hundredth anniversary of the printing of the first book in Moscow was lately celebrated in that city.

IN decorating St. Paul’s Cathedral, in London, German artists have been employed in executing the painted glass windows; and this has led to some discussion, as many think that British artists could do the work as well, and should have the preference.

From The Saturday Review.
ALLUSIONS.

WE are not going, as some might suppose from our title, again to discuss the strange abuse of language by which, in the jargon of the day, a man is said to "allude to" a thing when he makes no "allusion" whatever, but says what he has to say in the most straightforward way possible. Perhaps nowhere is this abuse more common than in debates in the House of Commons. It is charitable to suppose that it has arisen there out of the very necessary rule which forbids a member to be named directly, but requires him to be alluded to in some roundabout way. However this may be, we are now going to talk about allusions in the real and natural sense of the word; that is, when something is mentioned, not by name or otherwise directly, but in some roundabout and possibly obscure way. Thus, if one speaks of Mr. Disraeli, or of Louis Napoleon Buonaparte, we are calling things by their common names, and no one can doubt as to whom we are talking of. But if we speak of the Seer of Hughenden or of the Saviour of Society, our style at once becomes allusive. In becoming allusive, our style also becomes possibly obscure. It is always likely that some of our readers or hearers may not know what our allusion is; it is even possible that we may not always know ourselves.

The nature of an allusion, in short, is that the person or thing spoken of is not named directly, but is hinted at or indirectly described by means of some attribute or accident. Whether a person or thing should be named directly or only alluded to is a question to be settled in each particular case. A terse, a pointed, above all, an original allusion is often the most forcible way of putting anything. For delicate compliment, for biting sarcasm, for effective contrast, nothing tells so well as a really appropriate and effective allusion. But on the other hand, no weapon is more dangerous in clumsy hands,—nothing is more likely to degenerate first into a mere trick of style, and then into a mere meaningless and vulgar conventionality. As in all other matters where so much depends upon taste and tact, it is hard to give any rule to decide when allusions are beauties and when they are blemishes. But perhaps it is safe to say that the allusion is better away unless there is something in its terms

to which the matter in hand gives a direct point. "The son of Amram did so and so," said a youthful seeker after pulpit eloquence in what Professors of Pastoral Theology call his "tentative effort." "The son of Amram," says Mr. Simeon, to whom the would-be sermon was shown,—"who was he?" "Moses," was the meek and abashed answer. "Then, if you mean Moses, why not say Moses?" Now, as we know a great deal about Moses and absolutely nothing about Amram, it is hard to conceive any position in which force or point could be gained by talking of Moses as "the son of Amram." But to speak of David as "the son of Jesse," or of Alexander as "the son of Philip," may be a mere trick of style, or it may be thoroughly appropriate and forcible. Which it is in each particular case must depend wholly on the context. The style of Gibbon is, perhaps, on the whole, too allusive, but a careful examination will show that in most of his roundabout ways of expressing things there is commonly a real point in the position in which each is found. His allusions often save a long description or comment, and they commonly serve some real purpose of contrast or sarcasm. About the most perfect allusion we know is one, not of Gibbon's own, but quoted by him in a note. Henry IV. of France threatens a Spanish ambassador that he will "breakfast at Milan and dine at Naples." "And perhaps Your Majesty will reach Sicily in time for Vespers." The man who could say that off-hand ought never to have spoken again, for fear of disgracing one of the best sayings that human lips ever uttered.

On the other hand, an allusion, to some fact, for instance, in history, or to some passage in a favorite author, has a strong tendency to degenerate into a mere cant phrase. Somebody makes an application of a name, a phrase, or a story. In its first application it was probably really witty and forcible. Somebody else is taken with it, and repeats it on some other occasion where it is less witty and less forcible. It loses point at every repetition, till at last it becomes a mere cant expression used by speakers and writers who think their style would be degraded by ever calling a spade a spade. Allusive expressions get repeated in this way till they cease to be allusions at all, because people quite forget the person or story about which the saying

originally arose. Thus when a man calls a man with whom he dines "an Amphitryon," he means to say something fine and spicy; but he really only says something silly. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, he does not know the passages in Plautus and Molière from which the expression is derived. If he does know them, he will probably not use the word, because he will see how utterly void of point it is when applied to a man who, under ordinary circumstances, gives you a dinner.

So it is now thought to be a capital joke to call every man who has a wife and children "Paterfamilias" as a sort of proper name. Where the joke is we cannot in the least understand. Yet we can quite believe that it was a good joke the first time it was said. Some fussy, authoritative, self-important head of a family reminded some bystander versed in the Civil Law of the rights and powers, the *patria potestas*, of the old Roman father. To call him "Paterfamilias," once for all, was quite an allowable sarcastic allusion. But when the thing was once said, it was sure to be said again. It has now come to be a stock phrase, absolutely without point, and constantly in the mouths of people who know nothing of Roman law, and who, perhaps, can hardly construe the two Latin words. It would be a relief if the next citizen who goes to Brighton or to Boulogne were, for variety's sake, instead of Paterfamilias, to be labelled "Ah," "Täd," or "Atta," which, if we mistake not, mean the same thing in Hebrew, Welsh, and Turkish respectively.

It, of course, often happens that, in using allusions of this sort, people not only use or abuse words without any feeling of their real meaning, but that they often use them so as to be guilty of positive blunders. Some years back, when a European Congress was looked to as the solution of every question and the deliverance from every complication, it was the fashion to speak of the said Congress as the "great Areopagus of Europe." It would have been just as much to the purpose if they had called it the House of Lords, the Middlesex Sessions, or the Supreme Court of the United States. In fact, the Athenian Areopagus, combining some of the functions of a court with some of the functions of a senate, has some slight analogy with our House of Lords, or with the American Senate, but ab-

solutely none with an assembly of diplomatic representatives from several powers. But we always suspected at the time that a more subtle blunder was at work than merely mistaking the functions of the Areopagus at Athens. As in Italian politics there used to be single treasons and double treasons, so, in the great art of blundering, there are single blunders and double blunders. We suspect that to call the Congress an Areopagus was a double blunder. We cannot help thinking that the clever fellow who first called it so began with jumbling together the Areopagus at Athens and the Amphictyons at Delphi, and then utterly mistook the real functions of the Amphictyons. The Areopagus has no resemblance whatever to a diplomatic congress; the Amphictyonic Council has a slight and superficial one. Areopagus and Amphictyons alike were hard names; both sounded fine, both were unintelligible to the general reader. Which the penny-a-liner took up was a matter of chance; so he happened to take up the one which had no sort of analogy whatever to what he was talking of, instead of the one which had an analogy, though a very faint and feeble one.

So, again, it is still not uncommon, though much less common than it used to be, to employ the words "Goth" and "Gothic" in a contemptuous way, to express want of taste in art, or reckless destruction of works of art. It was in this contemptuous sense that the name Gothic was first applied to the mediæval architecture of Western Europe. "Goths and Vandals" is a good stock phrase for savages, barbarians, wanton destroyers. Mr. Layard improved upon the formula by coupling the Turanian Hun with the Aryan Goth, while Lord Palmerston went further afield and brought in Jesuits from one quarter and Saracens from another. Now, all this talk about Goths shows utter ignorance of the history on which the allusion is founded. We cannot let the Vandals off so lightly, as Genseric certainly did a good deal of damage; but it would be hardly too much to say that there is no evidence that any Goth ever destroyed anything. Alaric plundered Rome; but he did not destroy. The great Theodoric was the preserver and restorer of all the monuments of Rome. The Goths had no possible temptation to destroy the Roman buildings; on the contrary, they admired, preserved, and did their best to imitate them.

The mischief which ignorance attributes to the Goths was really done by Italian barons and papal nephews at various times from the tenth century to the seventeenth. So when a man talks of Gothic barbarism to display his aptness at historical allusion, what he really does display is his aptness at historical blundering.

One curious fact about these inapposite allusions is that they are so commonly indulged in by people who cannot spell. One reason for this is obvious. Small mythological allusions, which are perhaps the commonest of any, have got so very hackneyed that no scholar will condescend to them. The Sirens, the Sphinx, and the Sibyls, as mere allusions, to deck a paragraph, have fairly become the property of scribblers who probably could not tell the stories of Odysseus, Œdipus, and Tarquin. But in their hands they invariably become Syren, Sphynx, and Sybil. So if a man wishes for a fine name for Africa, ten to one he talks about *Lybia*. Following out the idea suggested by an aristocratic improvement on the most venerable of surnames, we beg to recommend the *Sphynx* as a further refinement still, which cannot fail to produce a sensation almost equal to that which follows on Mr. Dion Bouicault's tremendous header.

Sometimes a word originally introduced by way of allusion gets repeated over and over again, till the allusion is quite forgotten, and the word becomes a mere awkward and needless synonym for some better word. Dean Trench has collected a good many instances of this kind in his "Select Glossary." He has a long list of words, which as originally used, had a real point, but from which the point has since altogether vanished. To take one of the last instances, some physician, with a turn for politics, probably said that "Ireland was in a state of *chronic* discontent." The allusion to his own art might do perfectly well as an allusion, once for all. But "*chronic*" was a hard word, and sounded fine; so people caught it up, and "*chronic*" is now merely a foolish synonym for "constant" "lasting" or "permanent." Since "*chronic*," Mr. Matthew Arnold has introduced "*tonic*"—a term of the same art as "*chronic*," and which has the merit of rhyming with it. Several passages in Homer are said by Mr. Arnold to be "*tonic*." We have not the faintest notion what

Mr. Arnold means; we can only suppose that it has something to do with "the grand style." But we wait with anxiety to see whether the world at large will take up "*tonic*" as eagerly as it has done "*chronic*." We did, indeed, once see, before Mr. Arnold wrote in some newspaper or other, that Apothecaries' Hall was adorned with "pilasters [plasters?] of the Tonic order." But then we thought it was a mere misprint for "*Ionic*." So with our old enemy "*decimate*." So with the latest vulgarism of "*ovation*." About this last word we have a suggestion to make. The next time that any luckless wight is pelted with rotten eggs, we hope that some spirited chronicler will tell the world that "he received an ovation."

From The Spectator.

THE SCOT ABROAD.*

THIS is a charming book, written in the lightest and most conversational of styles, but as full of "meat" as if its author had been a worshipper of the dignity of history. The pleasant author of the "Book-Hunter," it appears, either passes his leisure, or did once pass it, in an effort to reconstruct the history of Scotland, and has used the knowledge he has acquired and the collections he has made to illustrate the career of the Scot out of his own country. The result is a series of sketches, all readable, most of them full of information which, to a Southron at least, is original, and one or two containing generalizations which display a thorough comprehension of the great "points" of European history. The first volume is, we think, the more valuable of the two; for it brings out in the fullest detail the origin, progress, and decline of the alliance which, from the days of the Conqueror to the accession of James II., governed the foreign policy of Great Britain, the "ancient league," as Mr. Burton calls it, between Scotland and France. We will endeavor to summarize the more original portions of his account, which, though familiar to historians, are as little known to the ordinary Saxon public as the history of the great popular movement, which in the

"The Scot Abroad." By John Hill Burton. Two volumes. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood and Sons.

reign of Anne, extorted the Act of Union from England almost at the point of the sword. The popular notion is, we believe, that this union was forced on Scotland; but the truth is, that it was forced on England by a threat of final separation if it were not conceded. The Scotch, beggared and maddened by the failure of the Darien expedition, which they attributed to "the Dutchman," declared that unless their losses were repaid to the last penny, and themselves admitted to full participation in all English privileges, particularly of commerce, they would on Anne's death set up a separate monarchy. If Parliament chose the Stuarts, the Estates would set up another family,—probably the Bruces; if Parliament rejected the Stuarts, the Estates would accept them. The Estates passed a law to arm the whole population in case England should try force, and an English vessel was even seized in the Forth, in reprisal for the legal condemnation of a ship belonging to the Darien Company. Scotland was, in fact, in insurrection, the English ministry gave way, and the most beneficial political act ever passed by a representative assembly was, in fact, a concession to avert a civil war.

The long war which, with intervals of truce, raged between England and Scotland from Hastings to Bannockburn was, in fact, the only open contest between the Norman and the Saxon. The lowlands of Scotland were in 1066, almost completely in Saxon hands, Saxon emigrants,—Johnstons, Armstrongs, Fiers, Bells, Scotts, Browns, and others with purely Saxon names,—ruling a mixed race of Celts and Saxons. The Conquest greatly increased the number of the dominant caste, the Saxons, disorganized and cowed, flying in thousands to Scotland, more particularly from the territory north of the Humber, which William is said to have "depopulated." The Court became purely Saxon, and ordered invasion after invasion of England with little result, except to establish in the minds of the French Kings of England an ardent desire to extend the limits of their sovereignty up to the Hebrides. The Plantagenets very nearly succeeded, and Mr. Burton notices that during the struggle the Scotch nobles of great mark are Normans,—De Vire, De Coucy, De Umfraville, and the like. The Saxon commonalty, however, hated the nobles and England for their sake, and when

Bannockburn settled the question, they replaced their old Saxon lords in the position which their descendants still enjoy, "the bold Buccleugh," for example, being just now the social superior of the nobles whose fathers considered his fathers much as we consider the men of Tipperary. Cut off by the long struggle from all amity with England, the Scotch turned their eyes to France, and from Bannockburn to the accession of James the First, Scotland became in politics a haughty but dependent province of France. Every cadet who found no room at home, every man whose ambition could not be satisfied with the proceeds of what was then a bleak and barren soil, where wheat was as rare as greengages are now, sought a new career in the beautiful land whose rulers were so friendly to his race. The Kings of France finding that Scotchmen could fight, always at war with their own nobles, with the Spaniards, with the Germans, and with Englishmen, were delighted to obtain such supporters, and granted them special privileges. John Stewart, Earl of Buchan, who landed in 1424 with five thousand followers, was created Constable of France, the highest fighting dignity in the realm; the Scotch guard was treated like a company of nobles; an illegitimate son of the bad Badenoch, who lies in Dunkeld Cathedral, helped Charles the Bold to reconquer Liège; Alexander Stewart (Albany) became a great continental statesman, married into the family of Auvergne, and became a thorough Frenchman; Stewart of Darnley obtained the lordships of Aubigny, Conceressault, and d'Evereux, and his son Bernard became "Viceroy of Naples, Constable of Sicily and Jerusalem, Duke of Terra Nova, Marquis of Girace and Squillazo, Count of Beaumont, D'Arey, and Venassac, Lord of Aubigny, and Governor of Melun." A Douglas became lord of the whole province of Touraine, a Hamilton Duc de Chateilhault and Constable of France. The minor successes are endless, and the noblest houses in France still trace back their ancestry to Ramsays and Kinnemonds, Gowries and Morrisons, Livingstons and Williamsons (Vallençon). The De Lisles were Leslies, the Vaucoys Vauxes, the de Lauzuns Lawsons, the D'Espences Spences, and so on through a long muster-roll. Usually these men sank, as it were, into the soil, concealing their names under some new territorial

designation; but the pedigrees have been well kept, and French historians have acknowledged to the full the obligation of their country, and more especially of the royal house, to the exiles. At last the union of the countries culminated, and by the marriage of Mary, heiress of Scotland and a Guise, to the dauphin, heir of the Valois, the three strands of the rope,—France, Scotland, and the Guises,—were united, and to record to all the world the union all Scotchmen were by one single decree made naturalized citizens of France.

And then the ancient alliance virtually ended. The Scotch people, though well pleased to seat themselves in France, had never cordially liked the French. They hated the French nobles, who, accustomed to unquestioned rule in their own country, tried to treat the stubborn Scotch peasants as they treated the villeins of Picardy, and who were especially insolent in their denunciations of Scotch poverty. “Besides,” says Froissart, “whenever their servants went out to forage, they were indeed permitted to load their horses with as much as they could pack up and carry; but they were waylaid on their return, and villanously beaten, robbed, and sometimes skin, insomuch that no varlet dare go out foraging for fear of death. In one month the French lost upwards of a hundred varlets; for when three or four went out foraging, not one returned, in such a hideous manner were they treated.” That is, the nobles landed as allies, sent their followers out to plunder, and the peasants, not seeing why they should be plundered, killed a few and thrashed more,—a highly proper proceeding, though villanous in Froissart’s eyes. In 1395, the Scotch Estates were compelled to pass a law that the foreigners should not take meat by force, and many years later the French, after a raid into England, retired to France, all except a few great men, whom the canny Scotch retained as hostages for the money the Frenchmen in general owed. They hated, too, the interference of the pope, and they hated above all the Scoto-French whom the alliance with the Guises brought over

latterly to their rough kingdom. They killed most of them one way or another, and then came the dauphin’s death, the reformation, and a final break between Scotland and her ancient ally. From the death of Elizabeth, the struggle with England was reduced to one for money and privileges, and with the last of the Stuarts it ended, as we have said, in an act, extorted by Scotland from England, which gave to England the aid of the single race with whom Englishmen have ever been able to live on terms at once of brotherhood and equality, and to Scotland wealth beyond her dreams.

There is only one want in these two volumes, and that is a general sketch of the peculiarities which enabled the Scotch abroad to succeed so well. That they were brave and thrifty and faithful, we all know; but Southrons as yet do not quite recognize that the Scot is one of the most adaptable of mankind. Hard, prejudiced, and logical, he has, nevertheless, some quality which makes him at home among the most diverse races,—a quality totally wanting in the race which in some respects is most like himself, the Frenchman of the Northern departments. His position in France for centuries was exactly that of the Frenchmen who thronged the Court of the Plantagenets, and whom our fathers, calling them “favorites,” used to massacre every now and then; but he never excited any national hatred. Why? The Scot adventurer was a violent person, who took all he could get and held it with the strong hand, and was very free of blows, and not at all free of money, yet he was liked and obeyed, while his rival was hated and despised. We believe the secret to have been the entire absence of insolence in the Scotch character, a sort of thrift of force which induced him to injure nobody unless there was a reason for injuring him; but we should like to see Mr. Burton’s opinion on the subject. The adaptability exists still, and has perhaps done more for Scotland and Scotchmen than much higher but less cosmopolitan virtues.

THE LIVING AGE.

No. 1057.—3 September, 1864.

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ALFRED TENNYSON ON BULWER.

The authorship of some pointed verses, which will live among the "quarrels of authors," has just come to light,—the verses in question being a sharp bit of personal satire by Alfred Tennyson on "Sir Lytton." It may be recollected that Bulwer, in his "New Timon," took occasion to ventilate some very malignant and uncalled-for asperities against his brother-author. They called forth a squib or two in *Punch*. It now appears that Tennyson himself entered the field in the latter journal with the following "settler :"—*Transcript*.

THE NEW TIMON AND THE POETS.

WE know him out of Shakspeare's art,
And those fine curses which he spoke :
The old TIMON with his noble heart,
That, strongly loathing, greatly broke.

So died the OLD : here comes the NEW.
Regard him : a familiar face :
I *thought* we knew him ; what, it's you,
The padded man—that wears the stays !

Who killed the girls and thrilled the boys
With dandy pathos when you wrote,
A Lion you, that made a noise,
And shook a mane *en papillotes*.

And once you tried the muses, too ;
You failed, sir ; therefore now you turn ;
You fall on those who are to you
As captain is to subaltern.

But men of long-enduring hopes,
And careless what this hour may bring,
Can pardon little would-be Popes
And Brummels when they try to sting.

An artist, sir, should rest in art,
And waive a little of his claim ;
To have the deep poetic heart
Is more than all poetic fame.

But you, sir, you are hard to please ;
You never look but half content ;
Nor like a gentleman at ease,
With moral breadth of temperament.

And what with spites and what with fears,
You cannot let a body be ;
It's always ringing in your ears,—
"They call this man as good as *me*."

What profits now to understand
The merits of a spotless shirt.
A dapper boot—a little hand,
If half the little soul is dirt !

You talk of tinsel ! why we see
The mark of rouse upon your cheeks ;
You prate of Nature ! you are he
That spilt his life about the cliques.

A TIMON you ! Nay, nay ; for shame !
It looks too arrogant a jest—
The fierce old man—to take *his* name,
You bandbox. Off, and let him rest.

ALCIMADES.

THE BRIDGE OF CLOUD.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

BURN, O evening hearth, and waken
Pleasant visions, as of old !
Though the house by winds be shaken,
Safe I keep this room of gold !

Ah, no longer wizard Fancy
Builds its castles in the air,
Luring me by necromancy
Up the never-ending stair !

But instead it builds me bridges
Over many a dark ravine,
Where beneath the gusty ridges
Cataracts dash and roar unseen.

And I cross them, little heeding
Blast of wind or torrent's roar,
As I follow the receding
Footsteps that have gone before.

Nought avails the imploring gesture,
Nought avails the cry of pain !
When I touch the flying vesture,
'Tis the gray robe of the rain.

Baffled I return, and leaning
O'er the parapets of cloud,
Watch the mist that intervening
Wraps the valley in its shroud.

And the sounds of life ascending
Faintly, vaguely, meet the ear,
Murmur of bells and voices blending
With the rush of waters near.

Well I know what there lies hidden,
Every tower and town and farm,
And again the land forbidden
Re-assumes its vanished charm.

Well I know the secret places,
And the nests in hedge and tree ;
At what doors are friendly faces,
In what hearts a thought of me.

Through the mist and darkness sinking,
Blown by wind and beaten by shower,
Down I fling the thought I'm thinking,
Down I toss this Alpine flower.
—*Atlantic Monthly*.

THE DYING WISH.

"Mamma," a little maiden said,
Almost with her expiring sigh,
"Put no sweet roses round my head,
When in my coffin-dress I lie :"—
"Why not, my dear ?" the mother cried :
"What flower so well a corpse adorns ?"
"Mamma," the innocent replied,
"They crowned our Saviour's head with
thorns."
—*Versified by James Montgomery, Esq.*

From The Edinburgh Review.

1. *The History of our Lord as exemplified in Works of Art with that of the Types, St. John the Baptist, and other Persons of the Old and New Testament.* Commenced by the late Mrs. Jameson; continued and completed by Lady Eastlake. 2 vols. 8vo. London: 1864.
2. *The New Testament of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.* With Engravings on Wood from Designs by the Italian Masters. Longman. 4to. London: 1864.

MORE than twenty years have elapsed since the late Mrs. Jameson began to collect the materials for the series of elegant and instructive works on the History of Christian Art, which has assigned to her so honorable a place among the critics, and we may almost say the artists, of this country. The two volumes entitled "Sacred and Legendary Art," which included descriptions of works representing most of the secondary personages of the Gospel histories, were commenced in 1842, and published in 1848; they were followed by the single volume of the "Monastic Orders," and that containing the "Legends of the Madonna," the most graceful and elaborate of Mrs. Jameson's own productions, which continues to be in such demand that a third edition of it has just issued from the press. Indeed, it may be said with perfect truth that these books are the indispensable guides and companions of every Englishman who seeks to fix identity and meaning on the beautiful, but often unintelligible, representations of Romish tradition. A greater and more important task remained to be performed ere the series of these works could be closed. The person of our Lord is the central figure to which all history, all tradition, all legend, converge in the records of Christian art: whether in the awful character of the Deity, Maker of all things, Judge of all men, revealed in the form of the incarnate Son, or as the highest visible object of devout adoration, or as the purest example of beauty, power, and wisdom ever seen on earth, or as the chief actor in the scenes of his ministration and in the redemption of mankind, the highest powers of human art have incessantly been directed, under the influence of the Christian Church, to depict and portray the person of Jesus Christ, and to produce upon the mind of the beholder some impression of his holiness, his supernatural presence, his sufferings, and his death. Nor,

indeed, has the aspiration of art been satisfied even with these overpowering themes. It has aimed—and to speak as men may speak of such an effort—it has not always aimed in vain, at the glorification of the divine nature in its own inapproachable abodes; it has created and given permanence to sublime visions of immortal beings and eternal worlds; it has raised the forms of human beauty to their highest power, in the fond belief that they may be no unworthy image of a divine excellence; and it has thus familiarized the eyes of the church with all but living impersonations of beings and of events, which, but for this counterfeit of creative energy, must have remained in the dim circle of mere abstractions. No doubt if the highest types of art owe much to religion, religion itself owes not less of its visible and concrete influence over mankind to these types of art. It is the union of these two elements—that is, the union of mysterious truths, partially revealed and partially accessible to the human mind, with those sacred forms and images of which man is himself the real inventor, however they may acquire something of the divine character—which constitutes the theory of religious art.

To relate in fitting language the history of this lofty work of the imagination and the hand of gifted artists, and to show the relation it has borne to the faith of Christendom in successive ages, is a task demanding far higher qualifications than the description of those legendary subjects which had previously been treated by Mrs. Jameson. That lady had, in fact, made but little progress in this portion of her labors. She had collected notes on pictures relating to some of the incidents in the New Testament, in which the person of our Lord is prominently engaged. These notes are comprised in about two hundred pages of the first volume of the work now published by Lady Eastlake; but they are a very small contribution to the whole design, and it is to the present editor, far more than to the original projector of the book, that the high honor belongs of having completed it. Without the slightest wish to detract from Mrs. Jameson's acknowledged merit and well-earned reputation, it is in some respects fortunate that this work has been executed with a breadth of research and a force of style to which that amiable and accomplished woman laid no claim. In Mrs.

Jameson's criticisms the sentimental character predominated: she expressed gracefully, though not always without affectation, the effect produced by a picture on her mind and heart; but her knowledge of the objective history of art was neither very accurate nor very profound. To do her full justice, we will borrow one of her own elegant sentences to describe the part she wished to fill. The Introduction to the "Sacred and Legendary Art," concludes in the following words:—

"Let none imagine that in placing before the uninitiated these unpretending volumes, I assume any such superiority as is here implied. Like a child that has sprung on a little way before its playmates, and caught a glimpse through an opening portal of some varied Eden within, all gay with flowers and musical with birds, and haunted by divine shapes which beckon forward, and after one rapturous survey, runs back and catches its companions by the hand and hurries them forwards to share the new-found pleasure, the yet unexplored region of delight, even so it is with me,—I am on the outside, not the inside, of the door I open."

We think, therefore, that this work has gained in excellence by the transfer of the most difficult portion of it to the hands of the accomplished wife of Sir Charles Eastlake. Lady Eastlake herself is known to be an artist of no common powers, unsurpassed, indeed, in the perfection of her pencil drawings; she uses her pen with great force and felicity; she has an earnestness of character and strength of conviction, which manifests itself in these pages with what some may regard as extreme intensity; and she has the inappreciable advantage of the most intimate connection with the president of the Royal Academy,—an artist and a critic unequalled in Europe for his thorough acquaintance with the early Italian schools of painting. These are gifts and opportunities which no one in this country could possess to the same extent as Lady Eastlake, and accordingly she has produced a work of the highest merit, combining the taste and refinement of her own mind with stores of knowledge and a maturity of judgment in which we may be permitted to trace the influence of her nearest adviser. The selection of the illustrations of these volumes (amounting, we suppose, to some hundreds) is extremely interesting; the galleries of Italy and the inexhaustible stores of the British Museum have been

laid under contribution, and a vast number of designs brought to light which are but little known to the public; and these designs have been reproduced in etchings and woodcuts of great spirit and fidelity, chiefly drawn by Mr. Edward Poynter and Miss Clara Lane.

It happens, by a fortunate coincidence, that at the very time when these volumes are placed before the public, the magnificent large paper edition of the New Testament, illustrated with woodcuts and ornaments entirely taken from the finest period of the Italian schools, on which Mr. Longman had long been personally engaged, has also been completed. It is not too much to say, that in the history of wood-engraving this volume has no equal. It is a gallery of the Christian history, popularized but not vulgarized by the extraordinary perfection to which this branch of art is now carried in this country. The only criticism we have heard addressed to it is that it ceases to be wood-engraving, because it has acquired the minuteness and finish of engraving on steel; no doubt it has those qualities; but it combines them with a softness and tone which no steel engraving ever yet gave. In the designs he has selected, Mr. Longman has not sought to retain anything of the stiff archaic character of the earlier ages of faith; he has taken them almost entirely from that period when the arts in Italy had attained the highest point of beauty and grace. Though, if we were to point out the two specimens which strike us as most exquisite and appropriate, we should select the two pages from Pietro Perugino at the beginning of the volume and at the end of the Gospels. Hence this unique edition is as harmonious in its character as if it had been executed within the limits of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Lady Eastlake had an entirely different object in view. Her design was to trace the progress of Christian art, from its first symbolical rudiments on the sarcophagus of Junius Bassus and in the Roman catacombs, through all the ages of the church; she naturally lingers with predilection over the devout simplicity of the elder schools; and she contends that if the works of the crowning age of Italian art—the age of Michael Angelo, Raphael, and Titian—are to be tried by the strict religious test, they fall short in her eyes of the mystic beauty of Fra Angelico.

Mrs. Jameson remarked at the outset of

her work that all sacred representations, in as far as they appeal to sentiment and imagination, resolve themselves into two great classes, which she proposed to call the *devotional* and the *historical*. Some such distinction pervades the whole subject; but the term *mystical* might, we think, be substituted with advantage for the term *devotional*. A devotional picture does not necessarily bear a supernatural character. The true distinction lies rather between those works in which real personages and events are represented, within the known conditions of human life, as in the Cartoons of Raphael, the Raising of Lazarus by Sebastian del Piombo, the Last Supper at Milan, or the sacred etchings of Rembrandt; and those works which are intended to excite feelings of awe and devotion by their supernatural character, that is, by the representation of persons and events transcending all human experience, and invested by the imagination of the artist with divine attributes, with symbolical meanings, or with some conventional relation to the mysteries of the Christian faith. The former class of pictures is, of course, purely and sincerely historical; it addresses itself alike to all men at all times; it walks by sight rather than by faith. The latter class we would term *mystical*, because the meaning and character of such works addresses itself principally to the faith of the beholder; and whatever may be the grace and beauty of the work itself, artistically considered, it cannot fail to lose something of its original influence, if the faculty to which it addressed itself is departed.

The question, therefore, arises at the outset of an inquiry into the History of Christian Art, more especially as it regards the representation of the person of our Lord, how far the arts may, without transgressing the immutable bounds of truth, nature, and taste, aim at the representation of that which must be admitted to surpass all human powers of conception and execution. In order to convey to the soul of the beholder emotions of this elevated nature, the artist has recourse to symbols and conventional forms, designed to give a transcendental character to what would otherwise be the vigor of a human arm or the beauty of a human face. But in compositions of this nature there is a want of reality, which leaves us cold and unimpassioned, since we have ceased to believe that

they are in any respect the likeness of what they profess to represent. The higher the object to be represented, the more impossible is it to recognize the ineffable conception of what Milton termed with a noble obscurity "the Sovran Presence" in the person of a hoary being, in whom age is used for majesty, or mechanical force for almighty power. We look back with something akin to veneration on works of this character when they are hallowed by antiquity, because the intelligent spectator endeavors to place himself in the state of mind of those ages of intense faith, when every legend had the weight of Gospel truth, and every person in the sacred history was supposed to bear the very semblance and body assigned to him by tradition. But if any man were in these days to attempt to give form, shape, and color to the Infinite and the Invisible, the result would be pitiable, or revolting, or intolerable. And if this be true, it is not necessarily because there is less of faith in the verities of religion,—there may be more, and especially there may be faith of a more spiritual character,—but the mystical language of early Christian art has, to a great extent, lost its meaning, and in losing its true meaning it has become legendary and mythological.

It is laid down in the opening chapter of the volumes before us that "all Christian art revolves, as a system round a sun, about the sacred head of Christ, always intended under any aspect, real or ideal, to be looked upon as God; that Christian art pre-eminently illustrates faith in Christ as 'God manifest in the flesh,' as 'the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world;' and that without these great fundamental truths of Christianity there is no Christian art, either in fact or in possibility." * If these axioms, as Lady Eastlake considers them, were confined to what we have termed the mystical class of religious paintings, essentially transcendental and supernatural in their aim and character, we should not dispute their truth; though we might retain some doubt whether the physical representation of the Deity falls or can fall within the scope of the human faculties. But in point of fact a very large portion of the noblest works of Christian art do undoubtedly represent our Lord "being found in fashion as a man," living, teaching, suffering, dying among men. They

* Vol. i. p. 1.

may bear, as no doubt they ought to bear, an impress of divinity, conveyed by an ideal beauty, serenity, and wisdom; but they differ essentially from those inventions of the earlier ages which in their attempts at the divine did not always come up to the human. We hope we shall not be misunderstood (for we speak of this subject with unfeigned reverence) if we venture to add that the uncouth and grotesque forms in which the mysteries of the Christian religion were sometimes represented from the seventh to the thirteenth centuries, not to speak of the ruder images of the same sacred objects which exist to the present day in Roman Catholic countries, are not always distinguishable from the blood-smeared idols and monsters polluted by pagan rites, or hallowed, in the eyes of some races of men, by idolatry. If faith alone is to draw the line between that which is of art and that which is of superstition, we run some risk of applying a test of theology instead of a canon of taste. With theology we here profess to have nothing whatever to do; but the most safe, intelligible, and enduring portion of Christian art is that which confines itself within the boundaries of nature and humanity.

We find, indeed, from another passage in her Introduction, that Lady Eastlake herself takes a somewhat different view of this matter. She observes that,—

“It is a mistake to suppose that a picture can convey the double sense of Christ as he appeared to those around him, and as he is beheld through the eye of belief! Art, by its essential conditions, has but one moment to speak, and one form of expression to utter. . . . There must be always a compromise (in art) between what we have termed temporary fact and permanent truth, and that at the expense of the least important of the two. The painter cannot if he would represent one image to the actor and another to the spectator; for he has but one image to give at all. . . . We must, therefore, in the task before us, keep in mind that the object of Christian art is the instruction and edification of ourselves, not any abstract and impossible unity of ideas that cannot be joined together.”

The interference we should draw from these propositions is that abstract religious truth has very little to do with religious art. “Temporary fact,” and not “permanent truth,” is all that the artist can really de-

piet. Things must be painted, not as they are, but as they appear,—the abstract in the concrete, the infinite in the finite, substance in its accidents,—whence it follows that “temporary fact” is to the artist by no means the “least important” part of his subject. To instruct and edify may be the work of the preacher; but the artist addresses himself through the eyes to the imagination and the feelings, which are quite as easily excited by mere fiction as by the truths of the Gospel itself. The sentiments awakened by a fine picture may be religious; but they cannot be measured by the standard of orthodoxy. Are we to turn aside from Titian’s Assumption of the Virgin, Raphael’s Madonna di San Sisto, or Guercino’s Entombment of Saint Petronilla, because we do not pay divine honors to the Virgin Mary, or believe in the miracles of the Romish Calendar? If so, it would result that a Protestant critic is incapable of appreciating a Catholic painting, and that a freethinker would have no sense of Christian art at all. The truth is, that these considerations have nothing to do with the result in art, except inasmuch as they may have affected the mind of the painter; and the attempt to estimate the truth and beauty of a picture by a reference to some abstract and invisible standard of faith is to travel entirely beyond the limits of art.

The legend of St. Christopher is as pure a fignment as any nursery-tale, and the other traditions of what was termed “the Gospel of Infancy” are certainly less than apocryphal; but these considerations do not lessen our admiration of the stout hermit who bore the babe across the waters at the dawn, in the Boisseree collection, or of the touching image of one of Guido’s infant Christs sleeping beside the cross. Such incidents are, if you will, perfectly unreal; but the sentiment is devotional and the execution delightful. The marriage of the Virgin, represented by Raphael with exquisite grace in the picture now in the Brera, is, no doubt, a legendary rather than a scriptural incident; but it is the very type of pure and religious beauty. Indeed, all the legends of the Virgin Mary which have been the subjects of innumerable works of the highest merit in Catholic art, and are treated with admirable grace, tenderness, and skill by Mrs. Jameson in her volume on the Madonna, would be proscribed if they are brought to the test of the Gospel

narratives or of Protestant orthodoxy. These are works of the imagination, addressed to the sentiment and fancy of the beholder, and though they are in one sense true to the rules of taste and nature, they lay no claim to historical truth or dogmatical accuracy.

Lady Eastlake contends in more than one passage that soundness in art may be identified with soundness in theology, and that when, for example, painting has been led to transgress the bounds of scriptural truth in fact or doctrine, it runs great risk of committing a heresy in art. (Vol. ii. p. 266.) Thus she censures the Catholic tradition of Christ falling beneath the weight of the cross, although it has given us the "Spasimo di Sicilia" of Raphael and innumerable other works of great pathos and beauty, because that incident is not recorded in the Gospel narratives of the crucifixion, and appears to her to be inconsistent with the sublime lesson of the endurance of our Lord. But the great religious painters of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries were, without exception, members of a church which has never regarded the Scripture narratives as the sole record of Christian tradition. The men of those ages to whom these works were addressed shared the same faith. Christian art, as they understood it, had necessarily a far wider range than the letter of the four Gospels; and although we may have ceased to share their theological opinions, that is no reason that we should not admire and appreciate their works. In fact, the standard of Anglican Protestantism is as inapplicable to such works as the standard of Christianity itself would be to the religion of the Greeks, represented by the Ludovisi Juno or the Belvedere Apollo. Take, for instance, the doctrine of the Real Presence, which inspired such works as Raphael's "Dispute of the Sacrament," as Rubens's "Triumph of Faith," as Herrera's "Elevation of the Host." Will any one contend that the artistic merit of these works is diminished by the circumstance that the subject of them is contradicted by several of the Thirty-nine Articles? Are the pictures of the Virgin by Murillo at Seville and elsewhere less admirable to us because they are painted in strict obedience to the Franciscan view of the Immaculate Conception? That very abstruse and much controverted doctrine has been the source of more religious paintings, perhaps, than any article

of the Creed; but we may be content to admire the works without assenting to the new article of faith.* The contrary proposition would be a palpable absurdity; and we think Lady Eastlake has been led to advance an untenable theory from a well-meant desire to combine her own standard of orthodoxy with the laws of criticism. It is certain that the most irreproachable divinity would fail to give value to a bad picture; and we do not admit that any amount of heterodoxy or legend detracts from the merit of a good one. In truth, no criticism, deserving the name, can be maintained on so fallacious a principle.

For this reason we shall presently turn to the second volume of Lady Eastlake's work, with more entire concurrence than we can pretend to feel in her criticisms on the earlier painters of the Catholic schools. She has traced in this introductory portion the iconography of the Creator, under forms often repugnant to good taste, and always painfully inadequate to the conception which may be formed of the origin of the world from the sublime language of Genesis. Didron, Grimm, and numerous other writers on primitive Christian art, had previously presented us with a survey of this part of the subject. M. Feuillet de Conches, in the first volume of his instructive and entertaining "Causeries d'un Curieux" (p. 89), has filled pages with the mere titles of the books upon it. Mrs. Jameson had herself touched upon it in her "Sacred and Legendary Art;" and we ourselves entered so fully on the early disputes as to the personal appearance of our Lord, in our review of that book (*Ed. Rev.*, vol. lxxxix. p. 381), that it would be superfluous to revert to them.

No doubt the Creation, the Fall of Adam and Eve, and the whole series of what are called the "Patriarchal Types of Christ," may be said, in an enlarged sense, to belong to the history of Christianity, and they were largely and familiarly represented by those artists who were the first expositors of the Old and New Testament to the eyes of an illiterate people; but these incidents and he-

* Mrs. Jameson has given, in her "Legends of the Madonna" (p. 45), a very interesting account of the introduction of the "Immaculate Conception," as a subject of Catholic art, by the painters of the seventeenth century, and of the specific rules laid down by the Spaniard Pacheco from ecclesiastical authority for its proper treatment.

rees of the elder dispensation and the Hebrew records belong to the history of the Jews rather than to the matchless and affecting history of the life and death of Christ: their connection with him is typical, symbolical, sometimes legendary, but always in the strict sense of the term *unreal*. He who places before our eyes the serene wisdom and the endless beneficence of the Saviour, as he lived, gives a form to events seen in the clear light of historical certainty. He who would convey to us the mysterious connection between the life of Christ and events preceding the origin of the world, or coeval with the twilight of our race, calls upon the imagination to create what is, in fact, susceptible of no tangible representation. The extraction of a rib from the side of Adam by a surgical operation,—the marriage of Adam and Eve by the Creator robed as a high-priest,—the grotesque representations of the serpent in an apple-tree, which are all figured in these volumes from some of the earliest ivories or church paintings, are in truth mere caricatures of religious tradition, derived quite as much from the conceits of the rabbinical and patristic writers as from the language of the Bible; and far from adding to the sanctity of religious art, they detract from it. The early Christians in their sarcophagi, their diptychs, and their paintings still visible in the Roman catacombs, touched on these things with a delicacy and a reverence that was afterwards lost. They represented the Bible narrative by conventional signs and symbols,—they abstained religiously from representing the divine Being at all; save by the shadow of his glory or by the finger of his power.*

* Lady Eastlake quotes (vol. ii. p. 263) apparently with approval an exceedingly rude ivory, now at Munich, and certainly of a very early date, perhaps the fifth century, in which the Resurrection is coarsely represented. "Christ young, beardless, and beautiful, with no nimbus, is rushing rather than rising from the tomb, *his eager, extended hand grasped by the hand of the Almighty above.*" Lady Eastlake adds, "No subsequent conception of the actual scene approaches this in power of expression; here is a reality which, though in one respect of a symbolic kind, takes the imagination by storm," etc. We are entirely unable to concur in these remarks. Nothing speaks less to the imagination, or carries less power of expression, than the rude conceit that Christ was, as it were, pulled from the tomb by a hand stretched down from the clouds. It is to our apprehension simply barbarous, and only to be forgiven in consideration of a very primitive or degraded state of art. The draperies of the figures on this ivory are purely classical, and

If the iconography of Christ is to be traced back to the origin of all things, and to the incunabula of art, it is not in the annals of painting that the most interesting and appropriate representations of these mysteries are to be found; and in this respect we remark a very great *lacuna*, not only in Lady Eastlake's carefully prepared volumes, but in almost all the other works which have in modern times treated of these subjects, with the exception, indeed, of the volume by M. Didron, "*Iconographie Chrétienne.*" Christian sculpture attained considerable excellence two or three centuries before Christian painting, and it was allied in the closest degree to the best period of Christian architecture. But Christian sculpture has been far less studied and observed than the later productions of the pencil and the brush. It is not the less true that, in order to follow in historical detail the germination of Christian art from the eleventh to the fourteenth centuries, the vast series of sculptures which decorated, and, indeed, still adorn, the noble fabrics of those ages, should be carefully examined. On the exterior of the Cathedral of Our Lady of Chartres, eighteen hundred and fourteen statues presented to the faithful the whole cycle of the faith; at Reims, at Laon, in the marvellous wood-carvings of the choir of Amiens, in the west front of our own Wells,* and in countless other churches, may be found, from the foundations to the groining of the nave, an infinite variety of sculptures, all repeating in somewhat analogous forms the same narratives of the Old and New Testaments, which were thus conveyed to the eye and mind of the people, but above all things the Resurrection and Glory of our Lord. To these sculptures must be added the painted glass, coeval in many instances with the fabric, as at Bourges, and intended so is the tomb; we regard it, therefore, as a specimen of very debased Roman art, adapted to the faith of Christians, but not an early or true work of Christian art at all.

* An excellent description of the sculpture at Wells will be found in the first part of Mr. Murray's "*Handbook to the English Cathedrals,*"—a work which has placed within the reach of every one an accurate and graphic description of these great monuments of the faith of our fathers. Mr. Cockrell considered that the ninety-two compositions of the Resurrection at Wells are "startling in significance, pathos, and expression,—worthy of John of Pisa, or of a greater man, John Flaxman;" indeed, Flaxman himself, exhibited at the Academy drawings he had made from those of the Wells compositions.

ed in like manner to represent the series of the Gospel narratives.* Where the subject is so vast and the material so abundant, it may seem ungracious to point out any omissions, since it is obvious that no writer can attempt to embrace the whole range of Christian art. But we think it should be stated, that with the exception of some reference to the sarcophagi, the jewels, the enamels, and the ivories of the earlier Christian ages, Lady Eastlake's researches, like those of Mrs. Jameson, have been chiefly directed to the history of Christian *painting*, a branch of art which can hardly be said to have attained any excellence in the Latin Church before the fourteenth century. A gap, therefore, intervenes which includes precisely the most devout ages of faith,—those ages which reared the great cathedrals of France, England, Germany, and Italy, and peopled them with statues. These statues and bas-reliefs did, in fact, create the types which the painters were afterwards fain to adopt; and it is hardly possible to explain the growth and subsequent development of art without tracing it back to this plastic period. The earliest paintings of sacred subjects were obviously much nearer akin to the stone images from which they were taken than to the living beings they were afterwards held to represent.

It would lead us too far from the immediate subject of these pages, to attempt to trace the influence of sculpture upon painting; but it might be shown that the former has in all ages preceded and guided the first efforts of the latter art, and that both of them must be viewed in their relation to architecture.

* Mrs. Jameson has cursorily described, in one of her brief contributions to Lady Eastlake's volumes, the frequent introduction of the parable of Lazarus and the Rich Man in bas-relief over the south door of cathedrals, the entrance most frequented by mendicants, and the painting of the whole story in one of the magnificent windows of Bourges. So, too, she observes that the whole parable of the Prodigal Son is treated in a magnificent window of the north transept of Chartres, in seventeen lights of a window at Bourges, and in a similar number at Sens. These are only specimens; but a careful examination of the painted glass of the twelfth, thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries would supply innumerable examples in which this form of art was adapted to the uses of the church; and, curiously enough, it has been revived in our own time with great splendor and completeness, where certainly we least expected to see it,—in the old Cathedral of St. Mungo, at Glasgow. But the history of colored glass lights requires a book and illustrations to itself.

Sculpture was already largely employed in the decoration of the great churches, which were at once the sanctuaries, the halls of assembly, the schools, the galleries, and the tombs of mediæval society, whilst painting was still confined to the minute adornment of the missal or the book of hours. When painting entered the church, it was for the purpose of mural ornament, but still in a position ancillary to sculpture; and even in the later works of the greatest artists, as in the Sistine Chapel, it is impossible to seize the harmony and adjustment of the composition without regarding its architectural character and its general imitation of plastic forms. Hence the peculiar distribution and connection of the earlier Christian paintings, and the difficulty of arriving at their true character unless they are studied, as it were, in the sense of the statuesque compositions and figures which preceded them.*

The Christian painters of the Middle Ages and the Renaissance period, working chiefly for the decoration of churches and other religious edifices in Roman Catholic countries, selected those subjects which were most appropriate to the faith of the people,—and these subjects were copiously mingled with the legendary creations of religious tradition. They left comparatively untouched many scenes, taken from the Gospel narratives, which are peculiarly consonant to the sympathy and the taste of our own times. The notes of Mrs. Jameson, incorporated by Lady Eastlake in the latter portion of her first volume, chiefly relate to these incidents. Some of them are already familiar to us in the works of the great masters, though, as in the case of the "Massacre of the Innocents," they cannot be regarded as either pleasing or edifying. Many others, however, have been comparatively unattempted; and we advert to them here, because it is evident that they afford the most attractive field for modern artists in relation to the imperishable truths of the Christian religion. The subject of "Christ disputing with the Doctors" cannot be classed among those scriptural subjects

* The ceiling of the Sistine Chapel is made by Michael Angelo to stimulate a raised and open roof, intersected by lunettes; in the thronelike niches between these lunettes he has seated the sublime figures of the Sibyls and the Prophets; but their character and attitudes are statuesque, and they bear to the whole painted composition the same relation which statues would bear to a real edifice.

which have not been much painted. On the contrary, Luini's exquisite treatment of it, and Rembrandt's noble etching, are familiar to every one; but it is worth while to remark how keen was the interest excited amongst all classes of the English people by Mr. Holman Hunt's interesting reproduction of this well-known subject. More than one hundred thousand persons flocked at their own cost to see it: and although it may not in all respects have satisfied the ideal conception of the youthful Saviour, and of her "who had sought him sorrowing," yet the reality of the details, the solemn dignity of the sages of the law, the local truth of the scene, and the extreme care of the execution, inspired intense delight, and proved the inexhaustible power and influence of religious painting thus understood. The same may be said of a work of far higher beauty and grandeur,—the loftiest production of the English school,—Mr. Herbert's painting of the "Descent of Moses from the Mount with the Tables of the Law," which adorns—and will, we trust, forever adorn—one of the chambers of the House of Lords. Although the scene it represents is the great fundamental fact of the Old Testament, and the revelation of the primal code of God's law to man, yet that fact is the basis of the Christian Revelation likewise; and when the series is completed by the execution of the "Sermon on the Mount," which we trust the same great artist will be enabled to undertake, we shall possess two works of the highest value and interest. This is not the place to criticise in detail their artistic excellence: we are now only dealing with them as exalted specimens of what may still be done for subjects taken from the ancient and hallowed themes of religious art. But we hold their merit of execution to be in no degree inferior to their grandeur of conception; and we believe that they will stand a comparison with the noblest productions of human genius in any age. In one important point of view these modern paintings of Scripture subjects differ radically from the treatment of similar subjects by the old masters. It never seems to have crossed their minds that the events of the Old and New Testament occurred in an Eastern land and among an Eastern people. The Jews of Rembrandt are indeed Jews; and this circumstance gives a marvellous reality to his gospel etchings; but they are the Jews of

the synagogue rather than of the temple,—of Amsterdam rather than of Jerusalem. In the whole range of the schools of Catholic art, the accessories of scenery, architecture, costumes, and race are purely conventional: not only did those painters not aspire to represent Judea and its people, but they represent places and men who never had any real existence in the shapes and dresses assigned to them. If there be any merit, any beauty, any truth in the attempt to represent these events, in some measure, as they may have appeared to those who witnessed them, that is a region of art still almost untrodden; and we only trust that our artists, in drawing nearer to the actual reality of the scenes and the times they portray, will lose nothing of that ideal verisimilitude and resemblance which is, after all, the highest quality of art.

Mrs. Jameson's list of the pictures illustrating the familiar scenes of the Gospel history, and some of the miracles and the parables of our Lord is interesting but incomplete. The "Sermon on the Mount" remains, it appears, for Mr. Herbert: we are not aware that any artist has attempted it with success on a large scale; for Claude's picture under this name in the Grosvenor Gallery is at most a fine Claude landscape. The "Tribute Money" can hardly be painted again after Titian, or the "Raising of Lazarus," after Sebastian, or the "Transfiguration," after Raphael; these works have become our conception of reality. But the exquisite domestic incidents of the Gospel—"Christ blessing little Children," the "Prodigal Son," the Miracles of Healing, the Scenes at Bethany—admit of greater variety of treatment and will ever continue to awaken sympathy and love in the beholder. Nothing has been seen in modern times more deeply interesting and more touching than those small canvases on which Paul de la Roche showed us the interior of the disconsolate house to which the Virgin Mary and the Beloved Apostle may have retired after the closing scene at the foot of the cross. All was over. The immortal hope had not yet broken even on them. They had yet to watch and wait in the gloom of bereavement and desolation till the dawn of the third day. These emotions the artist has by some means conveyed to the spectator. There are few examples in art of so deep a moral interest, rendered by means so simple. This is pre-

isely what the associations of religion with art enable it to awaken, and what it is yet within the scope of modern art to effect. Among the productions of modern art especially referring to the life of Christ, the "Temptation" and the "Christus Consolator" of Ary Scheffer were entitled to a place in these volumes,—the former, representing with singular power the mysterious conflict between the sinless majesty of the Redeemer and the subtle energy of evil,—the latter, a picture impossible in the earlier ages of faith and art, inasmuch as it embraces the broadest conception of the wrongs and sufferings and sorrows of humanity, seeking and finding relief at the seat of perfect justice and perfect love. If Christian art is to follow, as we believe it must, the evolution of Christianity itself, in its sustained relation to the progress of mankind, to more intense and affectionate sympathies, to an enlarged interest in the destinies of our race, to more serene reliance upon the beneficent purposes of the Creator for the redemption of his creatures, then assuredly the quaint and mystical conceptions of the mediæval painters, and even the more splendid creations of the later schools, are not its supreme efforts or its noblest triumphs; and the growth of religious art will bear its due proportion to the growth of a devout and enlightened religious spirit in the world.

In the ascetic ages of Christianity, when the soul was believed to be purified by the penances, the mortifications, and even the tortures inflicted on the body, the representation of pain and suffering, humbly endured for the love of God, was the all-pervading theme of art. This principle culminated in the most terrible of all sacrifices,—the most sublime of all examples,—in the passion of our Lord. Hence the scenes which occurred between the entry of Jesus into Jerusalem, to keep his last passover, and the final victory of the Redeemer over death, are those to which the genius, invention, and skill of man have been most constantly devoted; and it is probable that the works of art representing or bearing upon these deeply touching events exceed both in number and importance all the other productions of the Christian schools. It is not, therefore, surprising that these subjects occupy a very large portion of these volumes; and indeed it may be said that the second portion of the work is

almost entirely devoted to it. Following the traditional division of the history, adopted as early as the fourteenth century by Duccio in the series at Sienna, and by Giotto in the Arena Chapel,—which, indeed, had been taken (as we have already hinted) from the Christian statuary of the preceding centuries,—Lady Eastlake has performed this important part of her task with great force and method. The narrative is admirably arranged. The examples cited are extremely various and interesting. The criticism on some of the chief works inspired by these scenes is of the highest eloquence and excellence. We shall not attempt to follow the accomplished writer through these details: but we propose to introduce as a fine specimen of her discrimination and graphic power a passage which will be read by every one with interest and admiration,—we mean the criticism on the "Last Supper" by Leonardo da Vinci at Milan.

"It remains, therefore, for us to consider the person of our Lord as given in the representations of the Last Supper, and we approach it necessarily, as will be shown, through those of his companions. Considered merely in the sense of art, we may say that there was too little in the nature of this subject for so many figures, all men, to do. Eleven out of the twelve were to be represented devout, earnest, and faithful, and Judas even decorous in demeanor. Many of them, too, were of the same age, most of them attired in the same kind of costume; while the introduction of their attributes was altogether incompatible with the occasion. Thus, the distinction of one apostle from another strikes us at the very outset as a difficulty which, in the case of sculpture, as in the cathedral at Lodi, or of wood-carving, as in Adam Kraft's work in the Church of St. Lawrence at Nuremberg, is further increased by the absence of color. This was doubtless the reason, in early times, for the insertion of the names in the glories, and, perhaps, for the exaggerated nature of the position of St. John, and of the character of Judas, which seem to have been seized upon as the only salient points. The discrimination of the characters and individualities of all, or even most, of these passive and almost uniform figures, required, therefore, nothing short of the utmost refinement of observation and power of expression. These conditions, it is obvious, could only be fulfilled by a mind and hand of the highest order.

"But here another difficulty presented itself. The apostles, after all, were but the subordinates in the piece; such expression

and character as could at best be given them depended entirely on the part which belonged to the principal actor. In representing him, the artist had to choose between two modes of conception, each equally encumbered with objections. Our Lord might be depicted, as he has often been, in the act of blessing the bread and wine, and with his hand raised in prayer,—an action full of grace for him, and which clearly conveyed his part in the story to the comprehension of the beholder, but one which, occupying him alone, left his companions little more than lay figures; or our Lord might be represented as engaged in no actual act at all, but simply in the character of one uttering, or having just uttered, a few words expressive of deep and mournful mental conviction. But such a moment, however easily described in words, is not so easily painted. These words, however full of meaning for the mind, offer none to the eye (for the giving the sop to Judas, a very unpleasant incident in the sense of art, which, in the difficulty of telling the tale, was frequently resorted to in early works, belonged to another and later moment). Moreover, our Lord did not address those words to one apostle more than another, still less to any one out of the picture. Nay, words spoken thus, in the deep abstraction of prophetic vision, would have produced the same effect on the hearer, had the speaker been even invisible. And yet those words were indispensable to rouse all these lay figures into appropriate, though requisitely minute, indications of individual character. It was plain, therefore, that only he who could paint the ‘troubled spirit’ of Jesus as it breathed forth the plaintive sentence, ‘Verily, verily, I say unto you, one of you shall betray me,’ would have the power to touch that spring which alone could set the rest of the delicate machinery in motion.

“We need not say who did fulfil these conditions, nor whose Last Supper it is—all ruined and defaced as it may be—which alone rouses the heart of the spectator as effectually as that incomparable shadow in the centre has roused the feelings of the dim forms on each side of him. Leonardo da Vinci’s *Cena*, to all who consider this grand subject through the medium of art, is the Last Supper; there is no other. Various representations exist, and by the highest names in art; but they do not touch the subtle spring. Compared with this *chef d’œuvre*, their Last Suppers are mere exhibitions of well-drawn, draped, or colored figures, in studiously varied attitudes, which excite no emotion beyond the admiration due to these qualities. It is no wonder that Leonardo should have done little or nothing more after the execution, in his forty-sixth year, of that stupendous pic-

ture. It was not in man not to be fastidious, who had such an unapproachable standard of his own powers perpetually standing in his path.

“Let us now consider this figure of Christ more closely.

“It is not sufficient to say that our Lord has just uttered this sentence; we must endeavor to define in what, in his own person, the visible proof of his having spoken consists. The painter has cast the eyes down,—an action which generally detracts from the expression of a face. Here, however, no such loss is felt. The outward sight, it is true, is in abeyance, but the intensest sense of inward vision has taken its place. Our Lord is looking into himself,—that self which knew ‘all things,’ and therefore needed not to lift his mortal lids to ascertain what effect his words had produced. The honest indignation of the apostles, the visible perturbation of the traitor, are each right in their place, and for the looker-on; but they are nothing to him. Thus here at once the highest power and refinement of art is shown, by the conversion of what in most hands would have been an insipidity into the means of expression best suited to the moment. The inclination of the head, and the expression of every feature, all contribute to the same intention. This is not the heaviness or even the repose of previous silence. On the contrary, the head has not yet risen, nor the muscles of the face subsided from the act of mournful speech. It is just the evanescent moment which all true painters yearn to catch, and which few but painters are wont to observe,—when the tones have ceased, but the lips are sealed,—when, for an instant, the face repeats to the eye what the voice has said to the ear. No one who has studied that head can doubt that our Lord has just spoken: the sounds are not there; but they have not travelled far into space.

“Much, too, in the general speech of this head is owing to the skill with which, while conveying one particular idea, the painter has suggested no other. Beautiful as the face is, there is no other beauty but that which ministers to this end. We know not whether the head be handsome or picturesque, masculine or feminine in type,—whether the eye be liquid, the cheeks ruddy, the hair smooth, or the beard curling,—as we know with such painful certainty in other representations. All we feel is, that the wave of one intense meaning has passed over the whole countenance, and left its impress alike on every part. Sorrow is the predominant expression,—that sorrow which, as we have said in our Introduction, distinguishes the Christian’s God, and which binds him, by a sympathy no fabled deity ever claimed, with the fallen

and suffering race of Adam,—his very words have given himself more pain than they have to his hearers, and a pain he cannot expend in protestations as they do; for for this, as for every other act of his life, came he into the world.

“But we must not linger with the face alone; no hands ever did such intellectual service as those which lie spread on that table. They, too, have just fallen into that position,—one so full of meaning to us, and so unconsciously assumed by him,—and they will retain it no longer than the eye which is down and the head which is sunk. A special intention on the painter’s part may be surmised in the opposite action of each hand: the palm of one so graciously and bountifully open to all who are weary and heavily laden, the other averted, yet not closed, as if deprecating its own symbolic office. Or we may consider their position as applicable to this particular scene only; the one hand saying, ‘Of those that thou hast given me none is lost,’ and the other, which lies near Judas, ‘except the son of perdition.’ Or, again, we may give a still narrower definition, and interpret this averted hand as directing the eye, in some sort, to the hand of Judas which lies nearest it, ‘Behold, the hand of him that betrayeth me is with me on the table.’ Not that the science of Christian iconography has been adopted here; for the welcoming and condemning functions of the respective hands have been reversed,—in reference, probably, to Judas, who sits on our Lord’s right. Or we may give up attributing symbolic intentions of any kind to the painter,—a source of pleasure to the spectator more often justifiable than justified,—and simply give him credit for having, by his own exquisite feeling alone, so placed the hands as to make them thus minister to a variety of suggestions. Either way these grand and pathetic members stand as pre-eminent as the head in the pictorial history of our Lord, having seldom been equalled in beauty of form, and never in power of speech.

“Thus much has been said upon this figure of our Lord, because no other representation approaches so near the ideal of his person. Time, ignorance, and violence have done their worst upon it; but it may be doubted whether it ever suggested more overpowering feelings than in its present battered and defaced condition, scarcely now to be called a picture, but a fitter emblem of Him who was ‘despised and rejected of men.’”

No work in the whole range of Christian art combines in such perfection ideal beauty and grandeur with historic truth. The Christ of Leonardo has a divinity about it which transcends all other human creations, whilst

the scene is rendered with a dramatic force and truth to make one feel as if the Last Supper itself had occurred in that forsaken refectory. No mystical painter was ever more sublime: no historical painter was ever more real.

But in spite of the predilection which Lady Eastlake avows and justifies for the Christian artists of the earlier Catholic schools,—a predilection which goes so far as to lead her to treat Michael Angelo and Raphael as religious painters with some severity,—yet she does ample justice to the remarkable power with which these sacred subjects have been handled by one northern artist,—Rembrandt. Several of his finest etchings are reproduced in these volumes with great effect; the following passage stands somewhat in need of such an illustration; but it is so remarkable that we transfer it to our own ungraphic pages:—

“There was another master about to appear in the plains of Holland, who was destined, while adhering to the so-called reality, and even vulgarity, of these Northern schools, to retrieve both by the spell of the highest moral and picturesque power. That ‘inspired Dutchman,’ as Mrs. Jameson has called Rembrandt, threw all his grand and uncouth soul into this subject. He painted it once in chiaroscuro (dated 1634), and treated it twice in an etching, each time historically. We give an etching. The incident takes place in the open air. A crowd is round and behind our Lord; a crowd is importunately pressing upon Pilate, and below is more than a crowd—rather a furious sea of heads—vanishing beneath an archway, of which we see neither the beginning nor the end. A figure in front, connecting this multitude with the group before Pilate, is extending a hand over the seething mass, as if enjoining patience. Far off in the gloom, another figure, borne apparently on the shoulders of the multitude, is gesticulating to the same effect in the opposite direction, both seeing numbers invisible to us. The conception of our Saviour departs from all our theories; he is not looking at the people, or at any one. His head and eyes are uplifted, not in protest or in prayer, but in communion with his Father. The people are not even looking at him; for Rembrandt well knew that such a multitude, in this state of violent excitement, are incapable of fixing their attention upon anything. The Christ is neither beautiful nor grand in the usual sense, nor is there any glory round his head; nevertheless, a light seems to emanate from his person, and the darkness comprehendeth it not. One face alone has appar-

ently caught the suspicion that this is no common culprit. It is a hard-featured soldier near him, who is wrapt in thought. But the group before Pilate is the prominent and master stroke. Rembrandt must have witnessed incidents which had told him that there is no earnestness like that of fanaticism. These are not the mere brutes who bawl from infection, and who can be blown about with every wind, such as we see in former representations; these are the real Jews, and this is the real Pilate—vacillating, bending in indecision, with his expressive, outstretched, self-excusing hands and false, temporizing face—who has no chance before them. It is not so much the clutch on his robe by one, or the glaring eye and furious open mouth of another, or the old Jew, hoary in wickedness, who threatens him with the fury of the multitude; but it is the dreadful earnest face, upturned and riveted on his, of the figure kneeling before him,—it is the tightly compressed lips of that man who could not entreat more persistently for his own life than he is pleading for the death of the Prisoner. Rembrandt has given to this figure the dignity, because the power, of a malignant delusion: horribly fine. This is a truly realistic conception of such a scene, which has a grandeur of its own, in contradistinction to those improperly so called; for the reality of mere brutality is not a subject for art at all. Rembrandt, in executing this etching, may be conceived to have had the second Psalm

in his view: 'Why do the heathen so furiously rage together; and why do the people imagine a vain thing?' Yet the master has exquisitely contrived the full effect of a scene of violence, without shocking the most refined spectator. Not a sign of it approaches our Lord's person, who, as long as he is in the custody of the Roman soldiers, is guarded by a form of law; while the furious crowd below is so wrapt in Rembrandt gloom as to suggest every horror to the imagination, and give none to the eye. But 'the vain thing' is seen without disguise in that urgent group before the wavering Roman, embodying the strength of an evil principle against which nothing can prevail but that 'Truth' which Pilate knows not."

These quotations will give the reader an impression of the fervor and eloquence which Lady Eastlake has thrown into her undertaking; but the varied research, the copious information, the careful comparison of the different ages and schools of art, which mark these volumes, will best be judged of by those who make them companions and guides. They form, in conjunction with Mrs. Jameson's previous publications, a series of great interest and utility; and Lady Eastlake has very ably contributed to extend the knowledge and enjoyment of one of the noblest branches of art.

SEA-DUST.—To those who are unacquainted with the sea and the marvels which belong to it, it may sound like one of Baron Munchausen's tales, but it is nevertheless true, that ships at a distance of many hundreds of miles from any land have been met by heavy showers of fine dry dust; and by thick yellow fogs, not unlike London November fogs, except that they are free from suffocating smell, which turn out to be nothing more than this finely-divided powder suspended in the air and waiting for a favorable opportunity to descend. The reddish-yellow fogs are commonly encountered in the neighborhood of the Cape de Verd Islands, where the dust is also abundant. They and the dust have also been seen, though less frequently, in the Mediterranean, on the North African and South European coasts, and even far away in the middle of the Atlantic. The dust has been known to strew the shores of south-eastern France and the whole line of the west Italian coast, at the same time that it fell all over the islands of Sardinia and Malta. Sometimes

the fall is so heavy as to cover the sails and decks of vessels, and to give the sea an appearance similar to that presented by a pond adjacent to a dusty road. The powder is exceedingly fine—almost impalpable. Its color is brick-red or bright yellow, and becomes of a lighter shade after being kept for some years. In the Mediterranean, the dust is known as Sirocco or African dust, because it was supposed to come from some of the desert land of the African continent. But it was only supposed so to come; nothing was really known of its history or its home. It was considered to be in some way or other connected with barren and dry land,—most probably African,—and in its wide wanderings over many degrees of latitude, it was identified with the wind which "bloweth where it listeth," and concerning which no man knoweth "whence it cometh, or whither it goeth." In the absence of knowledge, or of that scientific presumption which is akin to it, speculation was rife as to the origin and travelling power of this dust.—*Chambers's Journal*.

PART XI.—CHAPTER XXXVII.
MR. BUTLER FOR DUTY ON —.

"I suppose M'Gruder's right," muttered Tony, as he sauntered away drcarily from the door at Downing Street, one day in the second week after his arrival in London. "A man gets to feel very like a 'flunkey,' coming up in this fashion each morning 'for orders.' I am more than half disposed to close with his offer and go 'into rags' at once."

If he hesitated, he assured himself, very confidently, too, that it was not from the name or nature of the commercial operation. He had no objection to trade in rags any more than in hides, or tallow, or oakum, and some gum which did not "breathe of Araby the blest." He was sure that it could not possibly affect his choice, and that rags were just as legitimate and just as elevating a speculation as sherry from Cadiz, or silk from China. He was ingenious enough in his self-discussions; but, somehow, though he thought he could tell his mother frankly and honestly the new trade he was about to embark in, for the life of him he could not summon courage to make the communication to Alice. He fancied her as she read the avowal repeating the words "rags," and, while her lips trembled with the coming laughter, saying, "What in the name of all absurdity led him to such a choice?" And what a number of rapid and tasteless jokes it would provoke! "Such snobbery as it all is!" cried he, as he walked the room angrily; "as if there was any poetry in cotton bales, or anything romantic in molasses! and yet I might engage in these without reproach, without ridicule. I think I ought to be above such considerations. I do think my good blood might serve to assure me that in whatever I do honorably, honestly, and avowedly, there is no derogation."

But the snobbery was stronger than he wotted of; for, do what he would, he could not frame the sentence in which he should write the tidings to Alice, and yet he felt that there would be a degree of meanness in the non-avowal infinitely more intolerable.

While he thus chafed and fretted, he heard a quick step mounting the stair, and at the same instant his door was flung open, and Skeffy Damer rushed toward him and grasped both his hands.

"Well, old Tony, you scarcely expected to see me here, nor did I either thirty hours

ago; but they telegraphed for me to come at once. I'm off for Naples."

"And why to Naples?"

"I'll tell you, Tony," said he, confidentially; "but remember this is for yourself alone. These things mustn't get abroad; they are Cabinet secrets, and not known out of the Privy Council."

"You may trust me," said Tony; and Skeffy went on.

"I'm to be attached there," said he, solemnly.

"What do you mean by attached?"

"I'm going there officially. They want me at our Legation. Sir George Home is on leave, and Mecklam is *chargé d'affaires*; of course, every one knows what that means."

"But I don't," said Tony, bluntly.

"It means being bullied, being jockeyed, being out-maneuvred, laughed at by Brennier, and derided by Caraffa. Mecklam's an ass, Tony, that's the fact, and they know it at the Office, and I'm sent out to steer the ship."

"But what do *you* know about Naples?"

"I know it just as I know the Ecuador question,—just as I know the Mouth of the Danube question,—as I know the slave treaty with Portugal, and the Sound dues with Denmark, and the right of search, and the Mosquito frontier, and everything else that is pending throughout the whole globe. Let me tell you, old fellow, the others—the French, the Italians, and the Austrians,—know me as well as they know Palmerston. What do you think Walewski told Lady Paneroff the day Cavour went down to Vichy to see the emperor? They held a long conversation at a table where there were writing materials, and Cavour has an Italian habit of scribbling all the time he talks, and he kept on scratching with a pen on a sheet of blotting-paper; and what do you think he wrote?—the one word, over and over again, Skeff, Skeff—nothing else. 'Which led us' says Walewski, 'to add, Who or what was Skeff? when they told us he was a young fellow'—these were his own words—'of splendid abilities in the Foreign Office;' and if there is anything remarkable in Cavour, it is the way he knows and finds out the coming man."

"But how could he have heard of you?"

"These fellows have their spies everywhere, Tony. Gortchakoff has a photograph of me, with two words in Russian underneath,

that I got translated, and that mean, 'infernally dangerous,'—*tanski seratcztrakoff*, infernally dangerous, !—over his stove in his study. You're behind the scenes now, Tony, and it will be rare fun for you to watch the newspapers and see how differently things will go on at Naples after I arrive there."

"Tell me something about home, Skeffy; I want to hear about Tilney. Whom did you leave there when you came away?"

"I left the Lyles, Alice and Bella,—none else. I was to have gone back with them to Lyle Abbey if I had stayed till Monday, and I left them, of course, very disconsolate, and greatly put out."

"I suppose you made up to Alice. I thought you would," said Tony, half sulkily.

"No, old fellow, you do me wrong; that's a thing I never do. As I said to Earnest Palfi about Pauline Esterhazy, I'll take no unfair advantage—I'll take no steps in your absence; and Alice saw this herself."

"How do you mean? Alice saw it?" said Tony, reddening.

"She saw it; for she said to me one day, 'Mr. Damer, it seems to me you have very punctilious notions on the score of friendship.'

"'I have,' said I; 'you're right there.'

"'I thought so,' said she."

"After all," said Tony, in a half-dogged tone, "I don't see that the speech had any reference to *me*, or to any peculiar delicacy of yours with respect to me."

"Ah, my poor Tony, you have a deal to learn about women and their ways! By good luck fortune has given you a friend,—the one man,—I declare I believe what I say,—the one man in Europe that knows the whole thing; as poor Balzac used to say, 'Cher Skeffy, what a fellow you would be if you had my pen!' He was a vain creature, Balzac; but what he meant was, if I could add his descriptive power to my own knowledge of life; for you see, Tony, this was the difference between Balzac and me. He knew Paris, and the *salons* of Paris, and the women who frequent these *salons*. I knew the human heart. It was woman, as a creature, not a mere conventionality, that she appeared to me."

"Well, I take it," grumbled out Tony, "you and your friend had some points of resemblance too."

"Ah! you would say that we were both

vain. So we were, Tony,—so is every man that is the depository of a certain power. Without this same conscious thought, which you common folk call vanity, how should we come to exercise the gift? The little world taunts us with the very quality that is the essence of our superiority."

"Had Bella perfectly recovered? Was she able to be up and about?"

"Yes, she was able to take carriage airings, and to be driven about in a small phaeton by the neatest whip in Europe."

"Mr. Skeff Damer, eh?"

"The same. Ah, these drives, these drives! What delicious memories of woodland and romance! I fell desperately in love with that girl, Tony,—I pledge you my honor I did. I've thought a great deal over it all since I started for Ireland, and I have a plan, a plan for us both."

"What is it?"

"Let us marry these girls. Let us be brothers-in-law as well as in love. You prefer Alice—I consent. Take her, take her, Tony, and may you be happy with her!" And as he spoke, he laid his hand on the other's head with a reverend solemnity.

"This is nonsense, and worse than nonsense," said Tony, angrily; but the other's temper was imperturbable, and he went on: "You fancy this is all dreamland that I'm promising you; but that is because you, my dear Tony, with many good qualities, are totally wanting in one: you have no imagination, and, like all fellows denied this gift, you never can conceive anything happening to you except what has already happened. You like to live in a circle, and you do live in a circle; you are the turnspits of humanity."

"I'm a troublesome dog, though, if you anger me," said Tony, half fiercely.

"Very possibly; but there are certain men dogs never attack." And as Skeffy said this he threw forward his chest, held his head back, and looked with an air of such proud defiance that Tony lay back in a chair and laughed heartily.

"I never saw a great hulking fellow yet that was not impressed with the greatness of his stature," said Skeffy. "Every inch after five feet six takes a foot off a man's intellectual standard. It is Skeff Damer says it, Tony, and you may believe it."

"I wish you'd tell me about Tilney," said Tony, half irritably.

"I appreciate you, as the French say. You want to hear that I am not your rival; you want to know that I have not taken any ungenerous advantage of your absence. *Tonino mio*, be of good comfort; I preferred the sister; shall I tell you why?"

"I don't want to hear anything about it."

"What a jealous dog it is, even after I have declared, on the word of a Damer, that he has nothing to apprehend from me! It was a lucky day led me down there, Tony. Don't you remember the old woman's note to me, mentioning a hundred pounds, or something like it, she had forgotten to enclose? She found the bank-note afterwards on her table, and after much puzzling with herself, ascertained it was the sum she had meant to remit to me. Trifling as the incident was, she thought it delicate, or high-minded, or something or other on my part. She said 'it was so nice of me;' and she wrote to my uncle to ask if he ever heard such a pretty trait, and my uncle said he knew scores of spendthrifts would have done much the same; whereupon the old lady of Tilney, regarding me as ill-used by my relatives, declared she would do something for me; but as her good intentions were double-barrelled, and she wanted to do something also for Bella, she suggested that we might, as the Oberland peasants say, 'put our eggs in the same basket.' A day was named, too, in which we were all to have gone over to Lyle Abbey, and open negotiations with Sir Arthur, when came this confounded despatch ordering me off to Naples! At first I determined not to go—to resign—to give up public life forever. 'What's Hecuba to him?' said I; that is, 'What signifies it to me how Europe fares? Shall I not think of Skeff Damer and his fortunes?' Bowling down dynasties and setting up nine-pin princes may amuse a man; but, after all, is it not to the tranquil enjoyments of home he looks for happiness? I consulted Bella: but she would not agree with me. Women, my dear Tony, are more ambitious than men,—I had almost said, more worldly. She would not, she said, have me leave a career wherein I had given such great promise. 'You might be an ambassador one day,' said she. 'Must be!' interposed I,—'must be!' My unfortunate admission decided the question, and I started that night."

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"I don't think I clearly understand you," said Tony, passing his hand over his brow. "Am I to believe that you and Bella are engaged?"

"I know what's passing in your mind, old fellow; I read you like large print. You won't, you can't, credit the fact that I would marry out of the peerage. Say it frankly, out with it."

"Nothing of the kind; but I cannot believe that Bella"—

"Ay, but she did," said Skeffy, filling up his pause, while he smoothed and caressed his very young mustaches. "Trust a woman to find out the coming man! Trust a woman to detect the qualities that insure supremacy! I wasn't there quite three weeks in all, and see if she did not discover me. What's this? Here comes an order for you, Tony," said he, as he looked into the street and recognized one of the porters of the Foreign Office. "This is the place, Trumins!" cried he, opening the window and calling to the man. "You're looking for Mr. Butler; aren't you?"

"Mr. Butler on duty, Friday 21," was all that the slip of paper contained. "There," cried Skeffy, "who knows if we shall not cross the Channel together to-night? Put on your hat, and we'll walk down to the Office."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

TONY WAITING FOR ORDERS.

TONY BUTLER was ordered to Brussels to place himself at the disposal of the minister as an ex-messenger. He crossed over to Calais with Skeffy in the mail-boat; and after a long night's talking, for neither attempted to sleep, they parted with the most fervent assurances of friendship.

"I'd go across Europe to thrash the fellow would say a hard word of him," muttered Tony; while Skeffy, with an emotion that made his lip tremble, said, "If the world goes hard with you, I'll turn my back on it, and we'll start for New Zealand or Madagascar, Tony, remember that; I give it to you as a pledge."

When Tony presented himself at the Legation, he found that nobody knew anything about him. They had, some seven or eight months previous, requested to have an additional messenger appointed, as there were cases occurring which required frequent reference to home; but the emergency had

passed over, and Brussels was once again as undisturbed by diplomatic relations as any of the Channel Islands.

"Take a lodging and make yourself comfortable; marry, and subscribe to a club if you like it," said a gray-headed attaché, with a cynical face; "for in all likelihood they'll never remember you're here." The speaker had some experiences of this sort of official forgetfulness, with the added misfortune that, when he once had summoned courage to remonstrate against it, they did remember him, but it was to change him from a first to a second class mission—in Irish phrase, promoting him backwards—for his temerity.

Tony installed himself in a snug little quarter outside the town, and set himself vigorously to study French. In Knickerbocker's "History of New York," we read that the sittings of the council were always measured and recorded by the number of pipes smoked by the Cabinet. In the same way might it be said, that Tony Butler's progress in Ollendorf was only to be computed by the quantity of tobacco consumed over it. The pronouns had cost two boxes of cigars; the genders, a large packet of assorted cavendish and bird's-eye; and he stood fast on the frontier of the irregular verbs, waiting for a large bag of Turkish that Skeffy wrote to say he had forwarded to him through the Office.

Why have we no statistics of the influence of tobacco on education? Why will no one direct his attention to the inquiry as to how far the Tony Butlers—a large class in the British Islands—are more moved to exertion, or hopelessly muddled in intellect, by the soothing influences of smoke?

Tony smoked on, and on. He wrote home occasionally, and made three attempts to write to Alice, who, despite his silence, had sent him a very pleasant letter about home matters. It was not a neighborhood to afford much news; and, indeed, as she said, "they had been unusually dull of late; scarcely any visitors, and few of the neighbors. We miss your friend Skeff greatly; for with all his oddities and eccentricities, he had won upon us immensely by real traits of generosity and high-mindedness. There is another friend of yours here I would gladly know well; but she—Miss Stewart—retreats from all my advances, and has so positively declined all our in-

vitations to the Abbey, that it would seem to imply, if such a thing were possible, a special determination to avoid us. I know you well enough, Master Tony, to be aware that you will ascribe all my ardor in this pursuit to the fact of there being an obstacle. As you once told me about a certain short cut from Portrush, the only real advantage it had was a stiff four-foot wall, which must be jumped; but you are wrong, and you are unjust,—two things not at all new to you. My intentions here were really good. I had heard from your dear mother that Miss Stewart was in bad health,—that fears were felt lest her chest was affected. Now, as the doctors concurred in declaring that Bella must pass one winter, at least, in a warm climate; so I imagined how easy it would be to extend the benefit of genial air and sunshine to this really interesting girl, by offering to take her as a companion. Bella was charmed with my project, and we walked over to the Burnside on Tuesday to propose it in all form.

"To the shame of our diplomacy we failed completely. The old minister, indeed, was not averse to the plan, and professed to think it a most thoughtful attention on our part; but Dolly, I call her Dolly; for it is by that name, so often recurring in the discussion, I associate her best with the incident,—Dolly was peremptory in her refusal. I wanted,—perhaps a little unfairly,—I wanted to hear her reasons. I asked if there might not possibly be something in her objections to which we could reply. I pressed her to reconsider the matter,—to take a week, two if she liked, to think over it; but no, she would not listen to my compromise; she was steady and resolute, and yet at the same time much moved. She said No! but she said it as if there was a reason she should say so, while it was in direct violence to all her wishes. Mind this is mere surmise on my part. I am speaking of one of whose nature and temperament I know nothing. I may just as easily be wrong as right. She is indeed a puzzle to me; and one little trait of her has completely routed all my conceit in my own power of reading character. In my eagerness to overcome her objections, I was picturing the life of enjoyment and interest Italy would open to her,—the charm of a land that realizes in daily life what poets and painters can only shadow forth; and in my ardor I so far forgot myself as to call her Dolly,—dear Doly, I said. The

words overcame her at once. She grew pale, so sickly pale, that I thought she would have fainted; and as two heavy tears stood in her eyes, she said in a cold, quiet voice, 'I beg you will not press me any more. I am very grateful to you; but I cannot accept your offer.'

"Bella insisted on our going over to your mother, and enlisting her advocacy in the cause. I did not like the notion; but I gave way. Your dear mother, all kind as she ever is, went the same evening to the Burnside; but a short note from her the next morning showed, she had no better success than ourselves.

"Naturally—you, at least, will say so—I am ten times more eager about my plan now that it is pronounced impracticable. I have written to Dr. Stewart. I have sent papa to him; mamma has called at the cottage. I have made Dr. Reid give a written declaration that Miss Stewart's case—I quote him—'as indicated by a distinct "Bronchopathy" in the superior portion of the right lung, imperatively demands the benefit of a warm and genial climate;' and with all these *pièces de conviction* I am beaten, turned out of court, and denied a verdict.

"Have you any explanation to offer about this, Master Tony? Dolly was an old play-fellow of yours, your mother tells me. What key can you give us as to her nature? Is she like what she was in those old days? and when did you cease to have these games together? I fancied—was it mere fancy?—that she grew a little red when we spoke of you. Mind, sir, I want no confessions. I want nothing from *you* but what may serve to throw light upon *her*. If you can suggest to me any means of overcoming the objection she seems to entertain to our plan, do so; and if you cannot, please to hold your peace on this matter ever after. I wrote yesterday to Mark, who is now at Milan, to make some inquiries about Italian villa life. I was really afraid to speak to your friend Skeff, lest, as mamma said, he should immediately offer us one of the royal palaces as a residence. No matter, he is a dear good fellow, and I have an unbounded reliance on his generosity.

"Now, a word about yourself. Why are you at Brussels? Why are you a fixed star, after telling us you were engaged as a planet? Are there any mysterious reasons for your

residence there? If so, I don't ask to hear them; but your mother naturally would like to know something about you a little more explanatory than your last bulletin, that said, 'I am here still, and likely to be so.'

"I had a most amusing letter from Mr. Maitland a few days ago. I had put it into this envelope to let you read it; but I took it out again, as I remembered your great and very unjust prejudices against him. He seems to know every one and everything, and is just as familiar with the great events of politics as with the great people who mould them. I read for your mother his description of the life at Fontainebleau, and the eccentricities of a beautiful Italian, Countess Castagnolo, the reigning belle there; and she was much amused, though she owned that four changes of raiment daily were too much even for Deliah herself.

"Do put a little coercion on yourself, and write me even a note. I assure you I would write you most pleasant little letters if you showed you merited them. I have a budget of small gossip about the neighbors, no particle of which shall you ever see till you deserve better of your old friend,

"ALICE TRAFFORD."

It may be imagined that it was in a very varying tone of mind he read through this letter. If Dolly's refusal were not based on her unwillingness to leave her father,—and if it were, she could have said so,—it was quite inexplicable. Of all the girls he had ever known, he never saw one more likely to be captivated by such an offer. She had that sort of nature that likes to invest each event of life with a certain romance; and where could anything have opened such a vista for castle-building as this scheme of foreign travel? Of course he could not explain it; how should he? Dolly was only partly like what she used to be long ago. In those days she had no secrets,—at least, none from him,—now she had long, dreary intervals of silence and reflection, as though brooding over something she did not wish to tell of. This was not the Dolly Stewart he used to know so well. As he re-read the letter, and came to that passage in which she tells him that, if he cannot explain what Dolly's refusal is owing to without making a confession, he need not do so, he grew almost irritable, and said, what can she mean by this? Surely, it is not possible that Alice

could have listened to any story that coupled his name with Dolly's, and should thus by insinuation charge him with the allegation? Lady Lyle had said to himself, "I heard the story from one of the girls." Was it this, then, that Alice referred to? Surely, she knew him better; surely, she knew how he loved her, no matter how hopelessly it might be. Perhaps women liked to give this sort of pain to those whose heart they owned. Perhaps it was a species of torture they were given to. Skeffy could tell if he were here. Skeffy could resolve this point at once; but it was too much for *him*.

As to the passage about Maitland, he almost tore the paper as he read it. By what right did he correspond with her a tall? Why should he write to her even such small matter as the gossip of a court? And what could Alice mean by telling him of it, unless—and oh, the bitterness of this thought!—it was to intimate by a mere passing word the relations that subsisted between herself and Maitland, and thus convey to him the utter hopelessness of his own pretensions?

As Tony walked up and down his room, he devised a very strong, it was almost a fierce, reply to this letter. He would tell her that as to Dolly he couldn't say, but she might have some of his own scruples about that same position called companion. When he knew her long ago, she was independent enough in spirit, and it was by no means impossible she might prefer a less brilliant condition if unclogged with observances that might savor of homage. At all events, *he* was no fine and subtle intelligence to whom a case of difficulty could be submitted.

As for Maitland, he hated him! he was not going to conceal it in any way. His air of insolent superiority he had not forgotten, nor would he forget till he had found an opportunity to retort it. Alice might think him as amusing as she pleased. To himself the man was simply odious, and if the result of all his varied gifts and accomplishments was only to make up such a being as he was, then would he welcome the most unlettered and unformed clown that ever walked rather than this mass of conceit and self-sufficiency.

He sat down to commit these thoughts to paper, and though he scrawled over seven sheets in the attempt, nothing but failure came of it. Maitland came in, if not by name, by insinuation, everywhere; and in

spite of himself he found he had got into a tone not merely querulous, but actually aggressive, and was using toward Alice an air of reproof that he almost trembled at as he re-read it.

"This will never do!" cried he, as he tore up the scribbled sheets. "I'll wait till tomorrow, and perhaps I shall do better." When the morrow came, he was despatched on duty, and Alice remained unanswered.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE MAJOR'S MISSION.

If my reader has been as retentive as I could wish him, he will have borne in mind that on the evening when Major M'Caskey took a very menacing leave of Norman Maitland at Paris, Count Caffarelli had promised his friend to write to General Filangieri to obtain from the king a letter addressed to Maitland in the royal hand by the title of Count of Amalfi,—such a recognition being as valid an act of ennoblement as all the declarations and registrations and emblazonments of heralds and the colleges.

It had been originally intended that this letter should be enclosed to Count Ludolf, the Neapolitan envoy of Turin, where Maitland would have found it; but seeing the spirit which had now grown up between Maitland and M'Caskey, and foreseeing well what would occur whenever these two men should meet, Caffarelli, with that astuteness that never fails the Italian, determined to avert the peril by a stratagem which lent its aid to the object he had in hand. He begged the general would transmit the letter from the king, not to Turin, but to the Castello di Montanara, where Maitland had long resided, in a far-away part of Calabria, and employ as the messenger M'Caskey himself; by which means this very irritable and irritating individual might be, for a time at least, withdrawn from public view, and an immediate meeting with Maitland prevented.

It was not very difficult, without any breach of confidence, for Caffarelli to convey to Filangieri that his choice of M'Caskey for this mission was something stronger than a caprice, and that his real wish was that this fiery personage should not be at Naples when they arrived there.

A very brief note, which reached Caffarelli before he had left Paris, informed him that all he requested had been duly done. "He gave

it"—it was of the king he spoke,—“he gave it at once, Carlo; only saying, with a laugh, ‘One of my brothers may dispute it with him some of these days,—for it gives some privilege; but whether it be to claim the rights of the church after high treason, or to have two wives in Lower Calabria, I don’t remember; but tell your friend to avoid both murder and matrimony, at least till he returns to a more civilized region.’”

“I shall send the Irish major with the despatch, as you wish. If I understand you aright, you are not over-anxious he should come back with the answer. But why not be more explicit? If you want—remember Calabria is—Calabria—you understand.”

At first Caffarelli had intended not to show this note to Maitland; but the profound contempt which his friend exhibited for M’Caskey proved that no sense of a debt of honor outstanding between them would lessen Maitland’s satisfaction at hearing that this troublesome “cur”—so he called him—should not be yelping at his heels through the streets of Naples.

Maitland, in fact, declared, that he knew of no misfortune in life so thoroughly ruinous as to be confronted in a quarrel with a questionable antagonist. From the ridicule of such a situation, he averred, the only escape was in a fatal ending; and Maitland knew nothing so bad as ridicule. Enmity in all its shapes he had faced, and could face again. Give him a foe but worthy of him, and no man ever sprung into the lists with a lighter heart; the dread of a false position was too much for him.

Leaving these two friends, then, at Paris, to talk, amid their lives of many dissipations, of plots and schemes and ambitions, let us betake ourselves to a very distant spot, at the extreme verge of the Continent,—a little inlet on the Calabrian coast below Reggio, where, on a small promontory separating two narrow bays, stands the lone Castle of Montanara. It had been originally a convent, as its vast size indicates, but was purchased and converted into a royal residence by a former king of Naples, who spent incredible sums on the buildings and the gardens. The latter especially were most costly, since they were entirely artificial, the earth having been carried from the vicinity of Naples.

The castle itself was the most incongruous mass that could be conceived, embracing the

fortress, the convent, the ornate style of Venice, and the luxurious vastness of an oriental palace, all within its walls. It may be imagined that no private fortune, however ample, could have kept in perfect order a place of such immense size, the gardens alone requiring above thirty men constantly at work, and the repairs of the sea-wall being a labor that never ended.

The present occupant, Sir Omerod Butler, lived in one small block called the “Molo,” which projected into the sea at the very end of the promontory, and was approachable on the land side by a beautiful avenue of cedars. They were of great age, and, tradition said, had been brought from Lebanon. If ruin and neglect and desolation characterized all around, no sooner had the traveller entered this shady approach than all changed to the most perfect care and culture,—flowery shrubs of every kind, beds of gorgeous flowers, *pergolati* of vines leading down to the sea, and orange-groves dipping their golden balls in the blue Mediterranean at every step, till the ample gate was reached; passing into which you entered a spacious court paved with variegated marble, with a massive fountain in the centre. From this court, under a pillared archway, led off all the lower rooms,—great spacious chambers, with richly-painted ceilings and tessellated floors. Into these was gathered the most costly furniture of the whole palace: tables and consoles of malachite and porphyry, gorgeously inlaid slabs of *lapis lazuli* and agate, cabinets of rare beauty, and objects of ancient art. Passing through these again you gained the rooms of daily habitation, arranged with all the taste and luxury of modern refinement, and distinctively marking that the cold splendor without could not attain to that sense of comfort and voluptuous ease which an age of greater indulgence requires.

The outer gate of the castle, which opened by a drawbridge over a deep moat, on the Reggio road, was little less than a mile off; and it may give some idea of the vast size of the place to state that, from that entrance to the Molo, there was a succession of buildings of one kind or other, only interrupted by areas of courtyard or garden.

When at the close of a sultry day, Major M’Caskey presented himself at this gate, summoning the porter with a vigorous pull of the bell, he was not admitted till a very

careful scrutiny showed that he was alone, and did not, besides, exhibit anything very formidable in his appearance. He was told, as he passed in, that he must leave his horse at the stables beside the gate, and make the rest of his way on foot. The major was both tired and hungry; he had been in the saddle since daybreak, had twice missed his way, and tasted no food since he set out.

"Is there much more of this confounded way to go?" asked he of his guide, as they now mounted a terrace, only to descend again.

"About a quarter of an hour will bring you to the Molo," said the other, just as ill-pleased to have the duty of escorting him. A quick glance at the fellow's face showed the major how hopeless it would be to expect any information from him; and though he was burning to know who inhabited this lonesome place, and why he lived there, he forebore all questioning, and went along in silence.

"There!" said his guide, at last, as they reached a great archway standing alone in a sort of lawn,—“there! you follow that road to the little gate yonder, pass in, cross the garden, and you will be at the side-entrance of the Molo. I don't suppose you want to enter by the grand gate?”

Major M'Caskey was not much in the habit of suffering an insolence to pass unresented; but he seemed to control himself as he drew forth his purse and took out a crown-piece. “This is for your trouble, my worthy fellow,” said he; “go and look for it yonder,” and he jerked the piece of money over the low parapet, and sent it skimming along the sea a hundred yards off.

Though the man's lips murmured in passion, and his dark eyes flashed anger, one look at the face of his companion assured him that the safer policy was to restrain his wrath, and, touching his hat in salute, he retired without a word.

As though he felt in better temper with himself for having thus discharged this little debt, the major stepped more briskly forward, gained the small postern, and entered a large and formal garden, the chief avenue of which showed him the gate at the extremity. It lay open, and he found himself in a large vaulted hall, from which doors led off. In doubt which course to take, he turned to seek for a bell; but there was none to be

found; and after a careful search on every side, he determined to announce himself by a stout knocking at one of the doors before him.

The hollow clamor resounded through the whole building, and soon brought down two men in faded livery, half terrified, half angry at the summons.

M'Caskey, at once assuming the upper hand, a habit in which practice had made him a proficient, demanded haughtily to see “the count,” their master.

“He is at dinner,” said they both together.

“I wish I were so too,” said the major. “Go in and tell him that I am the bearer of a royal despatch, and desire to see him immediately.”

They held counsel together in whispers for a few minutes, during which the name Maria occurred frequently between them. “We will tell the Senora Maria you are here,” said one, at last.

“And who may she be?” said M'Caskey, haughtily.

“She is the cameriera of the countess, and the chief of all the household.”

“My business is not with a waiting-woman. I have come to see the Count of Amalfi,” said the major, sternly.

The men apparently knew their own duties best, and civilly asking him to follow, they led the way up a small flight of stairs, and after traversing some scantily-furnished rooms, showed him into a prettily-decorated little chamber, with two windows looking on the sea.

Having politely begged him to be seated, they left him. The major, besides being hungry and jaded, was irritable and angry. Filangieri had told him his mission was one of importance and high trust; in fact, so much so, that it could not be confided to one less known than himself. And was this the way they received a royal envoy, sent on such an errand? While he thus fumed and chafed, he heard a door open and close, and shortly after the sweep of a woman's dress coming along the corridor; and now the step came nearer and the door opened, and a tall, sickly-looking woman entered; but scarcely had she advanced one pace within the room when she uttered a faint scream and fainted.

The major's first care was to turn the key in the lock, his second was to lift up the al-

most lifeless figure and place her on the sofa. As he did so, any emotion that his features betrayed was rather of displeasure than astonishment; and in the impatient way he jerked open the window to let the fresh air blow on her there was far more anger than surprise.

"So then you are the Senora Maria, it would seem," were the first words she heard as she rallied from her swoon.

"Oh, Miles!" cried she, with an intense agony, "why have you tracked me here? Could you not have let me drag out my few years of life in peace?"

It was difficult to guess how these words affected him, or rather in how many different ways; for though at first his eyes flashed angrily, he soon gave a short jeering sort of a laugh, and throwing himself down into a chair, he crossed his arms on his breast and gazed steadily at her.

The look seemed to remind her of bygone suffering; for she turned her head away, and then covered her face with her hands.

"Senora Maria," said he, slowly—"unless indeed you still desire I should call you Mrs. M'Caskey."

"No, no—Maria!" cried she, wildly; "I am but a servant—I toil for my bread; but better that than"—She stopped, and after an effort to subdue her emotion, burst into tears and sobbed bitterly.

"It matters little to me, madam, what the name. The chain that ties us is just as irrevocable, whatever we choose to call ourselves. As to anything else, I do not suppose you intend to claim *me* as your husband."

"No, no, never," cried she, impetuously.

"Nor am I less generous, madam. None shall ever hear from me that you were my wife. The contract was one that brought little credit to either of us."

"Nothing but misery and misfortune to me!" said she, bitterly; "nothing else—nothing else!"

"You remind me, madam," said he, in a slow, deliberate voice, as though he were enunciating some long-resolved sentiment,— "you remind me much of Josephine."

"Who is Josephine?" asked she, quickly.

"I speak of the Empress Josephine so you may perceive that I have sought your parallel in high places. She, like you, deemed herself the most unhappy of women, and all be-

cause destiny had linked her with a greatness that she could not measure."

Though her vacant stare might have assured him either that she did not understand his words, or follow their meaning, never daunted he went on.

"Yes, madam; and, like *her* husband, yours has had much to bear—levity—frivolity—and—worse."

"What are you here for? Why have you come after me?" cried she, wildly. "I swore to you before, and I swear it again, that I will never go back to you."

"Whenever you reduce that pledge to writing, madam, call on me to be your security for its due performance; be it known to you, therefore, that this meeting was an unexpected happiness to me."

She covered her face, and rocked to and fro like one in the throes of a deep suffering.

"I should be a glutton, madam, if I desired a repetition of such scenes as these; they filled eight years—eight mortal years—of a life not otherwise immemorable."

"And what have they done for *me*?" cried she, roused almost to boldness by his taunting manner.

"Made you thinner, paler, a trifle more aged, perhaps," said he, scanning her leisurely, "but always what Frenchmen would call a *femme charmante*."

The mockery seemed more than she could bear; for she sprung to her feet, and, in a voice vibrating with passion, said, "Take care, Miles M'Caskey,—take care; there are men here, if they saw me insulted, would throw you over that sea-wall as soon as look at you."

"Ring for your bravos, madam—summon your condottieri at once," said he, with an impudent laugh; "they'll have some warmer work than they bargained for."

"Oh, why not leave me in peace,—why not let me have these few years of life without more of shame and misery?" said she, throwing herself on her knees before him.

"Permit me to offer you a chair, madam," said he, as he took her hands, and placed her on a seat; "and let me beg that we talk of something else. Who is the count?—'The Onoralissimo e Pregiatissimo, Nobile Conte,'" for he read now from the address of a letter he had drawn from his pocket—

" 'Nobile Conte d'Amalfi'—is that the name of the owner of this place?"

"No, it is the Chevalier Butler, formerly minister at Naples, lives here,—Sir Omerod Bramston Butler."

"Ah, then I perceive it is really meant for another person! I thought it was a mode of addressing him secretly. The Count of Amalfi lives here, perhaps."

"I never heard of him."

"Who lives here beside Sir Omerod?"

"My lady—that is, the countess; none else."

"Who is the countess—Countess of what, and where?"

"She is a Milanese; she was a Brancaleone."

"Brancaleone, Brancaleone! there were two of them. One went to Mexico with the Duke of Sommariva—not his wife."

"This is the other; she is married to Sir Omerod."

"She must be Virginia Brancaleone," said M'Caskey, trying to remember,—“the same Lord Byron used to rave about.”

She nodded an assent, and he continued.

"Nini Brancaleone was a toast, I remember, with Wraxall and Trelawney, and the rest of us. She was the 'reason fair' of many a good glass of claret which Byron gave us, in those days before he became stingy."

"You had better keep your memories to yourself in case you meet her," said she, warningly.

"Miles M'Caskey, madam, requires very little advice or admonition in a matter that touches tact or good-breeding." A sickly smile of more than half-derision curled the woman's lip; but she did not speak. "And now let us come back to this Count of Amalfi; who is he? where is he?"

"I have told you already I do not know."

"There was a time, madam, you would have required no second intimation that it was your duty to find out."

"Ah, I remember those words but too well!" cried she, bitterly. "Finding out was my task for many a year."

"Well, madam, it was an exercise that might have put a fine edge on your understanding; but, like some other advantages of your station, it slipped by you without profit. I am generous, madam, and I forbear to say

more. Tell me of these people here all that you know of them; for they are my more immediate interest at present."

"I will tell you everything, on the simple condition that you never speak to me nor of me again. Promise me but this, Miles M'Caskey, and I swear to you I will conceal nothing that I know of them."

"You make hard terms, madam," said he, with mock courtesy. "It is no small privation to be denied the pleasure of your agreeable presence; but I comply."

"And this shall be our last meeting?" asked she, with a look of imploring meaning.

"Alas, madam, if it must be!"

"Take care," cried she, suddenly, "you once by your mockery drove me to!"

"Well, madam, your memory will perhaps record what followed. I shot the friend who took up your cause. Do you chance to know of another who would like to imitate his fortune?"

"Gracious Heaven!" cried she, in an agony, "has nothing the power to change your cruel nature; or are you to be hard-hearted and merciless to the end?"

"I am proud to say, madam, that Miles M'Caskey comes of a house whose motto is 'Semper M'Caskey.'"

A scornful curl of the lip seemed to show what respect she felt for the heraldic allusion; but she recovered herself quickly, and said, "I can stay no longer. It is the hour the countess requires me; but I will come back to-morrow, without you would let me buy off this meeting. Yes, Miles, I am in earnest; this misery is too much for me. I have saved a little sum, and I have it by me in gold. You must be more changed than I can believe, or you will be in want of money. You shall have it all, every ducat of it, if you only pledge me your word never to molest me,—never to follow me,—never to recognize me again!"

"Madam," said he, severely, "this menial station you have descended to must have blunted your sense of honor rudely, or you had never dared to make me such a proposal. Let me see you to-morrow, and for the last time." And haughtily waving his hand, he motioned to her to leave, and she turned away with her hands over her face, and quitted the room.

CHAPTER XL.

THE MAJOR'S TRIALS.

MAJOR MILES M'CASKEY is not a foreground figure in this our story, nor have we any reason to suppose that he possesses any attractions for our readers. When such men—and there are such to be found on life's highway—are met with, the world usually gives them what sailors call a "wide berth, and ample room to swing in," sincerely trusting that they will soon trip their anchor and sail off again. Seeing all this, I have no pretension, nor indeed any wish, to impose his company any more than is strictly indispensable, nor dwell on his sojourn at the Molo of Montanara. Indeed, his life at that place was so monotonous and weary to himself, it would be a needless cruelty to chronicle it.

The major, as we have once passingly seen, kept a sort of brief journal of his daily doings; and a few short extracts from this will tell us all that we need know of him. On a page of which the upper portion was torn away, we find the following: "Arrived at M— on the 6th at sunset. Ruined old rookery. Open at land side, and sea defences all carried away; never could have been strong against artillery. Found Mrs. M'C. in the style of waiting-woman to a Countess Butler, formerly Nini Branealeone. A warm interview; difficult to persuade her that I was not in pursuit of herself,—a feminine delusion I tried to dissipate. She,"—henceforth it is thus he always designates Mrs. M'Caskey,— "she avers that she knows nothing of the Count d'Amalfi, nor has ever seen him. Went into a long story about Sir Omerod Butler, of whom I know more myself. She pretends that Nini is married to him,—legally married; don't believe a word of it. Have my own suspicions that the title of Amalfi has been conferred on B. himself; for he lives estranged from England and Englishmen. Will learn all, however, before I leave.

"Roast pigeons, with tomato, a strange fish, and omelette, with Capri to wash it down; a meagre supper; but they say it shall be better to-morrow.

"*Seventh, Wednesday.*—Slept soundly and had a swim; took a sea view of the place, but could see no one about. Capital breakfast,—'Frutti di mare,' boiled in Rhine wine; fellow who waited said a favorite dish of his excellency's, meaning Sir O. B. Best choc-

olate I ever tasted out of Paris. Found the *menue* for dinner on the table all right; the wine is *au choix*, and I begin with La Rose and La Veuve Cliquot. A note from her referring to something said last night; she is ill and cannot see me, but encloses an order on Parodi of Genoa, in favor of the Nobile Signor il Maggiore M'Caskey, for three thousand seven hundred and forty-eight francs, and a small tortoise-shell box, containing eighty-six double ducats in gold, so that it would seem I have fallen into a 'vrai Californie' here. Reflected, and replied with a refusal; a M'Caskey cannot stoop to this. Reproved her for ignoring the character to whom she addressed such a proposal, and reiterated my remark of last night, that she never rose to the level at which she could rightly take in the native chivalry of my nature.

"Inquired if my presence had been announced to Sir O., and learned it had. Orders given to treat me with distinguished consideration, but nothing said of an audience.

"Pigeons again for supper, with apology: quails had been sent for to Messina, and expected to-morrow. Shot at a champagne-flask in the sea, and smoked. Sir O.'s tobacco exquisite, and the supply so ample, I am making a *petite provision* for the future.

"Full moon. Shot at the camellias out of my window. Knocked off seventeen, when I heard a sharp cry,—a stray shot, I suppose. Shut the casement and went to bed.

"*Thursday.*—Gardener's boy, flesh-wound in the calf of the leg; hope Sir O. may hear of it and send for me.

"A glorious capon for dinner, stuffed with oysters,—veritable oysters. Drank Mrs. M'C.'s health in the impression that this was a polite attention on her part. No message from Sir O.

"*Friday.*—A general fast; a lentil soup and a fish; good but meagre; took it out in wine and tobacco. Had the gardener's boy up, and introduced him to sherry-cobbler. The effect miraculous; danced Tarantella till the bandage came off and he fainted.

"*Saturday.*—Rain and wind; macaroni much smoked; cook lays it on the chimney that won't draw with a Levant wind. Read over my instructions again and understand them as little as before: 'You will hold yourself at the orders of the Count

d'Amalfi till further instructions from this department.' Vague enough all this; and for anything I see, or am likely to see, of this count, I may pass the autumn here. Tried to attract Sir O's attention by knocking off the oranges at top of his wall, and received intimation to fire in some other direction.

"*Sunday*.—Don Luigi Something has come to say mass. Asked him to dinner, but find him engaged to the countess. A dry old cove, who evidently knows everything, but will tell nothing; has promised to lend me a guitar and a book or two, in return for which I have sent down three bottles of our host's champagne to his reverence.

"*Monday*.—Lobsters.

"*Tuesday*.—Somebody ill apparently; much ringing of bells and disorder. My dinner an hour late. Another appeal from Mrs. M'C., repeating her former proposal with greater energy; this feminine insistance provokes me. I might tell her that of the three women who have borne my name none but herself would have so far presumed; but I forbear. Pity has ever been the weakness of my nature; I feel its workings even as I write this. It may not carry me to the length of forgiveness; but I can compassionate; I will send her this note:—

"*'MADAM,—Your prayers have succeeded; I yield. It would not be generous in me to say what the sacrifice has cost me. When a M'Caskey bends, it is an oak of the forest snaps in two. I make but one condition; I will have no gratitude. Keep the tears that you would shed at my feet for the hours of your solitary sorrow. You will see, therefore, that we are to meet no more.*

"*'One of the ducats is clipped on the edge, and another discolored as by an acid; I am above requiring that they be exchanged. Nothing in this last act of our intercourse shall prevent you remembering me as "Semper M'Caskey."*

"*'Your cheque should have specified Parodi & Co., not Parodi alone. To a man less known the omission might give inconvenience; this, too, however, I pardon. Farewell.'*"

It was evident that the major felt he had completed this task with befitting dignity; for he stood up before a large glass, and placing one hand within his waistcoat, he gazed at himself in a sort of rapturous veneration. "Yes," said he, thoughtfully, "George Seymour and D'Orsay and myself, we were

men! When shall the world look upon our like again? Each in his own style, too, perfectly distinct, perfectly dissimilar; neither of them, however, had this; neither had this!" cried he, as he darted a look of catlike fierceness from his fiery gray eyes. "The Princess Metternich fainted when I gave her that glance. She had the temerity to say, 'Qui est ce Monsieur M'Caskey?' Why not ask who is Soult? who is Wellington? who is everybody? Such is the ignorance of a woman! Madame la Princess," added he, in a graver tone, "if it be your fortune to turn your footsteps to Montpellier, walk into the churchyard there, and see the tomb of Jules de Besaneon, late major of the 8th Cuirassiers, and whose inscription is in these few words: 'Tué par M'Caskey.' I put up the monument myself; for he was a brave soldier, and deserved his immortality."

Though self-admiration was an attractive pastime, it palled on him at last, and he sat down and piled up the gold double ducats in two tall columns, and speculated on the various pleasures they might procure, and then he read over the draft on Parodi, and pictured to his mind some more enjoyments, all of which were justly his due, "For," as he said himself aloud, "I have dealt generously by that woman."

At last he arose, and went out on the terrace. It was a bright starlight night, one of those truly Italian nights when the planets streak the calm sea with long lines of light, and the very air seems weary with its burden of perfume. Of the voluptuous enervation that comes of such an hour, he neither knew nor asked to know. Stillness and calm to him savored only of death; he wanted movement, activity, excitement, life, in fact,—life as he had always known and always liked it. Once or twice the suspicion had crossed his mind that he had been sent on this distant expedition to get rid of him when something of moment was being done elsewhere. His inordinate vanity could readily supply the reasons for such a course. He was one of those men that in times of trouble become at once famous. "They call us dangerous," said he, "just as Cromwell was dangerous, Luther was dangerous, Napoleon was dangerous. But if we are dangerous, it is because we are driven to it. Admit the superiority that you cannot oppose, yield to the inherent greatness that you can only

struggle against, and you will find that we are not dangerous,—we are salutary.”

“Is it possible,” cried he aloud, “that this has been a plot,—that while I am here living this life of inglorious idleness the great stake is on the table,—the game is begun, and the king’s crown being played for?” M’Caskey knew that whether royalty conquered or was vanquished,—however the struggle ended,—there was to be a grand scene of pillage. The nobles or the merchants—it mattered very little which to him—were to pay for the coming convulsion. Often and often, as he walked the streets of Naples, had he stood before a magnificent palace, or a great country-house, and speculated on the time when it should be his prerogative to smash in that stout door, and proclaim all within it his own. “*Spolia di M’Caskey*” was the inscription that he felt would defy the cupidity of the boldest. “I will stand on the balcony,” said he, “and declare, with a wave of my hand, These are mine: pass on to other pillage.”

The horrible suspicion that he might be actually a prisoner all this time gained on him more and more, and he ransacked his mind to think of some great name in history whose fate resembled his own. “Could I only assure myself of this,” said he, passionately, “it is not these old walls would long confine me; I’d scale the highest of them in half an hour; or I’d take to the sea, and swim round that point yonder,—it’s not two miles off; and I remember there’s a village quite close to it.” Though thus the prospect of escape presented itself so palpably before him, he was deterred from it by the thought that if no intention of forcible detention had ever existed, the fact of his having feared it would be an indelible stain

upon his courage. “What an indignity,” thought he, “for a M’Caskey to have yielded to a causeless dread!”

As thus he thought, he saw, or thought he saw, a dark object at some short distance off on the sea. He strained his eyes, and though long in doubt, at last assured himself it was a boat that had drifted from her moorings; for the rope that had fastened her still hung over the stern, and trailed in the sea. By the slightly moving flow of the tide toward shore she came gradually nearer, till at last he was able to reach her with the crook of his riding-whip, and draw her up to the steps. Her light paddle-like oars were on board, and M’Caskey stepped in, determined to make a patient and careful study of the place on its sea-front, and see, if he could, whether it were more of *château* or jail.

With a noiseless motion he stole smoothly along, till he passed a little ruined bastion on a rocky point, and saw himself at the entrance of a small bay, at the extremity of which a blaze of light poured forth, and illuminated the sea for some distance. As he got nearer, he saw that the light came from three large windows that opened on a terrace, thickly studded with orange-trees, under the cover of which he could steal on unseen, and take an observation of all within; for that the room was inhabited was plain enough, one figure continuing to cross and recross the windows as M’Caskey drew nigh.

Stilly and softly, without a ripple behind him, he glided on till the light skiff stole under the overhanging boughs of a large acacia, over a branch of which he passed his rope to steady the boat, and then standing up he looked into the room, now so close as almost to startle him.

THE School Ship in London, had, at the beginning of the year, one hundred and sixty-three boys on board. The receipts of the society that has this institution in charge were, for the last year, nearly five thousand pounds, of which nearly four-fifths are a government allowance.

ON the night of the 21st of February last, there fell in Rome a large quantity of a fine dust, which

attracted general attention. A paper read to a learned society ascribes its origin to a wind blowing from some desert districts in Africa.

A NEW kind of silkworm that feeds upon the leaves of the oak has just been introduced into France. It is a native of the table-lands of the Himalaya.

From The Quarterly Review.

1. *The Trans-Caucasian Campaign of the Turkish Army under Omer Pasha.* By Lawrence Oliphant. London, 1856.
2. *Patriots and Filibusters.* By Lawrence Oliphant. London, 1860.
3. *Trans-Caucasia.* By Baron von Haxthausen. London, 1854.
4. *Papers respecting the Settlement of Circassian Emigrants in Turkey.* Presented to the House of Commons by command of Her Majesty. 1864.

A GRIEVOUS calamity has befallen a brave nation little known to the British public, but invested with that romantic interest which always attaches to deeds of daring, to an unstained cause, and to an unequal struggle, maintained by a nation in defence of its liberty and independence. "It is apparent," Lord Napier writes on the 23d of May last, "that the Russian Government have long taken an absolute resolution at any risk to remove the whole of the (Circassian) mountaineers still in arms from their native places. The system pursued has been for two years past to move the troops and the Cossack forts and settlements slowly but surely up the valleys which pour their waters northward to the basin of the Kouban, dispossessing the indigenous inhabitants at every step until at last the highest fastnesses have been reached, and the people inhabiting the water-shed have been pushed over into the valleys sloping southward to the Black Sea, and have carried the savage* and sequestered people of those regions in masses to the coast." From the coast, as we know, they are flying by tens of thousands across the sea, to perish by famine and disease under the well-meant but clumsy and inadequate protection of the Turkish Government. But, although attention has now been for the first time generally called to what is passing in the Caucasus, it would be a mistake to suppose that the depopulation by Russia of the regions lying about those venerable mountains has only now begun.

After the Allies left Sebastopol, the Tatar population of the Crimea found their condition unendurable, and they were the first to fly from the Russian yoke, and to seek refuge on the hospitable soil of Turkey. They did not come in very large numbers, so that this emigration was comparatively manageable,

* We do not concur in Lord Napier's use of this term.

and a number of them were located in the Dobroja, in a new town or settlement called Mejidieh, where, on the whole, they have prospered.

Next came the emigration of the Tatars of the Kouban in 1861-62, caused by an order given by the Russian Government. This order was one of unexampled and needless severity. A large population was compelled to leave the Russian territory at a fixed date. These unfortunate people were compelled to abandon their homes, to travel with their wives and children, and to land in a new country in midwinter. The fixing of a term at the expiration of which they were obliged to depart had the effect of depriving them of all their property; for they could obtain no price, or but a vile price, for their cattle and such things as their neighbors saw that they must abandon, since they could not transport them. They landed at Constantinople and other parts of Turkey in the midst of snow, sleet, and rain, and the mortality among them was excessive. At that time it was not possible, to take a walk in the afternoon at Constantinople without meeting numerous coffins of little children. Those Turks who were familiar with the exaggerated statements of the Russian organ *Le Nord*, and with the humanitarian cry so sedulously fostered by Russian diplomacy, for edicts giving equality to the Rayahs, made bitter remarks upon the reciprocity shown by Russia, and upon the indifference of Europe, and asked if the humanity of which they have heard so much ought not to have interfered here. This expulsion of the Tatars was unnecessary; for they were a harmless and pacific people. The pretext assigned by Russia for the measure was that they maintained communications with the mountaineers, and assisted them in defying the imperial power; for these Tatars occupied the country to the north of the Caucasus, between it and the river Kouban, and their expulsion was a strategic measure taken with a view of circumseribing and hemming in the mountaineers of the Caucasus. Other Tatars, however, besides those of the Kouban, have been driven away or have followed their brethren, and the Muscovite proprietors of the Southern provinces of Russia complain of the loss of a sober and industrious agricultural population whom it is not easy to replace.

These wholesale expulsions are traditional

with the Russian Government. In the last century, during the reign of the Empress Catharine, the Kalmuks were driven by the tyranny and petty persecutions of Russian officials to migrate from the shores of the Volga, and to seek refuge in the Chinese dominions. When they set out, they filled twenty-eight thousand tents; but only half their number reached the Chinese territory.

In considering these acts of systematic barbarity perpetrated by the Russian Government, it is impossible not to remember the expulsion of the Moors from Spain in 1610. History has already condemned the severity and impolicy of that measure. According to the most trustworthy calculations, of more than a million of Moors who were expelled, only a fourth survived. The Jews were driven from Spain in 1492, by a decree of Ferdinand and Isabella; many of them found shelter at Constantinople, and to this day half the Israelites in that capital and in Smyrna speak the Spanish language; the other half, who also fled from persecution, are of a later immigration, and speak Polish. But with the severity of these measures the parallel ends: the Russian Government cannot plead in excuse the fierce fanaticism which animated the Inquisition before whose mandates the Spanish monarch found it necessary to bow. Spain, moreover, was ejecting those whom she considered as intruders in spite of eight hundred years of occupation of the soil; but Russia is herself the intruder into the Tatar steppes and Circassian mountains, and if there is any teaching in the progress of time, the Muscovite Government, at the end of two centuries and a half, is far less excusable than that of Spain. It may not be too much to say that the indifference of Europe to the expulsion of the Kouban Tatars emboldened Russia to proceed to the conscription at Warsaw, by which she forced the Poles into insurrection, and thereby furnished herself with a pretext for the extensive deportations of Poles to Siberia,—to be followed, shortly, perhaps, by the expulsion of the population from whole provinces, if it should appear that there is no limit to the apathy and endurance of Europe.

From ignorance of the ethnography of the Caucasus, much misapprehension exists with regard to the Circassians, and consequently blame was unfairly cast upon them at the

time of the Crimean War for not supporting us more efficiently. When Englishmen talk of Circassia, they use that term for the Caucasus, which they consider as one country; whereas the Eastern and Western Caucasus, which are divided by the pass of Vladi-Kavkas, are entirely distinct, and the Eastern and Western Caucasians again are subdivided into nations which are by no means homogeneous. The error of the prevailing ideas respecting the Caucasus will be understood at once if we imagine ourselves as considering the inhabitants of Chamouni, the Tyrolese, and the people about Laybach as one nation, from whom a common and combined action was to be expected. Four distinct languages are spoken in the Alps between Geneva and Laybach, and in the greater range of the Caucasian chain the various dialects are far more numerous. Sheik Shamyl is usually spoken of as a Circassian, whilst in reality he had no relations with the Circassians. He was himself a Tchetchen, and had united the Lezghis, the Tchetchenes, and the Daghestanlys in a confederation against Russia; the proper name for the region of his exploits is Daghestan, which is a general expression for the Eastern part of the Caucasus, and there is little communication between Daghestan and Circassia, or the western part of the Caucasus running from Anapa to Batum, so that during the war it would have been very difficult for any one from the West to reach Sheik Shamyl. The name Circassian is derived from Teherkess, and designates the people dwelling in the mountains overhanging the Black Sea, and Mingrelia, or the country watered by the Phasis. * These are the tribes whose unfortunate fate we have now to deplore.

The Circassians proper are Mussulmans, as are also the Lezghis and Daghestanlys; there are some Christians among the Ossetes, and some of the mountaineers are said to be in a primitive state of ignorance; but it would perhaps be more correct to say of those whose creed is doubtful, as of the Arnauts, that their national sentiments weigh more with them than those of religion. The chief characteristic of the Caucasians is personal courage, and indifference to enormous odds against them in a fight. It happened some years ago that nine or ten Circassians in the Russian service escaped into Prussia, where they thought themselves safe; but on their being

claimed as deserters, the Prussians undertook to deliver them up, and readers of the newspapers may remember how they refused to surrender and were all killed, after having destroyed many times their own number of Prussian soldiers. For many years the Russian post from Georgia had to be escorted through the pass of Vladi-Kavkas by a strong detachment with artillery. The struggle between Russia and the mountaineers has, as is well known, been going on for many years, and although the stronger nation has been gradually advancing, yet except when the Russians have succeeded in taking a village the loss has always been greater on the side of the aggressors. Last year some cannon and ammunition were introduced into Abkhasia, and though the people were not able to make much use of the artillery from want of practice, the stimulus given by this encouragement and succor was such that after receiving it they won nine successive victories over the Russians. Nevertheless, since that time murrain amongst their cattle and famine have utterly ruined their cause; they have not been conquered; but have been reduced by starvation to the lamentable condition which is exciting the pity and horror of Europe.

In considering the political state of the Caucasus, two questions present themselves: Why has England abandoned the Circassians, in spite of the sympathy wrung from us by their perseverance in a patriotic struggle? and why has Russia persisted so long, and at such an expenditure of men and treasure, in the attempt to extend her dominion over barren mountains, the inhabitants of which could not leave their strongholds to attack her, even had they the desire to do so?

It will be remembered that shortly after the Porte declared war against Russia in 1853, news arrived that the Turkish troops had taken Shefketil, or Fort St. Nicholas, the nearest Russian military post to the Turkish frontier; after that, a British naval force acting with the Circassians reduced the other Russian forts along their seaboard; and, lastly, Anapa was taken, and the mountaineers came down into that place, which, however, was restored to Russia at the peace. Let us now recall what was done by the British Government with regard to Circassia, either with a view to securing its in-

dependence, or for the immediate object of carrying on the war. In the spring of 1854, a military officer, a colonel in the Bolivian service, was appointed British Commissioner to the Circassians, and proceeded to Constantinople. His qualifications for this appointment were summed up by a diplomatist in these words: "that the Andes are very high mountains in Bolivia, and that the Caucasus is also a chain of very high mountains." Whilst at Constantinople, the colonel had interviews with some of the Circassian envoys, upon whom he tried to make an impression in the following manner: He laid a dollar upon the table, and then attempted to transfix it with a Sheffield bowie-knife. The first attempt was more detrimental to the embassy mahogany than to the dollar. After these diplomatic arguments, not taken from precedents in Wicquefort, the colonel proceeded to the Crimea, where he was seized with cholera, and returned to Therapia to die. A captain in the navy was next sent out. This appointment was not much happier than the former one; for the captain had no knowledge of the country or its people, and was physically incapacitated for the rough life in Circassia. His diplomatic education seems to have been derived from the same source as that of the colonel; for on arriving in Circassia, he, with much pomp and circumstance loaded a six-barrel revolving rifle before the assembled Circassians, and fired it off. All the six barrels, it is said, went off at once, and the Circassians raised a shout of derision. Now these mistakes arose from national prejudice, and the European would be at a disadvantage in both cases; for Caucasian daggers and swords are of better temper than the Sheffield blades; Lesghi gun-barrels are famous throughout the Caucasus and in Persia, and a Circassian horseman, even at full gallop, would use his rifle with more effect than would most Europeans. Towards the end of the summer of 1854, however, a better appointment was made, and Mr. Longworth, whose character and previous career fully qualified him for the post, was sent to Anapa. As this town is at the western extremity of the Caucasus, he could have no communication with the Daghestanlys under Sheik Shamyl at the other end of the chain. It is necessary to bear this absence of communications in mind with reference to

the peace made by Sheik Shamyl with the Russians;* for it was alleged in the House of Commons as the reason why no provision had been made for the Circassians of the Black Sea coast in the stipulations of the Treaty of Paris, that they had not assisted us sufficiently. Meantime, other circumstances operated so as to neutralize the advantages which might have been derived from the Circassians, and such as diminished both their energy and the sympathy felt for them in England. In the first place, no proclamation or manifesto was put forth calling upon them to co-operate with the Allies, and promising to include them in the negotiations which should take place at the end of the war. Some jealousy was shown by the Allies with regard to the supremacy of the Ottoman Porte, notwithstanding that this was more prominently put forward by the Circassians themselves than by the Porte. But the most impolitic measure of all was that at this time some good people thought the opportunity one not to be neglected for putting down what they called the Circassian slave-trade, and pressure was put upon the Porte, and a firman obtained prohibiting the trade. The consequence was intense disgust at Constantinople, which was, perhaps, felt still more strongly by the Circassians, who considered that the western Allies were interfering with them, and were as little friendly to them as the Russians. Even if the trade had been such as the Allies supposed, surely, this was not the moment to raise the question. But the fact is, this interference arose from the misapprehensions which grow out of names wrongly applied. Europeans have given the name of slave to the Circassian damsels who come to Constantinople, and have invested them with that interest and compassion which justly belongs to those victims whom no law protects from the caprice of a master in the United States of America. The truth is far otherwise.

"The purchase and sale of women," says Baron Haxthausen (p. 8), "is deeply rooted in the customs of the nation; every man buys his wife from the father, or from the family.†

* This was after he had arranged the ransom of his son in exchange for his prisoners, the Georgian princesses and their French governess, whose account of that transaction has been published.

† The Circassian buys his wife; but at the same time he is obliged, *pro forma*, to steal her, and carry her off privately. This is the only reputable manner of obtaining possession of the bargain.

On the part of the woman no shame is attached to the transaction, but rather a sense of honor. . . . In her own country a Circassian girl lives in a state of slavish dependence on her father and brothers; her position is therefore raised when a man demands her in marriage, and stakes his fortune to obtain her. The Eastern girl sees in her purchase-price the test of her own value; the higher the offer, the greater her worth. The purchase of women being the common practice among the Circassian tribes, the slave-dealers, to whom they are sold, are to be regarded simply as agents, who dispose of them in marriage in Turkey. Their parents know that a better lot awaits them there than at home, and the girls willingly go to Turkey, where, as this traffic has existed for years, they constantly meet their kindred."

We are, therefore, not surprised when the baron tells us that on one occasion when he was himself present, a vessel having been captured with some Circassian girls on board, the girls were offered their choice,—to be sent back to their own country under safe escort, to marry Russians or Cossacks of their own free selection, to go with the baron to Germany where all women are free, or to accompany the captain of the ship, who would sell them in the slave-market at Constantinople,—unanimously, and without hesitation they exclaimed, "To Constantinople to be sold!"

Our own traveller Mr. Oliphant says of some Circassian damsels whom he saw at their mountain-home,—

"We laughingly asked some of these young ladies if they would come with us to Stamboul; and their eyes sparkled with delight at the idea, as they unhesitatingly expressed their willingness to do so. A Circassian young lady anticipates with as much relish the time when she shall arrive at a marketable age as an English young lady does the prospect of her first London season. But we have prevented the possibility of their forming any more of those brilliant alliances which made the young ladies of Circassia the envy of Turkeydom. The effect is, in fact, very much the same as that which an Act of Parliament would have in this country, forbidding any squire's daughter to marry out of her own parish, thus limiting her choice to the curate, the doctor, and the attorney, and the result in all probability will be anything but beneficial to the morality of the community."

The truth is, that the Circassians are in

the habit of sending their daughters to Constantinople for an establishment, an inducement which is commonly supposed to have some weight even in England. The girls upon their arrival at Constantinople are almost without exception respectably married, and it is ridiculous to use the words "slaves" or "slavery" in such cases.*

Having effected this sentimental reform, we left the Circassians to their fate. The causes which led to their abandonment by England may be summed up in these words: absence of policy on the part of the government, and ignorance and indifference on the part of the nation. As we have seen, no means were taken by a judicious choice of agents to ascertain the condition of Circassia, and to direct public opinion towards what ought to have been done for that country and what it was practicable to do. The Turkish army was uselessly detained in the Crimea, instead of being left free to act in a congenial field of operations; and when at last it was permitted to leave Sebastopol, the season was already too far advanced, and the rains compelled Omer Pasha to put an end to his campaign in Mingrelia, which had begun favorably. When the period of negotiation arrived, it is singular that whilst we were tenacious as to Bolgrad and in keeping Russia away from the mouths of the Danube, not a word was said about stipulations binding the Russians not to resume their blockade of the Circassian coast, and preventing their rebuilding the forts which had been destroyed. Such policy was like leaving one door open whilst making great efforts to close the other. No voice was raised in behalf of the Circassians at the Congress; the opportunity was lost for recognizing their rights as a free and unconquered nation; they were abandoned by England, after all the encouragement she had given them, and her silence confirmed the privilege claimed by the Muscovites of hunting down one of the noblest races of mankind.

* The first attempt that was made, perhaps from benevolent motives, but certainly under a thorough mistake, to interfere with the so-called Circassian slave-trade, was in the time when Lord Ponsonby was our ambassador at Constantinople. It is said that he replied that he did not well know how he could execute his instructions; for the Turkish foreign minister and two of the other ministers were themselves Circassian slaves, and it would be difficult for him to tell them, or to make them understand that they held a degraded position.

But to return to the inquiry why the Russians have spent so much blood and treasure in conquering the barren Circassian mountains. The mountains of the Caucasian chain are of no value in themselves, and their acquisition can only be looked upon as a means to an end. A wide extent of territory inhabited by Tatars intervened between the Caucasus and the provinces inhabited by a Russian population, so that the Russian Empire had no danger to apprehend from the Circassians; but Russia had obtained by fraud the Christian kingdom of Georgia.* The Russian yoke is not sufficiently light to reconcile a nation to submit to it forever, especially a nation which has a history and a church dating from the fourth century, and has maintained its separate existence through the wars of Timur and of the Persian monarchy; and Russia has reason to fear that Georgia will reassert her independence under some one of the surviving heirs of her ancient kings. With the Caucasus for a bulwark and its mountaineers for their allies, the Georgians might have again enjoyed national independence; but their chances of success will be very much diminished when the Caucasus shall have been depopulated, or its population so reduced as to be no longer capable of offering any resistance. But it is not merely for the sake of holding Georgia that the czar seeks to rivet his chains upon that country. Russia has no superabundant population to dispose of, and Siberia affords her a means of getting rid of disaffected subjects, so that her army of the Caucasus is not a political necessity for her, but only an expedient, and the advantages to be derived from the revenues of Georgia cannot be such as to counterbalance the expenditure for an army seldom less than a hundred and fifty thousand men, unless there were another object in view. This army in Georgia is a menace against Turkey and Persia; it presses especially upon Persia, and the continual fear of Russia has checked the progress and development of that country, which in the last few years, since it has been left more to itself, has laid down telegraphs, and in other respects has been steadily advancing. Friends

* The queen mother and her son King George XIII. were induced to leave Georgia and proceed to Russia, where this last of the Georgian kings surrendered his inheritance and the independence of his country to the Czar Paul; and in 1801, Georgia was united to Russia.

of Russia say that she has civilized Georgia ; but beyond introducing the French language amongst the upper classes of Tiflis, and erecting a theatre there, it is difficult to say in what way Georgia has been benefited by the Russian occupation. What Russian civilization is there, may be learned from Lermontoff's "Life in the Caucasus," which has been translated into French and English, and of which it may fairly be said that it equals in iniquity the worst of French novels.

But Russia has an ulterior object in subjugating the Caucasian mountaineers, and this one more especially concerns England. So long as the Circassians and Daghestanly could maintain their strongholds, and were in a position to occupy the passes of the Caucasus, Russia could not make use of Georgia as a safe base of operations against India ; and of this we were repeatedly warned, whilst there was yet time to have done something by treaty stipulations to avert the evil. Alas ! that the warnings should have been unheeded.

Although Sheik Shamyl is not a Circassian, and his people have never combined with the mountaineers near the Black Sea, yet as he has so long been the protagonist in the Caucasian drama, it would be impossible not to mention him in writing of the Caucasus. His life offers a singular parallel to that of another man who has similarly occupied the attention of Europe. He and Abd-el-Kader both struggled at the head of their people for many years against overwhelming military force. Sheik Shamyl (or Shamuy), as his name should be spelled, for it is the same as Samuel) has shown much more power of organization, and a higher military capacity than the Algerine Emir ; but he had a mountain fastness into which he could retire to prepare for another blow, whilst Abd-el-Kader could only retreat into the shifting sands of the desert, and disperse his followers in order to reunite them at some other point. These two men have alike closed a noble career ingloriously, and the motive with both has been personal ambition. Sheik Shamyl was not the hereditary chief of the confederation of which he was the soul. He owed his authority solely to his religious character, and to his military capacity : he wished to bequeath this chieftainship to his son. The tribes were not willing to acquiesce, and being disappointed in these expectations,

Shamyl treated with the Russians, and, instead of dying at his post and bequeathing to history an unsullied name, which would have ranked with that of William Tell, he unfortunately preferred to become a pensioned prisoner of the enemy, whom he had so long defied. If he had been only wearied with a hopeless struggle, and anxious to save his countrymen from further sufferings, it was open to him to have bid them make terms for themselves and to have taken refuge in some other part of Asia, closing his days in devotion, thus ending his life as he had commenced it. Again, although Abd-el-Kader had been imprisoned in France in violation of the plighted word of a French general and of a son of the French king, yet when a sovereign of another French dynasty set him again at liberty, gratitude required him not to take part or to act against his liberator. These feelings did not, however, make it necessary for him to become a flatterer of the French, and an agent of France, on account of the prospect of the Government of Syria that was dangled before his eyes. In short, both Sheik Shamyl and Abd-el-Kader have preferred the part of Themistocles to that of Leonidas.

The prestige of the diplomacy of Russia is far greater than that of her army, and it has not been in any way lessened by the events of late years ; whilst, on the contrary, the ideas formed of the Russian army in 1812 and 1815 have been materially modified. The almost uniform success of the Russian schemes has given rise to the erroneous belief that the generality of Russian diplomatic agents are superior to those of other countries, and particularly to those of England. The success of Russia is owing as much to her having an undeviating policy, and to the sleepless activity and concentrated attention of her Foreign Office, as to the somnolent indifference to the rest of the world. Russians as individuals are not only not superior, but they cannot claim to be equal to educated Englishmen : their education does not admit of it. For instance, they pass for the first linguists of Europe, because they learn from their nurses and governesses to talk German, English, and French with fluency ; but it is notorious that at the Court of the Emperor Nicholas, their own language was entirely neglected, and many ladies were actually unable to

speak it at all. To be a linguist it is necessary to be a grammarian, and there is no other road to that accomplishment than to plod through the Latin grammar; so that it was not without good reason that Joseph de Maistre drew the boundary of civilized Europe there where Latin ceased to be taught. Russian diplomacy has an advantage in the entire concurrence of action on the part of her agents, and their unswerving obedience to their orders,—backed by the fear of Siberia. This is wanting in England, as it must be in all free countries; but in the occasional independent advice and action of such men as Lord Ponsonby and Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, and in the energy and freely expressed opinions of unofficial persons, our country finds much to counterbalance the unfitness of many of our public agents. We extract a valuable and striking passage from Mr. Oliphant's account of Omer Pasha's Transcaucasian campaign, published before the peace:—

“Both these objects (the promotion of English and Mingrelian interests), as it appears to me, might be gained by stipulations which should have the effect of abolishing those mercantile restrictions which have retarded the progress of the province, and of doing away with that monopoly of trade which Russia purchased at Redout Kaleh alone, but which she most unjustly exercises throughout the whole length of the coast. By throwing Mingrelia open to commercial enterprise, a new and profitable market would be created for our manufactures, whilst the resources of the country would be developed, and the prosperity of the population proportionately advanced. It does not seem that in making these demands we should be asking, either with respect to Abkhasia or Mingrelia, more than we have a right to expect; but whether we make peace and obtain independence for one, and free trade for the other, or make war and gain only a valuable strategical position for ourselves, let us hope that those political men who have hitherto riveted their delighted gaze upon the shattered docks of Sebastopol may extend the range of their mental vision to the opposite shore of the Black Sea; and as they gradually acquire a hazy consciousness of the existence of Russia in that quarter, may admit that the campaign which has just been prosecuted in those newly discovered regions has not been altogether barren of political and military results.”

But Mr. Oliphant wrote in vain. These

considerations passed unheeded; the campaign was barren of all political results; and the Treaty of Paris having ignored the existence of the Circassians, Russia began again to carry on a war of extermination against them. Suffering more from famine than from the prowess of Russian arms, the Circassians, driven to despair, sent two deputies to England in 1862. One of these, Hajy Hassen Hayder, was at forty an aged man with eighteen wounds on his body, and worn down with a life passed in privation and warfare ever since his childhood. These deputies addressed a petition to the queen, dated the 26th August, in which they represented that their country was independent, that the Ottoman Government had never possessed it, and that therefore Russia could not pretend to claim it in virtue of any treaties with the Porte. They complained that Russia led Europe to believe that the Circassians were barbarians or savages, who, if left alone, would destroy their neighbors' property. This opinion Russia has certainly done her best to disseminate. It is reported that the late Said Pasha, Viceroy of Egypt, was one day talking of the Circassians, and that the Russian consul who was present would not lose the opportunity to make the observation, “If a man steals a horse or a cow, we call him a Tcherkess.” Said Pasha replied, “Yes; and if he seizes a whole province, then he is called a czar.”

The petition goes on to state that—

“The tyranny of the Russians was not confined to capturing our cattle, burning our dwellings and temples, and other unheard-of atrocities, but in order to starve us on the mountains they destroyed all our growing crops in the plain, and captured our land. . . . If we were to emigrate, abandoning our homes for ages protected by our forefathers, who shed their blood for them, our poverty would prove a great obstacle to our doing so; in fact, how could we take away our own wives and children, and the widows, orphans, and helpless relations of those slain in this war. Such an undertaking would decimate the emigrants, and blot out forever our Caucasian name from the face of the earth.”

In the presence of these difficulties they implore the protection of the queen, and pray her to interfere to prevent the extermination of a nation numbering a million of souls: these are the Circassians and Abkhassians.

(We now know that these sad forebodings of the consequences of a forced emigration have been far surpassed by the reality, and that decimation is no word for the mortality that has overtaken the emigrants.) The only answer to this petition was a letter, dated September 12th, 1862, acquainting the deputies that "Her Majesty's Government cannot interfere in the matter referred to in their petition." Technically, perhaps, the Foreign Office could give no other answer, its hands being tied by the neglect of the Congress of Paris to establish the real position of Circassia toward Russia, and the false position assumed by Russia had apparently been acquiesced in; or, as Pozzo di Borgo said, "The public opinion of Europe has given the Caucasus to Russia." * Similar indifference led Europe to acquiesce in the partition of Poland, which the British minister of that day described as a curious transaction. There is this distinction, however, between the two,—that England had had no special relations with the Poles before the partition; whereas we called upon the Circassians to co-operate with us, and they did make a diversion in our favor by attacking the Russian territory during the operations of the Turkish army. Russia has set a precedent, which might have been used in favor of Circassia, by her remonstrances in behalf of the Montenegrins, whom no one ever thought of disturbing until they descended from their mountains on head-hunting expeditions into the plain. †

The conduct and policy of Russia in Circassia and in Poland has been very similar; the cruelties exercised in Poland have excited more sympathy from being better known; yet that sympathy has been barren, because we are told that action is impracticable to us in a country which is washed by no sea. But as this objection does not hold in the case of Circassia, should we let the extermination of the mountaineers pass without remonstrance,

* Reference to the "Correspondence respecting the Regulations issued by the Russian Government in regard to Trade with the Eastern Coast of the Black Sea," presented to the House of Commons in February, 1863, will show that Lord Malmesbury did his best to turn to account the meagre stipulations of the Treaty of Paris, to the advantage of the Circassians, and that he commenced a policy which, had it been sustained, might have averted their downfall.

† We are glad to welcome Lady Strangford's pretty book, "The Eastern Shores of the Adriatic," in which an interesting account is given of the Montenegrins and their prince.

the public opinion of Europe will have just cause for saying that in England, the will, rather than the power, has been wanting to withstand triumphant wrong.

The French, who during the Crimean War were so indifferent to the interests of their allies, and who prevented the departure of Omer Pasha's army from the Crimea till it was too late in the year for military operations in Transcaucasia, may now be sorry for the downfall of Circassia, which will enable the Russians to press still more heavily upon the unfortunate Poles. They will have yet more cause for regret should the Russian policy of depopulation now going on in the Caucasus be carried out also in Poland. We have already referred to the expulsion of the Moors from Spain, and a further parallel may be drawn from that event. Henri IV., either from political motives or from Protestant feelings of opposition to the Inquisition, had opened some communications with the Moriscoes; but when they were actually expelled, he shrunk from rendering them any effective assistance, and left Spain to triumph in her cruelty, and to set an example which was in due time imitated by Louis XIV., under whom, upon the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, the Protestants, for whom his grandfather had struggled so long, were made to undergo all the horrors, the sufferings, and decimation experienced by the Moriscoes.

Even from the history of these earlier persecutions but a faint idea can be formed of the cold, the famine, the diseases which have been destroying the unfortunate Circassians while waiting upon a shore within the grasp of Russia, which will not suffer Ottoman or even English commissioners to approach its victims, either to alleviate their misery, or to be witnesses of her own tyranny. And yet greater sufferings await them when they disembark on the Turkish coasts, where no preparation has been made for them. Shall modern Europe, one of whose everlastingly recurring watchwords is the cry of humanity, submit to the disgrace of not being more enlightened than inquisitorial fanatics of the Middle Ages? We can scarcely endure to read of such cruelties in the records of distant ages; yet when they are repeated under our own eyes by a government which calls itself Christian,* we cannot attempt to stay

* It appears from the parliamentary papers respecting the settlement of Circassian emigrants,

the hand of the oppressor, or to tell him that he who does such deeds can only be regarded—indeed, is already regarded—as an enemy of mankind. But at least we may stretch forth our hands to relieve the misery which we have done nothing to avert, to aid with purse and with effective management

that the expulsion of the mountaineers has been the direct act of the Russian Government. That government, it is true, offered the mountaineers the choice of settling in the steppes of the Kouban, or of emigrating to Turkey. But had they accepted the former alternative, they would equally have suffered loss of home, ruin, decimation, and national annihilation. We find the following passage in the *Bulletin du Caucase*, in the *Journal de St. Petersburg* of May 19, 1864: “In the course of the month of March, thirty thousand individuals left Touapre; about fifty thousand others await their turn to embark at Anapa, Novorossusk, Djouba, and Touapre, and at least as many more will go forth from the coasts of the Oubykh and Djighete territo-

ries. It is thus that the resistance of the last and most obstinate of the hostile tribes has been overcome, thanks to the perseverance and unheard-of labors of the troops of the Caucasus. Although it cannot be asserted that the war in the Caucasus is completely terminated until our soldiers shall have overrun all the mountain passes, and shall have driven out the last of the inhabitants, it is to be hoped that we shall no longer meet with any obstinate resistance anywhere, and that especially on account of their numerical weakness, the tribes that have remained in the defiles of the mountains can no longer be considered as the source of any danger to ourselves.”

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SENTENCE OF DEPOSITION ON BISHOP COLENZO.

—Messrs. Brooks and Dubois, proctors for the Metropolitan Bishop of Capetown, served a copy of the following sentence of deposition on Bishop Colenzo: “Whereas in and by the sentence pronounced by us on the 16th of December, 1863, against the Bishop of Natal, we did adjudge to suspend the operation of the said sentence until the 16th of April, 1864, for the purpose of affording the said Bishop of Natal an opportunity of retracting and recalling the extracts therein mentioned and referred to; And whereas the said sentence so delivered by us on the said 16th of December, 1863, was personally served on the said Bishop of Natal at 23 Sussex Place, Kensington, in the county of Middlesex, on the 26th day of January, 1864, as appears from the affidavit of service thereof, duly filed of record; And whereas it has been proved, to our satisfaction, that the Bishop of Natal did not on or before the 4th day of March last past file of record with Douglas Dubois, of No. 7, Godliman Street, Doctors’ Commons, London, proctor, solicitor, and notary public, our commissary in England, a full, unconditional, and absolute retraction, in writing, of the extracts so mentioned and referred to in the said sentence, nor did on or before the 16th day of April instant, file with the registrar of this diocese, at his office, in Capetown, such full, unconditional, and absolute retraction and recall of the said extracts; And whereas the said sentence has now, in terms of the provisions thereof, and

by reason of the premises, become of full force and effect; Now, therefore, we do hereby adjudge and decree the sentence so pronounced on the said 16th of December, 1863, to be of full force, virtue, and effect from and after this date; and we do accordingly, decree and sentence the said Bishop of Natal to be deposed from the said office as such bishop, and prohibited from the exercise of any divine office within any part of the Metropolitan Province of Capetown. In testimony whereof we have hereunto caused our episcopal seal to be affixed, and do subscribe our hand this 18th day of April in the year of our Lord 1864, and do deliver the same to the registrar of this diocese to be duly recorded.

“(Signed) R. CAPETOWN (L.S.).”

ONE of the most interesting anniversaries in London is that of the Corporation of the Sons of the Clergy, when a choir of two hundred voices give choice music beneath the dome of St. Paul’s, and a sermon is preached in aid of the charity. This year the two hundred and tenth anniversary was celebrated, with no abatement of interest.

A DISEASE among cattle, similar to that which has created some anxiety in this country, has proved very fatal in the Campagna around Rome. The Papal Government has lately published an extended report upon this disease, the contagious character of which it is said, is fully proved.

From The Saturday Review.

THE PHYSIOLOGY OF ART.*

THE Physiology of Authors and Artists is not a promising title ; but it must be admitted that M. Deschanel has contrived to write a very amusing little book about it. The general object which he has in view is to describe the influence of physical causes, including the character and state of the author's own body, upon the production of works of art. He begins at the very beginning, with a discussion of the relations of the body and the soul, the object of which is to prove that they are reciprocally influenced by each other. It is odd that such a proposition should require the support of illustration or argument ; but M. Deschanel has elaborately worked out his theory, and gives his readers the benefit of the whole of it, with a good faith which shows that he really has taken the trouble to think and observe on the subject. Every writer, he says, who writes upon anything but pure science, has his own peculiar style. The matter is common to all ; but the form differs with every different person, inasmuch as the time in which he lives, the climate in which he writes, his race, sex, age, temperament, character, and profession, all affect to some extent the point of view from which he looks at this subject. M. Deschanel need not have excepted scientific books. There is a vast deal of difference between the style of different mathematicians. French mathematicians, for instance, differ widely from English writers on mathematics, and such books as Johnson's Dictionary and Cobbett's Grammar show how the driest and most technical subjects can be made to illustrate the character of their authors at every page. Would any one but Johnson have defined a lexicographer as a harmless drudge ? or would any one but Cobbett have taken all his illustrations of bad grammar from King's Speeches and the despatches of Tory peers, with a special preference for those who were good classical scholars ? Perhaps an even better illustration of Cobbett's ponderous untrained sturdiness is to be found in his recommendation for learning the French genders. Take a dictionary, he tells his pupil, and copy out all the nouns into a blank book, arranging them in two

columns, the masculine on the right hand, the feminine on the left. Carry the little book about in your pocket, and keep constantly reading it over till you know it by heart. You will thus learn both the words and their genders. So dense was the sturdy old sergeant that, though he followed his own prescription, it never seems to have occurred to him that a large majority of French nouns are masculine, and that, by making out a list of the feminine nouns alone, he would materially reduce the clumsiness of his contrivance.

M. Deschanel pursues his subject through all the branches mentioned above. He has chapters on the effect of the period, the climate, the race, sex, age, temperament, character, profession, hereditary disposition, and health of the writer on his works. The remarks have little in themselves that is novel ; but the illustrations are very shrewd and often exceedingly amusing. To apply his own method, they are beyond all controversy the choice of a French journalist of the nineteenth century. Knowing the authors of the various passages which he cites, he asks, with an air of perfect good faith, whether they could possibly have been written by any one else than their authors. Does not this sentence show that Madame de Sevigné must have been born in Burgundy, and this other that Montaigne must have been an Anglo-Gascon ? The result of this way of writing is that M. Deschanel manages to say a great number of very clever things, though it may be doubted whether he will succeed in convincing those who do not happen to begin by agreeing with him. Take, for instance, the following observation on the English cast of thought :—

“The complicated turn of the English temperament, even when the leading principle is right, differs much from French clearness and rapidity. The latter is a charm and amusement for the reader ; the former is at first fatiguing, and long continues to be laborious, until one is accustomed to it. What complications there are ! what circuits ! how the principal idea, crossed by all sorts of accessory ideas, enumbered with exceptions, restrictions, and modifications,—by contraries, as they say in rhetoric,—struggles to disengage and produce itself ! What a Cæsarean operation is necessary for its birth ! but when at last it is brought forth, what vigor, what familiar eloquence, what arguments from common life ! how vigorously the idea be-

* *Physiologie des Ecrivains et des Artistes ou Essai de Critique Naturelle.* Par Emile Deschanel. Paris : 1864.

haves, how it kicks and hits, how it makes all fly! Even jokes among these vigorous people with their strong nerves are thrown, as it were, with a catapult."

It is satisfactory to find out one Frenchman, at all events, who has discovered that Englishmen are, after all, capable of thinking, and even of reasoning, and that logic is not the exclusive property of the French. M. Deschanel, however, in his eagerness to make the most of temperament, does not seem to see that, if our English reflections are complicated, that may be the fault of the facts, as well as of the minds which describe the facts. If you want to see and to describe a thing as it is, the *idée principale* must be crossed and complicated with a number of qualifications and complications, because the thing itself is so in fact. It is only by a due attention to, and statement of, these qualifications and restrictions that it is possible to attain the vigor with which we are credited. Without them, the principle idea is apt to be nothing more than the vaguest kind of generality. Bring almost any proposition into any real relation with actual life, and it instantly becomes complicated and intricate. For instance, it is easy to say, "All men are born free and equal;" but if the proposition is to be anything more than a platitude, it must be thrown into some such form as this: "A legislator who intends to promote the greatest happiness of the greatest number will forward that object by so arranging the distribution of property, at a given time and place, as to make the largest number of shares reach such an amount as will support a family in what is there and then considered to be a state of comfort, and by so regulating the laws as to forbid no other actions than those which produce an amount of pain exceeding the sum of the pain produced, directly and indirectly, by the restraint from doing them and the punishment for having done them." If any one will take the trouble to understand this sentence, he will see that it expresses a definite meaning to which every part of it contributes, and he will also discover that it is nearly the only proximately true meaning which can be attached to the proposition that men are born free and equal. It is, in reality, the clearer of the two statements; for it is far more explicit than the other, and less ambiguous. It is also superior in point of rapidity; for, by reading it

over carefully two or three times, you can see just what it means; whereas the proposition that men are born free and equal may mean any one of several different things. Which of them it means no amount of study of the proposition itself will determine.

M. Deschanel takes a very candid view of the controversy about the French and English national character, on which so many people have something to say. His view of the matter is certainly so flattering to our own national prejudices that no Englishman would have ventured to put it forward:—

"Nations have, like individuals, a primary temperament which they generally obey, and on which the greater part of their character depends. The Athenians and French are essentially nervous. The Romans and the English have sanguine and muscular temperaments. . . . The Romans and English, muscular, square, and positive, seem like male nations; whilst Greece and France, nervous, enthusiastic, capricious, always in extremes, better or worse, always higher or lower than others, are more like female nations. Louis Pfau, the excellent art-critic, says very shrewdly, France holds amongst nations the place which woman occupies in society. She tames the rudeness of man by the delicacy of her sentiment, and communicates a benevolent warmth to masculine activity by the seductive vivacity and ready enthusiasm of her nature. Thus, France has all the virtues of women,—devotion amiability, practical good sense, and instinctive perception of what is becoming; also all feminine weaknesses,—vanity, levity, versatility, and a passion for military glory."

This is just one of those smart sayings which must not be pressed too far, but which have nevertheless a kind of truth about them. Many of the great French writers and politicians have had as little of the woman about them as any Englishman could have. Bossuet, Corneille, Descartes, Colbert, Mirabeau, Danton, Napoleon (though, to be sure, he was more of an Italian than a Frenchman), M. Guizot, and numerous others, have contributed in various forms, and in reference to many distinct subjects, as much of the "muscular, square, positive" element as could well be put into human beings. M. Deschanel has, of course, his little theory about several of these remarkable men, and about others who showed analogous qualities. He tells us little stories about them which are sometimes singularly happy. For instance,

after analyzing Corneille, and explaining how he wrote as he did because he was a Norman by birth and had been an advocate by profession, he quotes the following charming little poem addressed to a young lady who had not been quite civil to him. He says with truth, "Le sujet est léger, le rythme court, mais on y retrouve la fierté de l'homme, et aussi l'ampleur du tragique." The verses are probably new to our readers. They are well worth reading:—

" Marquise, si mon visage
A quelques traits un peu vieux,
Souvenez-vous qu'à mon âge
Vous ne vaudrez guère mieux.

" Le temps aux plus belles choses
Se plaît à faire un affront,
Et saura faner vos roses
Comme il a ridé mon front.

" Le même cours des planètes
Régule nos jours et nos nuits ;
On m'a vu ce que vous êtes,
Vous serrez ce que je suis.

" Cependant j'ai quelques charmes
Qui sont assez éclatants
Pour n'avoir pas trop d'alarmes
De ces ravages du temps.

" Vous en avez qu'on adore,
Mais ceux que vous méprisez
Pourraient bien durer encore
Quand ceux-la seront usés.

" Ils pourront sauver la gloire
Des yeux qui me semblent doux,
Et dans mille ans faire croire
Ce qu'il me plaira de vous.

" Chez cette race nouvelle
Ou j'aurai quelque crédit,
Vous ne passerez pour belle
Qu'autant que je l'aurai dit.

" Pensez-y, belle Marquise,
Quoiqu'un grison fasse effroi,
Il vaut qu'on le courtise
Quand il est fait comme moi."

The last four stanzas in particular are brimful of spirit, and the mixture of pride and vanity which they display is so remarkable that it seems impossible that it should have ever occurred in more than one person.

M. Deschanel does not himself inspire much confidence; but he is full of wit and shrewdness and entertaining illustrations. His great theory is, that the circumstances to which his different chapters relate affect a writer's literary works, and this may, we trust with-

out offence, be called a truism. He seems, also, to labor under a fear of being considered a materialist, against which imputation he vindicates himself, according to the manner of French writers, by talking about *l'idée, le droit*, and so on. And all this is worked up into a good many pages of not merely harmless but laudable rhetoric, the general result of which appears to be that the world in which we live is composed of a great deal of matter, and more or less spirit, capable of making eloquent protests against its rival and partner when the occasion requires it to do so. Whether all this is or is not philosophy, M. Deschanel has written an amusing little book and said many things worth remembering.

From The London Review, 30 July.

BATHING AT THE SEASIDE.

LONDON has grown much larger, and the Thames much dirtier, and the principles of health have become better understood, and the terrible battle of existence is more fiercely and eagerly and closely contested now than in the days not very long gone by, when the frugal Mrs. Gilpin proposed to her well-to-do husband, John, to celebrate the twentieth anniversary of their married life, and signalize the very first holiday they had ever taken by a simple dinner at the suburban village of Edmonton. The modern Mrs. Gilpin would be more likely to address her husband at breakfast somewhat in this fashion: "It's two years, dear, since we had a dip in the sea. Last year, after the failure of Whirligig and Grumby, you did not think it prudent to increase our expenditure until we had pulled up those losses; but we have been so fortunate since, that I really think we can afford a month at Ramsgate, or, at least, at Margate, this year. It would do the children a world of good, and I am sure no one wants a little rest, fresh air, and recreation more than you do yourself, you dear, hard-working slave of a man!" To which the modern "linen-draper bold," who, instead of being "a train-band captain," is a sergeant in a volunteer corps, might reply, "Except yourself, you dear, devoted slave of a wife and mother!" And thereupon the trip to the seaside is settled.

How did our ancestors get on without trips

to the seaside? How did people contrive to live without spending at least one month of the twelve at a watering-place? It is surprising what a modern invention, historically speaking, the English system of sea-bathing is. We pride ourselves, as a nation, upon our cleanliness in all things, but still more, if possible, upon the attention which we pay to the purification of our persons than to our clothing and our residences. It is difficult to realize the fact that our marine watering-places are all of modern growth, and that our grandfathers and grandmothers were educated in a hydrophobic terror of water, and an avoidance and exclusion of fresh air and ventilation, which are not to be accounted for by any theory of folly and ignorance combined with which we are acquainted. Not that all English watering-places are only of the modern growth of one or two generations. The inland mineral springs, which were the foundation of medicinal bathing, are nearly all of ancient date; but their proper and decorous use bears no proportion to the length of their existence. As to the seaside resorts, it is not wonderful that, in the old days of naval warfare and piratical prowls, people whose business did not naturally compel them to live near the coast, kept as far out of the reach of chance visitors from the ocean as possible.

Mr. D. Urquhart, the champion of the Eastern mode of bathing, whose writings upon the subject induced an Irish physician, Dr. Barter, of Blarney, to erect the first Turkish bath ever seen in Christian Europe, gives an amusing account of the comments made by a Turkish lieutenant of a man-of-war who, whilst smoking, was watching the ablutions of an officer of a British man-of-war, which lay near. "Allah be praised!" he said, taking the amber from his mouth; "that poor devil wishes to be clean, if he only knew how. See! how he dabbles, and throws back upon his face and neck the foul, thick, greasy, nasty puddle. And now he rubs down and presses into his skin all that filth with a damp towel, and feels quite satisfied that he is washed and clean. Allah be praised!" But the Turkish bath is only a form or a copy of the old Roman and Grecian hot-air bath, and, how charming soever may be its cleansing and restorative powers, the thought of it is by no means agreeable or refreshing in these scorching, sunny days of

summer. Far more tempting are the cool plash of the ocean brine, and that peculiarly fresh and invigorating odor which comes from the open sea. Even as we sit broiling and working, with the yellow atmosphere of London stretching away over our field of vision, we fancy a faint scent of sea-breeze comes in at the open window, and intimates that a delightful "header" may be within the range of possibility. Unless cleanliness be accepted as a very modern handmaiden of godliness, how are we to judge of the piety of our forefathers? The luxury of the heathen Romans in their baths and modes of bathing was so offensive and repugnant to Christian morality, propriety, and decency, that studied neglect of the person became a distinguishing characteristic of those early Christians who set themselves most zealously in pious opposition to pagan customs. And when we remember that the ancient name of a public bath has come down to our own times as a synonym for a place of the most infamous resort, we shall cease to wonder at the long and stern contest which Christianity has been forced to wage against a system of deep demoralization fostered under the semblance of cleanliness, and at the strange tales of the boastful negligence of washing by even eminent and learned churchmen, laymen, and ladies of the early and middle ages. The plain truth is, that with the ancient Romans bathing was resorted to, not for ablution, but for luxury. Those masters of the world, when they abandoned the grim severity of their republican manners, and adopted the sensualism and effeminacy of the Lydians and Sybarites, spent a large part of their time in baths, which they adorned in the most profuse splendor, making them shine with costly marbles and precious stones, with silver and with gold. Here they would sit for hours, reading, conversing, receiving friends, and killing time in a hundred ways, of which the least objectionable was mere indolence. We have but to read Juvenal, to know the corrupt uses to which the system was turned; and there can be no doubt that the vicious indulgences which cloaked themselves under a pretext of salubrity, had much to do with the decay and ruin of the vast Roman Empire. The strong, hardy, and withal dirty Northmen seem to have extinguished the system of hot bathing in which imperial Rome had so long revelled; but for some reason or other it sur-

vived in the Eastern Empire,—probably because that part of Europe was less influenced than the west by the example of barbarian manners. When the Turks took Constantinople in the fifteenth century, they were as rough, unkempt, and unwashed as any Goth or Hun that ever marched under Alaric or Attila; but they were not slow in adopting the system of bathing which they found in full existence among the people they had conquered, and it must be added that they were equally quick in assimilating those vices which the supple Greek had preserved through all the changes of government and religion. The Turks became externally clean, and internally, in many cases, foul enough. The excessive stress which their faith lays upon personal ablutions made them the more ready to adopt a system which they found made to their hands; and it has thus come to pass that the luxury of bathing has never quitted the shores of the Bosphorus from the days when the rude Thracian first softened his primeval manners to the existing moment. The “Turkish Bath,” as we have said, is but the ancient Greek or Roman bath revived.

This, however, is not what an Englishman understands by bathing. The Romans had their hot-baths in this island, and a species of sweating-bath has always been known among the Irish peasantry; but the modern Briton’s idea of a bath is for the most part associated with a cold plunge in the river or the sea. At this time of year, thousands of Londoners are looking forward with eager anticipation to the salt sting and savor and renovating freshness of a dip in the cool waves off Margate, or Ramsgate, or Brighton, or Scarborough, or Hastings, or some other of the many delightful watering-places with which our shores are thickly sprinkled. Many of our weary workers are off already; many more will depart in the coming weeks of August, and until the autumn is far advanced the lodging-house keepers will know no rest from their profitable toils. London is already thinning; in a short time longer, the Strand and Cheapside, Oxford Street and the parks, will exhibit an unmistakable and most obvious difference in the number of persons

passing to and fro. Belgravia will be a desert,—Tyburnia like a city in a fairy tale, where all the people are mysteriously asleep, and the gallant young prince has not yet arrived to waken them up by kissing the lips of the somnolent beauty. It would be curious if we could have, some census year, a supplementary statement of the number of persons sleeping in the metropolis on the night of the 31st of August, in addition to the usual figures with reference to the 30th of April. We should then see the extent of our annual depletion. A division into districts would hardly be necessary. We know already, but too well, that this yearly refreshment of body and soul is only for the well-to-do. The western section of London contributes by far the largest contingent; the south, also, pours forth its holiday seekers; but the north and east have little share in the observance. Mile End and Bethnal Green are represented at the seaside by few indeed, save travelling showmen, itinerant nigger minstrels, and nomadic swell-mobsmen. Victoria Park is not abandoned with the advancing season to disconsolate nursery-maids and misanthropical “keepers,” like Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens, but flourishes as gayly and is as well attended in September as in May. This restriction of a good and necessary thing to the minority is one of the saddest considerations in connection with the autumnal period of recruiting. There is no time of rest and refreshment and oxygenization of the blood for those who most sorely need the change. Happily, however, the railway system of late years has done something toward redressing this evil. The excursion trains, every now and then, remind us with hideous abruptness that we are all mortal; but they enable, at a moderate expense, large bodies of our poorer fellow-creatures to spend seven or eight hours in the green rural places far away, or by the life-breathing margin of the sea, and thus allow us, who have more time and money at our disposal, to feel a little less uneasy in our consciences as we lounge in easy coat and wide-awake hat, within sight of the French coast, or on the shores of the German Ocean, or by the long-rolling waves and mighty murmur of the Atlantic deep.

From The Saturday Review.
SANCTUARIES.

THE recent fire in the Chapel of the Savoy suggests the curious reflection that, had such a catastrophe occurred two centuries ago, it would have been esteemed one of the greatest blessings that could possibly have befallen London. Within those spacious precincts of the ducal palace of which the only relics now are charred ruins, was collected at that time as varied a medley of nuisances as it is possible to imagine. There congregated a community of desperate exiles from the world, protected only by their chosen prison from the penalties of waging war against society; beyond the reach of law and justice; liable, most or all of them, had such a fire as that of last month driven them from their magic circle, to be hung by scores at Tyburn, hard by where now stands the Marble Arch. A strange law, that a palace should avail to protect its neighborhood against the law of the land! A most mischievous law, one would think, that inside those Savoy precincts sheriff and constable might never enter,—that thief and murderer and debtor could rest as tranquilly within those four brick walls as if there were no hindrance from law against every one doing what seemed right in his own eyes. Yet it was a law which, for all that, had its source in a kind and wise institution of the world's most ancient law-giver; for its origin may be traced to the six cities of refuge which, on the plains of Moab, Moses is related to have proposed to the Israelites to build. The object of those cities was that anybody who by misadventure had killed a neighbor should flee to some one of them, and find in it a retreat from the fury of the avenger. To protect a wilful murderer sanctuaries were never intended. Whoever took refuge in one was forced, even though he clung to the altar, to give himself up to the proper authorities for trial. If he then proved that he had "slain his neighbor without guile," the law promised to defend him from further molestation; if not, his temporary hiding-place was open to him no longer. It was a benevolent provision, both for giving time for the surviving relatives' anger to cool down, and for affording the innocent object of their resentment an opportunity to justify himself. Unfortunately, however, the world has refused to keep to the original model, and

has consequently corrupted on the pretence of improving it.

Whence or when the Greeks got the notion of sanctuaries, we do not know; but it is certain that, when they began to extend their territories eastward, they found and carried back with them the custom of making every temple, sacred grove, and statue of a god a sanctuary for criminal, debtor, and slave. By whatever channels the institution travelled through Asia Minor, one most vital alteration had by this time been introduced. We have seen that the refuge was originally probationary only,—a security against Lynch-law; among the heathens it was absolute. In the temple of a god no violence might intrude, no discord might violate his domain. As the natural consequence, every holy place was perpetually tenanted by a crowd of refugees, who evaded the laws by turning the temple into a dwelling, and hailed in every new deity and in every new votive building a fresh step toward the abolition of all punishments. With beautiful and discriminating pathos, twenty-three centuries ago, Euripides bewailed that "they who should be driven from the altars of the gods are instead protected by them; that places which ought to be a sanctuary for the just, to shelter from injury and oppression, are allowed to show equal favor to the evil and the good." This was a result widely different from the original design of cities of refuge. Yet there remained in Athens alone, till the latest moment of its independence, no fewer than seventeen of these sanctuaries, utterly beyond the reach of law, and in which justice might be defied with impunity. On this point it need only be added, that the system was allowed to remain down to the final conquest of Greece by Rome; that one of the first innovations then made by the conquerors was its abolition; and that until the time of Justinian the Romans never disfigured their jurisprudence with such a perpetual obstacle to domestic prosperity and social order. By that time, as was the case all the world over, sanctuaries abounded on every hand; for with the introduction of Christianity into a country, the introduction of this institution seems to have been a universal consequence. At all events, we find it, as we have already stated, spread through the great empire of the East. Just about the same time we meet

with a proof that it was established in France, in a story told of one of her kings, Chilperic, who died about the end of the sixth century. One of his sons, having incurred the royal displeasure, is related to have fled to the sanctuary of Tours. Offended majesty ran after him, and demanded restitution of its son, threatening, if the bishop of the place refused, to ravage the church's lands thereabouts. The bishop (Gregory the historian) made answer, that "Christians could not be guilty of an act unheard of among pagans." Thereupon King Chilperic wrote an autograph letter to St. Martin, whose tomb was in the sanctuary, requesting permission to take away his son by force. "The honest saint," as Mr. Hallam puts it, "returned no answer;" and his majesty had to content himself with devastating the neighboring estates. Even so bad a Christian as he was did not dare to infringe on the privileges of a city of refuge in the sixth century after Christ.

It was probably not until after the conversion of our Saxon forefathers to Christianity that the law of sanctuary became known in this country. The Broad Sanctuary of Westminster appears to have been the first, and claims for its founder Edward the Confessor, some five or ten years before the Conquest. The original state of the law in his country, according to Blackstone, is as follows:—

"If a person accused of any crime except treason and sacrilege had fled to any church or churchyard, and within forty days after went in sackcloth and confessed himself before the coroner, and declared all the particular circumstances of his offence, and took the oath in that case provided,—namely, 'That he abjured the realm, and would depart from thence forthwith at the port which should be assigned to him, and would never return without leave from the king,'—he by this means saved his life, if he observed the conditions of his oath by going with a cross in his hand, and with all convenient speed, to the port assigned, and embarking there; for if, during this forty days' sanctuary, or on his road to the seaside, he was apprehended and arraigned in any court for this felony, he might plead the privilege of sanctuary, and had a right to be remanded if taken out against his will."

He remained, nevertheless, a felon all his life, and his property was forfeited to the

crown, while a return from his exile rendered him at any time liable to summary justice on his own recorded confession. Had this original state of the law remained, therefore, in its integrity, as it issued from the head-quarters of the church, it would be difficult to detect much mischief in such a system, or any greater anomaly than in modern sentences of transportation. The odium that is associated with it belongs to a later age, when the church and the world both became impurer as they grew older, and corrupted by prosperity and wealth. By royal concessions, by papal bulls, and monkish aggressions, these sanctuaries were first revolutionized and then multiplied in every direction. Their privileges were no longer limited to churches and churchyards. Wherever a friar chose his house, or a great man built his palace, there the apathy of the executive and the insolence of the mob established a sanctuary; and to such an extent did this national madness spread that, at the end of the seventeenth century, no fewer than forty recognized refuges might be enumerated in London alone. One of the earliest and most curious instances of the system in our own kingdom is the sanctuary long claimed in Scotland by the descendants of Macduff, Macbeth's dethroner. Malcolm III. (Canmore), on recovering his ancestral crown in the middle of the eleventh century, granted to this clan the privilege that any one related to it within nine degrees, who had been guilty of unpremeditated homicide, should on fleeing to Macduff's Cross, near Lindores in Fifeshire, have his penalty remitted for a fine. Sir Walter Scott, in his "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," quotes a Latin document of the thirteenth century, in which the privilege is claimed in bar of any other jurisdiction than that of the Earls of Fife. The cross itself was destroyed at the reformation; but its pedestal still remains, as also does the tradition in the family of Moray in Abercainry.

At various periods of the Middle Ages we find claims of privilege being tried, and confirmed by law. Two only we select by way of example. In 1378, John of Gaunt sent two emissaries, Sir Ralph de Ferrers and Sir Allen Boxhull, to drag a fugitive from his retreat within the precincts of Westminster Abbey. An appeal was made to the Archbishop of Canterbury, who excommunicated

the offenders, and compelled the restoration of their captive. This is notable as the first recorded instance of any one being hardy enough to attempt such a sacrilege. The one we are about to relate shows even more strongly the extent to which these usurpations had reached. In 1439, while a criminal was being carried from Newgate to Guild Hall for trial, the tenants of the College of St. Martin's-le-Grand (which, so late as the present century, used to have a law-court and jurisdiction of its own) suddenly burst out, attacked the guard, and carried the prisoner home with them. The sheriff having, with a large force, succeeded in recapturing his prey, the lord high chancellor ruled, by order of the king, that the privileges of the Dean and Chapter (of Westminster, to which the college was subject) had been invaded, and that the prisoner must be restored. When we remember that not only in Westminster Abbey and St. Martin's-le-Grand, but in every part of the country, public peace and private security were exposed to the risks of lawless rabbles such as this, the wonder, is not that riots and robberies and highway murders were frequent, but rather that a pretence of municipal order could assert itself at all. The two cases we have quoted are instances, taken from a great number before us, of a state of things which actually continued till 1697, when Parliament for the first time took the matter in hand, and, amid threats of rebellion uttered openly and threats of assassination written anonymously, decreed the downfall of all sanctuaries from one end of the kingdom to the other. We believe that the sole remaining exception to this abolition is Holyrood Palace, which still protects from arrest for debt all those who take refuge within its precincts, and inscribe their names in its Bailie's books. By virtue of the royal prerogative, indeed, all the sovereign's demesnes exclude the execution of civil process; but Holywood is the only one which comprises a street of houses, open to the public at large, and occupied without leave or license by whoever may have more debts in the outer world than he knows how to pay. On the Continent, however, the institution still prevails to a considerable extent, so far as civil process is concerned; and here and there we come across a hospitable monastery where monk and murderer and traveller might be

seen feasting side by side, in equal security and with equal appetite.

It only remains for us to give a brief notice of the two most famous London sanctuaries,—Whitefriars and Savoy. On the former, we shall content ourselves with a quotation from Lord Macaulay, who describes it as it was in 1697,—just before its extinction. Originally a house of Carmelite friars, founded in the thirteenth century, and, by virtue of its papal charter, a refuge for all its tenants; then, at the Reformation, restricted to the privilege of sheltering debtors; and in 1608, by special concession from King James, constituted once more an asylum for criminals of every shade, it was rechristened by its grateful occupants with its ancient name, Alsatia, or “Eald-Seaxen.”

“Bounded on the west by the great school of English jurisprudence, and on the east by the great mart of English trade, stood this labyrinth of squalid, tottering houses, packed, every one of them, from cellar to cockloft, with outcasts, whose life was one long war with society. The most respectable part of the population consisted of debtors who were in fear of bailiffs. The rest were attorneys struck off the rolls, witnesses who carried straw in their shoes as a sign to inform the public where false oaths might be purchased for half a crown, sharpers, receivers of stolen goods, clippers of coin, forgers of bank-notes, and tawdry women, blooming with paint and brandy, who in their anger made free use of their nails and their scissors, yet whose anger was less to be dreaded than their kindness. With these wretches the narrow alleys of the sanctuary swarmed. The rattling of dice, the call for more punch and more wine, and the noise of blasphemy and ribald song, never ceased during the whole night. The Benchers of the Inner Temple could bear the scandal and the annoyance no longer. They ordered the gate leading into Whitefriars to be bricked up. The Alsatians mustered in great force, attacked the workmen, killed one of them, pulled down the walls, knocked down the sheriff who came to keep the peace, and carried off his gold chain, which no doubt was soon in the melting-pot. The tumult was not suppressed till a company of the foot-guards arrived. This riot excited general indignation. Yet so difficult was it to execute any process in the dens of Whitefriars, that near two years elapsed before a single ringleader was apprehended.”

A puzzling paradox for an ethical philosopher,—that the same high and mighty prince

of blessed memory, who "did never desist to urge and to excite those to whom it was commended" to the translation of the Holy Scriptures, sold for money a license such as this, signed its charter with his own royal hand, and sealed it with his own great seal! It would scarcely be too much to say that this act of weakness, or avarice, or whatever other motive may have led to it, hindered the due administration of justice in this country for at least half a century.

A few words on the history of the Savoy seem to be demanded by the catastrophe which has just swept away its last vestige. Its founder was Peter Earl of Savoy and Richmond, the uncle of Henry III.'s wife Eleanor, who in 1245 got a royal grant of a piece of land between the Strand and the river, and built upon it a small brick palace. On his death he left it to Queen Eleanor, who again by royal letters patent vested it in her second son, Edward of Lancaster, and his heirs. The Dukedom of Lancaster having been under Henry VIII. annexed to the crown, the Savoy has ever since been a royal domain, and in this character—and without, as far as appears, any special character—acquired its sanctuary privileges. Here, in 1350, John II. of France was confined a prisoner after the battle of Poitiers, and here he found such pleasant quarters—laved as they then were by a clear and cheerful river, and looking out on pleasant country fields beyond—that he asked permission to revisit the palace a few years after, and actually died in it in 1364. Burned to the ground in one of Wat Tyler's riots, and in ruins for upwards of a century, Henry VII. in 1505 rebuilt and endowed it as a hospital for a hundred poor people, adding to it a chapel and a printing-press,—one of the first, we believe, in London. About fifty years later, on the destruction of the old church of St. Mary-le-Strand, we find the Chapel Royal of the Savoy the parish church of the neighborhood, and among its records is a formal enunciation, by the parishioners, of "all in-erect or right" in the edifice. With the exception of a brief suspension in the reign of Edward VI., the hospital remained till 1702, in which year it was converted into a military prison, and in 1819 all but the chapel was pulled down to make way for the present approach to Waterloo Bridge.

Of the historical associations of the Savoy,

the most memorable is the great religious Conference of 1661, between the Episcopalians and Presbyterians, for the revision of the Liturgy,—a curious instance of the inefficacy of theological controversy to change people's theological belief. An entire week, and twelve learned tongues on each side, were devoted to the discussion; but at the end the Reformers found themselves exactly where they had started, and the court party went home to agree among themselves that henceforth King Charles II., and all sovereigns after him, should be commended to Heaven as "most religious and gracious." They might be excused for feeling in a very good humor after escaping safe and sound into the open air from the perilous asylum of the Savoy.

From The Spectator, 6 Aug.

PUBLIC SWIMMING AT BRIGHTON.

WE have often wondered in past years that swimming was so little cultivated in England. One would have thought that our insular position and our sea-going propensities should have had the effect of making a swimming nation of us long since; but it has not been so. Even amongst our sailors of the last generation only a small percentage could swim, and of course the rest of the community, except always those who had been educated at public schools, were far behind the sailors. A decided majority of public school boys came away fair swimmers; but even there the art was left to take care of itself. There were men who had to attend at the bathing-places of the lower school during the season; but it was no part of their business to give instruction in swimming, nor do we remember their ever doing so. Education has been marching in this respect, as in so many others, within the last few years, and now swimming is scientifically taught at the naval schools, and, we believe, at most of our public schools also. At any rate, there are now regular yearly competitive examinations in the art at these latter, and the general public is following in the same direction. The parish of St. George set the example, which has been followed, though not so largely as it deserves to be, by other metropolitan parishes, and in consequence of the opening of such swimming baths as those in Davies Street quite a large

average of young cockneydom is learning to keep its head above water. At these baths there are constant swimming matches amongst the members of the swimming clubs and other frequenters; but of course the space is too confined for a satisfactory test of the swimmer's powers. For this there is nothing like the sea, and therefore we are glad to find that the custom of swimming matches is beginning to prevail at some of our seaside places of resort. Until this week we had never had the opportunity of witnessing one of these; but on Monday last we chanced to be at Brighton on the occasion of the "Fifth Annual Swimming Matches of the Brighton Swimming Club," and think that some account of them may amuse our readers in this holiday time.

The posters announced that the fun was to begin at 9.30 precisely, so we started off for the scene of operations directly after breakfast, purchasing on our way for one penny a correct card, which gave the names and colors (worn in bathing-caps) of the swimmers, the distances of the course, a list of the prizes, and the few and simple rules, such as that all competitors were to wear bathing drawers, and that no false starts would be allowed. The bathing-station is a portion of the beach, fifty yards long to the west of the Chain Pier, almost, therefore, in the very centre of Brighton. It was roped off, being reserved for the competitors, and for the umpires, and committee, and their friends. On each side of this space the beach was lined with just such a crowd as would gather to races. Boys of course were the prevailing feature; but there were a large number of men and women of all ages, chiefly of the laboring class. The raised approach to the Chain Pier, which runs along just above the bathing-station, was also lined with spectators of a higher rank, and above that, again, the esplanade was crowded for a distance of about three hundred yards, and all the windows of the houses were full of well-dressed folk. A better spot for enabling the largest number of spectators to see the races could scarcely be chosen; for at high tide when the swimming begins, the starting-place is not more than fifty yards from the top of the cliff along which the esplanade runs.

The competitors got ready in a long shed at the top of the station, just under the raised walk. They came out as they were

ready, and were then drawn up in line and started by pistol-shot. They got into the water as they pleased, and had to swim round a post, of which there was a line gay with flags, the furthest being five hundred yards from the shore. There was a Humane Society's boat in attendance, into which any candidate scrambled who felt that he had had enough, and soon after the commencement a dozen other boats were pulling about the course, carrying a lot of well-dressed men and women, who seemed to enjoy their proximity to the races, but somewhat interfered with the view from the beach. We managed, nevertheless, to see the matches very well, and can vouch that there was some really good swimming. The fourth match was for second-class swimmers, distance, one thousand yards, which was done by the winner in eighteen minutes and thirty seconds, the next man being a minute and a half behind. The longest race was the fifth, for first-class swimmers, members of the Brighton Swimming Club, the course being round the head of the Chain Pier, and the distance being one thousand two hundred and forty yards. The winner, a Brighton tradesman of the name of Cavill, did the distance in seventeen minutes forty-five seconds, the next man being only three seconds behind him. There was a strong tide and a considerable swell on at this time, and although the number of yards per minute does not look large, on paper, the best swimmer amongst our readers will find it a pretty tough feat if he will go and try it under the same conditions. Only four competitors started for this heat, all of whom came well home, the last being little more than three-quarters of a minute behind the winner.

The great attraction of the day however, was the "sixth match, for females, open to all comers, distance three hundred yards, for a very handsome silver-plated tea-pot, value 55s.," as it was announced on the card. On the cliff, the pier, the beach, there must have been now four or five thousand spectators, a somewhat awful ordeal, one would think, for the "females" in question. "They must have good heart to come out at all," said one middle-aged woman to another, close by our elbow, and we quite agreed. After a short delay, however, the door of a bathing-machine, which had been drawn up to the starting-place, opened, and out jumped first one, and

then a second young woman. This was all. There were four entries; but only two came to the scratch. Mrs. Mary Taylor, who wore a scarlet and white headdress, and Miss Gooding (or Jenny Gooding, as she was called in the crowd), who showed in white and blue. The rest of their persons were clothed in short blue jackets, not tunics such as women wear at French watering-places, and trousers fitting rather tight, which no doubt must be far more easy to swim in than loose ones. So far as we could observe, from a distance of some thirty yards, they seemed fine, strong young women, and we gathered from the talk about us that they were sisters, the daughters of a proprietor of machines, accustomed to attend on ladies bathing, and both of them first-rate swimmers. After a short delay, the signal was given, and they ran into the water and started for the one hundred and fifty yards flag round which they were to swim. We were disappointed in the pace, Mrs. Taylor and Jenny taking the matter quite coolly, and swimming side by side quietly until the close, when the married lady took a few feet precedence of her sister and came first to ground amidst much applause. Whether the applause incited the young women to prolong their performance, or whether it was a part of the programme, we cannot say, but instead of going to their machine they now swam out again for thirty yards or so, and began floating and diving, and were hauled up into a boat by a young man, who, we were told, was their brother, from which they each took several very respectable headers. The Brighton committee had made a great point of this match for women, and we do not know that it could have been more properly or decently managed, except for the afterthought of scrambling up into a boat for the purpose of showing off. At the same time, we confess that we wish this race had been left out. It is very desirable that women should learn to swim, and we can see no harm in their practising in the open sea, when decently clad. But this is quite another thing from taking part in the same matches with men, and when Jenny and her sister walked up scrambling to their machine, through a number of men, naked except bathing-drawers, who were waiting for the next race, we felt that the performance was not good "for example of life and instruction of manners." And

while we are on this point we may add that it would be quite as well that women should not be allowed in the space kept clear for the starting. They have no business there, and can see all that they ought to see quite as well from the esplanade or the pier.

After this, the ornamental swimming, as the card had it, came off, which consisted of diving, floating, rolling on the top of the water, and other tricks of the same kind, of which some were very good. The fact which seemed to please and astonish people most was the simple motionless floating on the back, a fact which shows that the public is far from being properly educated; for this feat is, in fact, not at all a matter of swimming, but of faith. Any person who will stretch out his arms above his head and lie still on the water, may do so in the sea for as long as he feels inclined, even if he cannot swim ten strokes. But faith is as rare amongst swimmers as it is in other departments. Then "Captain Camp, of the Brighton Swimming Club," proceeded to "prepare and partake of his breakfast, consisting of coffee, ham, and eggs, all hot, thirty yards at sea." This, the captain, a one-legged man, managed successfully enough, on a small raft constructed on three cork belts, such as they keep on passenger ships to throw out in case of a man overboard. To him, when his cooking was nearly finished, swam out two other one-legged men, one of whom upset the raft, and the captain, and his kitchen apparatus, into a great wave, and there was much rollicking in the water between the one-legged. Presently, one of them scrambled up into a boat, in which were a party comprising two well-dressed young women, and sat for a minute or two dripping on the gunwale, within a few feet of these damsels. This part of the performance also struck us as objectionable, and, ridiculously enough, seemed to us all the more so because the man had only one leg. We have been unable to satisfy ourselves why it should be so, upon thinking the matter over since, but cannot get rid of the impression that so it was.

There were several other matches, including a steeple-chase, in which the swimmers scrambled over a gate and a boat, and dived under certain other obstacles, and a race, in which they started dressed and got rid of their clothes in the water. The whole of the

races were over by about the middle of the day, and certainly we came away feeling that we had had a very good morning's amusement.

With the exception of the one or two points noticed above, there was nothing whatever *risqué* or objectionable in these matches, and they are certainly calculated to encourage very much the useful art of swimming. We should be glad to see them under proper regulations established and popular at all our sea-bathing places. Bathing is a subject on which there exists a good deal of prudery in the English mind. It may not be out of place to remark that amongst the most immoral people in the world, the Hindoos, it is

considered absolutely indecent even for men to bathe undressed, while amongst the Burmese, the only really pure Eastern race, by whom the marriage vow is really respected, men and women bathe together. We would not imply too much from this fact and would yield to no one in the vehemence of our protest against any custom which threatened in the least degree to undermine the real modesty of the nation; on the other hand, we shall always set our faces against mock-modesty, which is only a thin veil for nastiness of mind, and for our own parts would almost as soon see our women bathing with men as putting frills round the legs of their pianofortes.

SCIENCE has lately sustained a loss in the death of Dr. Normandy, who, as a practical chemist and experimental philosopher, has materially contributed to the advance of modern science. Though French by birth, he adopted England as his country, and after passing his examination as a surgeon, devoted himself to chemical experiments, in which, for a time, he was associated with the late Dr. Ure, to the last edition of whose "Dictionary of the Arts and Manufactures" he has largely contributed. He gave important evidence of a startling character before the Committee of the House of Commons, on the Adulteration of Food, and has left behind him many standard works on chemistry. Dr. Normandy died on the 10th May, in the fifty-fourth year of his age.

It would appear, from the carefully-conducted investigations of M. Heffelseim, that the heart recoils after every contraction, somewhat in the same manner as a cannon which has just been fired. The writer states that the moment the ventricles contract and pour their volume of blood into the aorta and pulmonary artery, the double liquid jet which is thus produced necessarily determines a movement of the heart in the opposite direction; that is to say, an actual recoil movement at every pulsation. The reason why, during its contraction, it assumes its proper position, is that the elasticity of the surrounding structures neutralizes the effect of the recoil.

DR. TILBURY FOX and Mr. Erasmus Wilson are at war concerning the nature of the fungi pro-

ducing skin diseases. The former maintains, in accordance with truths already established, that the growths in question are essentially vegetable; the latter regards them as being modified ecdemonic or skin tissues. There can be little doubt of the accuracy of Dr. Fox's views.

It has been stated that Dr. Grusselback, of the University of Upsala, lately restored to activity a snake which had been frozen to torpidity for ten years. It is also reported that he proposed to the Swedish Government to experiment on criminals. He proposes to reduce the individual to complete torpor by the gradual application of cold, and to resuscitate him after a year or two.

It would seem that electricity as a curative agent is gradually stealing into the laboratories and surgeries of medical men. A novel, and (if true) a most important application of it has just been discovered by M. Namias. The latter has found that in that fearfully destructive malady, "Bright's disease of the kidneys," electricity causes the elimination of urea from the glands. A greater step in the cure of the disease could hardly have been made. Urea is the substance which by its conversion into carbonate of ammonia produces the cerebral symptoms; and if a means of eliminating it has been arrived at, medicine may congratulate itself on the circumstance. M. Namias states, that the additional secretion of the urea is accompanied by an increase in the quantity of albumen, but considers this of little importance.

THE LIVING AGE.

No. 1058.—10 September, 1864.

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NEW BOOKS.

* * LINDISFARN CHASE will very soon be published by Messrs. Harper and Brothers, by arrangement with us ; and we shall have copies for sale. It is said to be by T. Adolphus Trollope, a brother of Anthony Trollope.

Since we announced the sale of the Stereotype plates of the First Series, there has been an increased demand for full sets of the whole work, so that we are obliged to reprint many numbers of the Second and Third Series, in order to complete our orders. We take occasion to ask that everybody who means to make his set perfect, will buy *now* such volumes or numbers as may be necessary for that purpose. These we will gladly supply at the old prices until the first of October, when the new Terms, according to the subjoined notice, will take effect.

POSTAGE.—Hereafter we shall pay postage on "The Living Age" *only when Six Dollars is paid in advance for a Year*. Persons paying a smaller sum must pay their own postage.

FIRST SERIES LIVING AGE, 36 vols., Morocco backs and corners, \$90 a Set.
 " " Cloth Binding, 72 "

☞ We have, at last, with great regret, sold the stereotype plates of the First Series of *The Living Age*, to be melted by type-founders. We have a small number of copies of the printed work remaining, which we shall be glad to receive orders for so long as we can supply them.

Persons desirous of buying odd volumes or numbers, to complete their sets, would do well to order them without delay.

ATTENTION is respectfully requested to the following

NEW TERMS OF "THE LIVING AGE."

The Publishers have resisted as long as they could the growing necessity of advancing the price of this work. But when paper costs three times as much as before, and a remittance to London more than twelve dollars for a pound, and every other expense of manufacture is greatly increased (saying nothing of the expense of living), it is evident that sooner or later the Proprietors must follow the course of The Trade.

The change is made only after every other resource has been exhausted ; and we confidently appeal to the kindness and justice of our old friends, asking them, not only to continue their own subscriptions, but to add the names of their friends to our list.

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First Series, 36 volumes, Morocco backs and corners, \$100.

Price to The Trade will be advanced 3 Cents a number.

BINDING.—The price of Binding is *now* 75 Cents a Volume.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

LITTELL, SON, & CO.,

30 BROMFIELD STREET, BOSTON.

ADVANCE OF PRICE OF THE LIVING AGE.

[The following letter is from a subscriber who has the whole work from the beginning. We shall promote his object by printing his letter, and thank him not only for the money, but for the hearty good-will which is even more valuable.

We credit his account not for a year, as he offers, but for a year and a quarter.

O! si sic omnia !]

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I notice in the last number your announcement of an intended increase of charge for *The Living Age*, beginning with the 1st of October. It did not come upon me unprepared.

I had supposed that, in common with business of every other kind, *The Living Age* must necessarily feel the pressure of the times; the more especially that people are not always as punctual as they should be in paying their subscriptions; and had determined to raise mine voluntarily with the coming year. Your announcement leads me to anticipate that intention. Please credit me with ten dollars—herewith enclosed—and charge me with a like sum annually hereafter.

I am not a moneyed man, but am dependent upon my daily labor for the support of my family, and yet I would rather cut off some bodily wants—wear homespun, dispense with gloves, etc.—than lose the mental improvement and pleasure which I derive from your valuable weekly visitor. It is always warmly welcomed and eagerly perused; for it af-

fords a pleasant resource in evil days, and its varied contents are uniformly excellent, interesting, and instructive. But this is not all that we owe you. While you thus endeavor to improve the mind, and refine the taste, by the diffusion of sound literature,—(often, I doubt not, at pecuniary disadvantage, for public benefaction and private good are not inseparable,)—I am, in common with many others, under lasting obligations to you for the influence which you also incidentally exert in behalf of our arduous struggle for national existence. *The Living Age* has given unequivocal proof of its opposition to the most wanton, wicked, and frantic rebellion that ever sullied the page of history; and would deserve on that account, if no other, the hearty support of every patriot.

I hope, sir, that considerations such as have weighed with me may induce others, if not to exceed your terms, at least to acquiesce cheerfully in their proposed increase; and by the punctuality of their remittances, cheer the heart of him who furnishes their weekly feast of good things. Nearly two hundred pages monthly of well-selected reading are more than worth all that you ask.

* * * * *

Very respectfully, etc.,

* * * *

25th August, 1864.

From The Edinburgh Review.

Life of Edward Livingston. By Charles Havens Hunt. *With an Introduction* by George Bancroft. New York: 1864.

WE have rarely been more struck or interested by any biographical work than by this book. It reanimates and elevates its theme by dint of truth and earnestness, without exaggerating a merit or palliating a defect; and we speedily found ourselves following with anxious admiration the career of a legislator and jurist, whose rejected System of Penal Law has hitherto been thought to constitute his sole title to European attention or celebrity. This effect may be partly owing to the light thrown by his speeches and correspondence on the causes and growth of the internecine dissensions of the once United States; but the grand attraction may be traced to the fact that his checkered life, quite independently of its manifold and momentous relations to public measures and events, is fraught with useful lessons in conduct and deeply colored with romance. We may simultaneously deduce from it, by way of moral, that honesty and energy of purpose must succeed in the long run, and that the development of the highest talents, or the prosecution of the loftiest aims, may be fatally checked by pecuniary embarrassments resulting from neglect. It is a welcome change to turn from the sanguinary contentions, the sordid passions, and the shattered condition of the American people at the present time, to the wisdom, the dignity and the love of freedom which marked the great citizens of the commonwealth in its earlier years. Of these men Edward Livingston was one.

The master passion of a prosperous family in the New World is to prove its descent from one of traditional nobility or gentility in the Old. A member of the transatlantic tribe of Warrens has printed a comely quarto to prove that the last Earl de Warrenne (who left no issue) was their lineal ancestor; and a Bright of Boston has devoted a royal octavo of three hundred and forty-five pages to "The Brights of Suffolk;" in which, strange to say, he lays no claim to relationship with his distinguished namesake, the Member for Birmingham. We may consequently consider ourselves as let off cheaply by Mr. Hunt, when he disposes of the Livingston pedigree in a single chapter, of moderate length,

having had strong temptations to overcome; for that pedigree is remarkable alike for its clearness and its respectability. It is modestly commenced with Sir Alexander Livingston, of Calendar, who on the death of James I. of Scotland, in 1437, was appointed one of two joint regents during the minority of James II., and was made keeper, of the king's person, his associate Crichton being chancellor. The murder of Earl Douglas in Edinburgh Castle by these worthies, has done more to perpetuate their memories than any good or wise action performed by either of them; but as was pointedly said by Gibbon, "treason, sacrilege, and proscription are often the best titles of ancient nobility." The Livingstons had their fair share of this sort of illustration, having generally managed to lose their peerages nearly as fast as they got them by taking the losing side in 1715 and 1745. The destinies of the founder of the American branch, Robert, were swayed, in his own despite, by the independent and insubordinate spirit of his race. He was born in Teviotdale, in 1654, the son of the Reverend John Livingston, who played a prominent part in Scottish ecclesiastical history, and passed the last nine years of his life (from 1663 to 1672) at Rotterdam, under sentence of banishment for Nonconformity. Robert was bred up amongst Dutchmen, and as soon as he came to man's estate, he started for New York, took up his residence in Albany, then a Dutch village, and proceeded to amass landed property in a fashion which will sound strange to the conveyancers of Lincoln's Inn. The first purchase, we are told, was of two thousand acres, on Roelof Jansen's Hill. The deed, bearing date July 12, 1683, was executed by two Indians and two squaws, with names defying pronunciation and orthography. The consideration consisted of three hundred guilders and a strange medley of assorted goods and articles to be paid or delivered in five days. The other conveyances were of the same character, and at the foot of one of them is this receipt:—

"This day, the 18th July, 1687, a certain Cripple Indian Woman named Siakanochqui of Catskill acknowledges to have received full satisfaction by a cloth garment and cotton Shift for her share and claim to a certain Flatt of Land Situate in the Manor of Livingston; Which Witness, &c."

In this way Robert Livingston became the proprietor of a territory embracing upwards of one hundred and sixty thousand acres, which was erected by patent from the crown into the lordship; and he fondly looked forward to its perpetuation, one and undivided, like an ancestral manor in Great Britain, in a succession of representatives. But the force of democratic institutions was too strong; and the third possessor parcelled it out amongst his children with as proud a contempt for primogeniture and aristocracy as if he had been a cotton lord or manufacturer,—perhaps prouder. In allusion to the resulting loss of concentrated influence and importance, Mr. Hunt exclaims,—

“What a change has the intervening half-century wrought, not merely in the affairs of this house, but in those of all like establishments in this country! The Livingstons are now a multiplied host of for the most part energetic and successful individuals, and their aggregate wealth and influence exceed the probable dreams of their ambitious ancestor. Yet the strength which comes of combination is gone from them. Our democracy divides every clan, mingles every estate, individualizes everybody, disintegrates everything. Each man is the head of his own family; no man can be the head of the family of his ancestors.”

Down to this point the writer seems to favor the inference that the change is for the best. But in the very next paragraph we are shown the reverse of the medal, and are warned to anticipate a consummation which is already more than half completed:—

“In the United States, we seem to be out-heroding this tendency of the times. Our political leaders, representatives, and even judges, are now too often individuals whom many an obscure, well-bred person would not meet in the same drawing-room for all the world. We are certainly making some progress in bridging the gulf which once generally separated low manners from high positions. Such progress is one of the worst of our present evils; it threatens us with the most palpable of our future dangers. How far the effrontery of ill-bred ignorance and incapacity will carry itself towards monopolizing places of dignity, power, and trust, is truly a question of moment. It is frightful to contemplate the possibility that the entire government in all its branches of so great and prosperous a country may, some day, be given permanently over to unlettered and unmannered statesmen. The whole world al-

ways did and always will respect a man who becomes conspicuous by force of high capacity and virtue, in spite of humble birth and imperfect education; but surely, it would be better if public opinion should restrain politicians from aspiring to the presidency without a respectable knowledge of grammar and the proprieties of life.”

Unluckily it is this very public opinion which encourages these unlettered and unmannered “statesmen,” as they are called by courtesy, and it will be well if they transgress no higher rules than those of grammar and propriety. The democratic principle, however, was only just beginning to operate when Edward Livingston was approaching manhood: its foundations had hardly been so much as laid when he came into the world; and he had all the advantages at starting which the wealth, position, and connections of progenitors and parents can bestow.

His father was a judge of the Supreme Court of the Colony of New York, and was so highly esteemed that one of his most intimate friends, William Smith, the historical writer, was accustomed to say, “If I were to be placed in a desert island, with but one book and one friend, that book should be the Bible, and that friend Robert R. Livingston. His mother, Margaret Beekman, a woman of a large and heroic mould, is described as a meet mate for such a man.

An anecdote of Edward's boyhood proves both his own sweetness of temper and the maternal sagacity on which the formation of character in children so materially depends. One of his sisters came with a complaint to the mother of having been roughly accosted or unkindly treated by him. “Then go into the corner. I am sure you have been very naughty, or Edward would not have done so.” His only battle at school was in vindication of his veracity, when assailed, like that of Bruce in the centre of Africa, for the statement of a familiar fact. “The occasion,” says Mr. Hunt, “was the moral necessity of backing up a statement which he casually made among his fellows, to the effect that at Clermont they had an ice-house in which ice was preserved for family use through the summer,—a statement which one of the boys, because he had never heard of such a thing before, honestly but indiscreetly pronounced to be—a lie.” He was not remarkable for diligence at school; but no degree of idleness

could deprive a boy of his stamp, of the education of events and circumstances; and these were of the most impressive kind at the precise time when his heart and imagination were most prone to be moved and stirred by them.

Born on the 26 May, 1764, he was in his thirteenth year on the day of the Declaration of Independence: his first degree at college, Nassau Hall, Princeton, was contemporary with the surrender of Lord Cornwallis in 1781; and his legal studies were completed about the time when "a grave little gentleman in black (John Adams) walked up St. James's as first American ambassador." Before attaining his majority, he had mingled in the contest for the most sacred of rights; he had played his part in popular demonstrations; he had witnessed marches and countermarches, advances and retreats; he had seen all that was dearest to him repeatedly at stake; he had heard the angry clamor of the market-place suddenly drowned by the rattle of musketry; and when his family were hastily decamping with their household goods from their cherished home, with the hostile soldiery at hand, he had caught courage from the hearty laugh of his mother at the figure made by a favorite servant, a fat old negro woman, perched in solemn sadness on the top of a wagon. The training supplied by scenes of this kind is at least as valuable as that which the university can confer; and Edward Livingston's mind was fortunately steelled by them for vicissitudes for which no ordinary culture would have afforded an adequate preparation.

At the same time, we are not prepared to accept his own statement that he neglected the usual studies or was deficient in the common round of attainments at school or college. The extensive knowledge of science and literature which he subsequently displayed, must most of it have been acquired—at least, the foundations of it must have been laid—in his student days; and that he was not thought an idle boy by his friends appears from (amongst other indications) a letter written by John Jay, from Paris, to Chancellor Livingston (his elder brother) in 1783: "I send you a box of plaster copies of medals: if Mrs. Livingston will permit you to keep so many mistresses, reserve the ladies for yourself, and give the philosophers and poets to Edward." It may certainly be doubted whether Edward would have con-

sented to this partition to the extent of abandoning all claim to a share of the ladies; for his finical attention to his dress had earned him the title of Beau Ned; and at a still later period he wrote on the fly-leaf of his Longinus,—

"Longinus, give thy lessons o'er;

I do not need thy rules:

Let pedants on thy precepts pore,

Or give them to the schools.

"The perfect beauty which you seek,

In Anna's verse I find;

It glows on fair Eliza's cheek,

And dwells in Mary's mind."

The ladies in question were the daughters of Mr. McEvers, a merchant of New York; and the Mary, whose perfect beauty dwelt in her mind, subsequently became his wife.

The division of labor which is rigidly enforced amongst English lawyers has never been held compulsory on the profession in America, where the callings of barrister and attorney are frequently combined. We must not, therefore, be surprised at reading that Livingston was admitted to practise as an attorney in January, 1785, and that he speedily became a formidable rival to the advocates of highest reputation at the New York bar. A sketch of these is given by Mr. Hunt; and amongst other names that have acquired more than provincial celebrity, are those of Aaron Burr and Alexander Hamilton. No particulars are given of our hero's forensic career,—of the prosecutions which he conducted, the accused persons whom he defended, or the causes that he led. We are simply assured that in the course of nine years' practice he had distanced the great bulk of his competitors, that he was Romilly or Scarlett of New York, and that his reputation as an eminently accomplished orator led to his being elected a member of Congress for that city in 1794. He was opposed by a Mr. Watts, a gentleman whose speciality was that he had never articulated anything but "ay" and "no" during his congressional career; and he was contrasted for this very reason (his friends thought favorably) with one whose ready rhetoric was denounced as an unanswerable proof of shallowness.

Livingston's most remarkable effort in his first session was the delivery of a speech, occupying nearly a day, in support of the right of Congress to question the policy of treaties with foreign countries, on which it

was contended to be the prerogative of the president to decide with the consent and advice of the Senate. He also brought forward a resolution for the protection of American seamen; and on each occasion found himself measuring his strength with Madison, Sedgwick, and Fisher Ames. His reelection in 1796, was vehemently opposed in a manner and by a man that bore ample testimony to the importance he had obtained in the eyes of the antagonist party, the Federalists, who, at the instigation of Alexander Hamilton, made strenuous exertions to get a Mr. Watson preferred to him, on the curious ground, actually put forward in a handbill of Hamilton's composition, that he kept a chariot; rendered more curious by the retorted fact that the Federalist candidate kept a chariot too. There is a passage in M. Nisard's *Life of Armand Carrel* alluding to "that cabriolet which had been made such a topic of reproach to him, either by men who would have sold the tombs of their fathers to have one, or by those friends of equality who call for it in fortunes to console them for the inequality of talents." But this was at a time when it was truly and wittily said of "young France" that each of them was striving to be the equal of his superior and the superior of his equal; and it is new to us that such an objection could be raised with effect in the freshly emancipated colony still clinging to the habits and modes of thought of the parent country. From the intelligence that is almost daily reaching us, also, of the present social condition of New York, we should infer that the display of wealth in equipages and dress is no longer typical of, nor associated in the popular mind with, aristocracy.

On the occasion of his second candidature in 1796, Livingston received a letter from his elder brother, the chancellor, which may be read with advantage by many a rising lawyer who is looking to a seat in Parliament, or many a would-be statesman who under-estimates the conditions of success:—

"As I naturally feel myself much interested in your political career, I cannot but entreat you to consider that you are at this moment making immense sacrifices of fortune and professional reputation by remaining in Congress. Nothing can compensate for these losses but attaining the highest political distinction. But, believe me, this will never be attained without the most unwearied appli-

cation, both in and out of the House. Read everything that relates to the state of your laws, commerce, and finances. Form and perfect your plans, so as to bring them forward in the best shape. Forgive, my dear brother, both my freedom and my style. I write from my heart, not from my head. Be persuaded that no extent of talent will avail, without a considerable portion of industry, to make a distinguished statesman."

The debates in which Livingston most distinguished himself in his third session possess an historical interest, and throw light on the contrasted progress of democratic and monarchical institutions. Two measures bearing a suspicious resemblance to the English "Gagging Bill," and a still stronger to the French Law of Public Safety, were introduced by the president (Adams) in 1798, popularly known as the Alien and Sedition Laws. The one made it a high misdemeanor, punishable with fine and imprisonment, to combine to oppose any measures of the government, or to traduce or defame the Legislature or the president by declarations tending to criminate the motives of either. The other invested the president with power to imprison or banish suspected aliens, or perpetually exclude them from the rights of citizenship, or to grant them licenses of residences revocable at pleasure. "Both these odious measures," says Mr. Hunt, "were passed under the spur of party discipline. Both excited at once the bitterest opposition of the Republican party, and presently incurred the hearty abomination of the country. Such experiments in legislation are not likely to be repeated while our form of government lasts." Never was there a more unfortunate prediction. It is precisely "our form of government" which has proved most fruitful of such measures. Arbitrary restrictions of personal liberty are at this moment, rife in North America, the pride of democracy, and under the French Empire, the boasted creation of universal suffrage; whilst the existing generation of Englishmen practically know nothing of exceptionally repressive or oppressive laws of any kind. The Alien and Sedition Bills were opposed at every stage by Livingston; and his principal speech against the Alien Bill was printed on satin and largely distributed throughout the States. In one passage he went the length of invoking popular resistance to it if passed: it may be cited as a favorable specimen of his style:—

"But if, regardless of our duties as citizens, and our solemn obligations as representatives,—regardless of the rights of our constituents,—regardless of every sanction, human and divine, we are ready to violate the constitution we have sworn to defend, will the people submit to our unauthorized acts? will the States sanction our usurped power? Sir, they ought not to submit; they would deserve the chains which these measures are forging for them, if they did not resist; for let no man vainly imagine that the evil is to stop here; that a few unprotected aliens only are to be affected by this inquisitorial power. The same arguments which enforce these provisions against aliens apply with equal strength to enacting them in the case of citizens. The citizen has no other protection for his personal security, that I know, against laws like this, than the humane provisions I have cited from the constitution. . . . You have already been told of plots and conspiracies, and all the frightful images that are necessary to keep up the present system of terror and alarm have been presented to you; but who are implicated in these dark hints, these mysterious allusions? They are our own citizens, sir, not aliens. If there is any necessity for the system now proposed, it is more necessary to be enforced against our own citizens than against strangers; and I have no doubt that, either in this or some other shape, this will be attempted. I now ask, sir, whether the people of America are prepared for this? Whether they are willing to part with all the means which the wisdom of their ancestors discovered and their own caution so lately adopted, to secure their own persons? Whether they are willing to submit to imprisonment, or exile, whenever suspicion, calumny, or vengeance shall mark them for ruin? Are they base enough to be prepared for this? No, sir, they will—I repeat it, they will—resist this tyrannical system; the people will oppose, the States will not submit to its operations; they ought not to acquiesce, and I pray to God they never may!"

In the concluding sentences, he was copying, consciously or unconsciously, Lord Chatham's famous burst: "I rejoice that America has resisted; three millions of people so dead to all the feelings of liberty, as voluntarily to submit to be slaves, would have been fit instruments to make slaves of all the rest." As the part Livingston took on this occasion raised him to the height of popularity, it does not appear, nor does his biographer explain, why he retired from Congress in 1801; for the domestic affliction, the loss of his first wife, which occurred subsequently in the

same month, was not anticipated. He probably began to see the importance of acting on his brother's advice by attending more to his professional prospects; for his retirement was almost immediately followed by his appointment to the office of attorney for the district of New York, as well as to the mayoralty of New York, then a post of dignity and importance. The celebrated De Witt Clinton, we are reminded, resigned, with a view to its acceptance, his seat in the Senate. Besides presiding over the deliberations of the Common Council, the mayor was *ex-officio* the chief judge of the highest court of this city, with jurisdiction civil and criminal. The emoluments were such that a few years' incumbency carefully managed was reckoned equivalent to a handsome competency.

Livingston was now thirty-seven; his worldly prospect wore a smiling aspect, and his varied duties were performed with spirit and efficiency. His decisions gave satisfaction; his refined hospitality as chief magistrate to distinguished strangers reflected credit on his fellow-citizens, and he was unceasingly active in endeavoring to reform abuses and mitigate distress. A favorite scheme, in which he warmly urged the Mechanical Society to co-operate, was to found an establishment for insuring the employment of, first, strangers during the first month of their arrival; secondly, citizens who had been thrown out of work by sickness or casualties; thirdly, widows and orphans; fourthly, discharged or pardoned convicts. The leading feature of the project being the opening of public workshops, like the *Ateliers Nationaux* of 1848, the sound political economist will see at a glance that it could not have been carried out without a mischievous disturbance of the labor market; and the Mechanical Society wisely, we think, declined to concur in it. His practical philanthropy was of a nature that did not admit of denial or dispute. In the summer of 1803, the yellow fever broke out in New York, and spread rapidly in all classes. First amongst the self-sacrificing portion of the community was the mayor, who not only saw to the execution of the needful official regulations, but kept a list of the houses in which there were sick, and visited them all in turn as well as the hospitals. At length he caught the contagion, and his life was in serious peril for a period. "He was now," says Mr. Hunt,

"the object of extraordinary popular gratitude and regard. When his physicians called for Madeira to be administered to him, not a bottle of that or any other kind of wine was to be found in his cellar. He had himself prescribed every drop for others. As soon as the fact was known, the best wines were sent to his house from every direction. A crowd thronged the street near his door, to obtain the latest news of his condition; and young people vied with each other for the privilege of watching by his bed."

Except in this absorbing crisis, he found time for science and literature, as well as for legislation and jurisprudence, and was always ready to promote parties of amusement, or to add his joyous laugh to the merriment of the gay and young. "I wish I could go to the theatre every night!" exclaimed a lively niece of sixteen. "Well, my dear," said the mayor, "you shall, you shall;" and he actually took her night after night until she was compelled to cry enough. - Escorting Theodosia Burr, yept the celebrated, with a party to see a frigate lying in the harbor, he told her, as they neared the ship, "Now, Theodosia, you must bring none of your sparks on board; they have a magazine, and we should all be blown up." He had a mania for punning, but was obliged to own that the only tolerable pun he had ever made was whilst he was asleep. "He had dreamed that he was present in a crowded church, at the ceremony of the taking of the veil by a nun. The novice's name was announced as Mary Fish. The question was then put, who should be her patron saint. 'I woke myself,' said Livingston, 'by exclaiming, "Why, St. Poly Carp, to be sure!"'"

The fifth volume of Lockhart's "Life of Scott" concludes with a laudatory quotation from Captain Hall, and the remark, "—with his flourish of trumpets I must drop the curtain on a scene of unclouded prosperity and splendor. The muffled drum is in prospect." The stage of Livingston's life at which we have now arrived might well justify a similar pause, and suggest a similar train of reflection. He was in the enjoyment of almost every blessing, and not a cloud was visible in the horizon of his future, when a crushing blow fell upon him, shattering both fame and fortune, and dooming him to a series of severe trials for the best of his remaining years. In the autumn of 1803, he became a

public defaulter for an amount beyond his immediate or anticipated means to satisfy; and the utmost that he could hope in the emergency was that a charitable interpretation of the circumstances would save him from disgrace. It was one of his duties and perquisites in his official capacity to receive certain moneys from public creditors through the hands of agents, for whom he was responsible. He never could be made to attend to pecuniary transactions or accounts; a weakness or peculiarity for which his multifarious engagements were partially an excuse, especially in the fever year, when the chief deficit occurred. Five years later, in the course of a controversy to which we shall recur, he made a clean breast of the matter in terms which we cannot do better than adopt:—

"It is time that I should speak. Silence now would be cruelty to my children, injustice to my creditors, treachery to my fame. The consciousness of a serious imprudence, which created the debt I owe the public, I confess it with humility and regret, has rendered me, perhaps, too desirous of avoiding public observation,—an imprudence which, if nothing can excuse, may at least be accounted for by the confidence I placed in an agent, who received and appropriated a very large proportion of the sum, and the moral certainty I had of being able to answer any call for the residue whenever it should be made. Perhaps, too, it may be atoned for in some degree by the mortification of exile, by my constant and laborious exertions to satisfy the claims of justice, by the keen disappointment attending this deadly blow to the hopes I had encouraged of pouring into the public treasury the fruits of my labor, and above all by the humiliation of this public avowal."

The agent of whom he speaks was a confidential clerk, a Frenchman by birth; and it will be fresh in the memory of most readers that Thomas Moore was subjected to a similar embarrassment by the failure of his deputy in Bermuda, and that the "disorder in the chest," which compelled Theodore Hook to quit his treasurership at Mauritius was also mainly owing to a clerk.

In his "Essay on Decision of Character," Forster relates the true story of a prodigal, who, having sold the whole of his paternal estate and spent the last sixpence of the proceeds, seated himself on a rising ground commanding a view of the property, made a solemn vow to get it back, and by dint of

industry and parsimony succeeded in so doing. The dream of Warren Hastings' life was the recovery of his ancestral home of Daylesford. Moore met his unmerited misfortune with an equanimity that extorted the half-comic praise of Rogers: "It is well you are a poet; you could never bear it as you do if you were a philosopher." Sir Walter Scott nobly put forth his full strength at all hazards and against all remonstrances, till, like the overtasked elephant, he broke down and died. But no victim or hero, genuine or apocryphal, could have displayed a finer, more chivalrous, or more self-denying spirit than Livingston. Having promptly satisfied himself of his liability, he at once, without waiting for the formal adjustment, confessed judgment for the largest estimated amount,—subsequently fixed at \$43,666,—assigned over all his property in trust for the State, and resigned both his offices. The citizens of New York on their part were not wanting in generosity; he was strongly urged to retain the mayoralty; and a highly laudatory address was voted and presented to him by the Common Council. But his mind was made up to quit the scene of the honors and the prosperity thus fatally reversed, and to quit it instantly for the field of exertion offering the best chance of the speedy redemption and restitution for which he panted.

In the spring of that very year, 1803, Louisiana had been purchased by the United States of France. New Orleans was the rising commercial city, the *El Dorado* of the South, where talent and enterprise would have freer scope than in any more settled community. To New Orleans, therefore, he would go, and never return to New York till he could return free and independent, with his debts paid and his position no longer open to a reproach.

"He now had need of all his philosophy. He was considerably past the period of life when usually, if ever, a man undertakes for the first time such an adventure, and to this one all his habits and associations, his tastes, and his affections, opposed themselves. It was to quit the scene of his long prosperity and happiness, his family, his friends, and the fresh graves of his wife and eldest son; while the comfort and safety of his two remaining children, now nine and five years old, the objects of his tenderest feelings, would require them to be left behind for years. Nevertheless, he resolved upon the

enterprise, and having made the resolution, did not lag in its execution. He at once arranged his affairs, procured all practicable means of extensive introduction to Louisianians, and leaving his children, from whom he had never yet been separated, in the care of his brother, John R. Livingston, whose wife was Eliza McEvers, the sister of their mother, he embarked, during the last week of December, 1803, within two months after retiring from the mayoralty, as a passenger on board a vessel bound to New Orleans. All the money and pecuniary resources which he had reserved out of his property and now carried, consisted of about one hundred dollars in gold, and a letter of credit for one thousand dollars more."

He almost at once assumed the lead of the bar at New Orleans, where his knowledge of languages stood him in good stead; and soon after his arrival he was requested to draw up a Code of Procedure, which thenceforth regulated the practice of the courts. Fearn, the profoundest and acutest of English real-property lawyers, was deeply versed in chemistry and other branches of science. With equal versatility, Livingston was wont to amuse his leisure hours with mechanical contrivances; and a carpenter whom he employed to make models, naïvely observed, "It is odd that a lawyer should understand my trade so well as Mr. Livingston does: I know nothing in the world of *his*." He was a zealous Freemason, and a passage from one of his addresses as President of the Louisiana Lodge is introduced for the sake of the anecdote connected with it:—

"My brethren, have you searched your hearts? Do you find there no lurking animosity against a brother? Have you had the felicity never to have cherished, or are you so happy as to have banished, all envy at his prosperity, all malicious joy at his misfortunes? If you find this is the result of your scrutiny, enter with confidence the sanctuary of union. But if the examination discovers either rankling jealousy or hatred long concealed, or even unkindness or offensive pride, I entreat you, defile not the altar of friendship with your unhallowed offering; but, in the language of Scripture, 'Go, be reconciled to thy brother, and then offer thy gift.'"

Here the speaker was interrupted by the sudden movement of two of the audience, who rushed into each other's arms. They were real brothers, who had quarrelled, and

not been on speaking terms for several years. "No triumph at the bar or tribune," said Livingston, "could be worth the satisfaction I felt at that moment."

In 1805, he married his second wife, Louise Moreau de Lassy, the young widow of a gentleman from Jamaica, and a native of St. Domingo. She is described as exceedingly beautiful. "Slender, delicate, and wonderfully graceful, she possessed a brilliant intellect and an uncommon spirit." Two months after their marriage, he wrote to his sister, Mrs. Tillotson,—

"I have now, indeed, again a home, and a wife who gives it all the charms that talents, good temper, and affection can afford; but that home is situated at a distance from my family, and in a climate to which I cannot, without imprudence, bring my children."

For a time everything seemed succeeding to his wishes. Besides receiving a large income from his profession, he had made money by successful speculations in land; and he was beginning to calculate the time—three or four years at the utmost—before he could return with credit and comfort to New York. But twice before that consummation could be reached, he was destined to be flung back and be pressed down by the heavy hand of power, arbitrarily and wrongfully stretched forth beneath that young tree of liberty which was to overshadow the world with its branches. A private debt due from him when he left New York had been assigned to Aaron Burr, who, in July, 1806, wrote to him by one Dr. Bollman respecting it, and arrangements were forthwith made with Bollman for its discharge. When Burr's conspiracy broke out, General James Wilkinson, commander-in-chief of the army of the United States and governor of Upper Louisiana, then at Orleans, ordered the military arrest of Bollman and two others on a charge of misprision of treason: and on a *habeas corpus* being granted, personally attended on the return-day of the writ, to enforce its discharge. In the course of a speech which he thought fit to address to the startled judges, he said he had taken this step for the national safety then menaced by a lawless band of traitors associated under Aaron Burr, "whose adherents were numerous in the city, including two councillors of that court." He then cast his eyes slowly around the bar,

enjoying the suspense of the members, till he named Mr. Alexander, and proceeded, "As to Mr. Livingston, I have evidence that Dr. Bollman brought a draught upon him for \$2,000 and upward, which he paid."

"He finished by asking the court that his oath might be taken to the truth of the charges he had exhibited. He raised his hand, as if to have the oath administered, when the court mildly suggested the propriety of reducing the statement to writing. He then hesitated. One of the judges offered him a seat at his side on the bench, and proposed himself to take down the charges and testimony. This the general declined; upon which the court suggested that one of the judges would wait on 'his excellency,' at any time that might be convenient to him, to take his deposition. This offer the conquering hero condescended to accept, and retired from the bar, after receiving the thanks of the presiding judge for his communication, and an apology for the trouble the business had caused him.

"But just as Wilkinson was about to withdraw, Mr. Livingston, who, till then, during this shocking scene of judicial sycophancy, had sat in melancholy silence, arose to demand and then to entreat of the court that his accuser should not be allowed to leave the bar without substantiating his charge upon oath, in order that, if it should appear that he was guilty, he might be immediately committed to prison, and if not, that he should not be compelled to go home loaded with the suspicion of crime. The appeal was fruitless, and the general went his way, promising, however, to make good the charge on the following day."

Of course he never did make good the charge, the utter groundlessness of which was thoroughly and fearlessly exposed by Livingston without delay; but the general went on his way exulting, with as little dread of responsibility or regard to consequences as might be supposed to influence Marshal von Wrangel, General Butler, or any other military despot at this hour.

"When he returned to his house after the scene in court, in which the accusation of Wilkinson had fallen suddenly as a thunderbolt upon him, his young wife, then the mother of their only child, but a few months old, besought him earnestly not to withhold from her any part of his confidence. 'We have not lived long together,' she said, 'and you may not know the whole strength of my character or of my affection. Whatever may have been the scheme of Burr, if you have

had anything to do with it, tell me, so that I may share your thoughts as well as your destiny.' His response was a laugh so hearty as to dispel in an instant from her mind any shadow of fear that he was really implicated in the mysterious enterprise."

It was hard to be forced into an unequal conflict in this fashion with the commander-in-chief on a question of liberty and reputation; but it was harder still to be brought to the verge of ruin by a controversy with the president, who, instead of leaving the matter in dispute to the uncontrolled decision of the courts of justice, exerted all his official and personal influence to bear his adversary and intended victim to the ground. Here, again, we shall have to mark a course of proceeding on the part of the executive of the model republic, for which there has been no parallel under the English monarchy since the worst days of the Stuarts.

The Batture Controversy, to which a chapter of fifty pages is devoted in this biography, may take rank with the most striking of the logical or literary duels to which we are wont to refer long after their local or temporary interest has died away, as specimens of learning, acuteness, railery, or wit. Livingston's answers to Jefferson are little inferior in their way to Bentley's reply to Boyle, Porson's Letters to Travis, or the best of Paul Louis Courier's pamphlets; and they moreover involve principles of jurisprudence of universal application. What in a double sense might be called the battle-ground was a part of the delta of the Mississippi at New Orleans, then in a transitional state between land and shore, serving sometimes as an anchorage and sometimes as a quay, according to the height of the river. Although the adjacent proprietor had laid early claim to it, no exclusive right was attempted to be set up till he became a client of Livingston's, who saw its future value at a glance. "This rural bank must soon give place to urban wharfs like those of New York. Ah, here was a mine to be worked, and opportunity to escape from bankruptcy at a single bound, instead of trudging only the tedious road of careful industry." He bought a portion of the property and began enclosing it. Then awoke the popular tumult, and then began the official oppression. Both people and government persevered in treating him as an intruder, and a long course of harassing litigation,

comprising civil and criminal proceedings of many kinds, was the result. At the end of a nine or ten years' contest, he succeeded in establishing his title and confounding his opponents, but the loss of time and the waste of intellectual energy were irrecoverable.

The English invasion of Louisiana, and the assault of New Orleans in 1815, brought out Livingston in an entirely new and highly favorable light. He organized meetings to encourage the citizens to resistance; he drew up animating addresses; with the rank of colonel, he acted as aide-de-camp to General Jackson; and he was deemed one of the most effective of the military council and staff. Mr. Hunt dwells with pardonable complacency on the military services of his hero; and if we are compelled to pass them over, it is from no patriotic wish to deprive him of any part of the glory obtained in great measure through British mismanagement or mishap.

We now come to the culminating point of Livingston's reputation,—his "System of Penal Law, or Criminal Codes." * In 1796, when he first took his seat in Congress, his attention had been drawn to the subject, and he procured first one committee and then a second (of both of which he was chairman) to report on the Penal Laws of the United States. No report was made, and his labors in this walk did not recommence in earnest till 1820, when he drew up and introduced an act authorizing the preparation of a Criminal Code for Louisiana. In February, 1821, he was elected by joint ballot of the General Assembly of that State to revise its entire system of criminal law. The existing system was a compound of French, Spanish, and English laws or customs,—confused, uncertain, and occasionally revolting from severity or absurdity. Thus the sentence of infamy was passed indiscriminately

* The whole of his labors under this head are collected in an octavo volume (now before us) of seven hundred and forty-five closely-printed pages, entitled "A System of Penal Law for the State of Louisiana: consisting of A Code of Crimes and Punishments: A Code of Procedure: A Code of Evidence: A Code of Reform and Prison Discipline: A Book of Definitions. Prepared under the authority of a law of the said State, by Edward Livingston. To which are prefixed a Preliminary Report on the plan of a Penal Code, and Introductory Reports to the several Codes embraced in the System of Penal Law. Published by James Kay, Jun., and Company, Philadelphia, 1833."

upon whole classes, without the smallest reference to personal innocence or guilt, the bare fact of their coming within the description being enough : children of illegal marriages ; suitors or advocates incurring rebuke ; just or unjust, from a judge ; widows marrying before the expiration of a year's mourning, and their new husbands ; procurers, comedians, slanderers, usurers, gamblers, and buffoons. It was also a crime, punishable by banishment and confiscation of all property, for an advocate to betray the secrets of his client ; for any person to say mass without ordination ; to change a name for one more honorable ; or for a woman to feign maternity and produce a counterfeit heir.

None of the popular objections to codification could consequently arise in this instance ; and Livingston's eventual failure to satisfy the pressing and practical wants of his employers was owing to the vastness of his conceptions and the comprehensive philanthropy of his views. He was far in advance of the most advanced legislative or representative assembly then existing in either hemisphere ; and he assumed as the groundwork of his system doctrines or principles which are still disputed by the majority of enlightened jurists. He insisted on the abolition of capital punishment as imperatively required by reason, justice, and humanity ; whilst the grand aim of his system of secondary punishments was the reform and gradual restoration of the offender to society. For this purpose, he proposed to bring under one central direction, crime, vagrancy, mendicancy and all forms of pauperism ; to combine in single establishments the whole machinery of poorhouse, workhouse, bridewell, and penitentiary. Society, he lays down, is formed of two divisions,—those who by their industry or property provide subsistence for themselves and their families, and those who do not. The latter may be subdivided into three classes,—those who can labor and are willing to labor, but cannot find employment ; those who can labor, but are idle from inclination, not for want of employment ; those who are unable to support themselves by their labor from infancy, old age, or inferiority of body or mind. He then proceeds to justify his projected establishment :—

“ This establishment enters most essentially into the plan I propose. Its different depart-

ments, under the name of poorhouses, workhouses, and bridewells, are known not only in England and the States which derive their jurisprudence from that country, but in different parts of Europe ; but they are there distinct institutions, and want that unity of plan from which it is thought their principal utility will arise. This requires elucidation. If the duty of supporting its members be once acknowledged to be one incumbent on society to the extent that has been assumed, and if the classification I have made is correct, the necessity becomes apparent of distinguishing in what degree the different applicants are entitled to relief ; but that system would be obviously imperfect that was confined to making this distinction, and granting relief only to the one class without making any disposition of the others. Every applicant, if my premises be true, must belong to one or the other of those classes ; and the same magistrate who hears his demand of support, or before whom he is brought, on an accusation of illegally obtaining it, is enabled at once to assign him his place. Is he able and willing to work, but cannot obtain it ? Here is employment suited to his strength, to his age, his capacity. Is he able to work, but idle, intemperate, or vicious ? His habits must be corrected by seclusion, sobriety, instruction, and labor. Is he utterly unable to provide for his support ? The great social duty of religion and humanity must be performed. *One investigation on this plan puts an end to the inquiry.* Every one applying for alms, or convicted of illegal idleness and vice, necessarily belongs to one or the other class, and immediately finds his place ; he no longer remains a burden on individuals, and society is at once relieved from vagrancy and pauperism.”

The primary object of this part of his system is to prevent the idle or unemployed from becoming lawbreakers. He deals with actual criminals by carefully classifying them, and subjecting them to imprisonment varying in time, place, and circumstance with their respective degrees of guilt. Seclusion and labor afford him the means of increasing punishment to the utmost point of severity admitted by his code. The article relating to murderers runs thus :—

“ Art. 167. No murderers, in any degree, shall have any communication with other persons out of the prison than the inspectors and visitors ; they are considered dead to the rest of the world.

“ Art. 168. The cells of murderers (in any degree) shall be painted black within and without, and on the outside thereof shall be

inscribed, in large letters, the following sentence:—

“ ‘In this cell is confined, to pass his life in solitude and sorrow, A. B., convicted of the murder of C. D. [by assassination, parricide, etc., describing the offence, if of an aggravated kind]; his food is bread of the coarsest kind; his drink is water, mingled with his tears; he is dead to the world; this cell is his grave; his existence is prolonged, that he may remember his crime, and repent it, and that the continuance of his punishment may deter others from the indulgence of hatred, avarice, sensuality, and the passions which lead to the crime he has committed. When the Almighty, in his due time, shall exercise toward him that dispensation which he himself arrogantly and wickedly usurped toward another, his body is to be dissected, and his soul will abide that judgment which divine justice shall decree.’ ”

“ Art. 169. The same inscription, changing only the words ‘this cell’ for the words ‘solitary cell in this prison,’ shall be made on the outside of the prison wall, in large white letters on a black ground. The inscriptions shall be removed on the death of the convicts to which they relate.”

Treating voluntary labor as a mitigation and a resource, he denies it to the worst class of criminals; and one strong objection to his substitute for capital punishment is that it frequently produces insanity. His main reasons for sparing life, however, are not of a sentimental character; nor does he shrink from the infliction of necessary pain. He dwells most emphatically on the demoralizing character of executions, and on the danger of placing unjust judgments beyond recall. The passages in which he enforces these topics are as good specimens as could be produced of the rich, varied, and sustained language of his reports:—

“ History presents to us the magic glass on which, by looking at past, we may discern future, events. It is folly not to read; it is perversity not to follow its lessons. If the hemlock had not been brewed for felons in Athens, would the fatal cup have been drained by Socrates? If the people had not been familiarized to scenes of judicial homicide, would France or England have been disgraced by the useless murder of Louis or of Charles? If the punishment of death had not been sanctioned by the ordinary laws of those kingdoms, would the one have been deluged with the blood of innocence, of worth, of patriotism, and science, in her revolution? Would the best and noblest lives of the other

have been lost on the scaffold, in her civil broils? Would her lovely and calumniated queen, the virtuous Malherbes, the learned Condorcet,—would religion, personified in the pious ministers of the altar,—courage and honor, in the host of high-minded nobles, and science, in its worthy representative Lavoisier,—would the daily hecatomb of loyalty and worth,—would all have been immolated by the stroke of the guillotine; or Russel and Sidney, and the long succession of victims of party and tyranny, by the axe? The fires of Smithfield would not have blazed; nor, after the lapse of ages, should we yet shudder at the name of St. Bartholomew, if the ordinary ecclesiastical law had not usurped the attributes of divine vengeance, and by the sacrilegious and absurd doctrine that offences against the Deity were to be punished with death, given a pretext to these atrocities. Nor, in the awful and mysterious scene on Mount Calvary, would that agony have been inflicted, if by the daily sight of the cross, as an instrument of justice, the Jews had not been prepared to make it one of their sacrilegious rage. But there is no end of the examples which crowd upon the memory, to show the length to which the exercise of this power, by the law, has carried the dreadful abuse of it, under the semblance of justice. Every nation has wept over the graves of patriots, heroes, and martyrs, sacrificed by its own fury. Every age has had its annals of blood.”

The following is his picture of the innocent convict about to suffer death:—

“ Slow in its approach, uncertain in its stroke, its victim feels, not only the sickness of the heart that arises from the alternation of hope and fear, until his doom is pronounced, but when that becomes inevitable; alone, the tenant of a dungeon during every moment that the cruel lenity of the law prolongs his life, he is made to feel all those anticipations, worse than a thousand deaths. The consciousness of innocence, that which is our support under other miseries, is here converted into a source of bitter anguish, when it is found to be no protection from infamy and death; and when the ties which connected him to his country, his friends, his family, are torn asunder, no consoling reflection mitigates the misery of that moment. He leaves unmerited infamy to his children, a name stamped with dishonor to their surviving parent, and bows down the gray heads of his own with sorrow to the grave. As he walks from his dungeon, he sees the thousands who have come to gaze on his last agony; he mounts the fatal tree, and a life of innocence is closed by a death of dishonor. This is no

picture of the imagination. Would to God it were! Would to God that, if death must be inflicted, some sure means might be discovered of making it fall upon the guilty. These things have happened. These legal murders have been committed! and who were the primary causes of the crime? Who authorized a punishment, which, once inflicted, could never be remitted to the innocent? Who tied the cord, or let fall the axe upon the guiltless head? Not the executioner, the vile instrument who is hired to do the work of death; not the jury who convict, or the judge who condemns; not the law which sanctions these errors, but the legislators who made the law; those who, having the power, did not repeal it. These are the persons responsible to their country, their consciences, and their God."

His "Code of Reform and Prison Discipline" comprises the minutest instructions for the treatment of every class of prisoner; and its efficiency in practice would obviously depend in a great degree on the zeal and intelligence of the administrators. In fact, Livingston, like many other eminent philanthropists, was prone to consider society as a parent watching over a family of children and accurately acquainted with the disposition and tendencies of each.

His scheme, as might have been anticipated, was respectfully declined, despite the almost impassioned appeal to the Legislature of Louisiana with which he pressed its adoption in the Introductory Report,—an appeal which might be appropriately addressed to almost any halting or hesitating body of legislators:

"Legislative functions are in the most ordinary times attended with high responsibility. Yours, from the duty which your predecessors have imposed upon you, are peculiarly so. From the performance of this duty there is no escape. The defects of your penal laws are arrayed before your eyes. Former legislative acts have declared that they exist, and they have established principles and laid down rules by which laws are to be framed for their removal. Those laws are now submitted for your consideration. You cannot avoid acting. It is impossible to say that the evils are imaginary. You must, then, either declare that the principles for correcting them, heretofore unanimously established by the representatives of the people are erroneous, or that the plan prepared is not drawn in conformity with them. In either alternative the duty of correcting the principles or reforming the work is one that must be performed. For, disguise it as we may, it is a truth which

must be told and ought to be felt: that, circumstanced as you are, should you shrink from the performance of these duties, to you will be attributed the future depredations of every offender who escapes punishment from the ambiguity of your laws; the vexations of all who suffer by their uncertainty; the general alarm caused by the existence of your unknown and unrepealed statutes; the depravity of those who are corrupted by the associations into which they are forced by your prison discipline; the unnecessary and violent death of the guilty; and, worse than all this, legislators! the judicial murder of the innocent who may perish under the operation of your sanguinary laws. All this, and more, will be laid to your charge, if you do not embrace the opportunity that is afforded to reform them; for the continuance of every bad law, which we have the power to repeal, is equivalent to its enactment."

But whatever opinion may be formed of the practicability of Livingston's system taken as a whole or estimated by its distinctive qualities, no doubt can exist of the vast amount of thought, knowledge, intellectual grasp, originality of conception, and powers of expression displayed in its development. The volume already mentioned is a perfect treasure-house of juridical and legislative schemes and suggestions, doctrines and contrivances; and its indirect influence has been immense. That a collection of codes and reports so large, so comprehensive, so systematically shaped and so logically connected, should have been produced in less than five years, would sound incredible, did we not remember that he drew upon stores that had been accumulating for thirty; and wonderful to relate, it would have been produced in three years, but for an accident under which a mind of less energy must have been crushed. The misfortune was thus announced to M. du Ponceau, from whom he had borrowed a volume of Bacon:—

"The night before last, I wrote you an apologetic letter, accounting for not having before that time thanked you for your letter and your book. My excuse lay before me, in four Codes: of Crimes and Punishments, of Criminal Procedure, of Prison Discipline, and of Evidence. This was about one o'clock; I retired to rest, and in about three hours was waked by the cry of fire. It had broken out in my writing-room, and before it was discovered, not a vestige of my work remained, except about fifty or sixty pages which were at the printer's, and a few very imperfect

notes in another place. You may imagine, for you are an author, my dismay on perceiving the evidence of this calamity ; for circumstanced as I am, it is a real one. My habits for some years past, however, have fortunately inured me to labor, and my whole life has to disappointment and distress. I therefore bear it with more fortitude than I otherwise should, and instead of repining, work all night and correct the proof all day, to repair the loss and get the work ready by the time I had promised it to the Legislature."

A few days later he wrote,—

"I thank you most sincerely for your kind participation in my calamity ; for although I put the best face upon it, I cannot help feeling it as such. I have always found occupation the best remedy for distress of every kind. The great difficulty I have found on those occasions was to rally the energies of the mind, so as to bring them to undertake it. Here, exertion was necessary, not only to enable me to bear the misfortune, but to repair it ; and I therefore did not lose an hour. The very night after the accident I sat up until three o'clock, with a determination to keep pace with my printer ; hitherto I have succeeded, and he has, with what is already printed, copy for a hundred pages of the penal code."

"The part I shall find most difficult to replace is the preliminary discourse, of which I have not a single note, and with which (I may confide it to your friendly ear) I was satisfied. A composition of that kind depends so much upon the feeling of the moment in which it is written, the disposition that suggests not only the idea but the precise word that is proper to express it is so evanescent (mine at least are), that it will, I fear, be utterly impossible for me to regain it."

When Porson's manuscript copy of the "Codex Galeanus," a masterpiece of calligraphy, was accidentally destroyed by fire, he set about and completed a fresh one. But this was a merely mechanical task ; there were no thoughts to reclothe in chosen language ; no studied trains of reasonings, or spontaneous bursts of eloquence, to reproduce in their original freshness. "Oh, Diamond, Diamond, you little know what mischief you have done!"—is the temperate expression of regret which the popular legend has placed in the mouth of Newton, when his little dog upset the candle amongst his papers. But Sir David Brewster rejects the legend, and equally discredits that version of the incident which represents the brain of the philosopher

as temporarily impaired by the shock. According to him, rumor or malice has exaggerated both the loss and its consequences. Livingston's misfortune, therefore, may be regarded as the most trying of the kind recorded in the annals of intellectual labor ; and the manner in which he bore up under it does the highest honor to his energy, patience, capacity, fertility, readiness, and self-command.

He had his reward in the praises and congratulations of the most distinguished of his contemporaries, as well as in the certainty of durable fame. Jeremy Bentham proposed that the English Parliament should cause the entire work to be printed for the use of the nation. M. Villemain declared the "System" to be a work without example from the hand of any one hand. Victor Hugo wrote, "You will be numbered among the men of this age who have deserved most and best of mankind." He received autograph letters on the subject from the Emperor (Nicholas) of Russia and the King of Sweden ; a gold medal with a laudatory inscription was presented to him by the King of the Netherlands ; and he was elected Foreign Associate to the Institute of France.

The lapse of time has deepened and strengthened the foundations of his fame. No longer ago than 1856, Dr. Maine, formerly Professor of Civil Law in the University of Cambridge, and now a member of Council at Calcutta, spoke of Livingston as "the first legal genius of modern times." But the recognition of his success of which he had most reason to be proud was a letter from his old adversary (we might almost say enemy) Jefferson, who concludes : "Wishing anxiously that your great work may obtain complete success, and become an example for the imitation and improvement of other States, I pray you to be assured of my unabated friendship and respect." Another letter from Jefferson, in 1822, contains this striking passage, referring to a question of government :—

"But age has weaned me from questions of this kind. My delight is now in the passive occupation of reading ; and it is with great reluctance I permit my mind ever to encounter subjects of difficult investigation. You have many years yet to come of vigorous activity, and I confidently trust they will be employed in cherishing every measure which may foster our brotherly union, and perpet-

uate a constitution of government *destined to be the primitive and precious model of what is to change the condition of man over the globe.*"

At the same time he is not blind to the danger :—

"They [the judges] are practising on the constitution by inferences, analogies, and sophisms, as they would on an ordinary law; they do not seem aware that it is not even a *constitution* formed by a single authority, and subject to a single superintendence and control, but that it is a compact of many independent powers, every single one of which claims an equal right to understand it, and to require its observance. However strong the cord of compact may be, there is a point of tension at which it will break."

In July, 1822, whilst Livingston was still employed on his codes, he was re-elected member of Congress, in which he continued to sit till 1830. In the year 1826, he discharged his long-standing debt to the government; and thenceforth there was only one more disappointment, and that not a very severe or irremediable one, in store for him. He lost his election for New Orleans in 1830, very much as Lord Macaulay lost his for Edinburgh in 1847, the opposition being principally caused by his alleged disregard of the local interests of his constituents and his neglect of the personal attentions they deemed their due. The Legislature of Louisiana immediately elected him a senator of the United States, a position which fully satisfied his political ambition, although he was not long permitted to rest in it. It was in the Senate in March, 1830, that he delivered a very remarkable speech, especially memorable on account of the applicability of the principles laid down in it to the existing state of things in North America. The subject was the policy of the government with respect to the public lands; but amongst the mass of relevant or irrelevant topics introduced was the nature of the Federal compact and of the reserved rights of the several States. The opinion of Livingston, the first constitutional lawyer of his time and country, was that the States had respectively surrendered a part, and only a part, of their sovereignty to the Union, and that each would be justified in resorting to any measure of resistance for the assertion and preservation of the rest. After specifying the steps that might be constitutionally taken in the first instance, he proceeds :—

"And, finally, if the act be intolerably oppressive, and they find the general government persevere in enforcing it, by a resort to the natural right which every people have to resist extreme oppression.

"Secondly, if the act be one of those few which in their operation cannot be submitted to the Supreme Court, and be one that will, in the opinion of the State, justify the risk of a withdrawal from the Union, that this last extreme remedy may at once be resorted to.

"That the right of resistance to the operation of an act of Congress, in the extreme cases above alluded to, is not a right derived from the constitution, but can be justified only on the supposition that the constitution has been broken, and the State absolved from its obligation; and that, whenever resorted to, it must be at the risk of all the penalties attached to an unsuccessful resistance to established authority."

In other words, the resisting State would stand precisely in the same relation to the Union in which the colonies conceived themselves to stand to Great Britain, at the commencement of the War of Independence. The apprehended (rapidly becoming actual) evils of the opposite theory are thus stated :—

"That the theory of the Federal Government being the result of the general will of the people of the United States in their aggregate capacity, and founded, in no degree, on compact between the States, would tend to the most disastrous practical results; that it would place three-fourths of the States at the mercy of one-fourth, and lead inevitably to a consolidated government, and finally to monarchy, if the doctrine were generally admitted, and if partially so, and opposed, to civil dissension."

Chatham drew one of his finest figures of speech from the tapestry of the House of Lords. Livingston converted the marble columns of the hall in which he spoke into illustrations :—

"What were they originally? Worthless heaps of unconnected sand and pebbles, washed apart by every wave, blown asunder by every wind. What are they now? Bound together by an indissoluble cement of nature, fashioned by the hand of skill, they are changed into lofty columns, the component parts and the support of a noble edifice, symbols of the union and strength on which alone our government can rest, solid within, polished without; standing firm only by the

rectitude of their position, they are emblems of what senators of the United States should be, and teach us that the slightest obliquity of position would prostrate the structure, and draw with their own fall that of all they support and protect, in one mighty ruin.

The friendship which Livingston had formed for General Jackson at the siege of New Orleans had been gradually cemented by what is almost indispensable to strong mutual regard between active men of mark under free institutions,—the *idem sentire de republicâ*; and in May, 1831, he consented, at the earnest solicitation of the general (then president), to accept the Secretaryship of State vacated by Van Buren. He was so much in the habit of consulting his wife about everything he wrote or did, including his Codes, that she playfully compared herself to the old woman of Molière. On the subject of his appointment, he writes to her, —

“Here I am in the second place in the United States,—some say the first; in the place filled by Jefferson and Madison and Monroe, and by him who filled it before any of them,—my brother; in the place gained by Clay at so great a sacrifice; in the very easy-chair of Adams; in the office which every politician looks to as the last step but one in the ladder of his ambition: in the very cell where the great magician, they say, brewed his spells. Here I am without an effort, uncontrolled by any engagements, unfettered by any promise to party or to man; here I am! and here I have been for a month. I now know what it is; am I happier than I was? The question is not easily answered.”

He was the chief supporter of the government whilst he formed part of it; but his services could only be appreciated by those who are versed in the domestic politics of the United States. One of the most pleasing results of Livingston's tenure of office was the assistance he was enabled to afford to Alexis de Tocqueville in the composition of his great work, “*De la Démocratie en Amérique*.” A graceful note of acknowledgment in the Introduction concludes: “Mr. Livingston is one of those rare men whom we love in reading their writings, whom we admire and honor even before becoming acquainted with them, and to whom we are happy to owe a debt of gratitude.”

On the 29th May, 1833, he resigned the office of Secretary of State, and the same day was appointed Envoy Extraordinary and Minister

Plenipotentiary to France. It appears from his correspondence with Lafayette, one of his earliest and most attached friends, that the French Embassy had been proposed or suggested to him before his acceptance of office in 1831. The special object of his mission was to come to some arrangement with the French Government for the payment of the indemnity agreed to be paid to subjects of the United States for illegal seizures under the Berlin and Milan decrees. The amount had been fixed at twenty-five millions of francs, by a treaty of July, 1831, signed by Louis Philippe; but the sanction of the Chamber of Deputies was required, and this, on a division, was refused by a majority of eight. A ministerial crisis ensued; a breach between France and the United States became imminent: the arbitration of Great Britain was accepted, and the matter was at length satisfactorily arranged. But the intervening proceedings were of a nature to tax the temper and judgment of Livingston to the utmost, and he was allowed on all hands to have hit the happy medium between firmness and conciliation by his diplomacy.* During his visit to Europe he lost no opportunity of obtaining materials or hints for Law Reforms. In a letter dated Paris, February, 1834, to the writer of these pages, he says,—

“Perceiving that some parts of the System of Penal Law which I had prepared for the State of Louisiana have fallen under your notice, it has occurred to me that this whole work might not prove unacceptable, and I therefore have sent a copy to Mr. Vail to be offered to you.

“Should any improvement in your penal or civil jurisprudence be adopted, or even proposed, I will be greatly obliged by a notice of it.”

He was naturally anxious to visit England; but the sudden and peculiar close of his mission compelled him to return direct, and he arrived at New York on the 23d of June, in the “*Constitution*” frigate. His reception was highly flattering from all parties, and he attended some public dinners given to welcome him and do him honor. The most interesting of his last public displays, however, was his appearance in the Supreme

* A brief account of the incident of the American Indemnity, and the ministerial complications to which it gave rise, is given by M. Guizot in his *Memoirs* (vol. iii. pp. 233–237). He maintains the justice of the demand, and substantially confirms Mr Hunt.

Court at Washington, as counsel in the case of the Municipal Authorities of the City of New Orleans, Appellants, *versus* the United States, Respondents : Daniel Webster acting as his junior. An allusion having been made to the Batture Controversy, he said that he had been spared the lasting regret of reflecting that Jefferson had descended to the grave with a feeling of ill-will toward him. "The offended party forgot the injury, and the other performed the more difficult task (if the maxim of a celebrated French author be true) of forgiving the man upon whom he had inflicted it."

This was in January, 1836. He was taken ill in the following month, and on the 23d of May, 1836, within five days of the completion of his seventy-second year, he expired, "easily, serenely, and cheerfully, surrounded by his family and many of his friends." His death at this ripe age was regarded by those who knew him as premature, for none of them had come to regard him as an old man; and it was remarked that his black hair, resting on the pillow of his coffin, presented a striking contrast to the record of his years inscribed on the lid.

This book ends with an estimate of Livingston's qualities by his biographer, and begins (by way of introduction) with a summary of his services, by Mr. Bancroft, the historian. The biographer says,—

"As for his intellect, it was one of general acuteness and uniform power, without any dull side or any dazzling gift; just as his writings and speeches present few salient, distinct, and quotable beauties, but rather a steady felicity, a constant power, and a pervading eloquence.

"But this grand capacity was not perfectly rounded. One faculty it signally lacked. At no period of his life was he competent, practically, to manage financial affairs. In this one regard he was not much more than a child. It was as if a guardian genius had purchased for him gifts sufficing for all other emergencies, by debarring him from one important endowment which even the stupid often possess. If the dull favorites of Mammon ever envied his shining parts, they perhaps found comfort in the substance of the maxim from Chaucer,—

"The gretest clerkes ben not the wisest men."

The greatest statesmen are not less open to the imputed weakness than "the gretest clerkes," and genius has been so often as-

sociated with irregularity that poor human nature must be content to bear a full share of the reproach. Bacon, Pitt, Fox, Sheridan, Mackintosh, Gentz, Scott, Lamartine, are a few amongst innumerable examples of the loss of comfort and independence, possibly of self-respect, and (in the case of the "brightest meanest") of fair fame through improvidence.

Mr. Bancroft recapitulates Livingston's public and private virtues, and dwells exultingly on the fact that the adviser of Jackson in a crisis of the Constitution was "one who to the clearest perceptions and the firmest purpose added a calm conciliating benignity, and the venerableness of age enhanced by a world-wide fame." He then proceeds,—

"That fame was due to the fact, that Edward Livingston, more than any other man, was the representative of the system of penal and legal reform which flows by necessity from the nature of our institutions. The code which he prepared at the instance of the State of Louisiana is in its simplicity, completeness, and humanity *at once an impersonation of the man, and an exposition of the American constitutions*. If it has never yet been adopted as a whole, it has proved an un-failing fountain of reforms, suggested by its principles. In this work, more than in any other, may be seen the character and life-long faith of the author. The great doctrines which it develops will, as time advances, be more and more nearly reduced to practice; for they are but the expression of true philanthropy, and, as even the heathen said, 'Man loves his fellow-man, whether he will or no.'"

The first half of this paragraph is fortunately qualified and expanded by the last. It sounds almost like a contradiction in terms to say that Livingston's Code was at once an impersonation of the man *and* an exposition of the American constitutions,—those constitutions which are cracking and crumbling as we write. There was nothing local, limited, provincial, conventional, nor even national, in or about the system or the man; he never gave up to party what was meant for mankind; he and his work were essentially cosmopolitan: if asked for his country, he might have pointed, like the Grecian sage, to heaven; and it is as a citizen of the world, not as a citizen of an American republic, that he will be consulted, cited, interpreted, practically applied, and hailed as an honored guide, by the generations of converts yet unborn that are promised him.

BEFORE VICKSBURG.

May 19, 1863.

BY GEORGE H. BOKER.

WHILE Sherman stood beneath the hottest fire
That from the lines of Vicksburg gleamed,
And bombshells tumbled in their smokey gyre,
And grape-shot hissed, and case-shot screamed;
Back from the front there came,
Weeping and sorely lame,
The merest child, the youngest face
Man ever saw in such a fearful place.

Stifling his tears, he limped his chief to meet;
But when he paused, and tottering stood,
Around the circle of his little feet
There spread a pool of bright, young blood.
Shocked at his doleful case,
Sherman cried, "Halt! front face!"
Who are you? Speak, my gallant boy!"
"A drummer, sir,—Fifty-fifth Illinois."

"Are you not hit?" "That's nothing. Only
send
Some cartridges; our men are out;
And the foe press us." "But, my little friend;"
"Don't mind me! Did you hear that shout?
What if our men be driven?
Oh, for the love of Heaven,
Send to my colonel, general dear!"
"But you?" "Oh, I shall easily find the
rear."

"I'll see to that," cried Sherman; and a drop
Angels might envy dimmed his eye,
As the boy, toiling toward the hill's hard top,
Turned round, and with his shrill child's cry
Shouted, "Oh, don't forget!
We'll win the battle yet!
But let our soldiers have some more,—
More cartridges, sir,—calibre fifty-four!"
—*Atlantic Monthly.*

TO-MORROW.

In the downhill of life, when I find I'm declin-
ing,
May my lot no less fortunate be
Than a snug elbow-chair can afford for reclining,
And a cot that o'erlooks the wide sea;
With an ambling pad-pony to pace o'er the lawn,
While I carol away idle sorrow,
And blithe as the lark that each day hails the
dawn,
Look forward with hope for to-morrow.

With a porch at my door, both for shelter and
shade, too,
As the sunshine or rain may prevail;
And a small spot of ground for the use of the
spade, too,
With a barn for the use of the flail;

A cow for my dairy, a dog for my game,
And a purse when a friend wants to borrow;
I'll envy no nabob his riches or fame,
Nor what honors await him to-morrow.

From the bleak northern blast may my cot be
completely
Secured by a neighboring hill;
And at night may repose steal upon me more
sweetly
By the sound of a murmuring rill;
And while peace and plenty I find at my board,
With a heart free from sickness and sorrow,
With my friends may I share what to-day may
afford,
And let them spread the table to-morrow.

And when I at last must throw off this frail cov-
ering,
Which I've worn for threescore years and ten,
On the brink of the grave I'll not seek to keep
hovering,
Nor my thread wish to spin o'er again;
But my face in the glass I'll serenely survey,
And with smiles count each wrinkle and fur-
row;
As this old worn-out stuff, which is threadbare
to-day,
May become everlasting to-morrow.

UNWRITTEN.

I MAY not tell who told it me,
I may not tell what mystic art,
What charm of nature's ministry,
Invoked the secret in my heart,

But it is mine to have, to hold,
A perfect poem, full, complete,
With all its passions fairly told
In matchless verses pure and sweet,

A perfect poem, though unwrit;
And so forever it shall be:
What grace of word or praise were fit
To trace its subtle imagery?

My pen would do it too much wrong;
Perchance my tuneless mind would show
Its sorry discords in the song
That now is even in its flow.

And struggling bards whose words are gold,
Let them be jealous as they may!
My secret shall be kept untold,
This ingot hid from their essay.

Still all my own, my claim is wide;
Of care and pain, of sin and strife;
I drink the wine that flows within,
And feel its current in my life.

PART XIV.—CHAPTER XLIII.

THESE were eventful days in Grange Lane, when gossip was not nearly rapid enough to follow the march of events. When Mr. Wentworth went to lunch with his family, the two sisters kept together in the drawing-room, which seemed again reconsecrated to the purposes of life. Lucy had not much inclination just at that moment to move out of her chair; she was not sociable, to tell the truth, nor disposed to talk even about the new prospects which were brightening over both. She even took out her needlework, to the disgust of her sister. "When there are so many things to talk about, and so much to be considered," Miss Wodehouse said, with a little indignation; and wondered within herself whether Lucy was really insensible to "what had happened," or whether the sense of duty was strong upon her little sister even in the height of her happiness. A woman of greater experience or discrimination might have perceived that Lucy had retired into that sacred silence, sweetest of all youthful privileges, in which she could dream over to herself the wonderful hour which had just come to an end, and the fair future of which it was the gateway. As for Miss Wodehouse herself, she was in a flutter, and could not get over the sense of haste and confusion which this last new incident had brought upon her. Things were going too fast around her, and the timid woman was out of breath. Lucy's composure at such a moment, and, above all, the production of her needlework, were beyond the comprehension of the elder sister.

"My dear," said Miss Wodehouse, with an effort, "I don't doubt that these poor people are badly off, and I am sure it is very good of you to work for them; but if you will only think how many things there are to do! My darling, I am afraid you will have to—to make your own dresses in future, which is what I never thought to see," she said, putting her handkerchief to her eyes; "and we have not had any talk about anything, Lucy, and there are so many things to talk of!" Miss Wodehouse, who was moving about the room as she spoke, began to lift her own books and special property off the centre-table. The books were principally ancient annuals in pretty bindings, which no representation on Lucy's part could induce her to think out of date; and among her other

possessions was a little desk in Indian mosaic, of ivory, which had been an institution in the house from Lucy's earliest recollection. "And these are yours, Lucy dear," said Miss Wodehouse, standing up on a chair to take down from the wall two little pictures which hung side by side. They were copies both, and neither of great value; one representing the San Sisto Madonna, and the other a sweet St. Agnes, whom Lucy had in her earlier days taken to her heart. Lucy's slumbering attention was roused by this sacrilegious act. She gave a little scream, and dropped her work out of her hands.

"What do I mean?" said Miss Wodehouse; "indeed, Lucy dear, we must look it in the face. It is not our drawing-room any longer, you know." Here she made a pause, and sighed; but somehow a vision of the other drawing-room which was awaiting her in the new rectory, made the prospect less doleful than it might have been. She cleared up in a surprising way as she turned to look at her own property on the table. "My Cousin Jack gave me this," said the gentle woman, brushing a little dust off her pretty desk. "When it came first, there was nothing like it in Carlingford, for that was before Colonel Chiley and those other Indian people had settled here. Jack was rather fond of me in those days, you know, though I never cared for him," the elder sister continued, with a smile. "Poor fellow! they say he was not happy when he was married." Though this was rather a sad fact, Miss Wodehouse announced it not without a certain gentle satisfaction. "And, Lucy dear, it is our duty to put aside our own things; they were all presents, you know," she said, standing up on the chair again to reach down the St. Agnes, which, ever since Lucy had been confirmed, had hung opposite to her on the wall.

"Oh, don't, don't!" cried Lucy. In that little bit of time, not more than five minutes as it appeared, the familiar room, which had just heard the romance of her youth, had come to have a dismantled and desolated look. The agent of this destruction, who saw in her mind's eye a new scene, altogether surpassing the old, looked complacently upon her work, and piled the abstracted articles on the top of each other, with a pleasant sense of property.

"And your little chair and work-table are

yours," said Miss Wodehouse; "they were always considered yours. You worked the chair yourself, though perhaps Miss Gibbons helped you a little; and the table, you know, was sent home the day you were eighteen. It was—a present, you remember. Don't cry, my darling, don't cry; oh, I am sure I did not mean anything!" cried Miss Wodehouse, putting down the St. Agnes and flying to her sister, about whom she threw her arms. "My hands are all dusty, dear," said the repentant woman; "but you know, Lucy, we must look it in the face, for it is not our drawing-room now. Tom may come in any day and say,—oh, dear, dear, here is some one coming up-stairs!"

Lucy extricated herself from her sister's arms when she heard footsteps outside. "If it is anybody who has a right to come, I suppose we are able to receive them," she said, and sat erect over her needlework, with a changed countenance, not condescending so much as to look toward the door.

"But what if it should be Tom? Oh, Lucy dear, don't be uncivil to him," said the elder sister. Miss Wodehouse even made a furtive attempt to replace the things, in which she was indignantly stopped by Lucy. "But, my dear, perhaps it is Tom," said the alarmed woman, and sank trembling into a chair against the St. Agnes, which had just been deposited there.

"It does not matter who it is," said Lucy, with dignity. For her own part, she felt too much aggrieved to mention his name,—aggrieved by her own ignorance, by the deception that had been practised upon her, by the character of the man whom she was obliged to call her brother, and chiefly by his existence, which was the principal grievance of all. Lucy's brief life had been embellished, almost ever since she had been capable of independent action, by deeds and thoughts of mercy. With her whole heart she was a disciple of Him who came to seek the lost; notwithstanding, a natural human sentiment in her heart protested against the existence of this man, who brought shame and distress into the family without any act of theirs, and who injured everybody he came in contact with. When the thought of Rosa Elsworthy occurred to her, a burning blush came upon Lucy's cheek—why were such men permitted in God's world? To be sure, when she came to be aware of what she was

thinking, Lucy felt guilty, and called herself a Pharisee, and said a prayer in her heart for the man who had upset all her cherished ideas of her family and home; but, after all, *that* was an afterthought, and did not alter her instinctive sense of repulsion and indignation. All this swept rapidly through her mind while she sat awaiting the entrance of the person or persons who were approaching the door.

"If it is the—the owner of the house; it will be best to tell him what things you mean to remove," said Lucy; and before Miss Wodehouse could answer, the door was opened. They started, however, to perceive not Wodehouse, but a personage of very different appearance, who came in with an easy air of polite apology, and looked at them with eyes which recalled to Lucy the eyes which had been gazing into her own scarcely an hour ago. "Pardon me," said this unlooked-for visitor; "your brother, Miss Wodehouse, finds some difficulty in explaining himself to relations from whom he has been separated so long. Not to interfere with family privacy, will you let me assist at the conference?" said Jack Wentworth. "My brother, I understand, is a friend of yours, and your brother—is a—hem—a friend of mine," the diplomatist added, scarcely able to avoid making a wry face over the statement. Wodehouse came in behind, looking an inch or two taller for that acknowledgment, and sat down, confronting his sisters, who were standing on the defensive. The heir, too, had a strong sense of property, as was natural, and the disarrangement of the room struck him in the point of view, especially as Miss Wodehouse continued to prop herself up against the St. Agnes in the back of her chair. Wodehouse looked from the wall to the table, and saw what appeared to him a clear case of intended spoliation. "By Jove, they didn't mean to go empty-handed," said the vagabond, who naturally judged according to his own standard, and knew no better. Upon which Lucy, rising with youthful state and dignity, took the explanation upon herself.

"I do not see why we should have the mortification of a spectator," said Lucy, who already, having been engaged three-quarters of an hour, felt deeply disinclined to reveal the weak points of her own family to the inspection of the Wentworths. "All

that there is to explain can be done very simply. Thank you, I will not sit down. Up to this time we may be allowed to imagine ourselves in our own—in our father's house. What we have to say is simple enough."

"But pardon me, my dear Miss Wodehouse"—said Jack Wentworth.

"My sister is Miss Wodehouse," said Lucy. "What there is to settle had better be arranged with our—our brother. If he will tell us precisely when he wishes us to go away, we shall be ready. Mary is going to be married," she went on, turning round so as to face Wodehouse, and addressing him pointedly, though she did not look at him,—to the exclusion of Jack, who, experienced man as he was, felt disconcerted, and addressed himself with more precaution to a task which was less easy than he supposed.

"Oh, Lucy!" cried Miss Wodehouse, with a blush worthy of eighteen. It was perhaps the first time that the fact had been so broadly stated, and the sudden announcement made before two men overwhelmed the timid woman. Then she was older than Lucy, and had picked up in the course of her career one or two inevitable scraps of experience, and she could not but wonder with a momentary qualm what Mr. Proctor might think of his brother-in-law. Lucy, who thought Mr. Proctor only too well off, went on without regarding her sister's exclamation.

"I do not know when the marriage is to be; I don't suppose they have fixed it yet," said Lucy; "but it appears to me that it would save us all some trouble if we were allowed to remain until that time. I do not mean to ask any favor," she said, with a little more sharpness and less dignity. "We could pay rent for that matter, if—if it were desired. She is your sister," said Lucy, suddenly looking Wodehouse in the face, "as well as mine. I dare say she has done as much for you as she has for me. I don't ask any favor for her; but I would cut off my little finger if that would please her," cried the excited young woman, with a wildness of illustration so totally out of keeping with the matter referred to, that Miss Wodehouse, in the midst of her emotion, could scarcely restrain a scream of terror; "and you too might be willing to do something; you cannot have any kind of feeling for me," Lucy continued, recovering herself; "but

you might perhaps have some feeling for Mary. If we can be permitted to remain until her marriage takes place, it may perhaps bring about—a feeling—more like—relations; and I shall be able to."

"Forgive you," Lucy was about to say, but fortunately stopped herself in time; for it was the fact of his existence that she had to forgive, and naturally such an amount of toleration was difficult to explain. As for Wodehouse himself, he listened to this appeal with very mingled feelings. Some natural admiration and liking woke in his dull mind as Lucy spoke. He was not destitute of good impulses, nor of the ordinary human affections. His little sister was pretty, and a lady, and clever enough to put Jack Wentworth much more in the background than usual. He said "By Jove" to himself three or four times over in his beard, and, showed a little emotion when she said he could have no feeling for her. At that point of Lucy's address he moved about uneasily in his chair, and plucked at his beard, and felt himself anything but comfortable. "By Jove, I never had a chance," the prodigal said, in his undertone. "I might have cared a deal for her if I had had a chance. She might have done a fellow good, by Jove," mutterings of which Lucy took no manner of notice, but proceeded with her speech. When she had ended, and it became apparent that an answer was expected of him, Wodehouse flushed all over with the embarrassment of the position. He cleared his throat, he shifted his eyes, which were embarrassed by Lucy's gaze, he pushed his chair from the table, and made various attempts to collect himself, but at last ended by a pitiful appeal to Jack Wentworth, who had been looking seriously on. "You might come to a fellow's assistance!" cried Wodehouse. "By Jove, it was for that you came here."

"The Miss Wodehouses evidently prefer to communicate with their brother direct," said Jack Wentworth, "which is a very natural sentiment. If I interfere, it is simply because I have had the advantage of talking the matter over, and understanding a little what you mean. Miss Wodehouse, your brother is not disposed to act the part of a domestic tyrant. He has come here to offer you the house, which must have so many tender associations for you, not for a short period, as you wish, but for"—

"I didn't know she was going to be married," exclaimed Wodehouse; "that makes all the difference, by Jove. Lucy will marry fast enough; but as for Mary, I never thought she would hook any one at her time of life," said the vagabond, with a rude laugh. He turned to Lucy, not knowing any better, and with some intention of pleasing her; but being met by a look of indignation under which he faltered, he went back to his natural rôle of sulky insolence. "By Jove, when I gave in to make such an offer, I never thought she had a chance of getting married," said the heir. "I ain't going to give what belongs to me to another man"—

"Your brother wishes," said Jack Wentworth, calmly, "to make over the house and furniture as it stands to you and your sister, Miss Wodehouse. Of course it is not to be expected that he should be sorry to get his father's property; but he is sorry that there should be no—no provision for you. He means that you should have the house"—

"But I never thought she was going to be married, by Jove!" protested the rightful owner. "Look here, Molly; you shall have the furniture. The house would sell for a good bit of money. I tell you, Wentworth"—

Jack Wentworth did not move from the mantelpiece where he was standing, but he cast a glance upon his unlucky follower which froze the words on his lips. "My good fellow, you are quite at liberty to decline my mediation in your affairs. Probably you can manage them better in your own way," said Wodehouse's hero. "I can only beg the Miss Wodehouses to pardon my intrusion." Jack Wentworth's first step toward the door let loose a flood of nameless terrors upon the soul of his victim. If he were abandoned by his powerful protector, what would become of him? His very desire of money, and the avarice which prompted him to grudge making any provision for his sisters, was, after all, not real avarice, but the spendthrift's longing for more to spend. The house which he was sentenced to give up, represented not so much gold and silver, but so many pleasures, fine dinners, and bad company. He could order the dinners by himself, it is true, and get men like himself to eat them; but the fine people—the men who had once been fine, and who still retained a certain tarnished glory—were, so far as Wodehouse was con-

cerned, entirely in Jack Wentworth's keeping. He made a piteous appeal to his patron as the great man turned to go away.

"I don't see what good it can do *you* to rob a poor fellow!" cried Wodehouse. "But look here, I aint going to turn against your advice. I'll give it them, by Jove, for life,—that is for Mary's life," said the munificent brother. "She's twenty years older than Lucy"—

"How do you dare to subject us to such insults?" cried the indignant Lucy, whose little hand clinched involuntarily in her passion. She had a great deal of self-control, but she was not quite equal to such an emergency; and it was all she could do to keep from stamping her foot, which was the only utterance of rage possible to a gentlewoman in her position. "I would rather see my father's house desecrated by you living in it," she cried passionately, "than accept it as a gift from your hands. Mary, we are not obliged to submit to this. Let us rather go away at once. I will not remain in the same room with this man!" cried Lucy. She was so overwhelmed with her unwonted passion that she lost all command of her position, and even of herself, and was false for the moment to all her sweet codes of womanly behavior. "How dare you, sir!" she cried, in the sudden storm, for which nobody was prepared. "We will remove the things belonging to us, with which nobody has any right to interfere, and we will leave immediately. Mary, come with me!" When she had said this, Lucy swept out of the room, pale as a little fury, and feeling in her heart a savage female inclination to strike Jack Wentworth, who opened the door for her, with her little white clinched hand. Too much excited to remark whether her sister had followed her, Lucy ran upstairs to her room, and there gave way to the inevitable tears. Coming to herself after that was a terribly humbling process to the little Anglican. She had never fallen into "a passion" before that she knew of, certainly never since nursery times; and often enough her severe serene girlhood had looked reproving and surprised upon the tumults of Prickett's Lane, awing the belligerents into at least temporary silence. Now poor Lucy sat and cried over her downfall; she had forgotten herself; she had been conscious of an inclination to stamp, to scold, even to strike, in the vehemence of her indignation; and she

was utterly overpowered by the thought of her guiltiness. "The very first temptation!" she said to herself; and made terrible reflections upon her own want of strength and endurance. To-day, too, of all days, when God had been so good to her! "If I yield to the first temptation like this, how shall I ever endure to the end?" cried Lucy, and in her heart thought, with a certain longing, of the sacrament of penance, and tried to think what she could do that would be most disagreeable,—to the mortifying of the flesh. Perhaps if she had possessed a more lively sense of humor, another view of the subject might have struck Lucy; but humor, fortunately for the unity of human sentiment, is generally developed at a later period of life, and Lucy's fit of passion only made her think with greater tenderness and toleration of her termagants in Prickett's Lane.

The three who were left down-stairs were in their different ways impressed by Lucy's passion. Jack Wentworth, being a man of humor and cultivation, was amused, but respectful, as having still a certain faculty of appreciating absolute purity when he saw it. As for Wodehouse, he gave another rude laugh, but was cowed in spite of himself, and felt involuntarily what a shabby wretch he was, recognizing that fact more impressively from the contempt of Lucy's pale face than he could have done through hours of argument. Miss Wodehouse, for her part, though very anxious and nervous, was not without an interest in the question under discussion. She was not specially horrified by her brother, or anything he could say or do. He was Tom to her,—a boy with whom she had once played, and whom she had shielded with all her sisterly might in his first transgressions. She had suffered a great deal more by his means than Lucy could ever suffer, and consequently was more tolerant of him. She kept her seat with the St. Agnes in the chair behind, and watched the course of events with anxious steadiness. She did not care for money any more than Lucy did; but she could not help thinking it would be very pleasant if she could produce one good action on "poor Tom's" part to plead for him against any possible criticisms of the future. Miss Wodehouse was old enough to know that her rector was not an ideal hero, but an ordinary man, and it was quite possible that he might point a future moral now

and then with "that brother of yours my dear." The elder sister waited accordingly, with her heart beating quick, to know the decision, very anxious that she might have at least one generous deed to record to the advantage of poor Tom.

"I think we are quite decided on the point," said Jack Wentworth. "Knowing your sentiments, Wodehouse, I left directions with Waters about the papers. I think you will find him quite to be trusted, Miss Wodehouse, if you wish to consult him about letting or selling?"—

"By Jove!" exclaimed Wodehouse, under his breath.

"Which, I suppose," continued the superb Jack, "you will wish to do under the pleasant circumstances, upon which I beg to offer you my congratulations. Now, Tom, my good fellow, I am at your service. I think we have done our business here."

Wodehouse got up in his sulking, reluctant way like a lazy dog. "I suppose you won't try to move the furniture now?" he said. These were the only adieux he intended to make, and perhaps they might have been expressed with still less civility, had not Jack Wentworth been standing waiting for him at the door.

"Oh, Tom! I am so thankful you have done it," cried Miss Wodehouse. "It is not that I care for the money; but oh, Tom, I am so glad to think nobody can say anything now." She followed them wistfully to the door, not giving up hopes of a kinder parting. "I think it is very kind and nice of you, and what dear papa would have wished," said the elder sister, forgetting how all her father's plans had been brought to nothing; "and of course you will live here all the same?" she said with a little eagerness, that is till—till—as long as we are here"—

"Good-by, Miss Wodehouse," said Jack Wentworth. "I don't think either your brother or I will stay much longer in Carlingford. You must accept my best wishes for your happiness all the same."

"You are very kind, I am sure," said the embarrassed bride; "and oh, Tom, you will surely say good-by? Say good-by once as if you meant it; don't go away as if you did not care. Tom, I always was very fond of you; and don't you feel a little different to us, now you've done us a kindness?" cried Miss Wodehouse, going out after him to the

landing-place. But Wodehouse was in no humor to be gracious. Instead of paying any attention to her, he looked regretfully at the property he had lost.

"Good-by," he said vaguely. "By Jove! I know better than Jack Wentworth does the value of property. We might have had a jolly month at Homburg out of that old place," said the prodigal, with regret, as he went down the old-fashioned oak stair. That was his farewell to the house which he had entered so disastrously on the day of his father's funeral. He followed his leader with a sulky aspect through the garden, not venturing to disobey, but yet feeling the weight of his chains. And this was how Wodehouse accomplished his personal share in the gift to his sisters, of which Miss Wodehouse told everybody that it was "so good of Tom!"

CHAPTER XLIV.

"GOING to be married!" said the squire; "and to a sister of——. I thought you told me she was as old as Dora, Frank? I did not expect to meet with any further complications," the old man said plaintively; "of course you know very well I don't object to your marrying; but why on earth did you let me speak of Wentworth Rectory to Huxtable?" cried Mr. Wentworth. He was almost more impatient about this new variety in the family circumstances than he had been of more serious distresses. "God bless me, sir," said the squire, "what do you mean by it? You take means to affront your aunts and lose Skelmersdale; and then you put it into my head to have Mary at Wentworth; and then you quarrel with the rector, and get into hot water in Carlingford; and, to make an end of all, you coolly propose to an innocent young woman, and tell me you are going to marry; what on earth do you mean?"

"I am going to marry sometime, sir, I hope," said the Perpetual Curate, with more cheerfulness than he felt; "but not at the present moment. Of course we both know that is impossible. I should like you to come with me and see her before you leave Carlingford. She would like it, and so should I."

"Well, well," said the squire. Naturally, having been married so often himself, he could not refuse a certain response to such a call upon his sympathy. "I hope you have

made a wise choice," said the experienced father, not without a sigh; "a great deal depends upon that: not only your own comfort, sir, but very often the character of your children and the credit of the family. You may laugh," said Mr. Wentworth, to whom it was no laughing matter; "but long before you are as old as I am, you will know the truth of what I say. Your mother, Frank, was a specimen of what a woman ought to be,—not to speak of her own children, there was nobody else who ever knew how to manage Gerald and Jack. Of course I am not speaking of Mrs. Wentworth, who has her nursery to occupy her," said the squire, apologetically. "I hope you have made a judicious choice."

"I hope so too," said Frank, who was somewhat amused by this view of the question, "though I am not aware of having exercised any special choice in the matter," he added with a laugh. "However, I want you to come with me and see her, and then you will be able to judge for yourself."

The squire shook his head, and looked as if he had travelled back into the heavy roll of family distresses. "I don't mean to upbraid you, Frank," he said; "I dare say you have done what you thought was your duty; but I think you might have taken a little pains to satisfy your Aunt Leonora. You see what Gerald has made of it, with all his decorations and nonsense. That is a dreadful drawback with you clergymen. You fix your eyes so on one point that you get to think things important that are not in the least important. Could you imagine a man of the world like Jack—he is not what I could wish, but still he is a man of the world," said the squire, who was capable of contradicting himself with perfect composure without knowing it. "Can you imagine *him* risking his prospects for a bit of external decoration? I don't mind it myself," said Mr. Wentworth, impartially; "I don't pretend to see, for my own part, why flowers at Easter should be considered more superstitious than holly at Christmas; but bless my soul, sir, when your aunt thought so, what was the good of running right in her face for such a trifle? I never could understand you parsons," the squire said, with an impatient sigh; "nobody, that I know of, ever considered me mercenary; but to ruin your own

prospects, all for a trumpery bunch of flowers, and then to come and tell me you want to marry"—

This was before luncheon, when Frank and his father were together in the dining-room waiting for the other members of the family, who began to arrive at this moment, and prevented any farther discussion. After all, perhaps, it was a little ungenerous of the squire to press his son so hard on the subject of those innocent Easter lilies, long ago withered, which certainly, looked at from this distance, did not appear important enough to sacrifice any prospects for. This was all the harder upon the unfortunate curate, as even at the time his conviction of their necessity had not proved equal to the satisfactory settlement of the question. Miss Wentworth's cook was an *artiste* so irreproachable that the luncheon provided was in itself perfect; but notwithstanding, it was an uncomfortable meal. Miss Leonora, in consequence of the contest going on in her own mind, was in an explosive and highly dangerous condition, not safe to be spoken to; and as for the squire, he could not restrain the chance utterances of his impatience. Frank, who did his best to make himself agreeable as magnanimity required, had the mortification of hearing himself discussed in different tones of disapprobation while he ate his cold beef; for Mr. Wentworth's broken sentences were not long of putting the party in possession of the new event, and the Perpetual Curate found himself the object of many wondering and pitying glances in none of which could he read pure sympathy, much less congratulation. Even Gerald looked at him with a little elevation of his eyebrows, as if wondering how anybody could take the trouble to occupy his mind with such trifling temporal affairs as love and marriage. It was a wonderful relief to the unfortunate curate when Miss Leonora had finished her glass of Madeira, and rose from the table. He had no inclination to go up-stairs, for his own part.

"When you are ready, sir, you will find me in the garden," he said to his father, who was to leave Carlingford next morning, and whom he had set his heart on taking to see Lucy. But his walk in the garden was far from being delightful to Frank. It even occurred to him, for a moment, that it would be a very good thing if a man could cut himself adrift from his relations at such a crisis

of his life. After all, it was his own business,—the act most essentially personal of his entire existence; and then, with a little softening, he began to think of the girls at home,—of the little sister, who had a love-story of her own; and of Letty, who was Frank's favorite, and had often confided to him the enthusiasm she would feel for his bride. "If she is nice," Letty was in the habit of adding, "and of course she will be nice," and at that thought the heart of the young lover escaped, and put forth its wings, and went off into that heaven of ideal excellence and beauty, more sweet, because more vague, than anything real, which stands instead of the old working-day skies and clouds at such a period of life. He had to drop down from a great height, and get rid in all haste of his celestial pinions, when he heard his Aunt Dora calling him; and his self-command was not sufficient to conceal, as he obeyed that summons, a certain annoyed expression in his face.

"Frank," said Miss Dora, coming softly after him with her handkerchief held over her head as a defence from the sun,—“oh, Frank, I want to speak to you. I couldn't say anything at lunch because of everybody being there. If you would only stop a moment till I get my breath. Frank, my dear boy, I wish you joy, I do wish you joy with all my heart. I should so like just to go and kiss her, and tell her I shall love her for your sake."

"You will soon love her for her own sake," said Frank, to whom even this simple-minded sympathy was very grateful; "she is a great deal better than I am."

"There is just one thing," said Miss Dora. "Oh, Frank, my dear, you know, I don't pretend to be clever, like Leonora, or able to give you advice; but there *is* one thing. You know you have nothing to marry upon, and all has gone wrong. You are not to have Wentworth, and you are not to have Skelmersdale, and I think the family is going out of its senses not to see who is the most worthy. You have got nothing to live upon, my dear, dear boy!" said Miss Dora, withdrawing the handkerchief from her head in the excitement of the moment, to apply it to her eyes.

"That is true enough," said the Perpetual Curate; "but then we have not made up our minds that we must marry immediately"—

"Frank," said Aunt Dora, with solemnity, breaking into his speech, "there is just *one*

thing; and I can't hold my tongue, though it may be very foolish, and they will all say it is my fault." It was a very quiet summer-day, but still there was a faint rustle in the branches which alarmed the timid woman. She put her hand upon her nephew's arm, and hastened him on to the little summer-house in the wall, which was her special retirement. "Nobody ever comes here," said Miss Dora; "they will never think of looking for us here. I am sure I never interfere with Leonora's arrangements, nor take anything upon myself; but there is one thing, Frank"—

"Yes," said the curate. "I understand what you mean: you are going to warn me about love in a cottage, and how foolish it would be to marry upon nothing; but, my dear aunt, we are not going to do anything rash; there is no such dreadful haste; don't be agitated about it," said the young man, with a smile. He was half-amused and half-irritated by the earnestness which almost took away the poor lady's breath.

"You *don't* know what I mean," said Aunt Dora. "Frank, you know very well I never interfere; but I can't help being agitated when I see you on the brink of such a precipice. Oh, my dear boy, don't be over-persuaded. There *is* one thing, and I must say it if I should die." She had to pause a little to recover her voice, for haste and excitement had a tendency to make her inarticulate. "Frank," said Miss Dora again, more solemnly than ever, "whatever you may be obliged to do,—though you were to write novels, or take pupils, or do translations—oh, Frank, don't look at me like that, as if I were going crazy. Whatever you may have to do, oh, my dear, there is one thing—don't go and break people's hearts, and put it off, and put it off, till it never happens!" cried the trembling little woman, with a sudden burst of tears. "Don't say you can wait, for you can't wait, and you oughtn't to!" sobbed Miss Dora. She subsided altogether into her handkerchief and her chair as she uttered this startling and wholly unexpected piece of advice, and lay there in a little heap, all dissolving and floating away, overcome with her great effort, while her nephew stood looking at her from a height of astonishment almost too extreme for wondering. If the trees could have found a voice and counselled his immediate marriage, he could scarcely have been more surprised.

"You think I am losing my senses too," said Aunt Dora; "but that is because you don't understand me. Oh, Frank, my dear boy, there was once a time!—perhaps everybody has forgotten it except me; but I have not forgotten it. They treated me like a baby, and Leonora had everything her own way. I don't mean to say it was not for the best," said the aggrieved woman. "I know everything is for the best, if we could but see it; and perhaps Leonora was right when she said I never could have struggled with— with a family, nor lived on a poor man's income. My dear, it was before your Uncle Charley died; and when we became rich, it—didn't matter," said Miss Dora; "it was all over before then. Oh, Frank! if I hadn't experience, I wouldn't say a word. I don't interfere about your opinions like Leonora. There is *just one* thing," cried the poor lady through her tears. Perhaps it was the recollection of the past which overcame Miss Dora, perhaps the force of habit which had made it natural for her to cry when she was much moved; but the fact is certain, that the squire, when he came to the door of the summer-house in search of Frank, found his sister weeping bitterly, and his son making efforts to console her, in which some sympathy was mingled with a certain half-amusement. Frank, like Lucy, felt tempted to laugh at the elderly romance; and yet his heart expanded warmly to his tender, little, foolish aunt, who, after all, might once have been young and in love like himself, though it was so odd to realize it. Mr. Wentworth, for his part, saw no humor whatever in the scene. He thought nothing less than that some fresh complication had taken place. Jack had committed some new enormity, or there was bad news from Charley in Malta. or unpleasant letters had come from home. "Bless my soul, sir, something new has happened," said the squire; and he was scarcely reassured, when Miss Dora stumbled up from her chair in great confusion, and wiped the tears from her eyes. He was suspicious of this meeting in the summer-house, which seemed a quite unnecessary proceeding to Mr. Wentworth; and though he flattered himself he understood women, he could not give any reasonable explanation to himself of Dora's tears.

"It is nothing, nothing at all," said Miss Dora: "it was not Frank's doing in the least; he is always so considerate, and such

a dear fellow. Thank you, my dear boy ; my head is a little better ; I think I will go in and lie down," said the unlucky aunt. "You are not to mind me now, for I have quite got over my little attack ; I always was so nervous," said Miss Dora ; "and I sometimes wonder whether it isn't the Wentworth complaint coming on," she added, with a natural female artifice which was not without its effect.

"I wish you would not talk nonsense," said the squire. "The Wentworth complaint is nothing to laugh at, but you are perfectly aware that it never attacks women." Mr. Wentworth spoke with a little natural irritation, displeased to have his prerogative interfered with. When a man has all the suffering attendant upon a special complaint, it is hard not to have all the dignity. He felt so much and so justly annoyed by Miss Dora's vain pretensions, that he forgot his anxiety about the secret conference in the summer-house. "Women take such fantastic ideas into their heads," he said to his son as they went away together. "Your aunt Dora is the kindest soul in the world ; but now and then, sir, she is very absurd," said the squire. He could not get this presumptuous notion out of his head, but returned to it again and again, even after they had got into Grange Lane. "It has been in our family for two hundred years," said Mr. Wentworth ; "and I don't think there is a single instance of its attacking a woman,—not even slightly, sir," the squire added, with irritation, as if Frank had taken the part of the female members of the family, which indeed the curate had no thought of doing.

Miss Dora, for her part, having made this very successful diversion, escaped to the house, and to her own room, where she indulged in a headache all the afternoon, and certain tender recollections which were a wonderful resource at all times to the soft-hearted woman. "Oh, my dear boy, don't be over-persuaded," she had whispered into Frank's ear as she left him ; and her remonstrance, simple as it was, had, no doubt, produced a considerable effect upon the mind of the Perpetual Curate. He could not help thinking, as they emerged into the road, that it was chiefly the impatient and undutiful who secured their own happiness, or what they imagined to be their happiness. Those who were constant and patient, and able to deny

themselves, instead of being rewarded for their higher qualities, were, on the contrary, put to the full test of the strength that was in them ; while those who would not wait attained what they wanted, and on the whole, as to other matters, got on just as well as their stronger-minded neighbors. This germ of thought, it may be supposed, was stimulated into very warm life by the reflection that Lucy would have to leave Carlingford with her sister, without any definite prospect of returning again ; and a certain flush of impatience came over the young man, not unnatural in the circumstances. It seemed to him that everybody else took their own way without waiting ; and why should it be so certain that he alone, whose "way" implied harm to no one, should be the only man condemned to wait ? Thus it will be seen that the "just one thing" insisted on by Miss Dora was far from being without effect on the mind of her nephew ; upon whom, indeed, the events of the morning had wrought various changes of sentiment. When he walked up Grange Lane for the first time, it had been without any acknowledged intention of opening his mind to Lucy, and yet he had returned along the same prosaic and unsympathetic line of road her accepted lover ; her accepted lover, triumphant in that fact, but without the least opening of any hope before him as to the conclusion of the engagement, which prudence had no hand in making. Now the footsteps of the Perpetual Curate fell firmly, not to say a little impatiently, upon the road over which he had carried so many varying thoughts. He was as penniless as ever, and as prospectless ; but in the tossings of his natural impatience the young man had felt the reins hang loosely about his head, and knew that he was no more restrained than other men, but might, if he chose it, have his way like the rest of the world. It was true enough that he might have to pay for it after, as other people had done ; but in the mean time the sense that he was his own master was sweet, and to have his will for once seemed no more than his right in the world. While these rebellious thoughts were going on in the curate's mind, his father, who suspected nothing, went steadily by his side, not without a little reluctance at thought of the errand on which he was bound. "But they can't marry for years, and nobody can tell what may happen

in that time," Mr. Wentworth said to himself, with the callousness of mature age, not suspecting the different ideas that were afloat in the mind of his son. Perhaps, on the whole, he was not sorry that Skelmersdale was destined otherwise, and that Huxtable had been spoken to about Wentworth Rectory; for, of course, Frank would have plunged into marriage at once if he had been possessed of anything to marry on; and it looked providential under the circumstances, as the squire argued with himself privately, that at such a crisis the Perpetual Curate should have fallen between the two stools of possible preferment, and should be still obliged to content himself with St. Roque's. It was hard for Mr. Wentworth to reconcile himself to the idea that the wife of his favorite son should be the sister of —; for the squire forgot that his own girls were Jack Wentworth's sisters, and as such might be objected in their turn by some other father. So the two gentlemen went to see Lucy, who was then in a very humble frame of mind, just recovered from her passion,—one of them rather congratulating himself on the obstacles which lay before the young couple, the other tossing his youthful head a little in the first impulses of self-will, feeling the reins lie loose upon him, and making up his mind to have his own way.

CHAPTER XLV.

WHILE Mr. Frank Wentworth's affairs were thus gathering to a crisis, other events likely to influence his fate were also taking place in Carlingford. Breakfast had been served a full half-hour later than usual in the Rectory, which had not improved the temper of the household. Everything was going on with the most wonderful quietness in that well-arranged house; but it was a quietness which would have made a sensitive visitor uncomfortable, and which woke horrible private qualms in the mind of the rector. As for Mrs. Morgan, she fulfilled all her duties with a precision which was terrible to behold; instead of taking part in the conversation as usual, and having her own opinion, she had suddenly become possessed of such a spirit of meekness and acquiescence as filled her husband with dismay. The rector was fond of his wife, and proud of her good sense, and her judgment and powers of conversation. If she had been angry and found

fault with him, he might have understood that mode of procedure; but as she was not angry, but only silent, the excellent man was terribly disconcerted, and could not tell what to do. He had done all he could to be conciliatory, and had already entered upon a great many explanations, which had come to nothing for want of any response; and now she sat at the head of the table making tea with an imperturbable countenance, sometimes making little observations about the news, perfectly calm and dignified, but taking no part in anything more interesting, and turning off any reference that was made to her in the most skilful manner. "Mr. Morgan knows I never take any part in the gossip of Carlingford," she said to Mr. Proctor, without any intention of wounding that good man; and he who had been in the midst of something about Mr. Wentworth came to an abrupt stop with a sense of having shown himself a gossip, which was very injurious to his dignity.

The late rector, indeed, occupied a very uncomfortable position between the married people thus engaged in the absorbing excitement of their first quarrel. The quiet little arrows, which Mrs. Morgan intended only for her husband, grazed and stung him as they passed, without missing at the same time their intended aim; and he was the auditor, besides, of a great deal of information intended by the rector for his wife's benefit, to which Mrs. Morgan paid no manner of attention. Mr. Proctor was not a man of very lively observation, but he could not quite shut his eyes to the position of affairs; and the natural effect upon his mind, in the circumstances, was to turn his thoughts toward his mild Mary, whom he did not quite recognize as yet under her Christian name. He called her Miss Wodehouse in his heart even while in the act of making comparisons very unfavorable to the rector's wife, and then he introduced benevolently the subject of his new rectory, which surely must be safe ground.

"It is a pretty little place," Mr. Proctor said, with satisfaction: "of course it is but a small living compared to Carlingford. I hope you will come and see me, after—it is furnished," said the bashful bridegroom: "it is a nuisance to have all that to look after for one's self!"

"I hope you will have somebody to help

you," said Mrs. Morgan, with a little earnestness; "gentlemen don't understand about such things. When you have one piece of furniture in bad taste, it spoils a whole room—carpets, for instance"—said the rector's wife. She looked at Mr. Proctor so severely that the good man faltered, though he was not aware of the full extent of his guiltiness.

"I am sure I don't know," he said: "I told the man here to provide everything as it ought to be; and I think we were very successful," continued Mr. Proctor, with a little complacency: to be sure, they were in the dining-room at the moment, being still at the breakfast-table. "Buller knows a great deal about that sort of thing, but then he is too ecclesiological for my taste. I like things to look cheerful," said the unsuspecting man. "Buller is the only man that could be reckoned on if any living were to fall vacant. It is very odd nowadays how indifferent men are about the church. I don't say that it is not very pleasant at All-Souls; but a house of one's own, you know"—said Mr. Proctor, looking with a little awkward enthusiasm at his recently married brother, "of course I mean a sphere—a career!"—

"Oh, ah, yes," said Mr. Morgan, with momentary gruffness; "but everything has its drawbacks. I don't think Buller would take a living. He knows too well what's comfortable," said the suffering man. "The next living that falls will have to go to some one out of the college," said Mr. Morgan. He spoke with a tone of importance and significance which moved Mr. Proctor, though he was not very rapid in his perceptions, to look across at him for further information.

"Most people have some crotchet or other," said the rector. "When a man's views are clear about subscription, and that sort of thing, he generally goes as far wrong the other way. Buller might go out to Central Africa, perhaps, if there was a bishopric of Wahuma—or what is the name, my dear, in that Nile book?"

"I have not read it," said Mrs. Morgan, and she made no further remark.

Thus discouraged in his little attempt at amity, the rector resumed after a moment, "Wentworth's brother has sent in his resignation to his bishop. There is no doubt about it any longer. I thought that delusion

had been over, at all events; and I suppose now Wentworth will be provided for," said Mr. Morgan, not without a little anxiety.

"No; they are all equally crotchety, I think," said Mr. Proctor. "I know about them, through my—my connection with the Wodehouses, you know. I should not wonder, for my own part, if he went after his brother, who is a very intelligent man, though mistaken," the late rector added, with respect. "As for Frank Wentworth, he is a little hot-headed. I had a long conversation the other night with the elder brother. I tried to draw him out about Burgon's book, but he declined to enter into the question. Frank has made up his mind to stay in Carlingford. I understand he thinks it right on account of his character being called in question here; though, of course, no one in his senses could have had any doubt how *that* would turn out," said Mr. Proctor, forgetting that he himself had been very doubtful about the curate. "From what I hear, they are all very crotchety," he continued, and finished his breakfast calmly, as if that settled the question. As for Mrs. Morgan, even this interesting statement had no effect upon her. She looked up suddenly at one moment, as if intending to dart a reproachful glance at her husband, but bethought herself in time, and remained passive as before; not the less, however, was she moved by what she had just heard. It was not Mr. Wentworth she was thinking of, except in a very secondary degree. What occupied her, and made her reflections bitter, was the thought that her husband—the man to whom she had been faithful for ten weary years—had taken himself down off the pedestal on which she had placed him. "To make idols, and to find them clay," she said plaintively in her own mind. Women were all fools to spend their time and strength in constructing such pedestals, Mrs. Morgan thought to herself with bitterness; and as to the men who were so perpetually dethroning themselves, how were they to be designated? To think of her William, of whom she had once made a hero, ruining thus, for a little petty malice and rivalry, the prospects of another man! While these painful reflections were going through her mind, she was putting away her teacaddy, and preparing to leave the gentlemen to their own affairs. "We shall see you at dinner at six," she said, with a constrained

little smile, to Mr. Proctor, and went up-stairs with her key-basket in her hand without taking any special notice of the rector. Mr. Leeson was to come to dinner that day legitimately by invitation, and Mrs. Morgan, who felt it would be a little consolation to disappoint the hungry curate for once, was making up her mind, as she went up-stairs, not to have the All-Souls pudding, of which he showed so high an appreciation. It almost seemed to her as if this spark of ill-nature was receiving a summary chastisement, when she heard steps ascending behind her. Mrs. Morgan objected to have men lounging about her drawing-room in the morning. She thought Mr. Proctor was coming to bestow a little more of his confidence upon her, and perhaps to consult her about his furnishing; and being occupied by her own troubles, she had no patience for a tiresome, middle-aged lover, who no doubt was going to disappoint and disenchant another woman. She sat down, accordingly, with a sigh of impatience at her work-table, turning her back to the door. Perhaps, when he saw her inhospitable attitude, he might go away and not bother her. And Mrs. Morgan took out some stockings to darn, as being a discontented occupation, and was considering within herself what simple preparation she could have instead of the All-Souls pudding, when, looking up suddenly, she saw, not Mr. Proctor, but the rector, standing looking down upon her within a few steps of her chair. When she perceived him, it was not in nature to refrain from certain symptoms of agitation. The thoughts she had been indulging in brought suddenly a rush of guilty color to her face; but she commanded herself as well as she could, and went on darning her stockings, with her heart beating very loud in her breast.

"My dear," said the rector, taking a seat near her, "I don't know what it is that has risen up between us. We look as if we had quarrelled; and I thought we had made up our minds never to quarrel." The words were rather soft in their signification, but Mr. Morgan could not help speaking severely, as was natural to his voice; which was, perhaps, in the present case, all the better for his wife.

"I don't know what you may consider quarrelling, William," said Mrs. Morgan;

"but I am sure I have never made any complaint."

"No," said the rector, "I have seen women do that before. You don't make any complaint, but you look as if you disapproved of everything. I feel it all the more just now because I want to consult you; and after all, the occasion was no such"—

"I never said there was any occasion. I am sure I never made any complaint. You said you wanted to consult me, William?"

"Mrs. Morgan went on darning her stockings while she was speaking, and the rector, like most other men, objected to be spoken to by the lips only. He would have liked to toss the stocking out of the window, though it was his own, and the task of repairing it was one of a devoted wife's first duties, according to the code of female proprieties in which both the husband and wife had been brought up.

"Yes," said the rector, with a sigh. "The truth is, I have just got a letter from Harry Scarsfield, who was my pet pupil long ago. He tells me my father's old rectory is vacant, where we were all brought up. There used to be constant intercourse between the Hall and the Rectory when I was a lad. They are very nice people the Scarsfields,—at least they used to be very nice people; and Harry has his mother living with him, and the family has never been broken up, I believe. We used to know everybody about there," said Mr. Morgan, abandoning himself to recollections in a manner most mysterious to his wife. "There is the letter, my dear," and he put it down upon her table, and began to play with the reels of cotton in her work-box unconsciously, as he had not done for a long time; which, unawares to herself, had a softening influence upon Mrs. Morgan's heart.

"I do not know anything about the Scarsfields," she said, without taking up the letter, "and I cannot see what you have to do with this. Does he wish you to recommend some one?" Mrs. Morgan added, with a momentary interest; for she had, of course, like other people, a relation in a poor living, whom it would have been satisfactory to recommend.

"He says I may have it if I have a mind," said the rector, curtly, betraying a little aggravation in his tone.

"You, William?" said Mrs. Morgan.

She was so much surprised that she laid down her stocking and looked him straight in the face, which she had not done for many days and it was wonderful how hard she found it to keep up her reserve, after having once looked her husband in the eyes. "But it is not much more than six months since you were settled in Carlingford," she said, still lost in amazement. "You cannot possibly mean to make a change so soon? and then the difference of the position," said the rector's wife. As she looked at him, she became more and more aware of some meaning in his face which she did not understand; and more and more, as it became necessary to understand him, the reserves and self-defences of the first quarrel gave way and dispersed. "I don't think I quite know what you mean," she said, faltering a little. "I don't understand why you should think of a change."

"A good country living is a very good position," said the rector; "it is not nearly so troublesome as a town like Carlingford. There is no Dissent that I know of, and no"—(here Mr. Morgan paused for a moment, not knowing what word to use)—"no disturbing influences; of course I would not take such a step without your concurrence, my dear," the rector continued; and then there followed a bewildering pause. Mrs. Morgan's first sensation after the astonishment with which she heard this strange proposal was mortification,—the vivid shame and vexation of a woman when she is obliged to own to herself that her husband has been worsted, and is retiring from the field.

"If you think it right,—if you think it best,—of course I can have nothing to say," said the rector's wife: and she took up her stocking with a stinging sense of discomfiture. She had meant that her husband should be the first man in Carlingford,—that he should gain everybody's respect and veneration, and become the ideal parish-priest of that favored and fortunate place. Every kind of good work and benevolent undertaking was to be connected with his name, according to the visions which Mrs. Morgan had framed when she came first to Carlingford, not without such a participation on her own part as should entitle her to the milder glory appertaining to the good rector's wife. All these hopes were now to be blotted out ignominiously. Defeat and retreat and failure were to be the

conclusion of their first essay at life. "You are the best judge of what you ought to do," she said, with as much calmness as she could muster, but she could have dropped bitter tears upon the stocking she was mending if that would have done any good.

"I will do nothing without your consent," said the rector. "Young Wentworth is going to stay in Carlingford. You need not look up so sharply, as if you were vexed to think *that* had anything to do with it. If he had not behaved like a fool, I never could have been led into such a mistake," said Mr. Morgan, with indignation, taking a little walk to the other end of the room to refresh himself. "At the same time," said the rector, severely, coming back after a pause, "to show any ill-feeling would be very unchristian either on your side or mine. If I were to accept Harry Scarsfield's offer, Proctor and I would do all we could to have young Wentworth appointed to Carlingford. There is nobody just now at All-Souls to take the living; and however much you may disapprove of him, my dear," said Mr. Morgan, with increasing severity, "there is nothing that I know of to be said against him as a clergyman. If you can make up your mind to consent to it, and can see affairs in the same light as they appear to me, that is what I intend to do"—

Mrs. Morgan's stocking had dropped on her knees as she listened; then it dropped on the floor, and she took no notice of it. When the rector had finally delivered himself of his sentiments, which he did in the voice of a judge who was condemning some unfortunate to the utmost penalties of the law, his wife marked the conclusion of the sentence by a sob of strange excitement. She kept gazing at him for a few moments without feeling able to speak, and then she put down her face into her hands. Words were too feeble to give utterance to her feelings at such a supreme moment. "Oh, William, I wonder if you ever can forgive me," sobbed the rector's wife, with a depth of compunction which he, good man, was totally unprepared to meet, and knew no occasion for. He was even at the moment a little puzzled to have such a despairing petition addressed to him. "I hope so, my dear," he said, very sedately, as he came and sat down beside her, and could not refrain from uttering a little lecture upon temper, which fortunately Mrs.

Morgan was too much excited to pay any attention to.

"It would be a great deal better if you did not give way to your feelings," said the rector; "but in the mean time, my dear, it is your advice I want, for we must not take such a step unadvisedly;" and he lifted up the stocking that had fallen, and contemplated, not without surprise, the emotion of his wife. The excellent man was as entirely unconscious that he was being put up again at that moment with acclamations upon his pedestal, as that he had at a former time been violently displaced from it, and thrown into the category of broken idols. All this would have been as Sanscrit to the Rector of Carlingford; and the only resource he had was to make in his own mind certain half-pitying, half-affectionate remarks upon the inexplicable weakness of women, and to pick up the stocking which his wife was darning, and finally to stroke her hair, which was still as pretty and soft and brown as it had been ten years ago. Under such circumstances, a man does not object to feel himself on a platform of moral superiority. He even began to pet her a little, with a pleasant sense of forgiveness and forbearance. "You were perhaps a little cross, my love, but you don't think I am a man to be hard upon you," said the rector. "Now you must dry your eyes and give me your advice; you know how much confidence I have always had in your advice"—

"Forgive me, William. I don't think there is any one so good as you are; and as long as we are together it does not matter to me where we are," said the repentant woman. But as she lifted up her head, her eye fell on the carpet, and a gleam of sudden delight passed through Mrs. Morgan's mind. To be delivered from all her suspicions and injurious thoughts about her husband would have been a deliverance great enough for one day; but at the same happy moment to see a means of deliverance from the smaller as well as the greater cross of her existence seemed almost too good to be credible. She brightened up immediately when that thought occurred to her. "I think it is the very best thing you could do," she said. "We are both so fond of the country, and it is so much nicer to manage a country parish than a town one. We might have lived all our lives in Carlingford without knowing above half of

the poor people," said Mrs. Morgan, growing in warmth as she went on; "it is so different in a country parish. I never liked to say anything," she continued, with subtle, feminine policy, "but I never—much—cared for Carlingford." She gave a sigh as she spoke, for she thought of the Virginian creeper and the five feet of new wall at that side of the garden, which had just been completed, to shut out the view of the train. Life does not contain any perfect pleasure. But when Mrs. Morgan stooped to lift up some stray reels of cotton which the rector's clumsy male fingers had dropped out of her work-box, her eye was again attracted by the gigantic roses and tulips on the carpet, and content and satisfaction filled her heart.

"I have felt the same thing, my dear," said Mr. Morgan. "I don't say anything against Mr. Finial as an architect, but Scott himself could make nothing of such a hideous church. I don't suppose Wentworth will mind," said the rector, with a curious sense of superiority. He felt his own magnanimous conduct at the moment almost as much as his wife had done, and could not help regarding Carlingford Church as the gift-horse which was not to be examined too closely in the mouth.

"No," said Mrs. Morgan, not without a passing sensation of doubt on this point; "if he had only been frank and explained everything, there never could have been any mistake; but I am glad it has all happened," said the rector's wife, with a little enthusiasm. "Oh, William, I have been such a wretch—I have been thinking; but now you are heaping coals of fire on his head," she cried, with a hysterical sound in her throat. It was no matter to her that she herself scarcely knew what she meant and that the good rector had not the faintest understanding of it. She was so glad, that it was almost necessary to be guilty of some extravagance by way of relieving her mind. "After all Mr. Proctor's care in fitting the furniture, you would not, of course, think of removing it," said Mrs. Morgan; "Mr. Wentworth will take it as we did; and as for Mrs. Scarsfield, if you like her, William, you may be sure I shall," the penitent wife said softly in the flutter and tremor of her agitation; as he saw himself reflected in her eyes, the rector could not but feel himself a superior person, elevated over other men's shoulders. Such a sense of good-

ness promotes the amiability from which it springs. The rector kissed his wife as he got up from his seat beside her, and once more smoothed down, with a touch which made her feel like a girl again, her pretty brown hair.

"That is all settled satisfactorily," said Mr. Morgan, "and now I must go to my work again. I thought, if you approved of it, I would write at once to Scarsfield, and also to Buller of All-Souls.

"Do," said the rector's wife; and she too bestowed, in her middle-aged way, a little caress, which was far from being unpleasant to the sober-minded man. He went down-stairs in a more agreeable frame of mind than he had known for a long time back. Not that he understood why she had cried about it when he laid his intentions before her. Had Mr. Morgan been a Frenchman, he probably would have imagined his wife's heart to be touched by the graces of the Perpetual Curate; but being an Englishman, and rather more certain, on the whole, of her than of himself, it did not occur to him to speculate on the subject. He was quite able to content himself with the thought that women were incomprehensible, as he went back to his study. To be sure, it was best to understand them, if you could; but if not, it did not so very much matter, Mr. Morgan thought; and in this pleasant condition of mind he went down-stairs and wrote a little sermon, which ever after was a great favorite, preached upon all special occasions, and always listened to with satisfaction, especially by the rector's wife.

When Mrs. Morgan was left alone, she sat doing nothing for an entire half-hour, thinking of the strange and un hoped-for change that in a moment had occurred to her. Though she was not young, she had that sense of the grievousness, the unbearableness of trouble, which belongs to youth; for, after all, whatever female moralists may say on the subject, the patience of an unmarried woman wearing out her youth in the harassments of a long engagement is something very different from the hard and many-sided experience of actual life. She had been accustomed for years to think that her troubles would be over when the long-expected event arrived; and when new and more vexatious troubles still sprang up after that event, the woman of one idea was not much better fitted to meet

them than if she had been a girl. Now that the momentary cloud had been driven off, Mrs. Morgan's heart rose more warmly than ever. She changed her mind in a moment about the All-Souls pudding, and even added, in her imagination, another dish to the dinner, without pausing to think that *that* also was much approved by Mr. Leeson; and then her thoughts took another turn, and such a vision of a perfect carpet for a drawing-room—something softer and more exquisite than ever came out of mortal loom; full of repose and tranquillity, yet not without seducing beauties of design; a carpet which would never obtrude itself, but yet would catch the eye by dreamy moments in the summer twilight or over the winter fire—flashed upon the imagination of the rector's wife. It would be sweet to have a house of one's own arranging, where everything would be in harmony; and though this sweetness was very secondary to the other satisfaction of having a husband who was not a clay idol, but really deserved his pedestal, it yet supplemented the larger delight, and rounded off all the corners of Mrs. Morgan's present desires. She wished everybody as happy as herself, in the effusion of the moment, and thought of Lucy Wodehouse, with a little glow of friendliness in which there was still a tincture of admiring envy. All this that happy girl would have without the necessity of waiting for it; but then was it not the rector, the rehabilitated husband, who would be the means of producing so much happiness? Mrs. Morgan rose up as lightly as a girl, when she had reached this stage, and opened her writing-desk, which was one of her wedding-presents, and too fine to be used on common occasions. She took out her prettiest paper with her monogram in violet, which was her favorite color. One of those kind impulses which are born of happiness moved her relieved spirit. To give to another the consolation of a brighter hope seemed at the moment the most natural way of expressing her own thankful feelings. Instead of going down-stairs immediately to order dinner, she sat down at the table, and wrote the following note:—

"MY DEAR MR. WENTWORTH,—I don't know whether you will think me a fair-weather friend seeking you only when everybody else is seeking you, and when you are no longer in want of support and sympathy.

Perhaps you will exculpate me when you remember the last conversation we had ; but what I write for at present is to ask if you would waive ceremony, and come to dinner with us to-night. I am aware that your family are still in Carlingford, and of course I don't know what engagements you may have ; but if you are at liberty, pray come. If Mr. Morgan and you had but known each other a little better, things could never have happened which have been a great grief and vexation to me ; and I know the rector *wishes very much* to have a little conversation with you, and has something to speak of in which you would be interested. Perhaps my husband might feel a little strange in asking you to overstep the barrier which somehow has been raised between you two ; but I am sure if you knew each other better, you would understand each other, and this is one of the things we women ought to be good for. I will take it as a proof that you consider me a friend if you accept my invitation. Our hour is half-past six.—Believe me, very sincerely, yours,
M. MORGAN."

When she had written this note, Mrs. Morgan went down-stairs, stopping at the library-door in passing. "I thought I might as well ask Mr. Wentworth to come to us to-night, as we are to have some people to dinner," she said, looking in at the door. "I thought you might like to talk to him, William ; and if people are going away to-day, I dare say he will feel rather lonely to-night." Such was the Jesuitical aspect in which she represented the flag of truce she was sending. Mr. Morgan was a little startled by action so prompt.

"I should like to hear from Buller first," said the rector ; "he might like to come to Carlingford himself, for anything I can tell ; but, to be sure, it can do no harm to have Wentworth to dinner," said Mr. Morgan, doubtfully ; "only Buller, you know, might wish,—and in that case it might not be worth our trouble to make any change."

In spite of herself, Mrs. Morgan's countenance fell ; her pretty scheme of poetic justice, her vision of tasteful and appropriate furniture, became obscured by a momentary mist. "At least it is only right to ask him to dinner," she said, in subdued tones, and went to speak to the cook in a frame of mind more like the common level of human satisfaction than that exultant and exalted strain to which she had risen at the first moment. Then she put on a black dress, and went to

call on the Miss Wodehouses, who naturally came into her mind when she thought of the Perpetual Curate. As she went along Grange Lane, she could not but observe a hackney cab, one of those which belonged to the railway station, lounging—if a cab could ever be said to lounge—in the direction of Wharfside. Its appearance specially attracted Mrs. Morgan's attention in consequence of the apparition of Elsworthy's favorite errand-boy, who now and then poked his head furtively through the window, and seemed to be sitting in state inside. When she had gone a little farther, she encountered Wodehouse and Jack Wentworth, who had just come from paying their visit to the sisters. The sight of these two revived her sympathies for the lonely woman who had fallen so unexpectedly out of wealth into poverty ; but yet she felt a little difficulty in framing her countenance to be partly sorrowful and partly congratulatory, as was necessary under these circumstances ; for though she knew nothing of the accident which had happened that morning, when Lucy and the Perpetual Curate saw each other alone, she was aware of Miss Wodehouse's special position, and was sympathetic as became a woman who had "gone through" similar experiences. When she had got through her visit and was going home, it struck her with considerable surprise to see the cab still lingering about the corner of Priekett's Lane. Was Elsworthy's pet boy delivering his newspapers from that dignified elevation ? or were they seizing the opportunity of conveying away the unfortunate little girl who had caused so much annoyance to everybody ? When she went closer, with a little natural curiosity to see what else might be inside besides the furtive errand-boy, the cab made a little rush away from her, and the blinds were drawn down. Mrs. Morgan smiled a little to herself with dignified calm. "As if it were anything to me !" she said to herself ; and so went home to put out the dessert with her own hands. She even cut a few fronds of her favorite maiden-hair to decorate the peaches, of which she could not help being a little proud. "I must speak to Mr. Wentworth, if he comes, to keep on Thompson," she said to herself, and then gave a momentary sigh at thought of the new flue, which was as good as her own invention, and which it had cost her both time

and money to arrange to her satisfaction. The peaches were lovely, but who could tell what they might be next year if a new rector came who took no interest in the garden?—for Thompson, though he was a very good servant, required to be looked after, as indeed most good servants do. Mrs. Morgan sighed a little when she thought of all her past exertions and the pains, of which she was scarcely yet beginning to reap the fruit. One man labors, and another enters into his labors. One thing, however, was a little consolatory, that she could take her ferns with her. But on the whole, after the first outburst of feeling, the idea of change, notwithstanding all its advantages, was in itself, like most human things, a doubtful pleasure. To be sure, it was only through its products that her feelings were interested about the new flue, whereas the drawing-

room carpet was a standing grievance. When it was time to dress for dinner, the rector's wife was not nearly so sure as before that she had never liked Carlingford. She began to forget the thoughts she had entertained about broken idols, and to remember a number of inconveniences attending a removal. Who would guarantee the safe transit of the china, not to speak of the *old* china, which was one of the most valuable decorations of the Rectory? This kind of breakage, if not more real, was at least likely to force itself more upon the senses than the other kind of fracture which this morning's explanation had happily averted; and altogether it was with mingled feeling that Mrs. Morgan entered the drawing-room, and found it occupied by Mr. Leeson, who always came too early, and who, on the present occasion, had some sufficiently strange news to tell.

CHEAP TRAVELLING IN SWITZERLAND.—In Switzerland the whole art of cheap travelling consists in settling the prices beforehand. Have no shame or hesitation in doing it; the innkeeper would think you a fool if you had. I do not claim the merit of the discovery. M. Desbarrolles, a French artist, has published "A Journey in Switzerland at three and a half francs per day." The author practises painting and palmaristry, making, possibly more by the latter than the former. His book is amusing from its intense Anglophobia, for which we may pardon him, considering that it (the book) has done great good. For instance, the charge for "bougie" has already disappeared from several moderate-priced inns, being incorporated with the more general and less objectionable item of "service." Of course, he is no favorite with numerous inn-keepers; nevertheless, he has directed considerable custom to those who are willing to meet the demand for fair accommodation at moderate charges. He boldly carried out the ideas which were long ago suggested by Topffer's charming "*Voyages en Zigzag*." His grand arcanum for the economical traveller is to *fix his prices beforehand*. His tariff is dinner including such an allowance of wine as he can get for his money, a franc and a half; bed, one franc; breakfast of coffee, milk, bread, butter and honey, another franc; service and bougie, nothing. Total three francs and a half. This figure is low. I get my bed for a franc, but pay more for other things, and do not refuse a trifle for service. I get a good dinner, without beer or wine, for a franc and a half, especially if

I do not dine alone. A more substantial breakfast than that allowed by M. Desbarrolles is required by most constitutions while making a pedestrian tour with only two meals a day. In truth, it is difficult beforehand to set precise limits to your total expenditure. Extra fatigue requires extra restoratives; and a man's appetite for meat and drink is very different amongst the Alps to what it is in a city counting-house. The above prices only apply to towns and lowlands. Up in the hills where provisions have to be fetched by horses or men, prices are necessarily higher, but not more so than might be reasonably expected. On the top of the Niesen (a most delectable climb), reached only by a bridle path which mounts steeply and continuously for ten long miles, I had a good and wholesome dinner for two francs. Fair ordinary white wine was a franc and a half the bottle, Yvorne two francs, and Nuits (Burgundy) three francs only. All this wine is carried up on horses' backs. If a wine-carrier were to fall, what a smash and a spill!—*London Society*.

THE *Gentleman's Magazine* gives an account of a lecture recently delivered in England, to a numerous and attentive audience composed of clergy and gentry, on Campanology, or the science of bell-ringing, deploring the utter want of knowledge and skill with which church-bells are rung, and demonstrating that "a great field of science and amusement has here been unexplored."

From The Athenæum.

The Cruise of the Alabama and the Sumter.

From the Private Journals and other Papers of Commander R. Semmes, C. S. N., and other Officers. 2 vols. Saunders, Otley, & Co.

THE story of the *Sumter* and *Alabama*, like the kindred record of the Maryland spy, is a contribution toward a true history of the American war. Society had been so much dazzled by the genius of Robert Lee, the virtue of Stonewall Jackson, the sagacity of Jefferson Davis, as to have become at one time somewhat blind to the actual merits of the cause in which they fought. It is a wholesome physic to false enthusiasm that we should now and then see the lesser heroes of a great struggle. A wise man does not measure a nation,—a system,—by its exceptional men. He takes the world in gross. Thebes cannot be judged by Epaminondas, Paganism by Julian, the Southern Confederacy by Jackson. A prominent figure is not always a type. It is useful to learn what kind of men are the minor personages of a great cause; and we cannot imagine an easier exercise for a student of politics than to read the mystery of a nation which makes a heroine of Mrs. Greenhow and a hero of Capt. Semmes.

Every one who takes up this "Cruise of the *Alabama*" will be struck with its unprofessional air of precipitancy. Capt. Semmes would seem to be quite as ready to make a book as to burn a bark. Three or four days after he lost the *Alabama*, he advertised a history of her heroic deeds; three or four weeks after that event in his career, two stout volumes of details, illustrated with villainous portraits, appear in print. To make up his weight of paper, he has thrown in the tale of his previous command, the *Sumter*,—a ship of war which never fired a gun in anger. Of the value of this record, the reader will judge for himself in good time; but even at the outset he will notice the fact of Capt. Semmes being ready with his pen. We doubt whether any countryman of Blake, Nelson, and Dundonald would have been thus prompt to offer seaside idlers a copious history of the ship which he had just lost within hearing of their shores.

And what a miserable story it is to tell! In the exploits of a corsair we expect to find some of the semi-heroic qualities,—dash, hardihood, audacity,—a readiness to seek ad-

venture and to encounter risk,—a sentiment of pride before the strong, a feeling of compassion before the weak. In the seamen of an old type, in the buccancer of history, in the corsair of romance, you often find a bold fellow doing evil deeds, yet doing them in a spirit which is not without touches of redeeming nobleness. The heroes of the Spanish Main set their lives on the hazard. The English rovers of the Straits played a bad game; but they took without whining and repining the perils of their dreadful trade. Nearly every boat they met was armed. If Ward was ready to snap up carrack and caravel, he was equally ready to encounter the armed corvette. Paul Jones was not a man to bother consuls and editors with complaints. But in the commander of the *Sumter* and the *Alabama*, a person whom some of us have been trying to convert into a miniature Cochrane, we find no trace of either heroic thought or heroic deed. Put his case into any words you like, it is impossible to make a creditable story of his career.

Capt. Semmes has commanded two swift and well-armed ships, the *Sumter* and the *Alabama*; in the first of these vessels he sailed under false colors about the ocean, plundered and burned about a score of unarmed, unresisting barks belonging to American owners; sought refuge from his equals and enemies in neutral ports; and when he could no longer hope to escape a fight, he sold and abandoned her in an English port. In the second vessel of his command, the *Alabama*, he also prowled about the seas, burning and plundering unarmed boats; and with the single exception of a brush with the *Hatteras*, a ship inferior to his own in guns, in men, and in speed, never fired a shot until he closed with the *Kearsarge*, when his ship went to the bottom in half an hour. Fenimore Cooper could not tell this story so as to make it a romance.

In the personal part of this matter we take no side. We differ from those who denounce Capt. Semmes as a pirate and proclaim him a common enemy of mankind. He was certainly not a pirate. He bore a commission from his government. His ship was a ship of war. He used false colors and told endless lies, it is true; but then these devices and deceptions are parts of that old devilry of war, which unhappily, while war is raging, supersedes all human rights and abrogates all the divine laws. We may not blame him, per-

haps, for such foul play as boarding his enemy under English colors; though we could heartily approve of such a change in the maritime rule in this respect as would prevent this shameful use of a neutral flag. But allowing Capt. Semmes to have been a regular commander, and his vessel a ship of war, sailing under a recognized order, we have then the right of asking from him the conduct of an officer if not that of a hero. And herein we think he signally fails; fails of the modesty, honesty, and frankness which distinguish men who follow the great profession of the sea.

Great men, it is often said, are dumb as to their own merits. Capt. Semmes either talks or allows his unknown friend to talk, in a hundred places about his own "indomitable genius," his own "wonderful eloquence," his own "sound, practical views," his own "unrivalled audacity," his own "eleven despatches," and the like. These fine qualities had probably been made known by Capt. Semmes, in the early stage of the Civil War, to the Confederate authorities; along with an assurance that he was willing to fight for the South, so soon as his own State—Maryland—should have joined the seceders; for the first official paper printed in Capt. Semmes's book is an order from Mr. C. M. Conrad, chairman of the Committee for Naval Affairs, to repair forthwith to Montgomery. Mr. Semmes obeyed this summons; although Maryland had not yet joined the South. And hereupon would have arisen a question, had the English yacht, the *Deerhound*, not been present the other day off Cherbourg. Maryland remains with the North, a lawful member of the Union; so that Mr. Semmes is actually in arms against the land of his own birth. Of course, Capt. Semmes would be glad to see Maryland go into rebellion; but she has not done so; and the hard fact remains that he is in opposition to the actual rulers of his country, and stands condemned by the existing laws of his State. The case is quite different with the renowned leaders of the South. General Lee and President Davis are sometimes called rebels by the American press,—a blunder, of course; for a true belligerent cannot be a rebel, and the Washington Cabinet has admitted the belligerent rights of the South by exchange of prisoners, by innumerable cartels, and by other acts; but Mr. Semmes's case is wholly unlike

that of General Lee. Lee is a Virginian by birth. His State is in the Confederacy; and the State laws acquit and applaud him for his conduct in the war. Mr. Semmes is a rebel in his own city,—a deserter from the service,—a traitor to his country. If he should be taken captive in this war, it is scarcely possible to doubt that a Maryland judge and jury will condemn him to a traitor's death.

Captain Semmes is apparently a Roman Catholic,—one who affects a certain picturesque piety, tempered by oaths and other idioms which sailors use. When he goes on shore, he likes to be seen at mass, and to be thought a judge of the censers, the intonation, and the preaching. A man of eloquent words himself (as he tells us in this book), he likes to hear a good sermon; and in the Spanish and French ports, he more than once graciously commends the priestly discourse, permitting us to infer that he understands the language in which it is pronounced. Perhaps it is a consequence of such tastes that Captain Semmes has adopted Sunday for his chief day of depredation. Sunday, he says, is his "lucky day," for on that holy day he slipped from his pursuers; on that holy day he caught the *Ariel* steamship; on that holy day he has burnt and plundered more ships than on any other of the week. Perhaps, like Mr. John Sheppard, who found it easier to rob houses when the people were at church, Captain Semmes has been favored in these exploits by the fact that on Sundays the Yankee is at prayers. Anyhow, the New Yorker seems to be less suspicious and alert on that sacred day than usual; more easily betrayed into danger by the flaunting of a friendly English flag. Once, by way of variety in the log, we have the peaceful entry: "A quiet Sabbath-day, *there being nothing in sight.*" Jonathan Wild has nothing finer than this bit of unconscious humor. Poor Alabama! We can guess at the depths of misery to which a gay cavalier vessel must be reduced, which, for lack of opportunity to rob and burn her neighbors' property, is obliged to pass a dull Sunday at sea. Captain Semmes chronicles the fact much as Don Juan would have recorded his weariness with a Sunday passed in a Scottish town.

It is only too well remembered that, when Captain Semmes lay in Cherbourg Harbor, he had a free command of the time for fighting.

He chose his "lucky day" for the battle; and steamed out of the neutral port, when the Saxon and the Gaul, between whose shores he was going to his evil business, were at church.

Of course there is an ample account of this duel between the Kearsarge and the Alabama. The narrative is confused, and we are left in the dark as to who describes the scene for us. On one point of interest Captain Semmes's opinion is stated,—that of the pretended armor of his antagonist. We happen to have seen the Kearsarge since the duel, and we can distinctly say that there is no armor. Over part of her side hang a few common chain cables, affording her engines a slight protection; not much more than a man would find in action from having hung a dozen watch-chains round his neck. Only one shot struck this covered side, and that glanced off at a broad angle. Any well-aimed thirty-two pounder must have gone through this frail defence; but the chains were not hit; and for any influence which they had upon the action, they might have been lying in the ship's hold. This is what is said on behalf of Captain Semmes: "There were many reports abroad that she was protected on her sides in some peculiar way; but all were various and indistinct, and to a practical judgment untrustworthy. Moreover, a year previous to this meeting, the Kearsarge had lain at anchor close under the critical eye of Captain Semmes. He had on that occasion seen that his enemy was not artificially defended. He believes now that the reports of her plating and armor were so much harbor gossip." In all other respects the two vessels were nearly equals.

The battery of the Kearsarge consisted of seven guns; to wit, two 11-inch Dahlgrens, which she carries amidships; four 32-pounders, run out at the sides, and one light rifled 28-pounder, at the fore. She had a crew of 162 officers and men. The armament of the Alabama consisted of one 7-inch Blakeley rifled gun, one 8-inch smooth-bore pivot-gun, six 32-pounders, smooth-bore, in broadside. The Alabama's crew numbered, according to Captain Semmes, 120. Thus, in guns, the Alabama was slightly superior to her rival, having one gun more in battery. The numbers of the crews have no relation to the fight; which was an artillery duel from first to last, in which good firing gained the vic-

tory over a more rapid and reckless waste of shot and shell. Had the Alabama been carried by boarding, the excuse of inferior numbers would have been valid. There is a frequent repetition in this story of an assertion made the day after the fight, that Captain Semmes had laid his plans for boarding and trying a man-to-man fight. It is here alleged that—

"The Alabama entered the lists when she should have been lying in dock. She fought with an exhausted frame. She had the heroism to decide upon the conflict, without the strength to choose the form of it. After some little manœuvring, this became painfully evident to Captain Semmes. The Kearsarge selected her distance at a range of five hundred yards; and being well protected, she deliberately took time and fired with sure effect. Captain Semmes had great confidence in the power of his Blakeley rifled gun, and we believe it is a confidence not shaken by its failure to win the day for him. He wished to get within easy range of his enemy, that he might try this weapon effectively; but any attempt on his part to come to closer quarters was construed by the Kearsarge as a design to bring the engagement between the ships to a hand-to-hand conflict between the men. Having the speed, she chose her distance, and made all thought of boarding hopeless. It was part of the plan of Captain Semmes to board, if possible, at some period of the day, supposing that he could not quickly decide the battle with artillery. It was evidently Captain Winslow's determination to avoid the old-fashioned form of a naval encounter, and to fight altogether in the new style: his superior steam power gave him the option. When the Alabama took her death wound, she was helpless. We must interpret the respectful distance maintained by the Kearsarge up to the very last, and the persistent plying of her guns while the side of the sinking ship was visible, as a settled resolution on Captain Winslow's part to trust to guns alone, and throughout, so that a dangerous proximity might be shunned. That much homage was paid by him to the hostile crew, and that his manœuvre was creditably discreet, few will deny."

The same story is told on board the Kearsarge. The officers of that vessel declare that they meant to board the Alabama, and would have done so at any moment, had they been able to get alongside of her. It is pretty clear, however, that steamers will always offer a great obstacle to boarding-parties. So long as a steamer keeps the free use of her

engines, it will be hard to get alongside of her against her wish; when she has no longer the free use of her engines, boarding will have become needless, as she must then either surrender at once, or go down with every soul on board.

The Kearsarge's superiority of fire was established in the first five minutes. The Alabama was pierced through and through; her screw was broken, her decks were covered with the dying and the dead. In a few minutes, the ship was a perfect wreck. On the other hand, the Kearsarge was unhurt. Not a man had been killed. One shot had lodged in her rudder-plank. Another had torn a hole in the roof of her engine-house. But she was in fighting trim, and only warming to her work when to her great surprise her enemy struck his flag:—

"Many wild stories are being told of something like a mutiny of the crew at this desecration of the Southern banner; of how they implored the captain to spare them the disgrace of it; and of a certain quartermaster drawing his cutlass, daring any hand on board to haul down the flag, and being dramatically threatened with a loaded pistol by Mr. Kell, the first lieutenant, and so brought to his senses. The fact is, that the flag came down quietly and decorously. All on board perceived that there was no help for it, and that it would be a shocking breach of humanity to imperil the lives of the wounded men."

After this easy victory, Captain Winslow, of the Kearsarge, saved all he could of the crew. He gave permission to the owner of the Deerhound to pick up the struggling men, and in this vessel most of the officers were allowed to escape. We say allowed to escape; for this little yacht could not have carried them away by force or speed. Fancy any neutral cockboat trying to snatch away one of Nelson's prisoners! We cannot fancy it.

To say that the Alabama was overmatched by the Kearsarge in any way except in skill, character, and organization, is mere nonsense. She was beaten by better men. Captain Winslow is the model of a sailor; very quiet, resolute and English-like in bearing. He is a thorough seaman, and his crew are worthy of their leader; being chiefly English and Americans, with a sprinkling of Italians, Danes, and negroes. The Alabama's crew—all of them raked from the streets of Liverpool—are described by Captain Semmes him-

self as a lot of "incorrigible young rascals." But the badness of their quality was a consequence of his position. A man like Captain Semmes has no command of the market; he has to take such "rascals" as he can get. They were engaged on a false pretence and carried out to sea on a lie. They got drunk, they fought, they deserted. At every port he lost some of the men whom he had induced to go on board his ship. Entries like these are common in the Journal: "Whilst lying in the dock, a stampede took place amongst my crew, nine of them having deserted. . . . Another lad ran away from a boat this evening. Have directed no boat should leave the ship without an officer, and that the officer be armed, and ordered to shoot any man who attempts to desert. . . . Five men in confinement! The d—— seems to have got into my crew." By means of the cat and other persuasives, he got them into some kind of order; but a body of men so allured and entrapped into the service of a cause of which they knew nothing, and for which they cared nothing, was not to be made into a first-rate fighting crew. Before going into action, at Cherbourg, Captain Semmes gave his incorrigible rascals a little "tall talk" about a "grateful country"; but he does not tell us that a single man in his ship had ever been in a Confederate city. There may have been one, by accident; and even Captain Semmes thought it might be well to add, "Remember that you are in the English Channel, the theatre of so much of the naval glory of *our race*."

Seeing that Captain Semmes is a Marylander, the reader of this sad book will seek to find what reason is alleged for *not* going with his State. He will seek in vain. The motive cannot be patriotism; for his own State goes with the North, and that of her own will, as it would now appear, since two invasions of Confederate armies have failed to rouse her into resistance. What is it then! Can it be an insane hatred of the negro race, as such, and a monstrous desire to found a new Slave Empire?

In the absence of distinct and direct evidence of so black a design, we should hesitate to affix it, even as a supposition, against any public man. Such a scheme would be criminal in the last degree, and put the men who entertained it beyond the pale of social laws. But in Capt. Semmes's journals and letters

there are so many offensive references to the negro, so many insinuations of a community of interest between slave-dealers and the South, that the horrible idea will come into our minds. With him, the negro is always a dirty, lazy, intolerable beast. Every slaveholder seems to be at once his friend. Thus, he claimed community of interest in the war with slave-dealing Cubans. Writing to the Governor of Cienfuegos, he says, "I confidently rely upon the friendly disposition of Spain, who is our near neighbor in the most important of her colonial possessions, to receive us with equal and even-handed justice, if not with the sympathy which our unity of interest and policy, with regard to an important social and industrial institution, are so well calculated to inspire."

But he is willing to find friends in anybody who owns negroes; even negroes themselves. This instructive scene occurs on the African coast:—

"One of his companions asked me which of the belligerent parties I belonged to, the North or the South. I replied to the South. 'Then,' said he, 'you belong to the side which upholds slavery.'—'Yes,' said I, 'we belong to the country where the black man is better taken care of than in any other part of the world.' The churchman seeing me put on the defensive, as it were, came to my aid, and said: 'Oh, we are slaveholders here; being Mohammedans, we have no prej-

udices that way; our only trouble is, we cannot get slaves enough. The English, who have no control over us, we being an independent government, are strong enough to interfere in everybody's business, and, to say to us, that we bring over from the main no more slaves."

The man who said this "was a full-blooded African negro, as black as the ace of spades." And this man, we venture to think, has a truer insight into the relations of this question than the Maryland rover. He sees that all over the world England is at the front of that great crusade against slavery which they deplore. We have taken up that cause, and we are not likely to lay it aside. We can have no toleration of slavery, in any shape, under any excuse. We can have no friendship with slaveholders. We can have no peace with a slave empire.

It is well for all sides that there should be no illusions on this point. If a slave-empire should be founded in America by force of arms, we can have no relations of amity with such a State; and should that empire try to revive the trade in human beings, it will be our duty and our right to resist it with all our force.

It is only on condition of the Confederate States abandoning the principle for which Captain Semmes appears to be an ardent advocate, that England can ever consent to admit them into the fellowship of nations.

A HEAVY SNORER.—We only wish all our readers were members of the Minerva Club in London, not that they might eat the club out of house and home, and rob the old members of their newspapers and easy-chairs, but just that they might listen to some of its choice snorers. Why! there is one great naturalist there, Professor Snuffler, when he was on that famous expedition of the Alpine Club to Iceland, when it so fully and thoroughly explored and mapped out the unknown land of the Vatna Jokull, brought down on the whole party at the dead of night, as they lay warm in their tent, a bull of the old Norse breed. Some of the company woke in fright at the stamping and roaring of the bull at the tent, which he took for another bull as savage as himself, and with which he would do mortal combat. Luckily the cords of the tent were in his way, or his horns would have been speedily embedded in the profes-

sor's ample paunch. The beast got entangled and tripped himself up, but lay still roaring and roaring. All this time the professor lay on his back and snored and snored. Waking him was out of the question. At last, one of the party thinking the bull's bellowing more unbearable than the professor's snoring, took a lantern, and opening the mouth of the tent, turned the bull's eye full on the eye of the bull, which rose and retreated at the dreadful apparition. Next morning the professor knew nothing of the hideous uproar, and his danger was only brought home to him with his breeches, which he had hung up on a rail hard by to dry. They were found pierced and torn with sundry holes. The angry bull, as he went off, had thus showed his sense of his rival's cowardice by wreaking his wrath on his unoffending garments.—"*A Fortnight in Faroe*," in the *North British Review*.

From The Leisure Hour.

A SIBERIAN SHIPWRECK ;

OR, A STRUGGLE FOR LIFE ON THE ICE.

ONE of the companions of Sir Roderick Murchison in his Russian travels was the Count Keyserling, who subsequently was engaged in a scientific exploration of the north-eastern angle of Russian Europe, a vast district watered by the river Petchora and its confluent. In this task the count was assisted by M. von Krusenstern, of the Russian navy, to whom was intrusted the strictly geographical and hydrographical part of the work. The great ability then shown by M. von Krusenstern as a careful and diligent explorer was acknowledged in the president's address to our Royal Geographical Society in 1848. Since then, M. (now Lieutenant) Krusenstern's merit has been recognized by the Russian Government; and in 1862, he was appointed in charge of an expedition for exploring the mouths and banks of the Yenissei, a Siberian river, which flows into the Sea of Kara at a point a little farther east than the easternmost extremity of Nova Zembla.

The expedition comprised only two small vessels—the *Iermak*, a brigantine of one hundred and fifty tons, and the *Embrio*, a decked boat of seventeen tons. The crews consisted of thirty men, and had with them a six months' supply of provisions. The ships sailed from Kouia, on the River Petchora, on the 1st of August (our 12th), 1862. Why the voyage had been planned for such a stormy period of the year we are not informed; it is seldom the Russian Government undertakes enterprises so manifestly injudicious.

The vessels cleared the river Petchora on the 4th. The weather was then very fine; but the same night the wind changed, and on the 7th they met with a violent tempest. On the 9th, they anchored under the isle of Varandei, to wait for a change of wind; and here the first piece of ice passed them. On the 14th they anchored near the large island of Vaigatz; the plan of the expedition being to sail through the narrow strait between that island and the continent. The strait was found to be full of ice, except a narrow channel next to the island. They pressed sail in order to pass through this channel whilst the chance was afforded. Though it was night, as the vessels glided past, they were observed by some poor Samoydians who had encamped on the island; they climbed on the top of

their huts, waving their hands, and shouting to express their astonishment at such an unwonted visit. Before morning, the vessels were in sight of the Sea of Kara, which appeared to be nearly covered with ice-fields and bergs. They anchored near Cape Kaninn, in a calm sea; but, an hour afterward, the tide having turned, the ice came tumbling in upon them from the open sea, and the vessels had to drive before it, rather than by remaining at anchor to risk being utterly crushed. As it was, the little *Embrio* lost her masts in a violent concussion, and the *Iermak* was stripped of a great part of the larch-wood sheathing with which her sides had been protected.

Lieutenant Krusenstern, seeing it would be impossible to navigate that part of the Sea of Kara, sought now for a secure anchorage, in order to wait his opportunity of repassing the strait. He then hoped that he might obtain a passage round the northward of the isle, between it and Nova Zembla. The furious tide had, however, effectually encumbered the entrance of the straits; and when the weather fell calm, the ice began gradually to close round the ships, more especially round the *Iermak*. It was then found, by the inclination of the sounding-line, that the commander's ship was being gradually drifted toward the east into the main sea. The thermometer stood at 4 deg. (Reaumur), the sky was now calm, and the sun shone brilliantly. Here the voyagers enjoyed the sight of those splendid effects of light and color on the fantastic forms of icebergs, with the descriptions of which we have been familiarized by the accounts of our own arctic explorers. The refracted sunlight magnified the ice-craggs into deceptive proportions, altering their irregular shapes into the fantastic forms of fortresses with keep and watch-towers, or alabaster palaces with cupolas and minarets.

On the morning of the 16th, the crew of the *Iermak* saw the *Embrio* for the last time. The *Embrio* was then three miles nearer the strait than was the *Iermak*, and she did eventually regain the channel. After waiting there a fortnight for tidings of her consort, the captain decided to make his own escape, and the vessel reached Kouia safely on the 13th of September.

The doomed *Iermak*, though apparently fixed in the ice, was speedily drifting to the northeast; the isle of Vaigatz and the conti-

nent diminished on their western horizon, whilst all else of their circle of vision was crowded with ice-fields and bergs. On the 20th, the mainland was seen in the south-east; and on the 26th, land at a great distance was also seen in the northeast. This last would be the peninsula called Land of Yabnal. Between these two dates, the ship had suffered severely by shocks from the moving ice. She was thrown over on her larboard side, and then back again on the starboard. In one shock her stern-post was broken, and the crew disembarked in great haste, taking to the boats, which had already been got out on to the ice. In this damaged state of the vessel the crew dreaded being carried farther out to sea, as was the case with them until the 30th, when the wind changed to the west, and they then rapidly drifted toward the coast. This was a new peril; for, when the body of ice reached the shore, it would be split with great force, and the ship could scarcely escape destruction. In preparation against such a catastrophe, a large tent was formed of the ship's sails, and stores and fuel were taken out of the vessel. On the night of the 30th, the *aurora borealis* was very brilliant; and next day being very fine, Lieutenant Krusenstern took observations. He made the position of the ship to be 69 deg. 54 min., north latitude, and 65 deg., 6 min., 30 sec., east from Greenwich. The 1st of September was the thousandth anniversary of the Russian Empire; and, in spite of their dangerous position, the crew must keep the national festival. The men were served with double rations of brandy and hot punch, and they joined in jovial songs and patriotic choruses, the strains of which mingled with the sounds of the cracking ice and the groaning of the beleaguered vessel.

The commander had thought of wintering on or near the ship; but he now became convinced that their only chance of safety was to reach the shore. His observations led him to conclude that the land was about twenty miles distant. Two men were sent over the ice, to lesery the coast if possible; but, after travelling about thirteen miles, they returned without having seen any land. Lieutenant Krusenstern now called a council, which, besides his own officers, comprised the captain of the crew and three sailors delegated by their comrades. The council decided to un-

dertake the journey over the ice, rather than to risk remaining by the ship. A large boat belonging to the *Iermak* had been constructed so as to be available as a sledge. Into this sledge-shallop were placed about three hundred pounds of biscuit, some hams, bottles of rum, charts, and cases of instruments. Each man made for himself a sail-cloth bag, in which he placed thirty-five pounds of biscuit and a change of clothes, affixing a pair of boots outside. All the crew were provided with a Samoydian garment called a *melitzka*, a sort of fur pelisse, which covered up the whole man except the face.

On the 9th, according to arrangement, the crew rose at four A.M., and, having enjoyed the most sumptuous breakfast the cook could provide, they were ready to start at 6.30. Lieutenant Krusenstern placed on the cabin-table a document containing all particulars as to the position of the ship, the reasons for and date of her abandonment, the number and names of the crew, and an indication of the part of the coast toward which they intended to proceed. At seven A.M., having joined in prayer to God for their preservation, the company started on their perilous journey. The commander led the way, carrying the compass and choosing the safest route. His lieutenant, M. Maticen, followed, with six sailors drawing the shallop; next came the surgeon, in charge of a small sledge laden with wood and provisions; and the line was closed with another sledge drawn by dogs belonging to the officers. This last equipage was in charge of a Baron Budberg and another Russian gentleman, both of whom had joined the expedition as volunteers.

This well-arranged caravan soon came to a dead stop. After a six hours' struggle, all were convinced that it would be impossible to reach the coast with such incumbrances as the boat and sledge proved to be. These vehicles were already half destroyed, and the men found difficulty enough for themselves in clambering over the ice-walls and across the gulleys, which checked them every few yards. It was now resolved to abandon both boats and sledges, though there seemed little hope of being able to return for any of the stores. The log-books, the instruments, and maps, were distributed amongst part of the crew; and to others the commander gave carbines, pistols, and ammunition. These were intended for defence against the polar bears

which they expected to meet. Each man put into his bag provisions for twenty days, making a very considerable burden for such a rough and slippery path. Before leaving the stores, they took another hearty meal, and the commander allowed a glass of rum to each. Only the masts of the *Iermak* were now visible. The dangers both of tempest and starvation were before them : in the consciousness of this they once more committed themselves to the care of Heaven. Lieutenant Krusenstern again took the lead, bearing the compass ; but he soon had to make a stand ; for the men had straggled behind over a line of a mile and a half, according to the strength of each. When the last man came up, the commander missed Sitnakov, the ship's smith, and he was told that the man could not come : he was drunk. The smith had loved rum too well, he having contrived to take three glasses instead of the one allowed. The commander appealed to the men not to leave their comrade to perish ; but his words were followed by an ominous silence, which showed that each thought only of his own safety. Lieutenant Krusenstern then nobly resolved to go back himself, and took with him the captain of the crew. They found the inebriate quite stupefied with drink. The commander shook him, and the smith, with the grim humor of a drunkard, murmured out, " Leave me, your honor ; it is written that I die here." It was evident that he must sleep longer ; but the lieutenant pulled off Sitnakov's *melitzka*, so that the cold might rouse him the sooner ; and they then left him, believing that they had seen him for the last time. After their return to the crew, the men were evidently affected by the loss of their comrade ; and, as they walked along, one or other of them would step up to the commander and say, " Your honor, tell us the truth : Sitnakov is dead now ? "

The wind now rose, and snow falling fast made their progress difficult. The sailor who carried the aneroid fell into a crevasse, and was extricated with difficulty. He was afterwards almost overpowered with cold, though the others lent him some of their garments. Toward evening they came to a wider gap in the ice, which they had great difficulty in passing. Into this Baron Budberg fell, breaking the thermometer, but saving himself. The men were wearied with their unwonted exertion,

which caused excessive vomiting with many, and consequently still greater exhaustion. They encamped at night under the lee of a large iceberg, and there slept soundly enough, though they awoke in pools of water, the warmth of their bodies having melted part of their icy couches. As they ate their breakfast in the early morning, to their astonishment and relief they were joined by Sitnakov. He had walked all night, groping for the tracks of his comrades. This was a remarkable instance of what a man may perform in the struggle for self-preservation. Sitnakov had been mistaken about the decree of fate as previously expressed in his own drunken semi-consciousness. The party started at 6.30, and had now to cross the glade of open water previously seen by the scouts. They made the passage on an ice-floe by the help of the sounding-line. As we understand the process, two men first pushed or rowed across with their pikes or boat-hooks, taking the line with them. The line being secured on both sides, one man then pulled himself and the ice-floe back for another of the crew, who then passed, one at a time. It took them an hour to make the transit. On resuming the march, their fatigue became insupportable. The men began to throw away everything they could spare, and every halting-place was marked by collections of shoes and clothing. The store-keeper was so weary that he threw away even many of his biscuits.

The farther they advanced the wider they found the channels. Sometimes the company crossed together, all upon one large fragment of ice, either rowing with their pikes or spreading their garments for sails. Toward evening of the 9th, M. Matichen and the surgeon were very ill ; they, and indeed all the company, only dragged themselves on by force of will. As soon as a resting-place for the night was fixed upon, the men, without speaking a word, threw themselves down upon the ice and slumbered heavily. At daylight, Lieutenant Krusenstern mounted an iceberg, from which on the E.N.E. he descried the coast-line. His announcement of this put new life into the men, who declared they had now no fatigue, and scarcely gave the leader time to take his post. He had, however, seen the wide channels of water which intervened and could not tell how they were to be passed without a boat. After they had crossed the

next open water, another difficulty arose, from the ice being so broken as to be almost impassable. They had to scramble or vault from floe to floe with great and painful exertions; but, as the commander says, "God had pity on us;" and in an hour and a half, they regained the firm ice. Baron Budberg suffered most; having no "sea-legs," he slipped about continually, and repeatedly fell into the water. The channels now met with were often one hundred and fifty fathoms broad. During the transit of one of these, when all the company were on one floe, they were followed by six walruses. The commander with his pike struck at but missed the foremost one, and the beast got his paws and tusks on the edge of the floe, which was already well weighted by the crew. Happily a shot from a carbine detached the unwelcome intruder from his hold, and his fellow-pirates beat a retreat. The company struggled on this day until eight P.M., when the darkness compelled them to stop. They had to make their resting-place on a large glacier, without any shelter from the wind. They huddled themselves together; but the cold prevented sleep, and their strength rapidly diminished.

On the 12th, the wind changed into the east, clearing away the ice from the sea before them, and driving farther from the land the floe on which they were. When the tide turned, they managed to reach another fragment of ice; but the wind freshened, and this also receded from the shore. Lieutenant Krusenstern mounted one of the pinnacles of ice, and from thence he could see that there only remained another tract of water to be passed, when they should reach the ice which was connected with the land. Though only about four versts from the shore, there was between them and it this channel, which they had no means of crossing, and which now became deeper and broader every hour. They even lost sight of the land, and all they had gained seemed to be lost. No wonder that, shrouding themselves in their *melitzkas*, the crew gave themselves up to despair. These Samoydian garments must have the credit of keeping in the vital heat of the men during the severe cold of the terrible night which succeeded. The ice-field on which they now were drifting was about three hundred yards across, and about six feet thick.

Toward midnight there was a tempest of wind, and a large portion of ice broke off

from their floating isle. Some of the crew on the detached piece were saved with difficulty. Again in the morning the ice-field split with a noise like the report of a cannon, and the spray now dashed over their narrow refuge. M. Maticen, who had not taken food for two or three days, appeared to be sinking fast, and he gave to the commander farewell messages for his friends. Lieutenant Krusenstern tried to raise the spirits of the men, by telling them stories of shiprecked mariners who had been rescued from dangers as great as theirs; but hope had fled from his auditors, and he could not rouse them from dejection. At noon, however, the wind changed to s.s.w., and the sun shone, so that they could dry their garments and regain a little vital heat. They again approached the coast, and at night succeeded in reaching a larger ice-field, though in the darkness two of their number were nearly lost. The sunset had been very splendid, affording a strange contrast to the wretchedness of their situation. Next day, their floating isle still approached the shore, but at evening it again receded. This time the men, many of whom had not a biscuit, began with pieces of ice to build themselves huts, which they said were for their tombs. During the night, rain and snow fell in such quantities that all of them felt as if soaked to the bones. The next day a fox sailed past them on a piece of ice; but they were too weak to take aim, although they wished to shoot him for the sake of their dogs, which were now reduced to skin and bone, one of them being so weak that it could not walk against the wind. Baron Budberg was now in a pitiable condition: he repeatedly fell from weakness, and could hardly open his mouth.

On the morning of the 16th, which was Sunday, the wind still blew on to the land; and, in looking from the nearest hillock of ice, there could not be observed any channel between them and the shore. But the men were too much exhausted to indulge in hope, and a stupid desire for rest began to supplant the yet lingering love of life. The feet and legs of most of the men were wounded by their stumbling; and from six to eight A.M. their route lay through broken ice, which tried them to the utmost. They walked on mechanically until nearly noon, when the commander was obliged to allow half an hour's

rest. Double rations of biscuit were served out; and then until five p.m., they struggled forward without once looking aside. Lieutenant Krusenstern had been the strongest of the whole company; but he was now weary himself, and had severe pain in his breast and shoulders.

He accords great praise to one of the sailors, named Panova, who now stepped to the front, and endeavored to infuse courage and spirit into the rest. At seven p.m., they were not more than a hundred yards from the shore; but darkness had come on, and broken ice and many fissures had to be passed; yet, steeped in wet as they were, it would have been death to remain upon the ice. The commander then gave the men leave to make the attempt as they thought best, advising them to go in parties of three, so that no one might perish without some help being given. The captain of the crew, "Pankrator," and two sailors, gained the shore first. Their hurrahs were echoed, in the stillness of the night, from the cliffs and icebergs, and at eight o'clock the whole party were reunited on the coast. Wet, hungry, and exhausted though they were, their troubles were for the moment forgotten in the consciousness that they could not again be carried out to sea.

The shore being covered with snow, they ascended a hillock of stones, on which they lay down for the night; but they could not sleep, and again well-nigh perished with cold.

In the morning M. Maticen, in surveying the snow-clad country through a telescope, described an encampment of Kurachins. His announcement of this filled the crew with intense delight; and, after a cautious approach to the tents, they were hospitably received. The chief of the camp proved to be a man of substance, having three wives, seven thousand reindeer, and six tents. He soon had a sumptuous repast set before the famished mariners. This meal included such delicacies as the flesh, tongues, and brains of reindeer, also fish fried in the fat of geese; tea and sugar they added from their own stores. After their hunger was appeased, their kind entertainers spread for them the softest of skins and furs, on which it is needless to assure our readers that their slumbers were long and profound.

It is not our purpose here to describe the overland journey of the company: it was marked by many curious incidents, and the commander gained much important information on the condition of the Tartar tribes. The party reached the Obi River on October 1st, and crossed to Obdorsk on the 5th. They were nearly lost whilst crossing the Oural Mountains in a snow-storm of seven hours' duration, but they all arrived safely at Kouia early in November. There the commander left the crew, going off himself at once to Archangel.

THE many readers of Mrs. Jameson will learn with pleasure that she left materials for a work on "The History of our Lord as exemplified in works of Art," which were designed as the natural completion of the series by her contributed to the literature of Christian art. The preparation of this work was interrupted by her lamented death in the spring of 1860. Her papers were put into the hands of Lady Eastlake, and two volumes have now appeared from the English press. The subjects are arranged chronologically. They begin with the fall of Lucifer, and take up the types and prophets of the Old Testament, proceeding thence to the history of the Innocents, and John the Baptist, to the life and passion of our Lord, while the series is terminated with an account of works of art illustrative of the Last Judgment. Lady Eastlake herself writes a large

portion of the work, which English papers describe as constituting a beautiful and interesting publication.

DISCORD ABOUT A CORD.—A Scotch parson, in the time of the Rump Parliament, said in his prayer: "Laird, bless the grand council, the parliament, and grant that they may all hang together." A country fellow standing by, replied, "Yes, sir, with all my heart, and the sooner the better; and I am sure it is the prayer of all good people." "But, friends," said the parson, "I don't mean as that fellow does; I pray that they may hang together in accord and concord." "I don't care what cord," replied the other, "so 'tis but a strong one."

From The Spectator, 6 Aug.

MR. LINCOLN'S DIPLOMACY.

MR. LINCOLN never displayed his remarkable shrewdness to better advantage than in the unofficial negotiations recently commenced by the South. The Southern statesmen share with the Northern great skill in the manipulation of elections, and early in July they hit on a most subtle device for overthrowing the President. They sent into Canada certain agents clothed with that kind of authority which it is so easy to repudiate, to open a sort of informal conference with the unrecognized allies of the Washington Cabinet. The gentlemen sent were not envoys, or confidential agents, or even accredited messengers, but they "knew the proposals which would be favorably received at Richmond," or, as European intriguers say, "understood the mind of the king." From a motive we scarcely comprehend, the Southern representatives, Messrs. Clay and Holcomb, selected Mr. Horace Greeley, their deadly opponent, but no friend to Mr. Lincoln, as their intermediary with the President, demanding a safe conduct, and giving out that they intended to propose conditions somewhat of this kind: The Southern States were to re-enter the Union in a body as if no campaign had occurred, as if in fact the four years of war had been merely years of rioting and disturbance, very noxious, but without influence on the national constitution. The Confederate debt was indeed to be acknowledged, but the South would offer the means to meet it in the shape of a special direct tax on cotton and tobacco. As to slavery, all slaves already freed under the President's proclamation were to remain free, but all other slaves to remain enslaved under the laws existing before the war. It is hardly necessary to point out the character of these "terms," for we do not believe they were ever seriously offered. They would, if accepted, have replaced the Union in worse than its old position, with slavery still in the ascendant throughout the South, and slaveholders still recognized as the ablest American statesmen, with a debt multiplied thirty-fold to no purpose, and a terrible social disorganization encountered to no end. Such terms were certain to be rejected, but there was an object in offering them. They gave the Democratic party a foothold in the national councils. That party, while thirsting for peace is still as un-

willing as the Republican to resign its dream of empire, and though utterly careless of slavery, is scarcely prepared for the infamy of re-enslaving men freed by a national act. To offer them back their dream, the whole Union undivided, without any further war, to secure the dignity of the government without a resort to abolition, this was to give them new hope, to attach to them all the waverers; to enable their leaders to promise all for which the Democrats really care. A re-united Union, with two fleets, a million of soldiers, and possibly Mr. Davis at its head,—this was a prospect which, as they knew, would make the heart of every Democrat bound with hope and delight. It was indeed to be purchased by the nullification of all that has been done in four years, but then all that has been done has been done by Republicans; by the re-imposition of slavery, but then slavery has always been condoned by the Democrats; and by the loss of all Northern honor, but then who would dare to criticise a nation possessed of a million of trained men? To men who care for nothing but empire the offer was most enticing, and its effect will even now be severely felt at the polls.

The President, who, believing that Messrs. Clay and Holcomb were informal plenipotentiaries, had already promised safe conducts, must have been sorely puzzled. To accept these terms, even as preliminaries, was to commit political suicide, yet to refuse them simply was to give color to the libel that he individually did not desire to see the war at an end. To impose new terms of any kind, was to give his enemies a handle, while to invite the envoys again to Washington, as if their "bases" had been accepted, was to deceive,—a course to which Mr. Lincoln never allows himself to be driven. He hardly knew how to address them, for almost any title might be twisted into a recognition of the Confederate States, while dealing with nameless men exposed him to the risk of a repudiation which would make him very nearly ridiculous. There is, too, a touch of not undignified pride in the old workman who rules the North; he felt that it was for him to dictate, not to receive the terms of peace. The situation was a difficult one, but the Western lawyer is not often caught in an inextricable "fix." On the very day he received Mr. Greeley's final telegram, he composed a reply, which, when analyzed, will be found to be a model of diplomatic adroitness.

We reprint it with the explanation visible between the lines.

"EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, 18th.

"To whom it may concern—[*Envoys or unaccredited persons, whichever you are*],—Any proposition which embraces the restoration of peace [*which I also, you see, desire*], the integrity of the whole Union [*which is the Democrat point*], and the abandonment of slavery [*which is the Republican point and mine*], and which could be proposed by and with an authority that can control the armies now at war against the United States [*'not the rebels, or the nation, but only the "armies,"'*] will be received and considered [*leaves the matter open to the people still*] by the Executive Government of the United States, and will be met by liberal terms on substantial and collateral points [*dismisses talk about debts; the question not being one of chandlery*], and the bearer or bearers thereof shall have safe conduct both ways. [*I, you perceive, settle the bases, being your legal ruler.*]

(Signed), ABRAHAM LINCOLN,
President of the United States."

The shrewd but dishonest device had been baffled by the equally shrewd but more honest brain. It was impossible for the South or their allies to assert that the "President stood in the way of peace," for he had accepted their terms with the single addition that the cause of the war must be finally removed. No effort was made to humiliate the enemy, no concessions required, no concessions refused, no single demand introduced of which it was possible to make a cry. The baffled envoys exclaim indeed that the terms involve the "sacrifice of liberty, honor, and self-respect;" but these are the mere words of disappointed men. The President had previously pointed out the *modus operandi* of "submission," and any method more honorable or less inconsistent with self-respect it would be hard to conceive. All that a State in revolution has to do is to use its State power to abolish slavery forever, and send representatives to Congress, and it at once resumes its place within the Union, with its rights intact and its privileges unimpaired, with its liberties unassailed and with full leave to rule the Union if its representatives have the ability. No such terms were ever yet conceded by a State to subjects in revolt; no such offer ever made to a subdued belligerent. Even the appearance of submission is avoided, for the single act required, the abolition of slavery as the cause of the war, is not to be effected by the central, but by the local, power. It is as if Scotland after Cul-loden had been asked only to abolish the powers of her clan chieftains, and to do this without compulsion other than that of her

own internal sense of the necessity for the measure. Once re-admitted, the Southern members would, with their Democratic allies, have a clear majority in Congress, and could at once repeal the Confiscation Acts and every other penal law not previously embodied into their own constitutions.

We scarcely doubt that the President will be upheld in his course by the majority of the Northern people. Great masses of the Americans are still unjust in opinion toward the negro, and those who are not have scarcely conquered the instinct or prejudice which makes them dislike the presence of a free African race in their midst. But the war has taught all who can think that the society created by slavery and the society created by democratic freedom cannot exist side by side, and those who cannot are scarcely prepared to retrace the path strewn with their children's corpses, to cancel all the results of the war except its heavy taxation, and suppress all memories except those suggested by wounds. The North has made up its mind that however the struggle end, the materials for a new one shall not be left all ready to hand, that the new Union shall be a real one, or it shall never be made, and the President has not stepped beyond the conviction it has gained in the war. Oddly enough, however, the President's refusal to give way displeases the English friends of the South. If they have a conviction in this war other than that Americans are disagreeable, it is that the United States were becoming too strong and too overbearing for the safety of Europe, that they threatened to overshadow all other free nations, and might, should they cover a continent, realize the ancient dream of universal dominion. If they have a wish, except for the retention of slavery, it is that the Union should be split up into fragments, unable to do more than defend themselves, to interfere in Europe, or to dictate the form of the reconstruction through which, as they believe, the Spanish Republics must pass. Yet their organs, out of sheer hate to an individual, accept with pleasure a rumor of a restored Union, of a Union restored with its military armaments all unbroken, both its fleets in full strength, and its people still unaware that successful and unsuccessful war alike imply heavy taxation. They will advocate all they dread, support all they detest, if only it is Mr. Lincoln who removes their apprehension, and is hostile to that which they abhor. After this, let us hear no more complaints of the "fanaticism" of the English friends of the North. They may have prejudices as well as their adversaries, and doubtless they have them, but at least they are not prepared to sacrifice their friends, their policy, and their convictions, to gratify personal spite against a single man.

THE LIVING AGE.


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 And yet we live in a grander state,
 Sunbeam and I, than the millionnaires
 Who dine off silver and golden plate,
 With liveried lacqueys behind the chairs.

We have no riches in houses and stocks,
 No bank-books show our balance to draw
 Yet we carry a safe-key that unlocks
 More treasure than Croesus ever saw
 We wear no velvet or satin fine,
 We dress in a very homely way,
 But ah ! what luminous lustres shine
 About Sunbeam's gowns and my hodden gray.

When we walk together (we do not ride,
 We are far too poor) it is very rare
 We are bowed unto from the other side
 Of the street ; but for this we do not care ;
 We are not lonely, we pass along,
 Sunbeam and I, and *you* cannot see,
 We can, what tall and beautiful throngs
 Of angels we have for company.

No harp, no dulcimer, no guitar,
 Breaks into music at sunbeam's touch,
 But do not think that our evenings are
 Without their music ; there is none such
 In the concert halls, where the palpitant air
 In musical billows floats and swims ;
 Our lives are as psalms, and our foreheads wear
 A calm, like the *peal* of beautiful hymns.

When cloudy weather obscures our skies,
 And some days darken with drops of rain,
 We have but to look in each other's eyes,
 And all is balmy and bright again.
 Ah, ours is the alchemy that transmutes
 The drugs to elixir,—the dross to gold,
 And so we live on Hesperian fruits,
 Sunbeam and I, and never grow old.

Never grow old, but we live in peace,
 And love our fellows and envy none,
 And our hearts are glad at the large increase
 Of plentiful virtues under the sun.
 And the days pass on with their thoughtful tread
 And the shadows lengthen toward the west,
 But the wane of our young years brings no dread
 To break their harvest of quiet rest.

Sunbeam's hair will be streaked with gray,
 And time will furrow my darling's brow,
 But never can Time's hand steal away
 The tender halo that clasps it now.
 So we dwell in wonderful opulence,
 With nothing to hurt us or upbraid,
 And my life trembles with reverence,
 And Sunbeam's spirit is not afraid.

“NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP.”

“Now I lay me down to sleep !”
 First beside my mother kneeling ;
 Through the hushed-up silence deep,
 Hear the double whisper stealing ;
 “If I die before I wake,
 Pray the Lord my soul to take.”

“Now I lay me down to sleep ;”
 And the angels o'er me bending,
 Sent by God my soul to keep,
 Through the purple night descending,
 Wide-arched wings above me spread,
 Heavenly shelter round my head.

“Now I lay me down to sleep !”
 No wild dreams could break that slumber—
 I had prayed for God to keep—
 Blessed visions without number ;
 Glory caught from heavenly things,
 Showered from those angel wings !

“Now I lay me down to sleep !”
 Had I died before the waking,
 I had never learned to keep
 Memories for a life's heart-breaking !
 From the future and the Past,
 God had caught me up at last.

“Now I lay me down to sleep !”
 Ah ! the angels cease their keeping
 Watch above the haunted dreams,
 When the prayerless man is sleeping—
 Where such feverish visions burn !
 Back the sorrowing watchers turn !

“Now I lay me down to sleep !”
 Oh, my God ! when I am dying,
 Hear me pray that old-time prayer,
 On my haunted death-bed lying,
 From the old dreams let me wake—
 “Pray the Lord my soul to take !”

PAY-DAY.

A private soldier in the army hospital at Bridgeport, Alabama, writes to the *Nashville Union* in a joyful strain, having received his back-pay and a supply of tobacco. He winds up his epistle with a bit of purely original poetry, thus:—

“Pay-day welcome thrice ! has come at last,
 And happy boys are we,
 The thirteen dollars have been increased,
 We get ‘an extra three.’”

“We see in this kind act at home,
 (And we have longed to see),
 The North's all right and always was :
 So is ‘the extra three.’”

“We love our country, and strongly too,
 For that we want no fees ;
 But for tobacco and—and—and—
 We need some ‘extra three's.’”

From The Quarterly Review.

1. *Gedichte von Ludwig Uhland*. 47th Edition with preface by Dr. Holland. Stuttgart (Cotta), 1863.
2. *Ludwig Uhland. Gedenblätter auf das Grab des Dichters*. By Karl Mayer. Tübingen, 1862.
3. *Ludwig Uhland, sein Leben und seine Dichtungen, etc.* Von Friedrich Notter. Stuttgart (Metzler), 1863.
4. *Kritische Gänge*. Neue Folge. Von Dr. F. T. Vischer. Viertes Heft. Art. 3. Stuttgart (Cotta), 1863.
5. *Ludwig Uhland. Vortrag, von Otto Jahn*. Bonn, 1863.

THE name of Ludwig Uhland is so well known, and his poems are so familiar to most readers, as to make an article devoted to himself and his writings appear, at first sight, almost a work of supererogation. Very few of the numberless English men and women who, within the present century, have entered upon the study of the German language, have failed to make acquaintance more or less intimate with his works, or to appreciate their excellency. And yet there can be little doubt that, in many of his admirers, parts of those works fail of awakening interest, not from the absence of intrinsic merit, but from the want of some key to their full and clear comprehension. His ballads of course can be understood at once; and hence it is that, in nine cases out of ten, we find that to enter on the subject of Uhland and his writings leads to the discussion of, or quotation from, his ballad pieces; but how rarely do we meet with readers who have so fully entered into his other writings, and the life which they reflect, as to comprehend their allusions, to appreciate their force, and to sympathize with the feelings to which they owe their origin!

The works cited at the head of this article (with the exception of the first) have all appeared since Uhland's death, in the end of 1862, are all but the last written by eminent authors, fellow-Swabians with the poet, and all end toward making us better acquainted with a man who personally has been an abstraction to multitudes to whom his writings are a pleasure-giving reality. Before using the material, biographical and critical, which these different publications afford, in setting forth a short sketch of Uhland's life in connection with his works, we may say a few words in reference to their literary merits.

The pamphlet (for it is no more) of Karl Mayer, though the shortest and least pretentious, is, at the same time, the most useful and succinct of the whole number, serving as it has done to the authors of the other works as a framework of facts, which they have filled up each according to his ability. Karl Mayer, himself known as one of the Suabian poets, from early youth to mature old age an intimate and valued friend of Uhland, has here given us almost such an account as we might imagine Uhland to have done, if any torture could have got him to speak or write even so many words about himself. It is a simple statement of the prominent facts in a life useful and consistent, written in a perfectly unaffected style; and without attempting to claim for its subject any undue importance, sets before us means of forming our own judgment upon the character and merits of a poet of whom it may be truly said, that he was less in his own eyes than in those of any of his countrymen.

"Notter's Life of Uhland" is a more pretentious and a less pleasing work. It bears the appearance of candor, but (at least in one or two points) small show of friendship: its literary merits are small, its critical pretensions great; it is involunt in diction, irregular in construction, and bears the marks of eager haste in execution. This latter defect the author himself admits in his preface, though it may be questioned whether readers generally will admit as freely the excuse he proffers, which in plain terms amounts to this: that, on Uhland's death, a biography being required,—and required in haste,—by a bookselling firm, he was unable to expend upon his work sufficient time to make it what, with less urgency, he might have done, and done well, if we may judge from many of his other meritorious writings, both biographical and poetical. The preface states, that in the end of December, 1862, without in the least expecting or seeking such an office, he was solicited to undertake the work, which appeared in the following April. So, from commission to publication of a Life of Uhland, filling 450 octavo pages (more or less intended to be *the* Life of Uhland), we find less than four months' time employed; and are then called upon to accept, as an excuse for crudity, confusion, and verbosity, the fact that the work has been a race against time (and other possible biographies), and are forced to con-

tent ourselves with waiting for a worthy Life of one of Germany's greatest men till the present book has worked its slight purpose of meeting the pressing exigencies of an early market. In one respect, however, Notter has achieved an unexpected success, namely, in doing what his preface tells us he was determined not to do. He says, "I have been desirous of setting forth, to the best of my ability, a life-like picture of the departed,—not of merely supplying a chronicle of facts for some future biographer to use." And yet this unintentional service to the future constitutes the chief merit of his book, which, prematurely born, and probably destined to a premature decease, yet contains "stuff" in a good as well as a bad sense, and is especially valuable as furnishing us with several poems by Uhland, which have not hitherto been printed with his works.

The third work on our list is an essay from the pen of Professor Friedrich Theodor Vischer, of Zurich, whose name, if unknown to many of our readers, is certainly not so from any lack of merit. The article on Ludwig Uhland is contained in the fourth number of his "Kritische Gänge;" and, should our warm recommendation of the essay induce any of our readers to make a closer acquaintance with its author's style, we feel sure that we shall have established some little claim to their thanks.

Finally, Professor Jahn's lecture, graphic and well written, is enriched by several valuable supplements of unpublished pieces, correspondence, speeches, etc., and a useful list of the dates at which Uhland's various poems appeared. Johann Ludwig Uhland was born at Tübingen, on the 26th of April, 1787. It is needless that we should follow the example of some of his biographers, in threading his pedigree back a century or two through a line of ancestors whose only claim to our attention at all is the fact that their descendant Ludwig became a great literary name. It profits us little to know that his progenitor in the fifth generation, a carpenter by trade, was, with his wife, stigmatized in the parish register as "Impii contemtores Verbi et sacramenti" (which, however, as Notter suggests, may mean no more than that they were decided sectarians); nor need we care to hear that his great-grandfather married the daughter of a button-maker; but there are one or two points in the pedi-

gree which may awaken a little interest. The son of the *impious* one, referred to above, made himself famous at the siege of Belgrade, in 1688, by slaying in single combat a Turkish pasha. We may presume that such proceedings being in his ordinary line of business, his fame and reward would not have been peculiar, had there been nothing extraordinary in this manner of disposing of his adversary. No doubt, the family legend of this Turk-smiter inspired his descendant's ballad "Schwäbische Kunde," in which, as many of our readers will remember, a Sva-bian, pursued and assailed by a mounted Turk, first mows off the horse's fore-feet, and then, "*beginning* to handle his sword in earnest,"—

"Dealt on his foeman's head a blow
Which to the saddle split him through,
And, by his blade so cleanly cleft,
Tumbled a half Turk right and left." *

Another interesting point in the history of Uhland's family is that in all human probability his grandmother, then the young bride of Joseph Uhland, curate at Marburg, and member of a family afterwards poetically distinguished, the Stäudlins, was on terms of close intimacy with the young mother of Friedrich Schiller at the time of that great poet's birth.

We find also indications of, at all events, metrical, if not poetical, tendencies in different members of the Uhland family before the appearance of the subject of this notice; but probably his fame has been the only cause of these versicles of occasion having ever been routed out of their quiet resting places in the old desks where hands of the dead have laid them long ago, and where they have lain in their worn foldings as such memorials lie, the ink growing yellow and the paper brown, while the object that inspired and the love that could interpret their utterances, have alike grown old and faint and feeble, and passed quietly away.

Uhland himself, as a child, seems to have been much as other children, and as a boy much as other boys, save that, in the earlier stage he showed a strong taste for the strange and romantic, and a love of the terrific (as

*"Er schwingt es auf des Reiter's Kopf,
Haut durch bis auf den Sattelknopf;
:
:
:
Zur Rechten sieht man, wie zur Linken,
Einen halben Turken herunter sinken."

applied, however, to others rather than to himself) ; and that, when his time came to be sent to school, he really did distinguish himself, not only by unusual talent, but also by unusual industry.

He was certainly fortunate in a schoolmaster: as with ourselves, Latin versification was a prominent branch of study ; but Kauffmann, the then rector of the Tübingen Gymnasium, was one who loved, as far as possible, to draw out and develop talent, and from time to time permitted his pupils to treat the subjects he set them in any language and in any style they might choose to select. These productions were afterwards read aloud in school, and it is easier to imagine how valuable such exercises must have been to our author, as indeed, they must be to any lads who have a mind to think and a taste to awaken ; in fact, we may refer much of the easy flow and free swing of Uhland's later versification not only to the frequent practice of his schoolboy days, but to the constant and useful corrections which his style and diction must have received from a careful and conscientious teacher. Would that among ourselves there were more such educators ! We should find more men able to write a decently-worded letter, or to read a page of poetry aloud. With wider cultivation of taste we should have greater enjoyment of talent, and find ideas themselves become more abundant in proportion as men found facility in their utterance. And this might be without divorcing education from Latin vers-making. Uhland wrote his own themes, and, we doubt not, those of many schoolmates, in German prose and in German verse ; but this did not hinder his Latin composition becoming so exuberant as to make one of his teachers, to whom he brought a hundred and one hexameters as an afternoon's work, exclaim in a very comprehensible impatience, " Why, boy, do you imagine I have nothing else to do than to correct your Latin ? "

It can occasion us no surprise to learn that the boy's mind was specially fascinated by the romantic, as opposed to the classical and reflective styles of poetry. In his earlier writings we already see a strong leaning to that branch of literature in which he always excelled,—the ballad style ; and it is natural enough that we should learn of the absolute enthusiasm with which he fell upon the Lay of the Nibelungs when it was first placed in

his hands. We defy any lad who has a spark of true poetry in his constitution to take up that wonderful epic for the first time without experiencing the emotion of a discoverer, or, having read over with attention a single division of the poem, to leave it without a clearer notion than he had before of the true meaning and the distinct nature of real ballad style ; and further we believe that the taking up of such a book (not in a modern translation, but in the original text) is calculated to give the most active stimulus not merely to poetic taste but to linguistic study. There can be no doubt that the delight which the boy Uhland experienced at his first introduction to the Nibelungen Lied, while it gave direction to his most characteristic style of production, at the same time laid the foundation of that earnest study which led him even in those early days through the whole field of German and Scandinavian lay and legend, and made him all his life pursue, almost with passion, the various paths of letters, learning, dialects, mythology, etc., which tended to saturate himself and his productions with the deepest feeling and the fullest knowledge of German nature and of German life.

As to his future course and calling, he appears to have entertained for some short period the idea of taking orders, more, however, as a means of devoting himself, during his university course, to the study of philology than from any sense of the necessity and solemnity of an inward calling. Again, the medical profession seemed to be bidding for him, when his choice was decided by a law-exhibition, founded by an ancestor, and worth some £30 a year, becoming vacant at the University of Tübingen ; and his nomination in his fourteenth year to that piece of family patronage decided his future calling.

Though so early matriculated, he did not enter on his regular university course until his eighteenth year ; this early matriculation was, in fact, common at Tübingen, as setting youths free from compulsory attendance on the grammar school, and enabling them to continue whatever special courses they desired, under private tutors, while attending college lectures on the general branches of study. During this period, Uhland wrote a multitude of pieces, which, however, a ripening taste restrained him from publishing in after years. One of the earliest productions of his muse (published in his lifetime) may

be considered "The Blind King," and, in its simplicity, spirit, and completeness, is surprising as the work of a boy in his sixteenth year. The piece is so well known that we shall only call attention to the sixth and seventh stanzas. The blind king consents to his son's crossing over to the island to fight the giant who has carried off his daughter.

"And hark! the boat speeds o'er the wave,
And loud the ripples sound;
The blind king stands and listens
Till all grows silent round;
And then the clash of sword and shield
Forth from the island rise,
With battle-cry and din of strife,
And echo's faint replies.

"The old man cries, in trembling joy,
'Oh! tell me what ye see,
I know my good sword by its ring;
So rang it oft with me.'
They answer, 'Fallen is thy foe,' etc.

The blindness and helplessness of the father, his distress, the feeling of desertion by his followers, his anguish for his daughter, his fear for his son, his instinct of confidence in a good cause, and a young courage, are all finely indicated, almost without a thought of description; but if we could put ourselves for a moment in a blind man's place under such circumstances as the ballad sets forth, we should find no truer idea of the very climax of anxiety than that expressed in the awful silence which follows the rippling of the departing boat when its sound is lost in the distance before the strife begins.

This early effusion, with its contemporary one "Die Sterbenden Helden," show us clearly the influence of the Scandinavian literature upon their author; two other pieces, written about this time, and published in the "Musen-Almanach" for the year 1807, exhibit very distinctly his appreciation of the old German element. They are fragments from the Heldenbuch entitled "The Linden-tree in the Garden" and "Otnit's Revenge." They have not been published with his poems, probably from the fact of their occupying more space than was considered advisable for mere fragmentary translations. We insert a few stanzas of the Linden-tree, as unlikely otherwise to reach many of our readers:—

"Wol vor der Burg zu Garten
Stund eine Linde grün.
Es kam auf seinen Farten
Wolfdieterich dahin.
So je ein kühner Degen
Darunter ausgeruht,

Der muszte Streites pflegen
Ob solemem Frevelmuth.

"Von hoher Zinne schaute
Otnit, der Kaiser gut
Darneben seine Traute
Sie gab ihm hohen Muth.
Da sprach sie gar geschwinde
'Ach lieber Herre meine!
Dort unter deiner Linde
Wer mag der Kühne sein?'"

"Der Kaiser rief behende:
'Das gilt ihm seinen Leib,
Sein Leben hat ein Ende
Das wisset, schönes Weib!
Er fähret zu, als wäre
Dies Land sein eigen gut.
Er trägt, bei meiner Ehre
Zu groszen Uebermuth.'"

In the quaint expression, truthful simplicity, and free swing of these lines, readers acquainted with the "Huldenbuch" will not fail to recognize a power of appreciation and reproduction which may cause regret that this treasury of ancient minstrelsy has not yet found such an interpreter as Uhland doubtless would have made; and can only console themselves by the reflection that greater work was waiting for him to do in his generation.

It is worth remarking as we pass, as showing the early excellence of Uhland's taste, that a number of pieces written from his fourteenth to his nineteenth year are so complete and finished as to have received no alteration from their author's hands through

* "Within the palace garden stood
A linden, green and gay;
The wandering Wolfdieterich
Came thither on his way;
Beneath it lay he down to rest—
Though never so brave was he,
He earned many a strife throughout his life
For that audacity.

"Otnit, the mighty Kaiser,
Looked from his casement high:
Beside him stood his spouse so fair,
She made his chiefest joy.
And quickly quoth the lady,
'Oh, lord most dear to me,
What bold man dares to lay him down
Beneath thy linden-tree?'"

"And quickly quoth the Kaiser,
'He dies, who thus doth dare;
His tale of days is numbered,
I tell thee, lady fair.
He beareth him as if in sooth
'This land his own might be,
And, by my faith, he showeth forth
Too great audacity.'"

all the many years in which edition has followed edition to no less a number than fifty-six.* On the other hand, some productions of his earliest period, beautiful in themselves, are now found in his MSS., which manifestly were withheld from press for many years, from a feeling that the day might come for him to write still better on the same or kindred subjects as those then treated. We are tempted to give a version of one of these, "The Wallfahrtskirche," written certainly no later than his seventeenth year, in order to compare it with the fuller and more beautiful setting forth of a kindred idea in one of his master-pieces, "The Pilgrim," written a quarter of a century later:—

THE SHRINE.

Oh, ruined shrine! How silent now
Thou standest, sorrowful to see!
The birch-trees wave their yellow leaves
In doleful whispers over thee:
And yet begilt by morning's ray,
The far-spied pilgrims once beheld,
And heard thy festal chimes, as far
Along the rocky vale they swelled.

The holy dawn hath filled the sky,
And high is raised the solemn song;
The consecrated banners fly,
And clouds of incense float along.
The priests in golden vestments dight,
The knights in glittering steel array,
And dames, bedecked with raiment white,
Up to the shrine pursue thir way.

One, midst the rest sublimely fair,
Mourns in the gladness of the rest,
And, sighing, droops her close-veiled head
Upon her sorrow-stricken breast.
Well may she mourn in longing grief,
For, warring in a distant land
Is he, to whom in days of youth
She fondly plighted heart and hand.

Strange prescience fills her as she moves
Beneath the high-arched darkling dome,
To where the fragrant altar sheds
Faint taper's light upon the gloom;
Where by the crucifix she made
Her thankful prayers in happier years,
Lowly she kneels while swiftly fall
From her blue eyes the trembling tears.

And as, throughout the dim-lit nave,
The children's voices sweetly ring,
A gentle yearning takes the place
Of all her anguished sorrowing;
And as the organ's glorious swell
With full-voiced chorus loudly blends,
Her stricken spirit on the wave
Of conscious blessedness ascends.

* Forty-seven in 8vo., the rest in miniature editions.

All earthly sounds appear to fade,
She hears a chorus from on high,
And, bride of heaven, her eye beholds
Wide wonders in the opened sky:
There angels stand in radiant light,
There martyrs free from bond and chain,
While he smiles welcome on her sight
For whom she shed such tears of pain.

Her toil is o'er, her call is come,
And sealed is her entranced gaze,
Upon the altar steps she dies,
With glory gleaming on her face;
While all men wonder to behold,
The passing bell the air doth fill,
And through the kneeling multitude
A holy shudder seems to thrill.

If we now turn to the Pilgrim (Der Waller), we shall see with what cause, or rather with what prescience of power, Uhland withheld the former piece from his works. In the "Waller," we have many of the ideas, including the main one, repeated, but every one, without exception, not only amplified, but beautified. The "rocky vale" in the one becomes a "rocky coast" in the other, which allows him, instead of speaking of the church as merely an object flashing on the pilgrim's gaze, to take in at once sea and land in his idea and say,—

"To the lost ones in the desert
It shines forth as a guiding star,
And opens out a tranquil haven
To the storm-tossed mariner."

In the one there is mere mention made of the fact of the bells pealing; in the other we have a beautiful legend of their power:—

"When its bell is tolled for vespers,
Wide it vibrates all around;
And in convent and in city
Every bell awakes to sound;
And the angry waves in silence,
Hushed and broken, reach the shore,
While, beside his oar, the boatman
Kneels until his prayer be o'er."

So, in the latter poem, the waving of banners is amplified by the saluting from the sea of ships' flags, and the ascending train of pilgrims toward the church becomes "a ladder to the skies." Then the main idea is changed, and greatly for the better: instead of a lady dying of grief at the absence of her lord, the tragic element is introduced, and a man, weighed down by remorse for the crime of fratricide, dies, not on the altar steps, but at the door of the church, beyond which he was not permitted to pass, and seems to receive

from heaven at last the seal of pardon and release which he had sought and sought in vain upon the earth. Space will not allow us a further comparative analysis of this most beautiful poem, our own appreciation of which we have found greatly awakened by comparing it with that first sketch of the subject which its author so judiciously withheld. We must return to our account of his life.

It cannot be said of Uhland that the Fates were unpropitious to his poetical aspirations. From the time of his actually entering on his university course, he appears to have been surrounded by a clique of rhymesters; some of whom have gained a more than passing fame, while others have found their true level in forgetfulness; two of these friends, at first more especial "chums" of our poet, met untimely deaths; the one Harpprecht, who lost his life in Napoleon's Russian campaign, the other Schoder, an original but extravagant genius, who perished by drowning in the North Sea, in 1811. With reference to the latter, Haug, the epigrammatist, penned the following couplet:—

"Apollo sprach zu Schoder
Sch!—oder!"

To the former, Harpprecht, we find a touching reference in the beautiful little poem "The Ferry," (*Auf der Ueberfahrt*), where he is spoken of, in company with Uhland's uncle (a very worthy country clergyman), not only as a dear friend of great promise, but as one whose society implied high intellectual enjoyment. We subjoin the extract, with the observation that the piece itself has possibly suggested the following two verses to Longfellow, in the "Footsteps of Angels," in which he marshals the spirits of the departed:—

"He, the young and strong, who cherished
Noble longings for the strife,
By the roadside sank and perished,
Weary with the march of life!"

"They, the holy ones and weakly,
Who the cross of suffering bore,
Folded their pale hands so meekly,
Spake with us on earth no more."

Uhland's lines run thus:—

"When I crossed o'er this ferry last
Two friends with me the river passed,
One fatherly and kind and grave,
The other ardent, young, and brave.

"One meekly passed his useful day,
And meekly passed from earth away;
The other, seeking fame afar,
Sank in the raging storm of war."

There were, however, members in this society of higher future note than these, amongst whom we may mention Karl Mayer (one of his biographers), Conz, Rehfuess, and last, but not least, his most intimate friend and fellow-poet, Justinus Kerner.

This clique of literary youths, under the guidance of the last-named, started a manuscript "Journal for the *Uneducated* Classes," in opposition to the then existing "Journal for the *Educated* Classes," which was laboring to stifle every breath of true romantic poetry. The articles contributed to this playful periodical were almost immediately inserted by Leo von Seckendorf in the *Musen-Almanach* for the year 1807, where, for the first time, our author's productions appeared in print. No less than twenty-eight pieces of Uhland's found a place in this annual, a tolerable share to be occupied in such a book by the lucubrations of a single bard, but nineteen years of age. Among these are to be found several pieces entirely conceived and executed in the romantic style, and showing an extraordinary apprehension of its finest characteristics both in form and execution. We can observe the influence of Bürger in the ballad "Vom treuen Walther," "The Black Knight," and other works of this period; but our criticism would be hardly just if we failed to remark the manifest immaturity of some of the more reflective and lyrical pieces by which these were accompanied; a censure which we shall see finds its fullest justification from a comparison of the pieces in question with later efforts of his riper muse.

At this period also an essay by Uhland "On the Romantic" appeared in the "Sonntagsblatt," which laid down, in a few terse and pregnant lines, his views upon a subject then still fiercely debated, and has always seemed to us a sort of prose illustration of his own peculiarly clear, distinct, and uncompromising character. Leaving aside any discussion of the meaning of the word "Romance," he, in a few pithy and lucid sentences, defines his apprehension of the idea it conveys, and at the close, uniting the pluck of partisanship with the calm of conviction, invites intellectual sympathizers to the prom-

ise of that school in which he entered himself as a disciple, and of which he was destined to become an illustrious teacher.

Meanwhile his studies were advancing, while one by one the companions of his intellectual spring-time, mostly senior to himself, passed on from their Alma Mater to the vocations of riper life. Justinus Kerner, the most remarkable of them all, remained longest at Tübingen; but he also at last took his departure, leaving Uhland to his own poetic plannings and plottings, which were various and manifold. This period of literary loneliness, acting, as it must at times have done, on his generally high spirits, probably produced the greater part of Uhland's sentimental poetry, which the wholesome tendency of his muse happily prevented from becoming abundant. Meanwhile he contributed pieces to various periodicals, and, probably without his own knowledge, was daily making to himself a name. He received a complimentary testimonial at the conclusion of his college course in 1808, and, however he may seem to have disliked his profession (an idea which one of his pieces suggests*), studied it conscientiously, and reached to an unusually sound proficiency in it.

In the year 1810 he proceeded to Paris in pursuance of a design he had long cherished, and for which the annual income of his college exhibition had been for some years reserved. The practical father and the practical-poetical son appear to have had rather different views as to the purpose of this journey, although agreed as to its utility. In the expectation that the Code Napoleon would be shortly introduced into Würtemberg, the father thought very wisely that for his son to have thoroughly studied its principles and observed its practice beforehand would greatly improve his position and prospects as an advocate, and in this opinion the son no doubt coincided; but he thought, with a bardic instinct, which led him further than plain reasoning, that there might be better things to study than even the Code Napoleon,

* See "Die neue Muse," Poems, p. 79:—

"Als ich mich des Rechts heftissen
Gegen meines Herzens Drang,
Und mich halb nur losgerissen
Von dem lockenden Gesang."

"I toiled at law with effort strong
Against the promptings of my heart,
And from the clasp of charming song
Had torn myself but half apart."

and, on his arrival in Paris, flung himself with delighted ardor, not upon amusements such as charm most youths, alone for the first time and on their own resources in such a city, but upon finer sources of enjoyment which his tastes and talent fitted him for appreciating. That he studied the treasures of early French manuscript contained in the Paris library with an ardor as persevering as its results were fruitful, became apparent, not only in those pieces of his poetry which are published under the distinct heading "Early French Poems" (*Altfranzösische Gedichte*), but in others throughout his works, the origin of which we cannot be far wrong in attributing to his Parisian visit. These studies, moreover, even had they produced no special results and dictated no single page in his writings, cannot be pronounced unprofitable or vain, so long as experience shows how, to an active and awakened mind, every honest study is a gain, and every hour of steady thought, a profit. Such is the constitution of a healthy intellect, pervading any literary labor, that it can grasp from every side with avidity, and yet without surfeit, thought of all sorts, studies from all directions, varieties, coincidences, differences, contrasts, and assimilate them all to the needs and the growth of that body of excellence which we look for in the finished work of every great and patient mind. No doubt many will exclaim against versatility in study as injurious, and point out instances, well enough known, where it has been destructive; but, after all, variety of knowledge is always useful when pursued with singleness of purpose, and if it result in mere superficiality, it is because, to use a homely but expressive phrase, "it goes into a bad skin;" because a mind of weak powers tries to indulge a thousand whimsical, incongruous tastes at once, and nibbles at a multitude of dishes, where it cannot digest a single wholesome meal. A varied intellectual diet is good for a many-sided mind, that takes continual exercise and exults in continual labor, as being at once a duty and a joy; but the puny, fickle, fretful intellect, that stays at home in sloth and inactivity, and "roasteth not that which it hath slain in hunting," must be content with mental spoon-meat as the strongest pabulum its pitiful economy can bear.

Uhland's was no such mind as this: we do not pretend to rank his intellect amongst

those of the giants of thought, nor to set him forth as the representative of an era ; but he may be pointed out as an instance of a man conscious of possessing an intellect of a high and choice order, and yet wasting no opportunity and shunning no labor which could tend to develop his powers or ripen his taste.

In Paris he found his friend Varnhagen von Ense, through whose introduction he became personally acquainted with Adelbert von Chamisso, a poet who has elsewhere expressed the hearty delight with which he learned to value both Uhland and his writings.* At the same time, also through Varnhagen, he found a congenial spirit in the famous Immanuel Bekker, then also devouring the contents of the Paris library with a fine hunger of study. Devotion to mediæval and romance poetry formed a ground of sympathy between these two which made them almost inseparable. Day after day they worked together over the old manuscripts, and evening after evening found them sitting, generally in Uhland's lodging "*au cinquième*," enjoying a "quiet read." In those days the Parisian public library was not the most comfortable place to read in : a brazier of charcoal was the source of warmth in cold winter days, and we are told that Uhland learned to write with his left hand, to avoid losing time, while thawing the fingers of his right over the coals.

His stay at Paris bore, besides the immediate fruit of poetry, to which we have already referred, useful results in his "Treatise on Old-French Epic Poetry," which contains a quantity of new and independent matter, is written in a style of remarkable clearness and brevity, and accompanied by a number of admirable imitations and translations by its author. We rejoice to say there is every prospect of this and all Uhland's other critical works, lectures etc., being shortly before the public in a complete edition.

After spending nine months in Paris, Uhland found a new and valuable intimacy awaiting him at Tübingen in the person of his junior, Gustav Schwab, a divinity student, afterwards well known as a poet throughout

* The following pithy sentence gives Chamisso's opinion of him:—"Whilst many produce poems of the sort which every one writes and nobody reads, Uhland produces his such as nobody writes and every one reads."

Germany. He found also a congenial circle in the house of Freiherr von Wangenheim, at that time curator of the University, and afterwards, as minister, opposed, and, as simple representative, supported in the Chambers by Uhland.

In the "*Poetischer Almanach*" for 1812, edited by Justinus Kerner, no less than thirty contributions of Uhland appeared ; and in the "*Deutscher Dichterwald*" for 1813, thirty-two others. These publications were at once the manifestoes of the new romantic school, and samples of its productions. The whole tendency of this school is set forth with no less humor than distinctness in the contribution by Uhland which closes the "*Dichterwald*," and bears the title "*A Fairy Tale*" (*Märchen*). He interprets the well-known tale of the Princess, to whom the wicked fairy foretold misfortune from a spindle, as representing true German poetry, which had become bewitched and cast into a slumber of four hundred years by what he calls "*Stubenpoesie*," which school he personifies by a withered old crone at her wheel, thus describing herself and her doings :—

"Fair maiden, Chamber Poetry
Is the name by which I'm known,
Since beyond my chamber's limits
I've never gadding gone.
I sit where I have always sat,
Unchanged, whate'er betide,
And my poor old blind decrepit cat
Sits purring * by my side.

"Long, long didactic poems
I spin with busy wheel,
The lengthiest yarns of epic
Keep running off my reel ;
My wheel itself has a lyrical whirr,
My cat has a tragic mew,
While my spindle plays the comic parts
And does the dancing too."

This long piece is well worthy of perusal, both for the sustained wit and clever satire with which it abounds and the completeness with which the fairy tale is allegorized : parts of it also are beautiful both in a poetic and rhythmical point of view, as for instance the stanza describing the awaking of the princess :—

"Sie streifte die goldnen Locken
Aus ihrem Angesicht,

* The pun here is untranslatable. *Spinnen* signifies both *to spin* and *to purr* ; the satirical implication of course is that a cat's purring is just as much true poetry as the "*Stubenpoesie*" itself.

Und hob, so süss ershrocken
Ihr blaues Augenlicht," etc.

"She swept the locks of curling gold
Back from her lovely face,
And raised the blue dawn of her eyes,
In beautiful amaze," etc.

While thus taking his stand with many others in the ranks of a poetic school, Uhland turned his attention to the more necessary occupation of life, which he always held a poet should have in view. It is quite characteristic of his matter-of-fact common sense, that even in his young days, when almost every idea suggested a song, and almost every sound rang into measure, he condemned the silly notion of a man making versification the whole occupation of his life.* In the latter part of 1812 he entered the office of the Minister of Justice at Stuttgart, as a volunteer clerk, with the understanding that after a time he should receive a respectable appointment in the department. His occupation consisted for the most part in making abstracts of criminal cases to be brought before the king for final approval of judgment; and in this capacity, if he had the misfortune to differ from his superiors in many instances, he had also the happiness of finding himself frequently instrumental in getting justice done to persons who without such intervention would have fared badly indeed, from the corrupt system of judicial administration. It was no doubt this determined honesty which proved a bar to his advancement; for time after time his applications for vacant places to which he might reasonably aspire were refused; and after a year and a half of unrewarded toil, he resolved to resign his situation, and commence practice as an advocate at the Stuttgart bar. It was shortly after taking this step that he found a publisher for his collected poems. He had tried some four years before, and offered them to Cotta's firm, but without success; and he appears at that time to have almost relinquished the notion of ever appearing as an independent author; but the representations of his friend Wangenheim, a man of high taste and ma-

* He is said to have closed an argument on this subject, to which he had been a silent listener, by the quiet question, "Suppose a man went to bed a poet, and woke in the morning a poet no longer?" and we are inclined to fancy that, without stating such to be his experience, he may have felt or fancied at times that even so the gift had deserted himself; in the last twenty-seven years of his life he did not add a hundred lines to his published works.

tured judgment, seem to have been instrumental in inducing the Cottas to enter on an undertaking which must have turned out most profitably to themselves, seeing that scarcely a year has passed since then without leaving its mark on the title-page of a new edition of Uhland's poems.

On the general merits of these poems we purpose to say a few words further on; but in entering (as we are just now doing) upon a consideration of Uhland's political career, we shall take the opportunity of briefly explaining the purpose and origin of those patriotic poems, which, just in proportion, as being special, local, and personal, they excited the greatest interest amongst his immediate countrymen, are the least comprehended at the present time by general readers. A glance at the pieces printed under the title "*Vaterländische Gedichte*" will show that the *great* Fatherland was not intended, but that their reference is altogether to the kingdom of Würtemberg. The poems which refer to universal Germany, such as the well-known "*Vorwärts!*" "*Siegesbotschaft*," and others, dictated by the course of the War of Liberation, and penetrated by the enthusiasm of the period which produced them, are to be found in a different division of the book; but it is in the *patriotic pieces*, with this limitation of sense, that we must look for the source of Uhland's extraordinary political influence, and to understand the poems themselves must take a cursory glance at the state of his native country, Würtemberg, at the period (1817) of their publication. We quote Professor Jahn's account of the "situation" to which we refer:—

"Shortly after the downfall of Napoleon an acrimonious contest arose in Würtemberg relative to the reconstruction of the state. King Frederic, in December, 1805, relying on the support of Napoleon, from whom he had received his royal title, abrogated the ancient constitution of the realm, which had braved so many storms, had been sworn to by so many successive rulers, and to which he himself was pledged upon his princely word and honor; this perfidy, which his ministers styled 'crushing the serpent's head,' was accomplished under the pretext that the old constitution was no longer adapted to the altered circumstances of the time.

"Frederic himself was a man of excellent judgment and penetration, of remarkable energy, and unbounded selfishness. He recognized no limits even to his vices, regarded

his ever-varying whims and fancies as his only rule of conduct, and held in sovereign contempt all doings and designs beside his own. Unembarrassed by a parliament he would not summon, supported by well-managed finances, practised officials, and disciplined soldiers, he labored to accomplish his deliberate purpose of making every Würtemberger completely dependent on his government, and independent of every control or bond unsanctioned by himself. His harsh and cruel rule, carried out by all means known to crafty despotism was pressing the tormented country into the new mould of absolute monarchy, and the occasional introduction of a sensible and useful measure could not atone for his systematic violation of his people's rights.

"When at the Congress of Vienna, it was desired to secure to separate states representative constitutions, King Frederic strenuously protested against any interference by the Confederation with the internal government of particular states. Finding his resistance ineffectual, he thought it better to anticipate compulsion by granting a constitution based on his own ideas, and framed according to his own instructions. This constitution (though, as Vischer says, in many respects an improvement on the 'gute alte Recht') was refused by the people with singular unanimity, and in an address protesting against the innovation a formal demand was made for its withdrawal and the restoral of the old. And now began that determined contest for the so-called 'good old charter' against a better one, the complicated details of which we cannot here undertake to follow." *

The unwillingness of the Würtembergers to accept this constitution arose not so much from its matter as from the manner in which it was imposed upon them. They had no idea of receiving as a favor that which seemed to abrogate their right; nor were the antecedents of their sovereign such that either love or reverence could inspire them with the smallest confidence of any favor lasting when their right was gone. We have known a man threaten a parish with a lawsuit for building a bridge over where a ford had been, as terminating his right to wade through the water; and his objection, though absurd, still had its origin in just such a natural feeling as King Frederic's subjects entertained at having a constitution unceremoniously thrust upon them as a favor. This feeling Uhland most admirably expressed in his poem "Nachruf," written on the rejection of the

so-called constitution by the parliament, and its consequent dissolution.

"No man on earth was e'er so great,
No monarch yet was throned so high,
As, when for freedom nations thirst,
Their thirst, at will, to satisfy," etc.*

It was the thorough heartiness with which Uhland entered into this struggle on the popular side, and the unflinching honesty and steadfastness he showed throughout his whole career, which made him so influential among his compatriots; yet we must also attribute his opportunities of distinguishing himself in the political arena at all to the effect produced by his poems referring to the contest, which, "short, sharp, and decisive" as they are in style, exactly expressed their popular feeling, and became line by line familiar watchwords in the people's mouths. Uncompromising and persistent though he was, he yet ever showed himself a gallant, generous-minded opponent, ready at all times to acknowledge the true merits of an adversary, if making an adversary even out of a friend; for in this contest he found himself opposed from conviction to two at least of his most valued friends, namely Friedrich Rückert and Freiherr von Wangenheim. We see the tenderness with which he feels for their interrupted friendship, even while he assails the policy of Wangenheim most severely in No. 8 of the "Vaterländische Gedichte;" there all the welcome of a hospitable and generous heart, all the full appreciation of intellectual merit, all the finest sympathy for his opponent's sufferings, speak forth in cordial language; it is the last verse which carries the sting; a sting, after all, solely political, and separated so naturally from the personal as to show, that the piece, "Hausrecht," was really the true utterance of a good heart, which could honor the human friend in the political foe.

It is impossible, even could it be thought profitable, to occupy the space necessary to set the full history of this constitutional struggle clearly before our readers; and we must only refer those of them who desire further information on the subject to the works at the head of our article. Suffice it to say that Uhland's political course, as depicted by

*"Noch ist kein Fürst so hoch gefürstet
So auserwählt kein ird'scher Mann,
Dass, wenn die Welt nach Freiheit durstet
Er sie mit Freiheit tränken kann," etc.

* Jahn, pp. 48 et seqq.

Professor Vischer, was that of a true and unswerving defender of constitutional right, and through all his public career he proved himself as exemplary a specimen of patriotic integrity as can be cited, even sacrificing to his sense of patriotic duty the congenial post to which he had aspired for years.* He was no orator, in the ordinary sense of the word, yet few were better listened to, or carried more personal weight in debating. His mind was thoroughly practical, his matter simple, his argument clear; there was no fluency of speech, no peculiar roundness of period; but his being known to speak only when he had something to say made men feel that when he spoke, he deserved attention.

We may close our summary of Uhland's political career by stating that in the year 1848, he took a leading part in the proceedings of the Frankfurt parliament, having been deputed as representative of Würtemberg to that assembly. Jahn's account of his speech in the Riding School at Tübingen, on the breaking out of the revolutionary ferment, is spirited and striking:—

“When the ‘Western tornado’ † broke forth, it was resolved to hold a meeting at

*The circumstance here referred to is worthy of narration. The chair of German Literature in the University of Tübingen had never been filled up, and Uhland, having vainly sought it some years earlier, was appointed in the year 1830. He was received with the most gratifying welcome, and found himself in a post hardly less fitted to his tastes than his qualifications were to it. It was necessary for a professor, if returned to the house of representatives, to obtain leave of absence from his post to attend the sittings of parliament. In the year 1833, Uhland was returned for the second time by the town of Stuttgart; he thereupon applied, as a matter of course, for renewed leave of absence. It might be imagined that a government which had left a professor's chair for many years unoccupied would have seen no difficulty in acceding to his request; but Uhland was in opposition, nay, was as good as a whole opposition in himself, and the government declared that his valuable services were “*indispensable to the University*.” Uhland felt his independence compromised, and sent in his resignation as professor, which the same government immediately accepted, to use their own words, “*with great satisfaction*.” This step Goethe presumed to blame: he said, “Stuttgart might find another representative, long before Tübingen could find another professor like Uhland.” But it was not left for Uhland to consider whether he made a better deputy or professor; the question to be determined was this, whether for the sake of retaining any appointment he should submit to so discreditable a coercion. We think few men of independent mind would have hesitated, when treated as he was, to do as he did; and, in fact, it is hard to think that Goethe could ever seriously have given it as his opinion that such submissiveness was Uhland's higher duty.

† The French Revolution of 1848.

Tübingen on the 2d of March, in order to intrust the demands of the people to a deputatation who should lay them before the government. The spacious riding-school, unwillingly cleared for the occasion by the authorities, was rapidly filled by citizens and students. The gallery served as a platform, on which, amongst others, Uhland was invited to ascend. He undertook the drawing-up of a trenchant address, which declared ‘the grand error of all German rule to lie in the absence of the popular element, of popular free action, and of popular representation.’ The first words of his speech were uttered in a low, hesitating, and scarcely audible voice; but gradually warming with his subject, a sort of inspiration lifted him out of all his natural diffidence, his figure seemed to dilate, his eye to flash, each separate sentence came forth short and sharp, each phrase containing a definite idea, each idea expressed in the most fitting terms; and so he spoke till an hour had passed. The unpretending simplicity of his address, his extraordinary earnestness, the quickly following powerful strokes of his weighty argument, produced an indescribable impression; involuntarily, as he ended, the whole assembly bared their heads, and, as if by general impulse, sung his own well-known lines, beginning—

‘Wenn heut ein Geist herniederstiege,’

It was an hour of noble triumph for the champion of intellectual liberty.”

He took no part in the later meetings; but, the popular demands being promptly granted, was chosen as one of the seventeen *Vertrauensmänner*, and sent to Frankfurt, on his own express stipulation, unfettered by any instructions whatever. He sat as deputy for Tübingen in the National Assembly, voted in the minority on the question of the exclusion of Austria, and on that of the hereditary empire, and refrained from voting on the proposition for placing the King of Prussia on the imperial throne, a measure brought forward on the 28th of March, 1849. When the greater portion of the deputies, finding the purpose of their session frustrated, withdrew from the assembly, Uhland, not feeling himself justified in quitting his post, drew up the “Address to the German People,” of the 26th of May, upholding the rights and duties of the assembly, and accompanied the remnant of the parliament to Stuttgart, though individually opposed to its removal.

From that period of disappointment Uhland took no active part in politics, but lived retired in his picturesque house at Tübingen,

devoted to the last to his philological studies and investigations.

It is now time, before closing our article with some anecdotes characteristic of the man, that we should say a few words on the subject of his literary doings and merits. We have already endeavored, in passing, to touch upon some of the leading peculiarities of his poetic style, which may be summed up in a few words. Romantic without sentimentality, terse without ruggedness, simple without silliness, his poetry was the essential reflex of his own noble, upright, full-hearted, and modest nature. We greatly doubt that he ever considered himself pre-eminently a *great* poet; but may be sure that he felt his poetic aims were always good, and his poetic execution always above the average. The very simplicity and spotlessness of his life has been made a sort of literary reproach to him; and the fact, that as a man, and a Christian man, he kept himself "unspotted from the world" has been adduced, even by his admirers, as a reason why he failed more or less in his dramatic works, which, however beautiful in isolated passages, certainly want sustained interest and concentration; better a thousand times, however, that a poet's dramas should prove uninteresting, than that their excellence should spring from their author's worthlessness. And in this respect Uhland presents a marked and useful contrast to the lackadaisical, sentimental, *Weltschmerz* school, the poets of which trade on their own pretended misery, and, cunningly enough, suggest that their poems must be touching and true in proportion as the authors set themselves forth as peculiarly skilled in bitterness of heart and badness of life. Healthy, sober, frank, and honest, the utterances of Uhland's muse commend themselves to all who value, instead of sneering at, such attributes; and at least no false feeling is excited by their perusal. An admirable comparison between the two schools, or rather between Heine and Uhland as their respective representatives, is given by Professor Vischer, in the spirited allegory with which his essay concludes.

An extraordinary excellence in Uhland's pieces is their remarkable truthfulness of construction. Whatever the character be which he portrays, whatever the period described, whatever the circumstances related, there is always a striking appropriateness. In "The Hostess's Daughter," for instance,

how completely we have the character of German students depicted, in the mere manner of their address, as well as in the naturalness of their turning in for "beer and wine" at the end of their little excursion "across the Rhine!" Have we not the very swagger of the callow, slender-legged youngsters, the creak of the Kanonen-stiefel, the jingle of the spur, the comical cock of the embroidered muffin-cap? And in the very start which the hostess's answer gives, have we not also before us the exact picture of the quiet, familiar German housewife, who knows the measure of her noisy guests, and treats them as the boys they are; who speaks no cringing word, and runs no eager errand; and seems to take her sorrow as she takes their tumult, as a thing concerning which the fewest words are best? Take again such a lyric as, "Der gute Kamerad:" have we not before us in those three stanzas as real a picture as any that our eyes have ever seen of a pair of comrades, as they march, as they fight, as they part? How the soldier's philosophy—"every bullet has its billet," is indicated in the abrupt exclamation, almost as the ball is in its flight—"Gilt's mir, oder gilt es dir!" What a reality in the action described? The dying comrade at his feet holds out his hand for a last grasp of his friend's, but the friend is loading his musket:—

"Kann dir die Hand nicht geben.
Bleib 'du im ew'gen Leben
Mein guter Kamerad."

Again, in the "Schifflein," how exactly he describes the fellowship of music, which seems such a pulse of German existence! A boat full of passengers, silent, none knowing another. One takes out a horn and plays; another puts a flute together and joins the strain; and the shy and timid girl, stirred by the influence of that marvellous mesmerism, chimes in with full, sweet voice upon the melody; while the rowers beat the time, and the boat rocks with the music; and while the verses which tell it make a music which in itself is sweet to hear, with what reality the concluding stanza breaks off the flowing tune! We seem to hear the grating of the gravel under the bows;—

"Hart stöszt es auf dem Strande,
Man trennt sich in die Lande,"

and the passengers,—strangers once, but strangers no more,—exclaim, as they each take their different path,—

"When, *brothers*, when
Shall we together sail again?"

These are really the most random instances of one of Uhland's chief and prominent merits; for whether he present to our minds the prince or the peasant, the knight or the serf, the citizen or the soldier,—whether his scene be laid in camp or castle, in cottage or in hall,—whether his period be that of Holmgang or crusade, legend or history, there is everywhere and always a fitness and accuracy, which, while they prove the talent of the poet, prove also the industry of the student, and display the advantage, to any poetic mind, of many-sided learning and careful storing of various information.

We have left ourselves but little space in which to touch upon an interesting part of Uhland's writings, namely, his essays on ancient poetry. That on the "*Old French Epic Poetry*" for the first time established the distinction which should be made between the "*Chansons de geste*," meant for singing, and the "*Contes*," only intended for recitation. His monograph on "*Walther von der Vogelweide*," published in 1822, is original and valuable in the highest degree; and, according to Jahn, (no mean authority), "*inaugurated the study of the individual element in ancient German poetry*"—in plainer words, led to a more careful study of the influence of individual poets on the literature of their day. His "*Sagenforschungen*," published in 1836, contains the result of his studies, and the opinions to which they led him on the subject of the whole Scandinavian myth of Thor, which he interprets altogether in a physical sense. A second volume was to have appeared on the subject of Odin, and is said to have been actually in the printer's hands, but to have been withdrawn by its author for the purpose of further corrections. It is to be hoped that it may still appear amongst the collected works.

What he himself, however, regarded as his chief philological and antiquarian work was his "*Collection of Old High and Low German Volkslieder*," the first volume of which, containing the text of the pieces, appeared in the years 1844 and 1845. It is much to be desired that the second volume, containing the fruits of his mature and comprehensive critical research on so interesting a subject, may also be given to the world.

It remains for us to add a few words as to

the person and character of the poet whose works we have been considering. In stature he was not above the middle height; nor at first sight was there anything to indicate the presence of a bardic instinct. His hair, blond in youth, and snow-white in age, curled round a head whose most striking feature was a fine expansive forehead, which early baldness made still more remarkable. Prominent brows, shading expressive blue eyes, contributed, with a straight-cut, close-set mouth, to give an air of singular firmness and decision to the whole countenance; while the very gait and bearing of the man impressed a beholder with the idea of immovable firmness and decision, an idea which closer acquaintance never failed to confirm. His physical constitution was sound and vigorous, as his physical frame was lithe and wiry; and till his last illness he retained an activity almost marvellous at his advanced age. He was accustomed year by year to making journeys of pleasure or research (or rather of both united, since research formed his pleasure) to places which his studies made specially interesting to himself. No distance was too great, no fatigue too formidable for him to undertake, if with the prospect of elucidating some moot point of inquiry, or illustrating some historical or philological subject. Throughout his life he was a striking example of determined perseverance.

Uhland has been often called—by just the class of people who have the least right, with the greatest readiness, to pronounce opinions on eminent personalities—cold, unimpressionable, almost repellent, in manner. On the mere lion-hunter, disturbing a man of study solely for the gratification of an impertinent curiosity, he may have produced such an impression many a time—for such a class was his abhorrence; and he was not the man to look pleasant when he felt bored; but among those whom he knew and valued, he was a different creature; his taciturnity, often increased by natural diffidence, would melt away when fully at his ease, and he could appear in his more natural character as the mirthful, genial companion, ready and able to please and to be pleased in that sort of intellectual sociality which is the scholar's Eden upon earth. His "*Schattenlied*" (written as a sort of charter-song for the little club of kindred spirits which used to meet in Stuttgart at the sign of the Shadow) shows how,

while entering in the happiest sense into the spirit of hearty enjoyment, he could interweave noble and kindly thoughts with his merry verses as harmoniously as they were interwoven with his genial nature. To such a man the little supper we are about to record, must have been a real treat. When all Germany was congratulating him by telegraph, by addresses, by complimentary verses and serenades, on the completion of his seventy-fifth year, a letter came to hand bearing a Northern post-mark, but without signature. The writer, a lady, stated, that on the Festival of the Assumption, while on her way to mass, on a most lovely morning, the thought of his beautiful lines in "The Pilgrim"—

"Blieb der goldne Himmel offen
Als empor die Heil'ge fuhr?
Blüht noch auf den Rosenwolken
Ihres Fusses lichte Spur?" etc.

"Remains the golden heaven unclosed
As when on high the Virgin sped?
Glow's still upon each roseate cloud
The vestige of her gentle tread?" etc.

had so come home to her heart that she could not refrain from writing her thanks as a tribute to his birthday, and sending him a present: but that from her distance she had no other way of accomplishing her wish than by enclosing him a piece of gold, which she hoped he would expend on a bottle (or two, if possible) of first-rate wine, and drink it for her sake. A good bottle of wine was never wanting in Uhland's house, and his excellent wife proposed to give the money to the poor. "Twice as much, if you like," he said, "but that especial ducat is my own, and it shall go as it was meant to go." And so it did; and, as he himself declared, gave him as much pleasure as many a higher compliment.

An anecdote of his remarkable modesty may be quoted. When just coming into public notice as a writer, he happened to be at Carlsruhe, when a gentleman sent in his card with a request to see him; the stranger entered, and after exchanging a few commonplaces, withdrew with the apology that "he had mistaken him for the poet Uhland," and was allowed to depart without a word of explanation. Much the same sort of thing once happened to him on a steamboat, when a phrenologist, having examined his head, pronounced him beyond all question to be a

watchmaker, an error which the poet never attempted to correct. He so detested anything like public notice as persistently to refuse sitting for his portrait, and an artist having once visited him for the purpose of taking a likeness by stealth, found his endeavor frustrated by his host turning his back to him while continuing the conversation, on which they had entered. It is not difficult to understand, and indeed to excuse, one most unromantic act of which he was guilty. Having been once caught in passing through a town, and presented with a laurel crown, he hung it up on the first tree he passed after recommencing his journey. But, after all, such a fate is but a question of time with all such embarrassing gifts; probably Horace did much as Uhland with the

"... doctarum hederæ præmia frontium,"

though it seemed to give him rank with the high Olympians.

This modesty of Uhland's was at times united with singular delicacy and consideration, of which the following may afford example. Having heard that the so-called Klingenberg Chronicle had been discovered in the library at St. Gallen, he hastened thither to inspect it, in the hope of finding there some reference to the legends of William Tell, a subject he was then investigating; he returned home, stating that the MS. contained nothing on the subject. "Did you read it?" asked his friend Pfeiffer. "No," he replied, "as the person from whom I inquired did not offer it me for perusal, I thought it possible he might be thinking of writing something on the same subject, and did not like to ask."

A man in the truest sense single-minded, he was firm as rock and honest as gold; a lover of truth and justice, whom no self-interest could mislead, and no corruption contaminate, he held fast the affection of many, and gained the full respect of all. Unassuming and modest at all times, he shrank from personal prominence, while fearing the notice or the censure of no man in the discharge of public duty; high-hearted and noble in purpose, pure in thought, and honest in act, he was a firm friend and a gallant enemy, a hater of falsehood, an upholder of right. As a lad, exposed to the temptations of a city like Paris, the old portress of his lodgings could exclaim, "Happy the mother of so virtuous

a son!" as an old man; when the grave closed over him, his country echoed with witness to his excellence. His views at times may have been mistaken, they were never insincere; his conduct may occasionally have appeared obstinate, none ever presumed to doubt its being honest. Contented in his natural sphere of middle life, he had no ambition beyond that of serving his country to the best of his power. Office or rank possessed no charm for him that could outweigh his attachment to a tranquil home and those intellectual pursuits which became the ruling passion of his existence. Even distinctions justly earned by his literary merits, and solicited for him by fellow-laborers as eminent as Jacob Grimm and Alexander von Humboldt, he could decline from a fear of in any way being judged to have abandoned principles of independence to which he had ever adhered. Blest with a happy home, competent means, a partner of whom it suffices to say that for more than forty years she proved in every sense a worthy helpmate, able to appreciate his labors and to requite his affection, surrounded by a circle of tried and valued friends, with leisure for his studies and study for his leisure, he lived in honor and he died in peace. His last illness was occasioned by his attendance at the funeral of his life-long friend, Justinus Kerner, and he died at Tübingen on the 14th of November, 1862, in his seventy-sixth year, as sincerely regretted as he was widely known and loved.

We have not entered in our article at any length on the criticism of Uhland's works; the greater part of them are so well known as to need but little remark; we may perhaps have helped some readers to a better comprehension of part of his productions, in indicating the circumstances under which

they were written; but our object has been more to set forward in our presentment of Uhland, the man, a contrast to a too general notion of a poet and a German poet. He could stir a nation without parading his individual agonies, and could contemplate more important and more patriotic matters than "his own great wounded heart." * He could set forth in sweet and noble song thoughts which shall not perish, and poetry which can never pall upon a healthy taste, without dabbling in petty blasphemies, or flavoring his lines with atheistical innuendos; he in outspoken, unaffected strains could move men's hearts without embittering them, shocked no prejudice by parading impiety, and gained wide sympathy without instilling cynicism. He was a man whose character should be known in these days as well as his works, and whose guileless nature should be honored wherever his genial writings make their way. Few poets on their dying beds can feel, as Uhland might have felt, that of all the many words their brain had sown upon the earth there were so few of which they had to cry in lamentation, *Fugit irrevocabile!*

* See in the fourth stanza of the "Wandering," a powerful and well-deserved sarcasm on poetic egotism:—

"Ich schritt zum Sängervalde,
Da sucht' ich Lebenshauch;
Da sass ein edler Skalde
Und pfluckt' am Lorbeerstrauch;
Nicht hatt' er Zeit, zu achten
Auf eines Volkes Schmerz,
Er konnte nur betrachten
Sein gross, zerrissen Herz."

"I sped to the grove of the singers
Some breath of life to breathe,
A noble bard was seated there,
And plucking a laurel wreath;
He had no time to think upon
A suffering nation's smart,
He only could contemplate
His own great, wounded heart!"

As the season for out-of-door exercise approached, a sprightly writer in the *London Society* describes the freedom of Parisian promenades as contrasted with those of England, and refers particularly to one "radical difference between the rides, drives, and promenades of London and of Paris. Here, true British Brahmins that we are, we preserve our caste even out of doors; there, both the world and the people choose the same spots for air and recreation. Here, the upper classes keep aloof from the middle classes, and the middle

classes from the humble; there marquis, millionaire, merchant, shopkeeper, and courier mingle as naturally, and sometimes as agreeably, as the ingredients of a salad. Socially and personally, every Englishman is a human island; every Frenchman is only a portion of a continent. The writer, referring to scenes often witnessed in French public squares and gardens, says, "Nowhere can be found a pleasanter picture than a family group of that lively people so erroneously suffered to hold domestic ties in disregard."

From the N. Y. Evening Post.
REAL AND IDEAL.

J. W. Montclair sends us a daintily printed little collection of "Metrical Compositions," under the title of "Real and Ideal." It includes some original verses and a number of well-worded translations from the *German*, which show a graceful pen and skilful mastery of the translator's art. As a specimen we copy these couplets, translated from Rückert:—

WAYFARING.

I KNOCKED in vain at the rich man's door,
A farthing is all he gives to the poor.

Gently I tapped at affection's gate,
Ten others were wooing; I was too late.

Fain would I approach honor's castled abode,
No spurs had I won, no palfrey I rode.

Where industry toiled, a pittance to gain,
I met only rags, starvation, and pain.

Through life have I sought the abode of content;
It beckoned, but vanished when nearer I went.

One cottage I found; 'twas grassy and low;
Thither for refuge at last I may go.

Its portals are open, to welcome each guest;
There many before me in silence sought rest.

A quaint yet vivid life picture is the following
from the German of Anastasius Grün:—

THE OLD COMEDIAN.

The footlights blaze, the curtains rise,
And peering are a thousand eyes
Where tinsel jugglers strut apace;
With paint begrimed each truthless face.

Yon mountebank of snowy hair,
I well could draw his home despair;
Poor, worn-out, crippled harlequin,
His efforts fail respect to win.

Whilst honored age, though lorn and weak,
A tutorage with youth may seek,
This old, obedient, hired clown
Racks his stiff joints to please the town.

Old men, they court repose by night;
The aged arm forgets its might;
'Tis raised to guide, or to caress;
'Tis folded prayerful, and to bless.

Those trembling hands hang by his side;
Those valiant lips his limbs deride;
And when to points the text may soar,
With loud guffaw the groundlings roar.

Though chronic pains may pinch his frame,
He must be Momus, ever the same;
To those who see him night by night,
His tears would prove a rare delight.

But lo! how faint the actor speaks;
He falters, and an exit seeks.
"Old Thespian, hast forgot thy cue?
Thy walk's nsteady, thy text untrue!"

In vain the old comedian tries
To silence insult; murmurs rise;
Away he totters with alarm,
And falls within the prompter's arm.

On comedy the curtain rose;
On tragedy the players close.
The vulgar crowd, they whistle and cry
A dying actor's litany.

Behind the curtains, within a chair,
Ruddy of cheek and brown of hair,
A corpse is resting; its brow is cold,
And on it a painted lie is told.

For the mien that made the idle laugh,
It looks a solemn epitaph;
False and hollow is all we see:
His life, his art, were mockery

Never will rustle in nature's breeze
Those faded, painted, canvas trees;
And the oily moon that gleams o'erhead
Never learned to weep for the dead.

From a motley group, 'neath a tattered sky,
Comes one to speak this culyogy;
"He fought and fell, as heroes yield,
Upon the *drama's* battle-field."

Then a dancing girl, as a beggarly muse,
Upon his brow, with shabby excuse,
Pressed a laurel wreath that some Cæsar had
worn,
A paper invention, dirty and torn.

His funeral procession numbered two;
Brief was the pageant, the costs were few
And as they laid him away to rest,
I heard no pity, I heard no jest.

Of Mr. Montclair's original poems we give a
creditable specimen in

BELLS BY NIGHT.

'Tis Sabbath-eve: from the old kirk-tower
Merrily chime the bells by night;
The organ peals with thrilling power,
And the windows glow with holy light—
Merrily chime the bells by night.

Year by year to the pilgrim throng,
Warningly speak the bells by night:
"Life is short, eternity's long;
Children of darkness waken to light"—
Warningly say the bells by night.

Over the grave of the patriot slain
Solemnly rolls a dirge by night:
"The good are gathered, like ripened grain—
Why should we weep when angels delight?"
Solemnly echo the bells by night.

Lone do I list to a curfew-bell
That woefully throbs within me to-night!
Of waning life its pulsations tell;
And many a legend does memory recite,
That *mournfully* wrings my heart to-night!

PART IX.—CHAPTER XXVI.

COLIN and his guardian went on their way in a direction opposite to that in which the mistress travelled sadly alone. They made all the haste possible out of the cold and boisterous weather, to get to sea; which was at once, according to all their hopes, to bring health to the invalid. Lauderdale, who carried his little fortune about him, had been at great pains in dispersing it over his person; so that, in case of falling among thieves,—which, to a man venturing into foreign parts, seemed but too probable,—he might, at least, have a chance of saving some portion of his store. But he was not prepared for the dire and dreadful malady which seized him unawares, and made him equally incapable of taking care of his money and of taking care of Colin. He could not even make out how many days he had lain helpless and useless in what was called the second cabin of the steamer,—where the arrangements and the provisions were less luxurious than in the more expensive quarters. But Lauderdale was unconscious altogether of any possibility of comfort. He gave it up as a thing impossible. He fell into a state of utter scepticism as he lay in agonies of sea-sickness on the shelf which represented a bed. “Say nothing to me about getting there,” he said, with as much indignation as he was capable of. “What do you mean by *there*, callant. As for land, I am far from sure that there’s such a thing existing. If there is, we’ll never get to it. It’s an awful thing for a man in his senses to deliver himself up to this idiot of a sea, to be played with like a bairn’s ball. It’s very easy to laugh,—if you had been standing on your head, like me for twenty days in succession” —

“Only four days,” said Colin, laughing, “and the gale is over. You’ll be better to-morrow.”

“To-morrow!” said Lauderdale, with a contemptuous groan; “I’ve no faith in to-morrow. I’m no equal to reckoning time according to ordinary methods, and I’m no conscious of ever having existed in a more agreeable position. As for the chances of ever coming head uppermost again, I would not give sixpence for them. It’s all very well for the like of you. Let me alone, callant; if this infernal machine of a ship would but go down without more ado, and leave a man in peace,—that’s the pleasantest thing I

can think of. Don’t speak to me about Italy. It’s all a snare and delusion to get honest folk off firm ground. Let me get to the bottom in peace and quiet. Life’s no worth having at such a price,” sighed the sufferer; to whom his undutiful charge answered only by laughter and jibes, which, under the circumstances, were hard to bear.

“You are better now,” said the heartless youth, “or you could not go into the philosophy of the subject. To-morrow morning you’ll eat a good breakfast, and”—

“Dinna insult my understanding,” said Colin’s victim. “Go away, and look out for your Italy or whatever you call it. A callant like you believes in everything. Go away and enjoy yourself. If you don’t go peaceably, I’ll put you out,” cried the miserable man, lifting himself up from his pillow, and seizing a book which Colin had laid there, to throw at his tormentor. A sudden lurch, however, made an end of the discomfited philosopher. He fell back, groaning, as Colin escaped out of the little cabin. “It’s quite intolerable, and I’ll no put up with it any longer,” said Lauderdale, to himself. And he recalled, with a sense of injury, Colin’s freedom from the overpowering malady under which he was himself suffering. “It’s me that’s ill, and no him,” he thought, with surprise, and the thought prevailed even over sea-sickness. By and by it warmed with a delicious glow of hope and consolation the heart of the sufferer. “If it sets the callant right, I’m no heeding for myself,” he said in his own mind, with renewed heroism. Perhaps it was because, as Colin said, Lauderdale was already beginning to be better that he was capable of such generosity. Certainly the ship lurched less and less as the evening went on, and the moonlight stole in at the port-hole and caressed the sufferer, widening his horizon a little before he was aware. He had begun to wonder whether Colin had his great-coat on, before long, and fell asleep in that thought, and worked out his remaining spell of misery in gigantic efforts—continued all through the night—to get into Colin’s coat, or to get Colin into his coat, he was not quite sure which. Meanwhile, the object of Lauderdale’s cares was on deck, enjoying the moonlight, and the sense of improving health, and all the excitement and novelty of his new life.

They had been four days at sea, and Colin,

who had not been ill, had become acquainted with the aspect of all his fellow-passengers, who were as good sailors as himself. They were going to Leghorn, as the easiest way of reaching Italy; and there were several invalids on board, though none whose means made necessary a passage in the second cabin, of which Colin himself and Lauderdale were the sole occupants. Of the few groups on the quarter-deck who were able to face the gale, Colin had already distinguished one, a young man, a little older than himself, exceedingly pale and worn with illness, accompanied by a girl a year or two younger. The two were so like each other as to leave no doubt that they must be brother and sister, and so unlike as to call forth the compassionate observation of everybody who looked at them. The young lady's blooming face, delicately round and full, with the perfect outline of health and youth, had been paled at first by the struggle between incipient seasickness and the determination not to leave her brother; but by this time—at the cost of whatever private agonies—she had apparently surmounted the common weakness, and was throwing into fuller and fuller certainty, without knowing it, by the contrast of her own bloom, the sentence of death written on his face. When they were on deck, which was the only time that they were visible to Colin, she never left him,—holding fast by his arm with an anxious tenacity; not receiving, but giving support, and watching him with incessant, breathless anxiety, as if afraid that he might suddenly drop away from her side. The brother, on his side, had those hollow eyes, set in wide, pathetic niches, which are never to be mistaken by those who have once watched beloved eyes widening out into that terrible breadth and calm. He was as pale as if the warm blood of life had already been wrung out of him drop by drop; but, notwithstanding this aspect of death, he was still possessed by a kind of feverish activity, the remains of strength, and seemed less disturbed by the gale than any other passenger. He was on deck at all hours, holding conversations with such of the sailors as he could get at,—talking to the captain, who seemed to eschew his society, and to such of his fellow-travellers as were visible. What the subject of his talk might be, Colin from his point of observation could not tell; but there was no mistaking the evidences of natural eloquence and the eagerness of the speaker. “He ought to be a preacher, by his looks,” Colin said to himself, as he stood within the limits to which, as a second-class traveller, he was confined, and saw, at a little distance from him, the worn figure of the sick man, upon whose face the moonlight was shining. As usual, the sister was clinging to his arm, and listening to him with a rapt countenance; not so much concerned about what he said as absorbed in anxious investigation of his looks. It was one of the sailors this time who formed the audience to whom the invalid was addressing himself,—a man whom he had stopped in the midst of something he was doing, and who was listening with great evident embarrassment, anxious to escape, but more anxious still, like a good-hearted fellow as he was, not to disturb or irritate the suffering man. Colin drew a step nearer, feeling that the matter under discussion could be no private one, and the sound of the little advance he made caught the invalid's nervous ear. He turned round upon Colin before he could go back, and suddenly fixed him with those wonderful dying eyes. “I will see you again another time, my friend,” he said to the released seaman, who hastened off with an evident sense of having escaped. When the stranger turned round, he had to move back his companion, so that in the change of position she came to be exactly in front of Colin, so near that the two could not help seeing, could not help observing each other. The girl withdrew her eyes a minute from her brother to look at the new form thus presented to her. She did not look at Colin as a young woman usually looks at a young man. She was neither indifferent, nor did she attempt to seem so. She looked at him eagerly, with a question in her eyes. The question was a strange one to be addressed, even from the eyes, by one stranger to another. It said as plain as words, “Are you a man to whom I can appeal—are you a man who will understand *him*? Shall I be able to trust you, and ask your help?” That and nothing else was in the wistful, anxious look. If Colin's face had not been one which said “Yes” to all such questions, she would have turned away, and thought of him no more; as it was, she looked a second time with a touch of interest, a gleam of hope. The brother took no more apparent notice of her than if she had been a cloak on his arm, except that from time to time he put out his thin, white hand to make

sure that her hand was still there. He fixed his eyes on Colin with a kind of solemn steadfastness, which had a wonderful effect upon the young man, and said something hasty and brief, a most summary preface, about the beautiful night. "Are you ill?" he added, in the same hasty, breathless way, as if impatient of wasting time on such preliminaries. "Are you going abroad for your health?"

Colin, who was surprised by the question, felt nearly disinclined to answer it; for in spite of himself it vexed him to think that anybody could read that necessity in his face. He said, "I think so," with a smile which was not quite spontaneous; "my friends at least have that meaning," he added more naturally a moment afterward, with the intention of returning the question; but that possibility was taken rapidly out of his hands.

"Have you ever thought of death?" said the stranger. "Don't start; I am dying, or I would not ask you. When a man is dying, he has privileges. Do you know that you are standing on the brink of a precipice! Have you ever thought of death?"

"Yes, a great deal," said Colin. It would be wrong to say that the question did not startle him; but, after the first strange shock of such an address, an impulse of response and sympathy filled his mind. It might have been difficult to get into acquaintance by means of the chit-chat of society, which requires a certain initiation; but such a grand subject was common ground. He answered as very few of the people interrogated by the sick man did answer. He did not show either alarm or horror; he started slightly, it is true, but he answered without much hesitation,—

"Yes, I have thought often of death," said Colin. Though he was only a second-class passenger, this was a question which put all on an equality; and now it was not difficult to understand why the captain eschewed his troublesome question, and how the people looked embarrassed to whom he spoke.

"Ah, I am glad to hear such an answer," said the stranger; "so few people can say so. You have found out, then, the true aim of life. Let us walk about, for it is cold, and I must not shorten my working-days by any devices of my own. My friend, you give me a little hope that, at last, I have found a brother in Christ."

"I hope so," said Colin, gravely. He was

still more startled by the strain in which his new companion proceeded than by his first address; but a dying man *had* privileges. "I hope so," Colin repeated; "one of many here."

"Ah, no, not of many," said the invalid; "if you can feel certain of being a child of God, it is what but few are permitted to do. My dear friend, it is not a subject to deceive ourselves upon. It is terribly important for you and me. Are you sure that you are fleeing from the wrath to come? Are you sure that you are prepared to meet your God?"

They had turned into the full moonlight, which streamed upon their faces. The ship was rushing along through a sea still agitated by the heavings of the past storm, and there was nothing moving on deck except some scattered seamen busy in their mysterious occupations. Colin was slow to answer the new question thus addressed to him. He was still very young; delicate, and reticent about all the secrets of his soul; not wearing his heart upon his sleeve even in particulars less intimate and momentous than this. "I am not afraid of my God," he said, after a minute's pause; "pardon me, I am not used to speak much on such subjects. I cannot imagine that to meet God will be less than the greatest joy of which the soul is capable. He is the great Father. I am not afraid."

"Oh, my friend!" said the eager stranger, —his voice sounded in Colin's ear like the voice of a desperate man in a life-boat, calling to somebody who was drowning in a storm,— "don't deceive yourself; don't take up a sentimental view of such an important matter. There is no escape except through one way. The great object of our lives is to know how to die,—and to die is despair, without Christ."

"What is it to live without him?" said Colin. "I think the great object of our lives is to live. Sometimes it is very hard work. And, when one sees what is going on in the world, one does not know how it is possible to keep living without him," said the young man, whose mind had taken a profound impression from the events of the last three months. "I don't see any meaning in the world otherwise. So far we are agreed. Death, which interests you so much, will clear up all the rest."

"Which interests me?" said his new friend; "if we were indeed rational crea-

tures, would it not interest every one? Beyond every other subject, beyond every kind of ambition and occupation. Think what it is to go out of this life, with which we are familiar, to stand alone before God, to answer for the deeds done in the body."

"Then, if you are so afraid of God," said Colin, "what account do you make of Christ?"

A gleam of strange light went over the gaunt eager face. He put out his hand with his habitual movement, and put it upon his sister's hand, which was clinging to his arm. "Alice, hush!" said the sick man! don't interrupt me. He speaks as if he knew what I mean; he speaks as if he, too, had something to do with it. I may be able to do him good, or he me. I have not the pleasure of knowing your name," he said, suddenly turning again to Colin with the strangest difference of manner. "Mine is Meredith. My sister and I will be glad if you will come to our cabin. I should like to have a little conversation with you. Will you come?"

Colin would have said no; but the word was stayed on his lips by a sudden look from the girl who had been drawn on along with them, without any apparent will of her own. It was only in her eyes that any indication of individual exertion on her part was visible. She did not speak, nor appear to think it necessary that she should second her brother's invitation; but she gave Colin a hasty look, conveying such an appeal as went to his heart. He did not understand it; if he had been asked to save a man's life, the petition could not have been addressed to him more imploringly. His own inclination gave way instantly before the eager supplication of those eyes; not that he was charmed or attracted by her, for she was too much absorbed, and her existence too much wrapt up in that of her brother, to exercise any personal influence. A woman so pre-occupied had given up her privileges of woman. Accordingly there was no embarrassment in the direct appeal she made. The vainest man in existence would not have imagined that she cared for his visit on her own account. Yet it was at her instance that Colin changed his original intention, and followed them down below to the cabin. His mind was sufficiently free to leave him at liberty to be interested in others, and his curiosity was already roused.

The pair did not look less interesting when Colin sat with them at the table below, in the little cabin, which did not seem big enough to hold anything else except the lamp. There, however, the sister exerted herself to make tea, for which she had all the materials. She boiled her little kettle over a spirit-lamp in a corner apart, and set everything before them with a silent rapidity very wonderful to Colin, who perceived at the same time that the sick man was impatient even of those soft and noiseless movements. He called to her to sit down two or three times before she was ready, and visibly fumed over the slight commotion, gentle as it was. He had seated himself in a corner of the hard little sofa which occupied one side of the cabin, and where there already lay a pile of cushions for his comfort. His thoughts were fixed on eternity, as he said and believed; but his body was profoundly sensitive to all the little annoyances of time. The light tread of his sister's foot on the floor seemed to send a cruel vibration through him, and he glanced round at her with a momentary glance of anger, which called forth an answering sentiment in the mind of Colin, who was looking on.

"Forgive me, Arthur," said the girl, "I am so clumsy; I can't help it,"—an apology which Arthur answered with a melancholy frown.

"It is not you who are clumsy; it is the Evil One who tempts me perpetually, even by your means," he said. "Tell me what your experience is," he continued, turning to Colin with more eagerness than ever; "I find some people who are embarrassed when I speak to them about the state of their souls; some who assent to everything I say, by way of getting done with it; some who are shocked and frightened, as if speaking of death would make them die the sooner. You alone have spoken to me like a man who knows something about the matter. Tell me how you have grown familiar with the subject; tell me what your experiences are.

Perhaps no request that could possibly have been made to him would have embarrassed him so much. He was interested and touched by the strange pair in whose company he found himself, and could not but regard with a pity, which had some fellow-feeling in it, the conscious state of life-in-death in which his questioner stood, who was not, at the

same time, much older than himself, and still in what ought to be the flower of his youth. Though his own thoughts were of a very different completion, Colin could not but be impressed by the aspect of the other youth, who was occupying the solemn position from which he himself seemed to have escaped.

"Neither of us can have much experience one way or another," he said, feeling somehow his own limitations in the person of his new companion; "I have been near dying; that is all."

"Have been?" said Meredith. "Are you not—are not we all—near dying now? A gale more or less, a spark of fire, a wrong turn of the helm, and we are all in eternity! How can any reasonable creature be indifferent for a moment to such a terrible thought?"

"It would be terrible, indeed, if God had nothing to do with it," said Colin; and, no doubt, death overcomes one when one looks at it far off. I don't think, however, that his face carries much terror when he is near. The only thing is the entire ignorance we are in. What it is; where it carries us; what is the extent of the separation it makes,—all these questions are so hard to answer." Colin's eyes went away as he spoke; and his new friend, like Matty Frankland, was puzzled and irritated by the look which he could not follow. He broke in hastily, with a degree of passion totally unlike Colin's calm.

"You think of it as a speculative question," he said; "I think of it as a dreadful reality. You seem at leisure to consider when and how; but have you ever considered the dreadful alternative? Have you never imagined yourself one of the lost,—in outer darkness,—shut out,—separated from all good,—condemned to sink lower and lower? Have you ever contemplated the possibility?"

"No," said Colin, rising; "I have never contemplated that possibility, and I have no wish to do so now. Let us postpone the discussion. Nothing anybody can say," the young man continued, holding out his hand to meet the feverish thin fingers which were stretched toward him, "can make me afraid of God."

"Not if you had to meet him this night in judgment?" said the solemn voice of the young prophet, who would not lose a last opportunity. The words and the look sent a strange chill through Colin's veins. His hand was held tight in the feverish hand of the sick

man; the dark hollowed eyes were looking him through and through. Death himself, could he have taken shape and form, could scarcely have confronted life in a more solemn guise. "Not if you had to meet him in judgment this night?"

"You put the case very strongly," said Colin, who grew a little pale in spite of himself. "But I answer, No—no. The gospel has come for very little purpose if it leaves any of his children in fear of the Heavenly Father. No more to-night. You look tired, as you may well be, with all your exertions, and after this rough weather."

"The rough weather is nothing to me," said Meredith; "I must work while it is day—the night cometh in which no man can work."

"The night has come," said Colin, doing the best he could to smile,—“the quiet human night, in which men do not attempt to work. Don't you think you should obey the natural ordinances as well as the spiritual? To-morrow we will meet, better qualified to discuss the question.”

"To-morrow we may meet in eternity," said the dying man.

"Amen. The question will be clear then, and we shall have no need to discuss it," said Colin. This time he managed better to smile. "But, wherever we meet to-morrow, good-by for to-night,—good-by. You know what the word means," said the young man. He smiled to himself now at the thoughts suggested to him by his own words. He too was pale, and had no great appearance of strength. If he himself felt the current of life flowing back into his veins, the world, and even his friends, were scarcely of his opinion. He looked but a little way farther off the solemn verge than his new acquaintance did, as he stood at the door of the little cabin, his face lit up with the vague, sweet, brightening of a smile, which was not called forth by anything external, but came out of the musings and memories of his own heart. Such a smile could not be counterfeit. When he had turned toward the narrow stair which led to the deck, he felt a touch upon his arm, like the touch of a bird, it was so light and momentary. "Come again," said a voice in his ears, "come again." He knew it was the sister who spoke; but the voice did not sound in Colin's ears as the voice of a woman to a man. It was impersonal, disembodied, inde-

pendent of all common restrictions. She had merged her identity altogether in that of her brother. All the light, all the warmth, all the human influence she had, she was pouring into him, like a lantern, bright only for the bearer, turning a dark side to the world. Colin's head throbbed and felt giddy when he emerged into the open air above, into the cold moonlight, to which the heaving of the sea gave a look of disturbance and agitation which almost reached the length of pain. There was nothing akin, in that passionless light, to the tumult of the great chafing ocean, the element most like humanity. True, it was not real storm, but only the long pantings of the vast bosom, after one of those anger-fits to which the giant is prone; but a fanciful spectator could not but link all kinds of imaginations to the night, and Colin was preëminently a fanciful spectator. It looked like the man storming, the woman watching with looks of powerless anguish; or like the world heaving and struggling, and some angel of heaven grieving and looking on. Colin lingered on the deck, though it was cold, and rest was needful.

What could there be in the future existence more dark, more hopeless than the terrible enigmas which built up their dead walls around a man in this world, and passed interpretation. Even the darkest hell of poetic invention comprehended itself and knew why it was; but this life who comprehended, who could explain? The thought was very different from those with which Arthur Meredith resigned himself reluctantly to rest. He could not consent to sleep till he had written a page or two of the book which he meant to leave as a legacy to the world, and which was to be called "A Voice from the Grave;" the poor young fellow had forgotten that God himself was likely to take some pains about the world which had cost so much. After the "unspeakable gift" once for all, it appeared to young Meredith that the rest of the work was left on his shoulders, and on the shoulders of such as he; and, accordingly, he wore his dying strength out, addressing everybody in season and out of season, and working at "A Voice from the Grave." A strange voice it was,—saying little that was consolatory; yet, in its way, true as everything is true, in a certain limited sense, which comes from the heart. The name of the Redeemer was named a great many

times; but the spirit of it was as if no Redeemer had ever come. A world dark, confused, and full of judgments and punishments,—a world in which men would not believe though one rose from the grave,—was the world into which he looked, and for which he was working. His sister Alice, watching by his side, noting with keen anxiety every time the pen slipped from his fingers, every time it went vaguely over the paper in starts which told he had gone half to sleep over his work, sat with her intelligence unawakened, and her whole being slumbering, thinking of nothing but him. After all, Colin was not so fanciful when in his heart it occurred to him to connect these two with the appearance of the moon and the sea. They had opened the book of their life to him fortuitously, without any explanations, and he did not know what to make of it. When he descended to his own cabin and found Lauderdale fast asleep, the young man could not but give a little time to the consideration of this new scene which had opened in his life. It was natural to Colin's age and temperament to expect that something would come of such a strange accidental meeting; and so he lay and pondered it, looking out at the troubled moonlight on the water, till that disturbed guardian of the night had left her big troublesome charge to himself. The ship ploughed along its lonely road with tolerable composure and quietness, for the first time since it set out, and permitted to some of its weary passengers unwonted comfort and sleep; but, as for Colin, a sense of having set out upon a new voyage came into his mind, he could not tell why.

CHAPTER XXVII.

"I'm no saying if I'm well or ill," said Lauderdale; "I'm saying it's grand for you to leave your friends in a suffering condition, and go off and make up to other folks. It's well to be off with the old love. For my own part, however," said Colin's Mentor, "I'm no for having a great deal to do with women. They're awfu' doubtful creatures, you may take my word for it: some seem about as good as the angels,—no that I have any personal acquaintance with the angels, but it's aye an intelligible metaphor; some just as far on the other side. Besides, it's a poor thing for a man to fritter away what little capability of a true feeling there may be in him. I've no fancy

for the kind of friendships that are carried on after the manner of flirtations. For my part, I'm a believer in *love*," said the philosopher, with a sudden fervor of reproof which brought an unusual amount of color to his face.

"You are absurd all the same," said Colin, laughing; "here is no question either of love, or flirtation, or even friendship. I know what you mean," he added with a slightly heightened color; "you think that, having once imagined I admired Miss Frankland, I ought to have continued in the same mind all my life. You don't appreciate my good sense, Lauderdale; but, at all events, the young lady has nothing to do with my interest here."

"I was saying nothing about Miss Frankland," said Lauderdale; "I was making a confession of faith on my own part, which has naething to do with you that I can see. As for the young leddy, as you say, if it doesna begin with her, it's a' the more likely to end with her, according to my experience. To be sure, there's no great amount of time; but a boat like this is provocative of intimacy. You're aye in the second cabin, which is a kind of safeguard; but, as for your good sense"—

"Don't associate that poor fellow's name with anything ridiculous," said Colin; "but come up on deck, like a reasonable man, and judge for yourself."

"Ay, ay," said Lauderdale, slowly; "I understand the kind of thing. I've seen it many a day myself. Partly youthfulness, that thinks the thing that is happening to itself more important than anything else in the world; partly a kind of self-regard; partly a wish to take compensation out of the world for what it is giving up. I'm no saying but there's something better at the bottom; but it's awfu' hard to separate the physical and the spiritual. I wouldna say but even you, your own self—but it took a different form with you," said Lauderdale, stopping short abruptly. Looking at Colin, and seeing that still there was not much bloom on his worn cheeks, it occurred to his careful guardian that it might be as well not to recall the distempered thoughts of the sick-room at Wodensbourne to the mind of his patient. "This is a different kind of constitution, I'm thinking," he went on, in some haste.

"I suppose you are right," said Colin;

"it took a different form with me,—a more undutiful, unbelieving form; for Meredith makes no question what it means, as I used to do."

"I'm no so clear of that," said Lauderdale. "It's seldom unbelief that asks a reason. I would not say, now I'm on my feet, but what there may be a place known among men by the name of Italy. Come, callant, and let me see if the skies are aught like what they are at hame."

Everything was changed when Colin and his friend stood again on deck. The calm weather had restored to life the crowd of seasick passengers who, like Lauderdale, had, up to this moment, kept themselves and their miseries under cover below. The universal scepticism and doubt of ever being better had given way to a cheerful confidence. Everybody believed—happy in his delusion—that for himself he had mastered the demon, and would be sea-sick no more. Among so many, it was not so easy to distinguish Meredith as Colin had expected; and he had time to discuss several matters with Lauderdale, showing a certain acrid feeling on his side of the question which surprised his interlocutor, before his new friends appeared. Colin had taken his second-class berth gladly enough, without thinking of any drawback; but, when he saw the limit clearly before his eyes, and perceived within reach, and indeed within hearing, the little "society" which he was not able to join, the fact of this momentary inferiority chafed him a little. Like most other people, he had a dislike to the second place,—not that he cared about society, as he took pains to convince himself. But the truth was, that Colin did care for society, and, though too proud to confess such a thought, even to himself, secretly longed to join those new groups which were gradually growing into acquaintance before his eyes. When he saw the two figures approaching which had attracted him so strongly on the previous night, his heart gave a little jump, though his eyes were fixed in another direction. They were not only two curious human creatures whom it was hard to comprehend, but, at the same time, they represented the world to Colin, who was at this present moment shut out from intercourse with anybody but Lauderdale, whose manner of musing he knew by heart. He did not look round, but he heard the footsteps approaching, and would

have been equally disappointed and irritated had they turned back. This danger, however, speedily terminated. Meredith came up hastily, drawing along with him, as usual, the sister who had not any being except in him, and laid his thin hand on Colin's shoulder. The sunshine and the brightened skies did not change the strain of the young preacher's thoughts. He laid his hand on Colin, pressing the young man's shoulder with an emphatic touch. "We meet again in the land of living men, in the place of hope," he said, leading his sister with him as he turned. She clung to him so closely that they moved like one, without any apparent volition on her part; and even Colin's salutation seemed to disturb her, as if it had been something unnecessary and unexpected. Her little hurried bow, her lips that just parted, in an anxious momentary smile, had a certain surprise in them; and there was even a little impatience, as if she had said, "Answer *him*; why should you mind me?" in the turn of her head.

"Yes, we meet on a bright morning, which looks like life and hope," said Colin, "and everybody seems disposed to enjoy it; even my friend here, who has been helpless since we started, has come to life at last."

Thus directed, Meredith's eager eyes turned to Lauderdale, upon whom they paused with their usual solemn inquiring look. "I hope he has come to life in a higher sense," said the sick man, who thought it his duty to speak in season and out of season; but for that true life, existence is only the payment of a terrible penalty. I hope, like you, he has thought on the great subject."

When he stopped short, and looked straight in Lauderdale's face, there was a wonderful silence over the little group. The dying prophet said nothing, but looked down, awful and abstracted, from the heights of death on which he was standing, to receive an answer, which Lauderdale was too much taken by surprise, and Colin too much alarmed for the result of the inquiry, to give.

"I've thought on an awfu' quantity of subjects," said Lauderdale, after a moment,— "a hundred or two more than ever have gone through your mind at your age; and I'm no averse to unfolding my experiences, as this callant will tell you," he added, with a smile, which, however, was lost upon his questioner. "Your experiences!" said Meredith. He

put his thin arm eagerly, before any one was aware what he intended to do, through Lauderdale's arm. "I frighten and horrify many," said the invalid, not without a gleam of satisfaction; "but there are so few, so miserably few, with whom it is possible to have true communion. Let me share your experiences; there must be instruction in them."

The philosopher, thus seized, made a comical grimace, unseen by anybody but Colin; but the sick man was far too much in earnest to observe any reluctance on the part of his new acquaintance, and Lauderdale submitted to be swept on in the strange wind of haste and anxiety and eagerness which surrounded the dying youth, to whom a world lying in wickedness, and "I, I alone" left to maintain the knowledge of God among men, was the one great truth. There was not much room to move about upon the deck; and, as Meredith turned and went on, with his arm in Lauderdale's, his sister, who was sharply turned round also by his movement, found it hard enough to maintain her position by his side. Though he was more attached to her than to any other living creature, it was not his habit, as it might have been in happier circumstances, to care for her comfort, or to concern himself about her personal convenience. He swept her along with him on the hampered deck, through passages which were barely wide enough for two, but through which she crushed herself as long as possible, catching her dress on all the corners, and losing her breath in the effort. As for Colin, he found himself left behind with a half-amazed, half-mortified sensation.

"Not his the form, not his the eye,
That youthful maidens wont to fly;"

and though he was not truly open to Lauderdale's jibe concerning flirtations, the very name of that agreeable but dangerous amusement had roused him into making the discovery that Meredith's sister was very pretty, and that there was something extremely interesting in the rapt devotion to her brother which at first had prevented him from observing her. It seemed only natural that, when the sick man seized upon Lauderdale, the young lady should have fallen to Colin's share; and he kept standing where they had left him, as has been described, half amused and half mortified, thinking to himself that,

after all, he was not an ogre, nor a person whom ladies in general are apt to avoid. After poor little Alice had hurt herself and torn her dress in two or three rapid turns through the limited space, she gave up her brother's arm with a pained, surprised look, which went to Colin's heart, and withdrew to the nearest bench, gathering up her torn dress in her hand, and still keeping her eyes upon him. What good she thought she could do by her watching it was difficult to tell; but it evidently was the entire occupation and object of her life. She scarcely turned her eyes upon Colin when he approached; and, as the eyes were like a fawn's,—brown, wistful, and appealing (whereas Miss Matty's were blue, and addicted to laughter),—it is not to be wondered at that Colin, in whom his youth was dimly awakening, with all its happier susceptibilities, should feel a little pique at her neglect. The shadow of death had floated away from the young man's horizon. He believed himself, whether truly or not, to have come to a new beginning of life. He had been dead, and was alive again; and the solemn interval of suffering, during which he questioned earth and heaven, had made the rebound all the sweeter, and restored with a freshness almost more delightful than the first, the dews and blossoms to the new world. Thus he approached Alice Meredith, who had no attention to spare to him,—not with any idea that he had fallen in love with her, or that love was likely, but only with that vague sense that Paradise still exists somewhere, not entirely out of reach, and, that the sweet Eve, who alone can reveal it, might meet him unawares at any time of his dreary path, which is one of the sweetest privileges of youth. But he did not know what to say to the other youthful creature, who ought to have been as conscious of such possibilities as he. No thought was in *her* mind that she ever would be the Eve of any paradise; and the world to her was a confused and darkling universe, in which death lay lurking somewhere, she could not tell how close at hand; death, not for herself, which would be sweet, but for one far dearer than herself. The more she felt the nearness of this adversary, the more she contradicted herself and would not believe it; and so darkness spread all round the beginning path of the poor girl, who was not much more than a child. She would not have understood the meaning of

any pretty speeches, had Colin been so far left to himself as to think of making them. As it was, she looked up for a moment wistfully as he sat down beside her. She thought in her mind that he would be a good friend for Arthur, and might cheer him; which was the chief thing she cared for in this world.

"Has your brother been long ill?" said Colin. It seemed the only subject on which the two could speak.

"Ill?" said Alice; "he is not very ill; he takes a great deal of exercise. You must have observed that; and his appetite is very good." The question roused her to contradict her own fears, and doing so out loud to another was more effectual somehow than anything she could say to herself. "The storm which made everybody else so ill had no effect upon Arthur," she went on almost with a little irritation. "He is thin, to be sure; but then many people are thin who are quite well; and I am sure you do not look very strong yourself."

"No," said Colin, who possessed the instinct, rare among men, of divining what his companion wished him to say; "my people had given me up a few weeks ago. I gave myself a poke somewhere in the lungs which very nearly made an end of me; but I mean to get better if I can," he said with a smile which for the moment brought a doubtful look upon the girl's face.

"You don't think it wrong to talk like that," she said; "that was what made me wish so much you should come to see Arthur. Perhaps if he were more cheerful, it would do him good. Not that he is very ill, you know, but still—We are going to Italy," she went on with a little abruptness, "to a place near Rome,—not to Rome itself, because I am a little afraid of that; but into the country. Are you going there?"

"I suppose so," said Colin; "it is the place in the world most interesting. Do you not think so? But everything will be new to me."

"If you were to come where we are going," said his companion with a composure which was wonderful to Colin, "you would find it cheaper, and you could see things almost as easily, and it would not be so hot when summer comes. I think it would do Arthur a great deal of good. It is so hard to know what to do with a man," she went on, unconsciously yielding to that inexpressible

influence of a sympathetic listener which few people can resist; "they cannot occupy themselves, you know, as we women can, and they get tired of *our* society. I have so longed to find some man who would understand him, and whom he could talk to," cried the poor girl, with tears in her eyes. She made a pause when she had said so much; not that it occurred to her that any one could misunderstand her, but because the tears were getting into her voice, which was a weakness not to be yielded to. "I don't know why I should cry," she added a minute after, with a faint smile; "it is talking about Italy I suppose; but you will like it when you get there."

"Yet you do not seem to like it," said Colin, with a little curiosity.

This time she made him no direct answer. Her eyes were following her brother and Lauderdale as they walked about the deck. "Is he nice?" she asked with a little timidity, pointing at Lauderdale, and giving another hasty, wistful look at Colin's face.

"I don't know if you would think so," said Colin; "he is very Scotch, and a little odd sometimes, but kinder and better, and more truly a friend than words can describe. He is tender and true," said the young man, with a little enthusiasm which woke up the palest ghost of an answering light in his young companion's face.

"Being Scotch is a recommendation to me," she said; "the only person I ever loved, except Arthur, of course,—and those who are gone,—was Scotch." After this quaint intimation, which woke in Colin's mind an incipient spark of the earliest stage of jealousy,—not jealousy proper, but only a lively and contemptuous curiosity to know "who the fellow was,"—she dropped back again into her habitual silence. When Colin tried to bring her back by ordinary remarks about the voyage and their destination, she answered him simply by "Yes," or "No." She was of one idea, incapable apparently of exerting her mind on any other subject. When they had been thus sitting silent for some time, she began again abruptly at the point where she had left off.

"If you were coming to the same place," she said,— "Arthur can speak Italian very well, and I know it a little,—we might be able to help you, and you would have very good air,—pure air off the sea. If he had

society, he would soon be better." This was said softly to herself, and then she went on, drawn farther and farther by the sympathy which she felt in her listener. "There are only us two in the world."

"If I can do anything," said Colin, "as long as we are here at least; but there is no lack of society," he said, pointing to the groups on the quarter-deck, at which Alice Meredith shook her head.

"He frightens them," she said; "they prefer to go out of his way; they don't want to answer his questions. I don't know why he does it. When he was young, he was fond of society, and went out a great deal; but he has changed so much of late," said the anxious sister, with a certain look of doubt and wonder on her face. She was not quite sure whether the change was an improvement. "I don't understand it very well myself," she went on, with a sigh; "perhaps I have not thought enough about it. And then he does not mind what I say to him—men never do; I suppose it is natural. But, if he had society, and you would talk and keep him from writing"—

"Does he write?" said Colin, with new interest. It was a bond of sympathy he had not expected to hear of; and here again the tears, in spite of all her exertions, got into Alice's voice.

"At night, when he ought to be sleeping," said the poor girl. "I don't mean to say he is very ill; but, oh! Mr. Campbell, is it not enough to make any man ill to sit up when he is so tired he cannot keep awake, writing that dreadful book? He is going to call it 'A voice from the Grave.' I sometimes think he wants to break my heart; for what has the grave to do with it? He is rather delicate, but so are you. Most people are delicate," said poor Alice, "when they sit up at night, and don't take care of themselves. If you could only get him to give up that book, I would bless you all my life."

Such an appeal from sweet lips quivering with suppressed anguish, from beautiful eyes full of heavy tears, was not likely to be without effect; and, when Colin went to his own cabin in the evening, hearing but imperfectly the criticisms of Lauderdale on his new friend and his affairs, he was more and more impressed by the conviction that something must come of an encounter so singular and unexpected. The young man immediately set

himself to wind new threads of fate about his feet, and, while he was doing so, thought with a little thrill of the wonderful way in which things came about, and the possible purposes of Providence in this new change. It aroused and excited him to see the new scenery coming into its place, and the ground preparing for another act of his life.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"WHAT for?" said Lauderdale. "I'll no say but what it's an interesting study, if life was long enough to allow such indulgences; but—take you my word for it, callant—it's awfu' hard to see a life wearing out like that, drop by drop. It's not only that you might get to be fond of the poor lad himself, and miss him sae when he was gone," said the philosopher, who had not just then perfect command of himself; but it raises awfu' questions, and you are not one of those that can take things as they come and ask no reason. What should you bind yourself for? I see a' that would happen as clear as day. You would go into a bit country place with him, only to watch him die; and, when he was gone, you would be left with the bit bonnie sister, two bairns together—and then; but you're no destitute of imagination," said Lauderdale, grimly; "and I leave you to figure that part of the business to yourself."

"This is foolish talk," said Colin. "The sister, except that I am very sorry for her, has nothing in the world to do with it. If we could manage as well beside them as anywhere else, one should be glad to be of some use to one's fellow-creatures. I am not afraid of anything that might happen," the young man added, with a slight additional color. "As for responsibility, it is strange to hear you warning me against that,—you who were willing to take upon yourself all the responsibility of travelling with me when you thought I was dying!"

"No such thing," said Lauderdale, hotly. "I'm fool enough, no doubt; but no such a fool as that. Callants of your age canna keep a medium. When you have a sore finger, you take thoughts of dying; but I'm a man of some experience in this world. I'm travelling for my own pleasure and no for you, nor no man. As for this lad, I've seen the like before. He's no singular, though I've little doubt he thinks he is. It's awfu' hard work to stop short just when you've

come to the brow of the hill, and see a' the fair prospect before you," said Colin's guardian, whose countenance was overcast and cloudy. "When the mind's no very strong, the like of that sets it off its balance. I've seen them that came out of the trial as calm as the angels of God," he went on, after a little pause, with a strain in his voice which showed unusual emotion; "and I have seen them that battled with him that made them, to make him render a reason; and I have seen them that took it with a high hand, and turned into preachers like this one. 'A Voice from the Grave,' did she say? But you're a' babies that ken no better. How are the like of you to know that there's men like me—ay, and women more than men—that would give a' their living, and would not grudge life itself, no for a voice only, but for two or three words—for one word and no more." He put down his face in his hands for a moment as he spoke, though not to conceal tears; for Lauderdale's sorrows, whatever they might have been, were wrapped in the deadly stillness of that past grief with which no stranger intermeddles; and his young companion was watching him sorrowfully, sympathetically, but in ignorance, and with the timidity of youth, not knowing what to say.

"Him, and the like of him," said Lauderdale, going on more softly when he found that Colin made no reply, "their voice from the grave is like a Halloween ghost to frighten the unwary. Whisht, callant; I'm no laughing at the poor dying lad. There's nae laughing in my head one way or another; but it's so little you know. You never think, with your warnings and your terrors, of us that have sat by our graves for years, and been confounded by the awfu' silence. Why can they no speak nor we hear? You'll no tell me that Heaven and the presence of God can take the love out of a living soul. I wish you would not disturb my mind with your vain thoughts," he said, with a momentary fretfulness. "It's no a question I dare go into. If love's no everlasting, I've no desire to be everlasting myself; and, if I'm to be no more to them that belong to me hereafter than to those legions of strange angels, or a hail nation of other folk!—Whisht, callant! you're no to say such things to me."

Colin said nothing at all to interrupt this monologue. He let his friend wear himself

out, pacing up and down the narrow little cabin, which it required but two of Lauderdale's strides to traverse from end to end. He had known a chance word to produce similar results before; but had never been made acquainted with the real history of his friend's life. He waited now till this excitement was over, knowing by experience that it was the best way; and, after a while, Lauderdale calmed down and came back to his seat, and resumed the conversation where he had left it before his heart within him was roused to make brief utterance of its unknown burden.

"The short and the long of it is," said Lauderdale, "that you're making up your mind, by some process of your own—I'm no saying what it is—to give up our own plan and tack yourself on to a poor failing callant that has not above a month or two to live."

"How do you know he has not above a month or two to live?" said Colin. "You thought the same of me a few weeks ago. One hears of the climate working wonders; and, if he had some one by him to amuse and interest him, and keep him off that book, as—as Miss Meredith says"—

"Oh, ay, no doubt, no doubt," said Lauderdale, dryly. "He has one nurse already bound to him body and soul, and, maybe, if he had another to undertake the spiritual department!—But you're no old enough, callant, to take him in hand, and you're no strong enough, and I cannot say, for my own part, that I see any special qualification for such an office in ye," said the merciless critic, looking at Colin in a seriously contemplative way, with his head a little on one side. After he had shown any need emotion, Lauderdale, like a true Britain, despised himself, and made as great a leap as was practicable on the other side.

"No," said Colin, who was a little piqued in spite of himself; "I don't suppose I am good for much; and I never thought of being his nurse. It is out of the question to imagine that I could be for Meredith, or any other man, what you have been for me."

"I've kent ye longer than two days," said Colin's guardian, without showing any signs of propitiation, "which to be sure makes a little difference. Those that are destined to come together need little time to make it up—I've aye been a believer, for my part, not only in love, but in friendship, at first sight."

"There's no question of either love or friendship," said Colin, with prompt irritation. "Surely one may feel pity, sympathy, fellow-feeling, with a man of one's own age without being misunderstood."

"I understand you an awfu' deal better than you understand yourself," said Lauderdale; "and, as I was saying, I am a great believer in first impressions. It's a mercenary kind of thing to be friends with a man for his good qualities,—there's a kind of barter in it that goes against my instincts; but, when you take to a man for nae reason, but out of pure election and choice, that's real friendship—or love, as it might me," he went on, without pity, enjoying the heightened color and air of embarrassment on Colin's face.

"You say all this to make me lose my temper," said Colin. "Don't let us say any more to-night; I will think it all over again, since you oppose it, and to-morrow"—

"Ay, to-morrow," said Lauderdale,—"it's a bonnie rare world, and we'll no interfere with it. Good-night, callant; I'm no a man that can be quarrelled with if you tried ever so hard,—to-morrow you'll take your own way."

Colin did not sleep till the night was far advanced. He lay awake, watching the moonlight, and pondering over this matter, which looked very important as he contemplated it. By thinking was meant, in his mind, as in most minds of his age, not any complicated course of reasoning, but a rapid framing of pictures on one side and the other. On one side he saw Meredith beguiled from his book, persuaded to moderate his words in season and out of season, and induced to take a little interest in ordinary human affairs, gradually recovering his health, and returning to a life which should no longer appear to him a near preparation for dying; and it cannot be denied that there did come into Colin's mind a certain consciousness of grateful looks and sweet-voiced thanks attending this restoration, which made the pictures wonderfully pleasant. Then, on the other side, there was Lauderdale's sketch of the sudden possibilities filled in by Colin's imagination: poor Meredith dying slowly, looking death in the face for long days and lonely nights, sorely wanting all the succor that human compassion could give him; and the forlorn and solitary mourner that would be left, so young and friendless, by the stranger's grave. Perhaps,

on the whole, this suggestion of Lauderdale's decided the matter. The thought was too pitiful, too sad to be borne. She was nothing in the world to him; but she was a woman, and Colin thought indignantly of the unchristian cowardice which, for fear of responsibility, would desert a friendless creature exposed to such dangers. Notwithstanding, he was prudent, very prudent, as was natural. It was not Alice, but Arthur Meredith who was his friend. She had nothing to do with this decision whatever. If such a melancholy necessity should happen, Colin felt it was in him, respectfully, sympathetically, to take the poor girl home; and if, somehow, the word "home" suggested to him his mother, who that knew anything of the mistress could wonder at that thought? Thus he went on drawing the meshes closer about his feet, while the moonlight shone on the sea, and poor Meredith wrote his book, and Lauderdale, as sleepless as his charge, anxiously pondered the new state of affairs. At home that same moon suggested Colin to more minds than one in the peaceful country over which the March winds were blowing. Miss Matty thought of him, looking out over the Wodensbourne avenue, where the great trees stood stately in the moonlight streaming a glory on their heads. She was so late because she had been at a ball, where her Cousin Harry had made himself highly disagreeable, and when, prompted by his sulky looks, she had carried a little flirtation a hair's-breadth too far, which was not a comfortable consciousness. Why she should think of Colin under such circumstances it would be hard to say; but the thoughts of a young woman at two o'clock in the morning are not expected to be logical. She thought of him with a shadow of the same feeling that made the

psalmist long for the wings of a dove; though, if Miss Matty had but known it, her reception—could she have made her escape to her former worshipper at that moment—would have been of a disappointing character. And about the same time the mistress woke out of her quiet sleep, and saw the broad white flood of light streaming through the little square window of the room in which Colin was born. Her fancy was busy enough about him night and day; and she fancied she could see, as clear as a picture, the ship speeding on, with perhaps its white wings spread over the glistering sea, and the moon stealing in at the cabin window, and caressing her boy, who was fast asleep, resting and gathering strength with new life breathing in upon him in every breath of favorable wind that crisped the sleeping sea. Such was the vision that came to the mind of the mistress when she awoke in the "dead of night," and saw the moonlight at her window. "God bless my Colin," she said to herself, as she closed her tender eyes; and in the mean time Colin, thinking nothing of his old love, and not very much of his home-life, was busily engaged in weaving for himself another tangle in the varied web of existence, although none of the people most interested in him—except Lauderdale, who saw a faint shadow of the future—had the least idea that this night at sea was of any moment in his life. He did not know it himself, though he was conscious of a certain thrill of pleasant excitement and youthful awe, half voluntary, half real. And so the new scene got arranged for this new act in the wonderful drama; and all the marvellous, delicate influences of Providence and will, poising and balancing each other, began to form and shape the further outlines of Colin's life.

AN AMPLE APOLOGY.—A clergyman at Cambridge preached a sermon which one of his auditors commended. "Yes," said the gentleman to whom it was mentioned, "it was a good sermon, but he stole it." This was repeated to the preacher. He resented it, and called on the gentleman to retract. "I am not," replied the aggressor, "very apt to retract my words; but in this instance I will. I said you had stolen the sermon. I find I was wrong, for on returning home and re-

ferring to the book whence I thought it was taken, I found it there."

THE *English Woman's Journal* for May has an article commending in warm terms the conduct of the American women during our civil war, both their readiness to meet self-sacrifices and their effective co-operation to supply the needs of the soldiers. The writer predicts an increased influence of woman upon the course of public affairs.

From The Cornhill Magazine.
THE LITERARY INFLUENCE OF ACADE-
MIES.

It is impossible to put down a book like the history of the French Academy, by Pelisson and D'Olivet, which M. Charles Livet has lately re-edited, without being led to reflect upon the absence, in our own country, of any institution like the French Academy, upon the probable causes of that absence, and upon its results. A thousand voices will be ready to tell us that this absence is a signal mark of our national superiority; that it is in great part owing to this absence that the exhilarating words of Lord Macaulay, lately given to the world by his very clever nephew, Mr. Trevelyan, are so profoundly true: "It may safely be said that the literature now extant in the English language is of far greater value than all the literature which three hundred years ago was extant in all the languages of the world together." I dare say this is so; only, remembering Spinoza's maxim that the two great banes of humanity are self-conceit and the laziness coming from self-conceit, I think it may do us good, instead of resting in our pre-eminence with perfect security, to look a little more closely why this is so, and whether it is so without any limitations.

But first of all I must give a very few words to the outward history of the French Academy. About the year 1629, seven or eight persons in Paris, fond of literature, formed themselves into a sort of little club to meet at one another's houses and discuss literary matters. Their meetings got talked of, and Cardinal Richelieu, then minister and all powerful, heard of them. He himself had a noble passion for letters, and for all fine culture; he was interested by what he heard of the nascent society. Himself a man in the grand style, if ever man was, he had the insight to perceive what a potent instrument of the grand style was here to his hand. It was the beginning of a great century for France, the seventeenth; men's minds were working, the French language was forming. Richelieu sent to ask the members of the new society whether they would be willing to become a body with a public character, holding regular meetings. Not without a little hesitation,—for apparently they found themselves very well as they were, and these seven or eight gentlemen of a social and literary

turn were not perfectly at their ease as to what the great and terrible minister could want with them,—they consented. The favors of a man like Richelieu are not easily refused, whether they are honestly meant or no; but this favor of Richelieu's was meant quite honestly. The Parliament, however, had its doubts of this. The Parliament had none of Richelieu's enthusiasm about letters and culture; it was jealous of the apparition of a new public body in the State; above all, of a body called into existence by Richelieu. The king's letters patent, establishing and authorizing the new society, were granted early in 1635; but, by the old constitution of France, these letters patent required the verification of the Parliament. It was two years and a half,—towards the autumn of 1637,—before the Parliament would give it; and it then gave it only after pressing solicitations, and earnest assurances of the innocent intentions of the young academy. Jocosely people said that this society, with its mission to purify and embellish the language, filled with terror a body of lawyers like the French Parliament, the stronghold of barbarous jargon and of chichane.

This improvement of the language was, in truth the declared grand aim for the operations of the academy. Its statutes of foundation, approved by Richelieu before the royal edict establishing it was issued, say expressly,—“The academy's principal function shall be to work with all the care and all the diligence possible at giving sure rules to our language, and rendering it pure, eloquent, and capable of treating the arts and sciences.” This zeal for making a nation's great instrument of thought—its language—correct and worthy, is undoubtedly a sign full of promise, a weighty earnest of future power. It is said that Richelieu had it in his mind that French should succeed Latin in its general ascendancy, as Latin had succeeded Greek; if it was so, even this wish has to some extent been fulfilled. But, at any rate, the *ethical* influences of style in language,—its close relations, so often pointed out, with character,—are most important. Richelieu, a man of high culture, and, at the same time, of great character, felt them profoundly; and that he should have sought to regularize, strengthen, and perpetuate them by an institution for perfecting language, is alone a striking proof of his governing spirit and of his genius.

This was not all he had in his mind, however. The new academy, now enlarged to a body of forty members, and meant to contain all the chief literary men of France, was to be a *literary tribunal*. The works of its members were to be brought before it previous to publication, were to be criticised by it, and finally, if it saw fit, to be published with its declared approbation. The works of other writers, not members of the academy, might also, at the request of these writers themselves, be passed under the academy's review. Besides this, in essays and discussions the academy examined and judged works already published, whether by living or dead authors, and literary matters in general. The celebrated opinion on Corneille's *Cid*, delivered in 1637 by the academy, at Richelieu's urgent request, when this poem, which strongly occupied public attention, had been attacked by M. de Scudery, shows how fully Richelieu designed his new creation to do duty as a supreme court of literature, and how early it in fact began to exercise this function. One * who had known Richelieu declared, after the Cardinal's death, that he had projected a yet greater institution than the academy,—a sort of grand European college of art, science, and literature, a Prytaneum, where the chief authors of all Europe should be gathered together in one central home, there to live in security, leisure, and honor;—that was a dream which will not bear to be pulled about too roughly. But the project of forming a high court of letters for France was no dream; Richelieu in great measure fulfilled it. This is what the academy, by its idea, really is; this is what it has always tended to become; this is what it has, from time to time, really been; by being, or tending to be this, far more than even by what it has done for the language, it is of such importance in France. To give the law, the tone to literature, and that tone a high one, is its business. "Richelieu meant it," says M. Sainte Beuve, "to be a *haut jury*,"—a jury the most choice and authoritative that could be found on all important literary matters in question before the public; to be, as it in fact became in the latter half of the eighteenth century, "a sovereign organ of opinion." "The duty of the academy is," says M. Rénan, "*maintenir la délicatesse de l'esprit Français*,"—to keep the fine quality

of the French spirit unimpaired; it represents a kind of "*maîtrise en fait de bon ton*,"—the authority of a recognized master in matters of tone and taste. "All ages," says M. Rénan again, "have had their inferior literature; but the great danger of our time is that this inferior literature tends more and more to get the upper place. No one has the same advantages as the academy for fighting against this mischief,"—the academy which, as he says elsewhere, has even special facilities for creating a form of intellectual culture *which shall impose itself on all around*. M. Sainte Beuve and M. Rénan are, both of them, very keen-sighted critics; and they show it signally by seizing and putting so prominently forward this character of the French Academy.

Such an effort to set up a recognized authority, imposing on us a high standard in matters of intellect and taste, has many enemies in human nature. We all of us like to go our own way, and not to be forced out of the atmosphere of commonplace habitual to most of us;—"was uns alle bündigt," says Goethe, "*das Gemeine*." We like to be suffered to lie comfortably in the old straw of our habits, especially of our intellectual habits, even though this straw may not be very clean and fine. But if the effort to limit this freedom of our lower nature, finds as it does and must find, enemies in human nature it finds also auxiliaries in it. Out of the four great parts, says Cicero, of the *honestum*, or good, which forms the matter on which *officium*, or human duty, finds employment, one is the fixing of a *modus* and an *ordo*, a measure and an order, to fashion and wholesomely constrain our action, in order to lift it above the level it keeps if left to itself, and to bring it nearer to perfection. Man alone of living creatures, he says, goes feeling after "*quid sit ordo, quid sit quod deceat, in factis dictisque qui modus*,"—the discovery of an *order*, a law of *good taste*, a *measure* for his words and actions. Other creatures submissively follow the law of their nature; man alone has an impulse leading him to set up some other law to control the bent of his nature.

This holds good, of course, as to moral matters, as well as intellectual matters; and it is of moral matters that we are generally thinking when we affirm it. But it holds good as to intellectual matters too. Now, certainly, M. Sainte Beuve had not these

* La Mesnardière.

words of Cicero in his mind when he made, about the French nation, the assertion that I am going to quote; but, for all that, the assertion leans for support, one may say, upon the truth conveyed in those words of Cicero, and wonderfully illustrates and confirms them. "In France," says M. Sainte Beuve, "the first consideration for us is not whether we are amused and pleased by a work of art or mind, nor is it whether we are touched by it. What we seek above all to learn is, whether *we were right* in being amused with it, and in applauding it, and in being moved by it." Those are very remarkable words, and they are, I believe, in the main, quite true. A Frenchman has to a considerable degree, what one may call a conscience in intellectual matters; he has an active belief that there is a right and a wrong in them, that he is bound to honor and obey the right, that he is disgraced by cleaving to the wrong. All the world has, or professes to have, this conscience in moral matters. The word conscience has become almost confined, in popular use, to the moral sphere, because this lively susceptibility of feeling is, in the moral sphere, so far more common than in the intellectual sphere; the livelier, in the moral sphere, this susceptibility is, the greater becomes a man's readiness to admit a high standard of action, an ideal authoritatively correcting his every-day moral habits; here, such willing admission of authority is due to sensitiveness of conscience. And a like deference to a standard higher than one's own habitual standard in intellectual matters, a like respectful recognition of a superior ideal, is caused, in the intellectual sphere, by sensitiveness of intelligence. Those whose intelligence is quickest, openest, most sensitive, are readiest with this deference; those whose intelligence is less delicate and sensitive are less disposed to it. Well, now we are on the road to see why the French have their academy, and we have nothing of the kind.

What are the essential characteristics of the spirit of our nation? Not, certainly, an open and clear mind, not a quick and flexible intelligence. Our greatest admirers would not claim for us that we have these in a pre-eminent degree; they might say that we had more of them than our detractors gave us credit for; but they would not assert them to be our essential characteristics. They would

rather allege, as our chief spiritual characteristics, energy and honesty; and, if we are judged favorably and positively, not invidiously and negatively, our chief characteristics are, no doubt, these,—energy and honesty, not an open and clear mind, not a quick and flexible intelligence. Openness of mind and flexibility of intelligence were very signal characteristics of the Athenian people in ancient times; everybody will feel that. Openness of mind and flexibility of intelligence are remarkable characteristics of the French people in modern times; at any rate, they strikingly characterize them as compared with us; I think everybody, or almost everybody, will feel that. I will not now ask what more the Athenian or the French spirit has than this, nor what shortcomings either of them may have as a set-off against this; all I want now to point out is that they have this, and that we have it in much lesser degree. Let me remark, however, that not only in the moral sphere, but also in the intellectual and spiritual sphere, energy and honesty are most important and fruitful qualities; that, for instance, of what we call genius, energy is the most essential part. So, by assigning to a nation energy and honesty as its chief spiritual characteristics,—by refusing to it, as at all eminent characteristics, openness of mind and flexibility of intelligence,—we do not by any means, as some people might at first suppose, relegate its importance and its power of manifesting itself with effect from the intellectual to the moral sphere. We only indicate its probable special line of successful activity in the intellectual sphere, and, it is true, certain imperfections and failings to which, in this sphere, it will always be subject. Genius is mainly an affair of energy, and poetry is mainly an affair of genius; therefore, a nation whose spirit is characterized by energy may well be eminent in poetry,—and we have Shakspeare. Again, the highest reach of science is, one may say, an inventive power, a faculty of divination, akin to the highest power exercised in poetry; therefore, a nation whose spirit is characterized by energy may well be eminent in science,—and we have a Newton. Shakspeare and Newton: in the intellectual sphere there can be no higher names. And what that energy which is the life of genius, above everything demands and insists upon, is freedom; entire independence of all authority, prescription,

and routine, the fullest room to expand as it will. Therefore, a nation whose chief spiritual characteristic is energy will not be very apt to set up, in intellectual matters, a fixed standard, an authority, like an academy. By this it certainly escapes certain real inconveniences and dangers, and it can, at the same time, as we have seen, reach undeniably splendid heights in poetry and science. On the other hand, some of the requisites of intellectual work are specially the affair of quickness of mind and flexibility of intelligence. The form, the method of evolution, the precision, the proportions, the relations of the parts to the whole, in an intellectual work, depend mainly upon them. And these are the elements of an intellectual work which are really most communicable from it, which can most be learned and adopted from it, which have, therefore, the greatest effect upon the intellectual performance of others. Even in poetry, these requisites are very important; and the poetry of a nation, not eminent for the gifts on which they depend, will, more or less, suffer by this shortcoming. In poetry, however, they are, after all, secondary, and energy is the first thing; but in prose they are of first-rate importance. In its prose literature, therefore, and in the routine of intellectual work generally, a nation, with no particular gifts for these, will not be so successful. These are what, as I have said, can to a certain degree be learned and appropriated, while the free activity of genius cannot. Academies consecrate and maintain them, and, therefore, a nation with an eminent turn for them naturally establishes academies. So far as routine and authority tend to embarrass energy and inventive genius, academies may be said to be obstructive to energy and inventive genius, and, to this extent, to the human spirit's general advance. But then this evil is so much compensated by the propagation, on a wide scale, of the mental aptitudes and demands which an open mind and a flexible intelligence naturally engender, genius itself, in the long run, so greatly finds its account in this propagation, and bodies like the French Academy have such power for promoting it, that the general advance of the human spirit is perhaps, on the whole, rather furthered than impeded by their existence.

How much greater is our nation in poetry than in prose! how much better, in general,

do the productions of its spirit show in the qualities of genius than in the qualities of intelligence! One may constantly remark this in the work of individuals; how much more striking, in general, does any Englishman—of some vigor of mind, but by no means a poet—seem in his verse than in his prose! No doubt his verse suffers from the same defects which impair his prose, and he cannot express himself with real success in it; but how much more powerful a personage does he appear in it, by dint of feeling, and of originality and movement of ideas, than when he is writing prose! With a Frenchman of like stamp, it is just the reverse: set him to write poetry, he is limited, artificial, and impotent; set him to write prose, he is free, natural, and effective. The power of French literature is in its prose-writers, the power of English literature is in its poets. Nay, many of the celebrated French poets depend wholly for their fame upon the qualities of intelligence which they exhibit,—qualities which are the distinctive support of prose; many of the celebrated English prose-writers depend wholly for their fame upon the qualities of genius and imagination which they exhibit,—qualities which are the distinctive support of poetry. But, as I have said, the qualities of genius are less transferable than the qualities of intelligence; less can be immediately learned and appropriated from their product; they are less direct and stringent intellectual agencies, though they may be more beautiful and divine. Shakespeare and the great Elizabethan group were certainly more gifted writers than Corneille and his group; but what was the sequel to this great literature,—this literature of genius, as we may call it, stretching from Marlow to Milton? What did it lead up to in English literature? To our provincial and second-rate literature of the eighteenth century. What, on the other hand, was the sequel to the literature of the French “great century,” to this literature of intelligence, as, by comparison with our Elizabethan literature, we may call it; what did it lead up to? To the French literature of the eighteenth century, one of the most powerful and pervasive intellectual agencies that have ever existed, the greatest European force of the eighteenth century. In science again, we had Newton, a genius of the very highest order, a type of genius in science, if ever there was one. On

the continent, as a sort of counterpart to Newton, there was Leibnitz ; a man, it seems to me (though on these matters I speak under correction), of much less creative energy of genius, much less power of divination than Newton, but rather a man of admirable intelligence, a type of intelligence in science, if ever there was one. Well, and what did they each directly lead up to in science? What was the intellectual generation that sprang from each of them? I only repeat what the men of science have themselves pointed out. The man of genius was continued by the English analysts of the eighteenth century, comparatively powerless and obscure followers of the renowned master ; the man of intelligence was continued by successors like Bernouilli, Euler, Lagrange, and Laplace, the greatest names in modern mathematics.

What I want the reader to see is, that the question as to the utility of academies to the intellectual life of a nation is not settled when we say, for instance, "Oh, we have never had an academy, and yet we have, confessedly, a very great literature." It still remains to be asked, "What sort of a great literature ; a literature great in the special qualities of genius, or great in the special qualities of intelligence?" If in the former, it is by no means sure that either our literature, or the general intellectual life of our nation, has got already, without academies, all that academies can give. Both the one and the other may very well be somewhat wanting in those qualities of intelligence, out of a lively sense for which, a body like the French Academy, as I have said, springs, and which such a body does a great deal to spread and confirm. Our literature, in spite of the genius manifested in it, may fall short in form, method, precision, proportions, arrangement, —all of them, I have said, things where intelligence proper comes in. It may be comparatively weak in prose, that branch of literature where intelligence proper is, so to speak, all in all. In this branch it may show many grave faults to which the want of a quick, flexible intelligence, and of the strict standard which such an intelligence tends to impose, makes it liable ; it may be full of hap-hazard, crudeness, provincialism, eccentricity, violence, blundering. It may be a less stringent and effective intellectual agency, both upon our own nation and upon

the world at large, than other literatures which show less genius, perhaps, but more intelligence.

The right conclusion certainly is that we should try, so far as we can, to make up our shortcomings, and that to this end, instead of always fixing our thoughts upon the points in which our literature and our intellectual life generally are strong, we should, from time to time, fix them upon those in which they are weak, and so learn to perceive clearly what we have to amend. What is our second great spiritual characteristic—our honesty—good for, if it is not good for this? But it will,—I am sure it will,—more and more, as time goes on, be found good for this,

Well, then, an institution like the French Academy,—an institution owing its existence to a national bent towards the things of the mind, towards culture, towards clearness, correctness, and propriety in thinking and speaking, and, in its turn, promoting this bent,—sets standards in a number of directions, and creates, in all these directions, a force of educated opinion, checking and rebuking those who fall below these standards, or who set them at naught. Educated opinion exists here as in France ; but in France the academy serves as a sort of centre and rallying-point to it, and gives it a force which it has not got here.

Why is all the *journeyman-work* of literature, as I may call it, so much worse done here than it is in France? I do not wish to hurt any one's feelings ; but surely this is so. Think of the difference between our books of reference and those of the French, between our biographical dictionaries (to take a striking instance) and theirs ; think of the difference between the translations of the classics turned out for Mr. Bohn's library and those turned out for M. Nisard's collection ! As a general rule, hardly any one amongst us, who knows French and German well, would use an English book of reference when he could get a French or German one ; or would look at an English prose translation of an ancient author when he could get a French or German one. It is not that there do not exist in England, as in France, a number of people perfectly well able to discern what is good, in these things, from what is bad, and preferring what is good ; but they are isolated, they form no powerful body of opinion, they are not strong enough to set a standard,

up to which even the journeyman-work of literature must be brought, if it is to be vendible. Ignorance and charlatanism in work of this kind are always trying to pass off their wares as excellent, and to cry down criticism as the voice of an insignificant, over-fastidious minority; they easily persuade the multitude that this is so when the minority is scattered about as it is here; not so easily when it is banded together as in the French Academy. So, again, with freaks in dealing with language; certainly all such freaks tend to impair the power and beauty of language; and how far more common they are with us than with the French! To take a very familiar instance. Every one has noticed the way in which *The Times* chooses to spell the word "diocese;" it always spells it *diocess*, deriving it, I suppose, from *Zeus* and *census*. The *Journal des Débats*, might just as well write "diocess" instead of "diocèse," but imagine the *Journal des Débats* doing so! Imagine an educated Frenchman indulging himself in an orthographical antic of this sort, in face of the grave respect with which the academy and its dictionary invest the French language! Some people will say these are little things; they are not; they are of bad example. They tend to spread the baneful notion that there is no such thing as a high, correct standard in intellectual matters; that every one may as well take his own way; they are at variance with the severe discipline necessary for all real culture; they confirm us in habits of wilfulness and eccentricity, which hurt our minds and damage our credit with serious people. The late Mr. Donaldson was certainly a man of great ability, and I, who am not an orientalist, do not pretend to judge his *Jashar*; but let the reader observe the form which a foreign Orientalist's judgment of it naturally takes. M. Rénan calls it a *tentative malheureuse*, a failure, in short; this it may be, or it may not be; I am no judge. But he goes on:—"It is astonishing that a recent article" (in a French periodical he means) "should have brought forward as the last work of German exegesis a work like this, composed by a doctor of the University of Cambridge, and universally condemned by German critics." You see what he means to imply: an extravagance of this sort could never have come from Germany, where there is a great force of critical opinion controlling a learned

man's vagaries, and keeping him straight; it comes from the native home of intellectual eccentricity of all kinds,—from England,—from a doctor of the University of Cambridge; and I dare say he would not expect much better things from a doctor of the University of Oxford. Again, after speaking of what Germany and France have done for the history of Mahomet,—“America and England,” M. Rénan goes on, “have also occupied themselves with Mahomet.” He mentions Washington Irving’s “Life of Mahomet,” which does not, he says, evince much of an historical sense, a *sentiment historique fort élevé*; “but,” he proceeds, “this book shows a real progress, when one thinks that in 1829, Mr. Charles Forster published two thick volumes, which enchanted the English *reverends*, to make out that Mahomet was the little horn of the he-goat that figures in the eighth chapter of Daniel, and that the pope was the great horn. Mr. Forster founded on this ingenious parallel a whole philosophy of history, according to which the pope represented the western corruption of Christianity, and Mahomet the Eastern; thence the striking resemblances between Mahometanism and Popery.” And in a note M. Rénan adds: “This is the same Mr. Charles Forster who is the author of a mystification about the Sinaitic inscriptions, in which he declares he finds the primitive language.” As much as to say, “It is an Englishman; be surprised at no extravagances.” If these innuendoes had no ground, and were made in hatred and malice, they would not be worth a moment’s attention; but they come from a grave Orientalist, on his own subject, and they point to a real fact;—the absence, in this country, of any force of educated literary and scientific opinion, making aberrations like those of the author of “The One Primeval Language” out of the question. Not only the author of such aberrations, often a very clever man, suffers by the want of check, by the not being kept straight, and spends force in vain on a false road, which, under better discipline, he might have used with profit on a true one; but all his adherents, both “*reverends*” and others, suffer too, and the general rate of information and judgment is in this way kept low.

In a production which we have all been reading lately, a production stamped throughout with a literary quality very rare in this

country, and of which I shall have a word to say presently,—*urbanity*; in this production, the work of a man never to be named by any son of Oxford without sympathy, a man who alone in Oxford of his generation, alone of many generations, conveyed to us in his genius that same charm, that same ineffable sentiment, which this exquisite place itself conveys,—I mean Dr. Newman,—an expression is frequently used which is more common in theological than in literary language, but which seems to me fitted to be of general service; the *note* of so and so, the note of catholicity, the note of antiquity, the note of sanctity, and so on. Adopting this expressive word, I say that in the bulk of the intellectual work of a nation which has no centre, no intellectual metropolis like an academy, like M. Sainte Beuve's "sovereign organ of opinion," like M. Rénan's "recognized authority in matters of tone and taste,"—there is observable a *note of provinciality*. Now to get rid of provinciality is a certain stage of culture; a stage the positive result of which we must not make of too much importance, but which is, nevertheless, indispensable; for it brings us on to the platform where alone the best and highest intellectual work can be said fairly to begin. Work done after men have reached this platform is *classical*; and that is the only work which, in the long run, can stand. All the *scoriæ* in the work of men of great genius who have not lived on this platform, are due to their not having lived on it. Genius raises them to it by moments, and the portions of their work which are immortal are done at these moments; but more of it would have been immortal if they had not reached this platform at moments only, if they had had the culture which makes men live there.

The less a literature has felt the influence of a supposed centre of correct information, correct judgment, correct taste, the more we shall find in it this note of provinciality. I have shown the note of provinciality as caused by remoteness from a centre of correct information. Of course, the note of provinciality from the want of a centre of correct taste is still more visible, and it is also still more common. For here great—even the greatest—powers of mind most fail a man. Great powers of mind will make him inform himself thoroughly; great powers of mind will make him think profoundly, even with igno-

rance and platitude all round him; but not even great powers of mind will keep his taste and style perfectly sound and sure, if he is left too much to himself, with no "sovereign organ of opinion," in these matters, near him. Even men like Jeremy Taylor and Burke suffer here. Take this passage from Taylor's funeral sermon on Lady Carbery:—

"So have I seen a river, deep and smooth, passing with a still foot and a sober face, and paying to the *fiscus*, the great exchequer of the sea, a tribute large and full; and hard by it, a little brook, skipping and making a noise upon its unequal and neighbor bottom; and after all its talking and bragged motion, it paid to its common audit no more than the revenues of a little cloud or a contemptible vessel: so have I sometimes compared the issues of her religion to the solemnities and famed outsides of another's piety."

That passage has been much admired, and, indeed, the genius in it is undeniable. I should say, for my part, that genius, the ruling divinity of poetry, had been too busy in it, and intelligence, the ruling divinity of prose, not busy enough. But can any one, with the best models of style in his head, help feeling the note of provinciality there, the want of simplicity, the want of measure, the want of just the qualities that make prose classical? If he does not feel what I mean, let him place beside the passage of Taylor this passage from the Panegyric of St. Paul, by Taylor's contemporary, Bossuet:—

"Il ira, cet ignorant des l'art de bien dire, avec cette locution rude, avec cette phrase qui sent l'étranger, il ira en cette Grèce polie, la mère des philosophes et des orateurs; et malgré la résistance du monde, il y établira plus d'Eglises que Platon n'y a gagné de disciples par cette éloquence qu'on a crue divine."

There we have prose without the note of provinciality,—classical prose, prose of the centre.

Or take Burke, our greatest English prose-writer, as I think; take expressions like this:—

"Blindfold themselves, like bulls that shut their eyes when they push, they drive, by the point of their bayonets, their slaves, blind-folded, indeed, no worse than their lords, to take their fictions for currencies, and to swallow down paper pills by thirty-four millions sterling at a dose."

Or this:—

"They used it" (the royal name) "as a sort of navel-string, to nourish their unnatural offspring from the bowels of royalty itself. Now that the monster can purvey for its own subsistence, it will only carry the mark about it, as a token of its having torn the womb it came from."

Or this:—

"Without one natural pang, he" (Rousseau) "casts away, as a sort of offal and excrement, the spawn of his disgustful amours, and sends his children to the hospital of foundlings."

Or this:—

"I confess, I never liked this continual talk of resistance and revolution, or the practice of making the extreme medicine of the constitution its daily bread. It renders the habit of society dangerously valetudinary; it is taking periodical doses of mercury sublimated, and swallowing down repeated provocatives of cantharides to our love of liberty."

I say, that is extravagant prose; prose too much suffered to indulge its caprices; prose at too great a distance from the centre of good taste; prose, in short, with the note of provinciality. People may reply, it is rich and imaginative; yes, that is just it, it is *Asiatic* prose, as the ancient critics would have said,—prose somewhat barbarously rich and overloaded. But the true prose is *Attic* prose.

Well, but Addison's prose is *Attic* prose. Where, then, it may be asked, is the note of provinciality in Addison? In answer, in the commonplace of his ideas. This is a matter worth remarking. Addison claims to take leading rank as a moralist. To do that, you must have ideas of the first order on your subject,—the best ideas, at any rate, attainable in your time,—as well as be able to express them in a perfectly sound and sure style. Else you show your distance from the centre of ideas by your matter; you are provincial by your matter, though you may not be provincial by your style. It is comparatively a small matter to express oneself well, if one will be content with not expressing much, with expressing only trite ideas; the problem is to express new and profound ideas in a perfectly sound and classical style. He is the true classic, in every age, who does that. Now Addison has not, on his subject of morals, the force of ideas of the moralists

of the first class,—the classical moralists; he has not the best ideas attainable in or about his time, and which were, so to speak, in the air then, to be seized by the finest spirits; he is not to be compared, for power, searchingness, or delicacy of thought, to Pascal, or La Bruyère, or Vauvenargues; he is rather on a level, in this respect, with a man like Marmontel; therefore, I say, he has the note of provinciality as a moralist; he is provincial by his matter, though not by his style.

To illustrate what I mean by an example. Addison, writing as a moralist on fixedness in religious faith, says,—

"Those who delight in reading books of controversy do very seldom arrive at a fixed and settled habit of faith. The doubt which was laid revives again, and shows itself in new difficulties; and that generally for this reason: because the mind, which is perpetually tossed in controversies and disputes, is apt to forget the reasons which had once set it at rest, and to be disquieted with any former perplexity when it appears in a new shape, or is started by a different hand."

It may be said that is classical English, perfect in lucidity, measure, and propriety. I make no objection; but, in my turn, I say that the idea expressed is perfectly trite and barren, and that it is a note of provinciality in Addison, in a man whom a nation puts forward as one of its great moralists, to have no profounder and more striking idea to produce on this great subject. Compare, on the same subject, these words of a moralist really of the first order, really at the centre by his ideas,—Joubert:—

"L'expérience de beaucoup d'opinions donne à l'esprit beaucoup de flexibilité, et l'affermi dans celles qu'il croit les meilleures."

With what a flash of light that touches the subject! how it sets us thinking! what a genuine contribution to moral science it is!

In short, where there is no centre like an academy, if you have genius and powerful ideas, you are apt not to have the best style going; if you have precision of style and not genius, you are apt not to have the best ideas going.

The provincial spirit, again, exaggerates the value of its ideas, for want of a high standard at hand by which to try them. Or rather, for want of such a standard, it gives one idea too much prominence at the expense of oth-

ers; it orders its ideas amiss; it is hurried away by fancies; it likes and dislikes too passionately, too exclusively. Its admiration weeps hysterical tears, and its disapprobation foams at the mouth. So we get the *eruptive* and the *aggressive* manner in literature; the former prevails most in our criticism, the latter in our newspapers. For, not having the lucidity of a large and centrally placed intelligence, the provincial spirit has not its graciousness; it does not persuade, it makes war; it has not urbanity, the tone of the city, of the centre, the tone which always aims at a spiritual and intellectual effect, and, not excluding the use of banter, never disjoins banter itself from politeness, from felicity. But the provincial tone is more violent, and seems to aim rather at an effect upon the blood and senses than upon the spirit and intellect; it loves hard-hitting rather than persuading. The newspaper, with its party spirit, its thorough-goingness, its resolute avoidance of shades and distinctions, its short, highly-charged, heavy-shotted articles, its style so unlike that style *lenis minimeque pertinax*,—easy and not too violently insisting,—which the ancients so much admired, is its true literature; the provincial spirit likes in the newspaper just what makes the newspaper such bad food for it,—just what made Goethe say, when he was pressed hard about the immorality of Byron's poems, that, after all, they were not so immoral as the newspapers. The French talk of the "*brutalité des journaux anglais*." What strikes them comes from the necessary inherent tendencies of newspaper-writing not being checked in England by any centre of intelligent and urbane spirit, but rather stimulated by coming in contact with a provincial spirit. Even a newspaper like the *Saturday Review*, that old friend of all of us, a newspaper expressly aiming at an immunity from the common newspaper-spirit, aiming at being a sort of organ of reason,—and, by thus aiming, it merits great gratitude and has done great good,—even the *Saturday Review*, replying to some foreign criticism on our precautions against invasion, falls into a strain of this kind:—

"To do this" (to take these precautions), "seems to us eminently worthy of a great nation, and to talk of it as unworthy of a great nation seems to us eminently worthy of a great fool."

There is what the French mean when they

talk of the *brutalité des journaux anglais*; there is a style certainly as far removed from urbanity as possible,—a style with what I call the note of provinciality. And the same note may not unfrequently be observed even in the ideas of this newspaper, full as it is of thought and cleverness: certain ideas allowed to become fixed ideas, to prevail too absolutely. I will not speak of the immediate present; but, to go a little while back, it had the critic who so disliked the Emperor of the French; it had the critic who so disliked the subject of my present remarks,—academics; it had the critic who was so fond of the German element in our nation, and, indeed, everywhere; who ground his teeth if one said *Charlemagne* instead of *Charles the Great*, and, in short, saw all things in Teutonism, as Malebranche saw all things in God. Certainly any one may fairly find faults in the Emperor Napoleon or in academics, and merit in the German element; but it is a note of the provincial spirit not to hold ideas of this kind a little more easily, to be so devoured by them, to suffer them to become crotchets.

In England there needs a miracle of genius like Shakspeare's to produce balance of mind, and a miracle of intellectual delicacy like Dr. Newman's to produce urbanity of style. How prevalent all round us is the want of balance of mind and urbanity of style! How much doubtless, it is to be found in ourselves—in each of us! but, as human nature is constituted, every one can see it clearest in his contemporaries. There, above all, we should consider it, because they and we are exposed to the same influences; and it is in the best of one's contemporaries that it is most worth considering, because one then most feels the harm it does, when one sees what they would be without it. Think of the difference between Mr. Ruskin exercising his genius, and Mr. Ruskin exercising his intelligence; consider the truth and beauty of this:—

"Go out, in the spring-time, among the meadows that slope from the shores of the Swiss lakes to the roots of their lower mountains. There, mingled with the taller gentians and the white narcissus, the grass grows deep and free; and as you follow the winding mountain paths, beneath arching boughs all veiled and dim with blossom,—paths that forever droop and rise over the green banks and mounds sweeping down in scented undulation, steep to the blue water, studded here

and there with new-mown heaps, filling all the air with fainter sweetness,—look up towards the higher hills, where the waves of everlasting green roll silently into their long inlets among the shadows of the pines. . . .”

There is what the genius, the feeling, the temperament in Mr. Ruskin, the original and incommunicable part, has to do with; and how exquisite it is! All the critic could possibly suggest, in the way of objection, would be, perhaps, that Mr. Ruskin is there trying to make prose do more than it can perfectly do; that what he is there attempting he will never, except in poetry, be able to accomplish to his own entire satisfaction: but he accomplishes so much that the critic may well hesitate to suggest even this. Place beside this charming passage another,—a passage about Shakspeare's names, where the intelligence and judgment of Mr. Ruskin, the acquired, trained, communicable part in him, are brought into play,—and see the difference:—

“Of Shakspeare's names I will afterwards speak at more length; they are curiously—often barbarously—mixed out of various traditions and languages. Three of the clearest in meaning have been already noticed. Desdemona—*ὁδοῦμονια*, *miserable fortune*—is also plain enough. Othello is I believe, “the careful,” all the calamity of the tragedy arising from the single flaw and error in his magnificently collected strength. Ophelia, ‘serviceableness,’ the true, lost wife of Hamlet, is marked as having a Greek name by that of her brother, Laertes; and its signification is once exquisitely alluded to in that brother's last word of her, where her gentle preciousness is opposed to the uselessness of the churlish clergy:—‘A ministering angel shall my sister be, when thou liest howling.’ Hamlet is, I believe, connected in some way with ‘homely,’ the entire event of the tragedy turning on betrayal of home duty. Hermione (*ἑρμα*), ‘pillar-like’ (*ἡ εἶδος ἔχε χρυσῆς Ἀφροδίτης*) Titania (*τιταννη*) ‘the queen’; Benedict and Beatrice, ‘blessed and blessing’; Valentine and Proteus, ‘enduring or strong’ (*valens*) and ‘changeful.’ Iago and Iachimo have evidently the same root,—probably the Spanish Iago, Jacob, ‘the supplanter.’”

Now really, what a piece of extravagance all that is! I will not say that the meaning of Shakspeare's names (I put aside the question as to the correctness of Mr. Ruskin's etymologies) has no effect at all, may be entirely lost sight of; but to give it that degree of prominence is to throw the reins to one's whim, to forget all moderation and pro-

portion, to lose the balance of one's mind altogether. It is to show in one's criticism, to the highest excess, the note of provinciality.

Again, there is Mr. Palgrave, certainly endowed with a very fine critical tact; his “Golden Treasury” abundantly proves it. The plan of arrangement which he devised for that work, the mode in which he followed his plan out, nay, one might even say, merely the juxtaposition, in pursuance of it, of two such pieces as those of Wordsworth and Shelley which form the 285th and 286th in his collection, show a delicacy of feeling in these matters which is quite indisputable and very rare. And his notes are full of remarks which show it too. All the more striking, conjoined with so much justness of perception, are certain freaks and violences in Mr. Palgrave's criticism, mainly imputable, I think, to the critic's isolated position in this country, to his feeling himself too much left to take his own way, too much without any central authority representing high culture and sound judgment, by which he may be, on the one hand, confirmed as against the ignorant, on the other, held in respect when he himself is inclined to take liberties. I mean such things as this note on Milton's line,—

The great Emathian conqueror bade spare . . . “When Thebes was destroyed, Alexander ordered the house of Pindar to be spared. *He was as incapable of appreciating the poet as Louis XIV. of appreciating Racine; but even the narrow and barbarian mind of Alexander could understand the advantage of a showy act of homage to poetry.*” A note like that I call a freak or a violence; if this disparaging view of Alexander and Louis XIV., so unlike the current view, is wrong,—if the current view is, after all, the truer one of them,—the note is a freak. But, even if its disparaging view is right, the note is a violence; for abandoning the true mode of intellectual action,—persuasion, the instilment of conviction,—it simply astounds and irritates the hearer by contradicting, without a word of proof or preparation, his fixed and familiar notions; and this is mere violence. In either case, the fitness, the measure, the centrality, which is the soul of all good criticism, is lost, and the note of provinciality shows itself.

Thus in the famous “Handbook,” marks of a fine power of perception are everywhere dis-

cernible, but so, too, are marks of the want of sure balance, of the check and support afforded by knowing one speaks before good and severe judges. When Mr. Palgrave dislikes a thing, he feels no pressure constraining him either to try his dislike closely, or to express it moderately; he does not mince matters, he gives his dislike all its own way; both his judgment and his style would gain, if he were under more restraint: "The style which has filled London with the dead monotony of Gower or Harley Streets, or the pale commonplace of Belgravia, Tyburnia and Kensington; which has pierced Paris and Madrid with the feeble frivolities of the Rue Rivoli and the Strada de Toledo." He dislikes the architecture of the Rue Rivoli, and he puts it on a level with the architecture of Belgravia and Gower Street; he lumps them all together in one condemnation, he loses sight of the shade, the distinction, which is everything here; the distinction, namely, that the architecture of the Rue Rivoli expresses show, splendor, pleasure,—unworthy things, perhaps, to express alone and for their own sakes, but it expresses them; whereas the architecture of Gower Street and Belgravia merely expresses the impotence of the architect to express anything. Then, as to style,—“sculpture which stands in a contrast with Woolner hardly more shameful than diverting,” . . . “passing from Davy or Faraday to the art of the mountebank or the science of the spirit-rapper.” . . . “it is the old, old story with Marochetti, the frog trying to blow himself out to bull dimensions. He may puff and be puffed, but he will never do it.” We all remember that shower of amenities on poor M. Marochetti. Now, here Mr. Palgrave himself enables us to form a contrast which lets us see just what the presence of an academy does for style; for he quotes a criticism by M. Gustave Planche on this very M. Marochetti. M. Gustave Planche was a critic of the very first order, a man of strong opinions, which he expressed with severity; he, too, condemns M. Marochetti's work, and Mr. Palgrave calls him as a witness to back what he has himself said; certainly Mr. Palgrave's translation will not exaggerate M. Planche's urbanity in dealing with M. Marochetti, but, even in this translation, see the difference in sobriety, in measure, between the critic writing in Paris and the critic writing in London!

“These conditions are so elementary that I am at a perfect loss to comprehend how M. Marochetti has neglected them. There are soldiers here like the leaden playthings of the nursery: it is almost impossible to guess whether there is a body beneath the dress. We have here no question of style, not even of grammar; it is nothing beyond mere matter of the alphabet of art. To break these conditions is the same as to be ignorant of spelling.”

That is really more formidable criticism than Mr. Palgrave's, and yet in how perfectly temperate a style! M. Planche's advantage is, that he feels himself to be speaking before competent judges, that there is a force of cultivated opinion for him to appeal to. Therefore, he must not be extravagant, and he need not storm; he must satisfy the reason and taste,—that is his business. Mr. Palgrave, on the other hand, feels himself to be speaking before a promiscuous multitude, with the few good judges so scattered through it as to be powerless; therefore, he has no calm confidence and no self-control; he relies on the strength of his lungs; he knows that big words impose on the mob, and that, even if he is outrageous, most of his audience are apt to be a great deal more so.

Again, the most successful English book of last season was, certainly, Mr. Kinglake's “Invasion of the Crimea.” Its style was one of the most renowned things about it, and yet how conspicuous a fault in Mr. Kinglake's style is this over-charge of which I have been speaking! Mr. James Gordon Bennett, of the *New York Herald*, says, I believe, that the highest achievement of the human intellect is what he calls “a good editorial.” This is not quite so; if it were so, on what a height would Mr. Kinglake stand; I have already spoken of the Attic and the Asiatic styles; besides these, there is the Corinthian style. That is the style for “a good editorial,” and Mr. Kinglake has really reached perfection in it. It has not the warm glow, blithe movement, and soft pliancy of life, as the Attic style has; it has not the over-heavy richness and encumbered gait of the Asiatic style; it has glitter without warmth, rapidity without ease, effectiveness without charm. Its characteristic is, that it has no soul; all it exists for, is to get its ends, to make its points, to damage its adversaries, to be admired, to triumph. “His features put on that glow which, seen in men of his race,—

race known by the kindling gray eye, and the light, stubborn, crisping hair,—discloses the rapture of instant fight.” How glittering that is, but how perfectly frosty! “There was a salient point of difference between the boulevards and the hill-sides of the Alma. The Russians were armed.” How trenchant that is, but how perfectly unscrupulous! This is the Corinthian style; the glitter of the east with the hardness of the west; “the passion for tinsel,”—some one, himself a Corinthian, said of Mr. Kinglake’s style,—“of a sensuous Jew, with the savage spleen of a dyspeptic Englishman.” I do not say this of Mr. Kinglake’s style,—I am very far from saying it. To say it is to fall into just that cold, brassy, over-stretched style which Mr. Kinglake himself employs so far too much, and which I, for my part, reprobate. But when a brother Corinthian of Mr. Kinglake’s says it, I feel what he means.

A style so bent on effect at the expense of soul, simplicity, and delicacy; a style so little studious of the charm of the great models; so far from classic truth and grace, must surely be said to have the note of provinciality. Yet Mr. Kinglake’s talent is a really eminent one, and so in harmony with our intellectual habits and tendencies, that, to the great bulk of English people, the faults of his style seem its merits; all the more needful that criticism should not be dazzled by them, but should try closely this, the form of his work. The matter of the work is a separate thing; and, indeed, this has been, I believe, withdrawn from discussion, Mr. Kinglake declaring that this must and shall stay as it is, and that he is resolved, like Pontius Pilate, to stand by what he has written. And here, I must say, he seems to me to be quite right. On the breast of, that huge Mississippi of falsehood called *history*, a foam-bell more or less is of no consequence. But he may, at any rate, ease and soften his style.

We must not compare a man of Mr. Kinglake’s literary talent with writers like M. de Bazancourt. We must compare him with M. Thiers. And what a superiority in style has M. Thiers from being formed in a good school, with severe traditions, wholesome restraining influences! Even in this age of Mr. James Gordon Bennett, his style has nothing Corinthian about it; its lightness and brightness make it almost Attic. It is not quite Attic, however; it has not the in-

fallible sureness of Attic taste. Sometimes his head gets a little hot with the fumes of patriotism, and then he crosses the line, he loses perfect measure, he declaims, he raises a momentary smile. France condemned “à être l’effroi du monde dont elle pourrait être l’amour”—Cæsar, whose exquisite simplicity M. Thiers so admires, would not have written like that. There is, if I may be allowed to say so, the slightest possible touch of fatuity in such language,—of that failure in good sense which comes from too warm a self-satisfaction. But compare this language with Mr. Kinglake’s Marshal St. Arnaud—“dismissed from the presence” of Lord Raglan or Lord Stratford, “cowed and pressed down” under their “stern reproofs,” or under “the majesty of the great Elchi’s Canning brow, and tight, merciless lips!” The failure in good sense and good taste there reaches far beyond what the French mean by *fatuité*; they would call it by another word,—a word expressing blank defect of intelligence, a word for which we have no exact equivalent in English,—*bête*. It is the difference between a venial, momentary, good-tempered excess, in a man of the world, of an amiable and social weakness,—vanity; and a serious, settled, fierce, narrow, provincial misconception of the whole relative value of one’s own things and the things of others. So baneful to the style of even the cleverest man may be the total want of checks.

In all I have said, I do not pretend that the examples given prove my rule as to the influence of academies; they only illustrate it. Examples in plenty might very likely be found to set against them; the truth of the rule depends, no doubt, on whether the balance of all the examples is in its favor or not; but actually to strike this balance is always out of the question. Here, as everywhere else, the rule, the idea, if true, commends itself to the judicious, and then the examples make it clearer still to them. This is the real use of examples, and this alone is the purpose which I have meant mine to serve. There is also another side to the whole question,—as to the limiting and prejudicial operation which academies may have; but this side of the question it rather behoves the French, not us, to study.

The reader will ask for some practical conclusion about the establishment of an academy in this country, and perhaps I shall

hardly give him the one he expects. But nations have their own modes of acting, and these modes are not easily changed; they are even consecrated, when great things have been done in them. When a literature has produced Shakspeare and Milton, when it has even produced Barrow and Burke, it cannot well abandon its traditions; it can hardly begin, at this late time of day, with an institution like the French Academy. I think academies with a limited, special, scientific scope, in the various lines of intellectual work,—academies like that of Berlin, for instance,—we with time may, and probably shall, establish. And no doubt they will do good; no doubt the presence of such influential centres of correct information will tend to raise the standard amongst us for what I have called the *journeyman-work* of literature, and to free us from the scandal of such biographical dictionaries as Chalmer's, or such translations as a recent one of Spinoza, or, perhaps, such philological freaks as

Mr. Forster's about the one primeval language. But an academy quite like the French Academy, a sovereign organ of the highest literary opinion, a recognized authority in matters of intellectual tone and taste, we shall hardly have, and perhaps we ought not to wish to have it. But then every one amongst us with any turn for literature will do well to remember to what shortcomings and excesses, which such an academy tends to correct, we are liable; and the more liable, of course, for not having it. He will do well constantly to try himself in respect of these, steadily to widen his culture, severely to check in himself the provincial spirit; and he will do this the better the more he keeps in mind that all mere glorification by ourselves of ourselves or our literature, in the strain of what, at the beginning of these remarks, I quoted from Lord Macaulay, is both vulgar, and, besides being vulgar, retarding.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

THE PHOSPHATES USED IN AGRICULTURE.—It was probably the introduction of guano from South America that brought certain practical minds to consider more attentively the best means of restoring fertility of exhausted soils and of keeping up the fertility of those not yet exhausted. This extraordinary and powerful manure, the enormous supplies of which appear to have been stored up by Providence for the actual wants of agriculture, as the endless supplies of coal have accumulated in bygone ages to supply the wants of our manufactories, was brought to Europe in 1804 by Alexander von Humboldt as a scientific curiosity. Its valuable nature was not entirely appreciated by the public at large until about 1838, when large quantities of it began to be imported into England as a manure. Two years later (1840), Liebig brought out his well-known work on agricultural chemistry, making known the principle of the manufacture of superphosphate of lime, and, in 1842, Mr. Lawes began to manufacture this superphosphate manure. Guano being, as is well known, the accumulated excrement of sea-fowl (and, consequently, having the same composition as the excrements of pigeons and other domestic birds), is abundant in many parts of the globe. In certain tropical regions (Peru, China Isles, etc.), where it never rains, this guano is very rich in urate oxalate, and phosphate of

ammonia, besides containing about twenty-two or twenty-three per cent. of phosphate of lime. But in localities which are frequently visited by hurricanes and much rain, the organic constituents and salts of ammonia are washed out, and the mineral constituents increase in proportion: the guano becomes less valuable as a manure, by loss of its ammoniacal compounds, but constitutes a plentiful source of phosphate of lime. Such are the phosphates known as "West India phosphate," "Bolivian guano," etc. These contain from forty to sixty per cent. (and sometimes more) of ordinary phosphate of lime, whilst their percentage of nitrogen (ammonia) dwindles down to 2, 1, or even .5 per cent., as the phosphate increases. Here, then, is an abundant source of phosphate of lime.—*Intellectual Observer*.

THE late renewed attention to Shakspeare, besides giving books, reviews, lectures without number, relating to the great dramatist, has even influenced the sermons of the pulpit. We learn from the *London Review* that the Archbishop of Dublin and the Bishop of St. Andrews preached at Stratford-on-Avon on the 24th of last April, and that their sermons, which have been printed, "are very eloquent, and happily combine criticism on Shakspeare's genius with a due amount of religious teaching."

JOSIAH QUINCY.

REMARKS OF R. H. DANA, JR., BEFORE THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

MR. PRESIDENT,—I have received from the Standing Committee a request to say a few words on this occasion, a privilege which I suppose I owe rather to a family friendship with the honored deceased than certainly to any personal claims. It is hardly for me to speak of one who had lived nearly his half-century before I was born, in the presence of so many who knew him so much longer and more intimately than I can claim to have done, though he honored me beyond my deserts. Before such an assembly as this, sir, I shall attempt no more than to notice one characteristic of Mr. Quincy; and, as to that, rather to speak of the effect he always produced upon me than to offer an opinion or analysis of his mental constitution.

Mr. Quincy was a nobleman. He filled out our ideal of what the nobleman should be where nobles or conscript fathers rule in society and in the state. He had the merits and he partook somewhat of the defects of that character. He was favored by nature with the front, the station, the voice, the manner that should belong to the nobleman, and—still more—he had in his soul the true temper of nobility. His was a lofty, high-toned character,—some perhaps would say, a proud and rather high-strung temper. Honored members have just told us, brethren of the Historical Society, and told us with eloquence and fulness of detail, of his fidelity to all duties, his integrity, and his laboriousness. It is for me only to tread a narrower path, not without difficulties, and to recall to myself and to you the high-spirited, chivalrous gentleman. Thackeray says that the “grand manner” has gone out. It had not gone out with us, while Mr. Quincy lived. A boy at school, when he came to Cambridge, I met a man in the street who I felt sure from his *style* must be Mr. Quincy,—and raised my hat to him, and received a most gracious bow in return. It was he, and he could be recognized anywhere by any one on the lookout for a high character among the highest.

A good deal has been said to-day, and well said, of the spirit of liberty that inspired his father and rested on the son. I do not doubt or mean to disparage devotion to the liberties of all human beings; but there was, in the men of that day, a love of indepen-

dence that was no small element among the causes of our Revolution. Remember, brethren, that we were provincials, governed by a class of crowned, coroneted and mitred men, living in another hemisphere, in whose privileges and dignities we could have no part. I can conceive of men with little or no aversion to such dignities in their own State, and with little confidence in political equality, rising in indignant resistance to such a subordination as that. It was that proud devotion to independence that Burke said united the holders of slaves in a common cause with the free North. After our independence was secured, when the conflict raged over half the world between the radical philosophy of the French revolutionists and the conservative philosophy of Burke and England, the sympathies of many, of most of our highest patriots in New England, were with the latter.

Mr. Quincy told me, not long before his death, that he had the means of proving, from the private letters and journals of the patriots who formed our constitution and set it in motion, that their chief apprehension for its permanency was from what they feared would prove to be the incompatibility between the two classes of men,—the two systems of society they would represent, who must control its policy and patronage. They feared an antagonism, in a republic of equals, between what was substantially an oligarchy founded on slavery, and the free mixed classes of the North. It was the more dangerous because it was sectional and absolutely restricted. There was a sectional class, an aristocracy, or whatever else you may call it, with which the people of the Northern States could take no part, excluded by their moral convictions and by geographical laws. That this slavery, which met their intellectual disapproval and their moral aversion, was a matter of State control and responsibility, was not enough. They feared it would generate an aristocratic spirit which would tell on the national life and national politics. They saw that it tended to foster an arrogating political class. They knew that oligarchical classes, with their interests, maxims, and sympathies, had often governed the world. They feared that the antagonism, the incompatibility between these classes and interests would lead to a separation, the weaker section, whichever that might prove to be, striking for its independence,—a separation made the

easier by the fact that the systems were separated by a geographical line. When I told him that I did not remember this in the published writings of that day, his answer was that they earnestly desired a union, for our strength and preservation, and kept out of public discussion the tender points, but that I would find it in their letters and journals.

I allude to these subjects, Mr. President and brethren, I beseech you to believe, in an assembly of gentlemen of all shades of opinion, only because they explain the political course of Mr. Quincy,—at least, in my opinion, throw some light upon it.

It was Mr. Quincy's belief,—I do not wish to say here, on this occasion, and before you, whether it was a true or an unsound opinion,—take it either way,—it was his opinion that such an antagonism, such a growing incompatibility, existed from the first, and culminated gradually to the end. It was his belief that the struggle between the Federal and Democratic parties was, to no small degree, a struggle between these interests. True, the lines were not drawn; many such questions, and the issues framed were purely political; but he believed the overthrow of the Federal party and the installation of the Virginia dynasty, was a success to the slaveholding class, since which the education and property of New England have never had their share in the government, unless in exceptional cases, and sometimes upon what may be called special terms.

Mr. Quincy thought that the contest of 1820, on the admission of Missouri, was substantially a contest between these classes and interests, and ended as before, in a substantial success of the sectional, oligarchal system. Such, too, he believed to be, and with similar results, the struggle of 1850, on the admission of California; and such the final struggle of 1860, the first political defeat of that class.

Now, sir, Mr. Quincy, so believing, so feeling, to the depth of his being, was not of a temper to acquiesce in that subordination. His independent spirit was enforced by the moral aversion he had for the system on which that dominant class founded its power. He could not bow to it. No! He feared, in the critical winter of 1860-61, but one result; that was not peaceable dissolution; it was not war. He feared only some compromise by which the slaveholding class, with its max-

ims and interests, should gain a permanent social and political ascendancy over the free, mixed classes of the North. That was the one result he could not bear. Against that he would have been willing to rebel. Rather than that, he would have seen the Union, much as he loved and valued it, rent in twain or severed into as many parts as it might please God to divide it.

You will remember, brethren, that I am not presenting the entire view of Mr. Quincy's character. I know he loved the largest liberty. He not only advocated,—that is cheap,—he labored for, the greatest good of the greatest number. He saw in the present struggle far more and greater things than the political emancipation of the North from the control of a sectional dynasty.

Mr. Quincy loved public life, public duties, and public station. It is the more to his credit that he never bowed, never swerved,—nay, was never suspected of bowing or swerving,—to mere popular opinion. He paid little respect to mere numbers, on a question of right and wrong. His creed admitted no such blasphemy as that the voice of the majority is the voice of God. Perhaps, indeed, his gallant spirit took a little secret, unacknowledged satisfaction in being in a brave minority. To no one may both parts of Lord Mansfield's celebrated declaration be better applied than to him: "I love popularity; but it is that popularity which follows, not that which is run after."

I do not know, Mr. President, what may be the custom of this society on occasions like the present. I do not know whether you ever present to yourselves here the reverse of any picture of a deceased brother,—whether you examine ever here the weaving of the tapestry behind, by which the best effects are produced. But as I am, and have always been, an unfeigned, devoted admirer of the heroic qualities of Mr. Quincy, perhaps I can the better touch upon what may have been brought forward elsewhere, in his lifetime, as defects.

I do not know what is the definition of bigotry. We ordinarily associate it with inquisitions and tortures. But I suppose it may mean only an undue confidence in and devotion to our opinions; and is consistent with entire kindness and desire to do justice. In that restricted sense, if any one who has differed from Mr. Quincy and has felt the shock of his collision, the *congressus Achilli*, should

complain that he was severe, and even bigoted, I should say that the manliest course was to admit that, in this sense, there might be some ground for the charge, and to set it down as one of the infirmities of a great character,—one of those terms upon which alone, in our imperfect condition here, we can obtain such a fellowship and example. The denominations known among us as Orthodox Congregationalists have objected that his history of Harvard University has not done them and their colleges justice, in their relations to Harvard. I have never read either side, and have no opinion on the question; but I have been told by good judges, partial to Mr. Quincy and his side, that the complaint is not without foundation. Such was his affection for Harvard and its supporters, such his convictions in its favor, that he did not see readily any limitations and objections. Was it not so, too, in political contests? I am inclined to think we must admit that it sometimes was. But, having been thus frank and candid, I claim the right in return, to remind you what these imperfections were, and from what they sprung. They sprung from no ill nature, no indifference to the rights or feelings of others, but from the depth and heartiness of his convictions.

Burke would not see,—he could not see,—Charles James Fox, though on his death-bed, much as he loved him. Why? Burke was so convinced that the French political philosophy, to which Fox had lent the aid of his great influence, was dangerous to social morals, and the very existence of any respectable body politic, that he could not dis sever the man from the opinion. It is easy to say that we must separate ourselves and others from our and their opinions. Perhaps superhuman beings would do so. If opinions are mere intellectual tenets, or, if they are the cards with which we play the game of life, it were easy. Those men will find no difficulty in doing that, with whom opinions on vital questions of our relations to God and man, and the welfare of all here and hereafter, are no more than opinions on natural science or geographical statistics. If men are conscious that in themselves there is no connection between their souls, their characters, their entire natures, and their opinions, it is inexcusable in them not to make the distinction in dealing with other men, who differ from

them. But with Mr. Quincy, opinions on vital questions were convictions. They took deep root in his nature. They were inseparable from all he valued or feared in himself, and all he respected or distrusted in others. They might turn out to be right or wrong, but they were drawn from the past and bore upon the highest duties of mankind in the present, and the destinies of mankind in the future. They might be right or wrong at last, but to him they were *truths*, and he treated them accordingly. To his final convictions on vital questions, he was ready to sacrifice all,—even life. How could he treat them lightly? With such a character, on such questions, we need not fear to meet complaints from those who have encountered him front to front, that he was severe or even bigoted. We have little sympathy with those complaints, when they come from men who met his scorn or rebuke for civil cowardice or dereliction of duty.

It has been said that he was not a wise political leader. He certainly showed wise forecast in his own affairs, and in those of the city and university. In politics, he saw clearly into general principles, and, in many respects, divined remote consequences. Still, I confess I should not like to have promised myself or my party unreservedly to his guidance on the policies of the day and hour. Perhaps the combination of qualities in his nature, not easy to analyze, made him farsighted and not good at near sight. Perhaps his temperament did not admit of his dealing with men and measures as the policy of political management requires.

If I have erred in noticing these qualifications or deficiencies in his constitution, it is a great gratification to believe that in them I have noticed all the objections that have ever been made against him. What brighter eulogy could I pass upon Mr. Quincy than to say that after a life spent in the severest conflicts of municipal, academical, state, and national life, in which he was always earnest and sometimes severe, in which he had much ungracious work to do, no charge has ever been made against him—I honestly say I never heard of any,—affecting in any way his private or public character, which I have not touched upon to-day, and before you, his friends!

I would not underrate or gloss over, still less, try to render attractive, imperfections

however usually attending lofty natures. But, if we regard the common opinion of mankind, they are not those that the ordinary New England character most needs to be guarded against. The philosophy of Benjamin Franklin has done too much towards lowering the tone of the youth—I should rather say, of the partially educated youth—of New England. Franklin deserved the statue you (Mr. Winthrop) helped to raise to him, and the eloquent oration with which you inaugurated it, for he did great things for science, and rendered the greatest services to his country in her struggle for independence. He brought to her aid sagacity, energy and patience, and shed much honor on our infant name. But,

take from Benjamin Franklin what he did for science and the independence of his country, and try him alone upon his philosophy and maxims for life, and I would rather, a thousand times rather, that any one in whose veins ran my blood, that any—all the youth of New England—should look to the example of Josiah Quincy than to that of Benjamin Franklin.

Mr. President,—Among all the true and gratifying commendations that have been and will be passed upon Mr. Quincy, I trust we shall not overlook nor keep in the background, but always put foremost, those qualities which made him the heroic, lofty gentleman.

A VALLEY OF DEATH IN JAVA.—The destructive agency of carbonic acid gas on animal life is well exemplified in certain places where large quantities are evolved from the earth. The most striking instance, however, is the celebrated valley of Java, which, if any animal enters, he never leaves. The following interesting account is given by an eye-witness: We took with us two dogs and some fowls to try experiments in this poisonous hollow. On arriving at the foot of the mountain we dismounted and scrambled up the side, about a quarter of a mile, holding on by the branches of trees. When within a few yards of the valley, we experienced a strong, nauseous suffocating smell, but on coming close to its edge this disagreeable odor left us. The valley appeared to be about half a mile in circumference, oval, and the depth from thirty to thirty-five feet; the bottom quite flat; no vegetation; strewed with some very large (apparently) river stones, and the whole covered with skeletons of human beings, tigers, pigs, deer, peacocks, and all sorts of birds. We could not perceive any vapor or any opening in the ground, which last appeared to us to be of a hard, sandy substance. It was now proposed by one of the party to enter the valley; but at the spot where we were, this was difficult, at least for me, as one false step would have brought us to eternity, seeing no assistance could be given. We lighted our cigars, and with the assistance of a bamboo, we went down within eighteen feet of the bottom. Here we did not experience any difficulty in breathing, but an offensive nauseous smell annoyed us. We now fastened a dog to the end of a bamboo eighteen feet long, and sent him in. We had our watches in our hands, and in fourteen seconds he fell on his back, he did not move his limbs or look round, but continued to breathe eighteen minutes. We then sent in another, or rather he got loose and

walked in to where the other dog was lying. He then stood quite still, and in ten minutes fell on his face, and never afterwards moved his limbs; he continued to breathe seven minutes. We now tried a fowl, which died in a minute and a half. We threw in another, which died before touching the ground. During these experiments we experienced a heavy shower of rain; but we were so interested by the awful sight before us that we did not care for getting wet. On the opposite side, near a large stone, was the skeleton of a human being, who must have perished on his back, with his right hand under his head. From being exposed to weather, the bones were bleached as white as ivory. I was anxious to procure this skeleton, but an attempt to get it would have been madness.—*New York Observer.*

THE *Spectator* gives a brief sketch of the life of Rev. Samuel Crowther, the black man lately appointed Bishop of Niger, and the first pure negro ever elevated to the episcopal see in the English Church. He was born fifty years ago in the Yoruba country, one hundred miles from the Bight of Benin, and his name was Adjai. In 1821, he was carried off by a Mahomedan tribe, exchanged for a horse, cruelly treated, and finally sold as a slave for some tobacco. He was captured by an English man-of-war in 1822, and landed at Sierra Leone. He was baptized in 1825, when he took the name of Crowther. He accompanied the first Niger expedition, came to England, was educated at the Church Missionary College, Islington, and ordained by the Bishop of London. He went on the second Niger expedition in 1854, and wrote, it is said, a very able account of it. He has translated the Bible in Yoruba.

THE LIVING AGE.

No. 1060.—24 September, 1864.

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NEW BOOKS.

POEMS, by David Gray. With Memoirs of his Life. Boston : Roberts Brothers.

THE REBELLION RECORD : A Diary of American Events, 1860–1864. Part 43. By Frank Moore, Author of "Diary of the American Revolution." New York : G. P. Putnam. This Part contains Portraits of Generals Hazen and Willcox.

POEMS, by Jean Ingelow, ninth edition. Boston : Roberts Brothers.

☞ In the present number we begin to publish "The Clever Woman of the Family," by the author of the "Heir of Redclyffe." When completed, it will be published as a separate work.

☞ We have, at last, with great regret, sold the stereotype plates of the First Series of *The Living Age*, to be melted by type-founders. We have a small number of copies of the printed work remaining, which we shall be glad to receive orders for so long as we can supply them.

ATTENTION is respectfully requested to the following

NEW TERMS OF "THE LIVING AGE."

The Publishers have resisted as long as they could the growing necessity of advancing the price of this work. But when paper costs three times as much as before, and a remittance to London more than twelve dollars for a pound, and every other expense of manufacture is greatly increased (saying nothing of the expense of living), it is evident that sooner or later the Proprietors must follow the course of The Trade.

The change is made only after every other resource has been exhausted ; and we confidently appeal to the kindness and justice of our old friends, asking them, not only to continue their own subscriptions, but to add the names of their friends to our list.

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THE LOST LAMB.

THE marsh and meadow lay in fog,
The night was chill with drizzly rains,
The gude-wife turned the smould'ring log,
And spread the snowy counterpanes.

The child within its downy bed
She tucked with more than wonted care,
Then laid her own thrift-weary head,
And into dreams slipped half her prayer.

Past midnight, and the dame awoke.
A cry of anguish filled the room !
She listened : not a murmur broke
The silence of the household gloom.

Again and yet again she stirred
In startled slumber through the night,
As oft her fevered fancy heard
Some wild, strange summons of affright.

Toward dawn it sounded yet again,
Plaintive and lone, and faint and far ;
'Twas like a childish cry of pain,
Or utterance, as " Mamma, mamma ! "

She sprung from bed, and sought her child :
Soft nested in its crib it lay,
And on each sleeping feature smiled
The first faint promise of the day.

Back to her bed the gude-wife crept,
Her eyes half blind with tender tears :
" In God's own hand my darling's kept—
How foolish are a woman's fears ! "

" Some lamb, most like, has strayed the fold,
The poor lone thing was bleating ' ba,'
Which, borne upon the fog and cold,
Seemed to my mother ears, ' Ma, ma.' "

Next day a piteous tale went round ;
The village street was all agog ;
A child's dead body had been found
Stiff standing in the meadow bog !

The little feet had strayed away ;
The clinging mire had held them fast
Till death, slow dawning with the day,
Brought her its blest release at last.

And there, throughout that livelong night,
A helpless child of tender years,
Fainter and fainter with affright,
Had called " Ma, ma " to sleeping ears !

I knew her not ; I only found
In printed page this tale of fear ;
But when I cease to hear that sound,
I shall have ceased all sounds to hear.
—*Harper's Magazine.*

IN VAIN.

CLASP closer arms, press closer lips,
In last and vain caressing !
For never more that pallid cheek
Will crimson 'neath your pressing.
For these vain words and vainer tears
She waited yester even ;
She waits you now,—but in the far
Resplendent halls of heaven.

With patient eyes fixed on the door,
She waited, hoping ever,
Till death's dark wall rose cold between
Her gaze and you forever.
She heard your footsteps in the breeze,
And in the wild-bee's humming ;
The last breath that she shaped to words
Said softly, " Is he coming ? "

Now silenced lies the gentlest heart
That ever beat 'neath cover ;
Safe—never to be rung again
By you, a fickle lover !
Your wrong to her knew never end,
Till earth's last bonds were riven ;
Your memory rose cold between
Her parting soul and heaven.

Now vain your false and tardy grief,—
Vain your remorseful weeping ;
For she, whom only you deceived,
Lies hushed in dreamless sleeping.
Go ; not beside that peaceful form
Should lying words be spoken !
Go, pray to God, " Be merciful
As she whose heart I've broken."
—*Lucy Hamilton Hooper's Poems.*

A PORTRAIT OF SHAKSPEARE.

BY HIMSELF.

[At the recent *fete* for the benefit of the Dramatic College in London, the following card was sold in the stalls :]

A SWEETER or more lovable creature,
Framed in the prodigality of nature,
The spacious world cannot contain again.
His life was gentle, and the elements so mixed in him

That nature might stand up and say
To all the world, This was a man !
He was ever gracious, had a tear for pity,
And a hand open as day for melting charity !
His bounty was as boundless as the sea,
His love as deep ; the more he gave the more
He had ; for he was infinite.
Hear him but reason in divinity,
And, all admiring, with an inward wish,
You would desire to see him made a prelate.
Hear him debate on commonwealth affairs,
You'd say it hath been all in all his study.
List his discourse on war, and you shall hear
A fearful battle rendered you in music.
Turn him to any cause of policy,
The Gordian knot of it he will unloose
Familiar as his garters. And when he speaks of
love !

The air, a chartered libertine, is still,
And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears
To steal his sweet and honeyed sentences.
Our poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Did glance from heaven to earth, from earth to
heaven ;
And as imagination bodied forth
The forms of things unknown, our poet's pen
Turned them to shapes, and gave to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.
Found tongues in trees, books in the running
brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

From The Literary Examiner.

Enoch Arden, etc. By Alfred Tennyson, D. C. L., Poet-Laureate. Moxon.

WHEN Dante taught men how a poet should write in his mother tongue, he expressed the simple truth of his soul through the artificial learning of his time, by saying that the nature of man allies him to the vegetable and to the animal world, as well as to that of his fellows. Man, he said, agrees with plants in seeking what is useful; for, indeed, the whole life of a plant consists in selecting from earth, water, and air, whatever will contribute to its healthy growth. With the lower animals he seeks what is delightful. And his race is alone or allied to the angels in desiring what is rational. The poet, according to Dante, when he addressed his countrymen in their own tongue, was to speak to their whole nature in its three parts and to each in its intensity, through that which is in its own way greatest. Now, he taught, in regard to usefulness, the chief thing is health; in regard to pleasure, love; and in regard to reason, virtue, a well-governed will. Judged by this test of the great Father of modern poetry, Mr. Tennyson is essentially a nation's poet. From earth, water, and air, his verse draws all that is most wholesome into its strong life, and while he sings in all its purest forms the exquisite delight of love, his music never leaves the higher soul of man untouched. The healthy English strain fastens upon our best household affections, and embodies in the purest poetry the better spirit of the land. "My love and duty to you" is a homely phrase; but it has English character, and represents the side of English character for which Mr. Tennyson has shown his sympathy in many a former poem, and notably in the new volume which he publishes to-day. Its first poem, "Enoch Arden," is a tale of the tenderest domestic love reaching in the highest form of that virtue which lies in a self-governed will, by a sublime act of self-sacrifice. The next poem, "Aylmer's Field," is of true love under the ban of social forms that have in them no soul of truth and honesty; and here Mr. Tennyson sings as he has sung before, and the best poets of our country have sung, and our best preachers preached, our best politicians worked and fought, and our best philosophers philosophized since England first became a nation, constant in battle against

wrongful despotism. There is a cold spirit of caste yet to be banned from among us. We are yet only part free, and rites and forms remain that are the "wreaths of floating dark" to melt in the spreading sunrise of a religion that sets high above all battles of the churches true acceptance of the Sermon on the Mount, or to fly in the wind of a poetry

"Dowered with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn,
The love of love.

So dowered is Mr. Tennyson's new tale of "Aylmer's Field." More mighty strokes were not dealt by Excalibur than fall from its righteous scorn of the disdainful man who, for a fiction of his own sharp-born divinity, thwarts all that is most sacred in the nature of his child, extinguishes the race he might have renewed gloriously, and dying in his desolate house, leaves it to break down into common ground, where

"Lies the hawk's cast, the mole has made his run,
The hedgehog underneath the plantain bores,
The rabbit fondles his own harmless face,
The slow-worm creeps, and the thin weasel there
Follows the mouse, and all is open field."

In the next poem, "Sea Dreams," the cares and blessings of married love blend fancifully with the swell of the great waters; but its dream-pictures fasten on realities of life, and they are true as gospel, for thence comes the whole light of their beauty. A poor city clerk and his wife wring from scanty means a month by the seaside for the health of their sick infant. The care of the world is heavy on the husband, for a pious hypocrite has duped him into buying shares in a mine that has swallowed up the little savings of his years, and threatens next to swallow up him too in utter ruin. They come to the sea on Saturday, on Sunday hear a Boanerges knock the world down in his chapel, in the evening play with their child by the sea, and on the Sunday sleep, with their child by them, within sound of the breaking waves:

So, now on sand, they walked, and now on cliff,
Lingering about the thymy promontories,
Till all the sails were darkened in the west,
And rose in the east; then homeward and to bed;
Where she, who kept a tender Christian hope
Haunting a holy text, and still to that
Returning, as the bird returns, at night,
'Let not the sun go down upon your wrath,'

Said, 'Love, forgive him;' but he did not speak;

And silenced by that silence lay the wife,
Remembering her dear Lord who died for all,
And musing on the little lives of men,
And how they mar this little by their feuds.

But in the sea-dreams and the wakings from them and the still communion of the night; communion not so still but that the parent voices wake the child—the wife had wished their enemy forgiven before she told the news brought by a later comer from their town who had spoken with her on the shore:

"Dead? he? of heart disease? what heart had he
To die of? dead!"

"Ah, dearest, if there be
A devil in man, there is an angel too,
And if he did that wrong you charge him with,
His angel broke his heart. But your rough voice

(You spoke so loud) has roused the child again.
Sleep, little birdie, sleep! will she not sleep
Without her 'little birdie?' well then, sleep,
And I will sing you 'birdie.'"

"Saying this,
The woman half-turned round from him she loved,
Left him one hand, and reaching through the night
Her other, found (for it was close beside)
And half-embraced the basket cradle-head
With one soft arm, which, like the pliant bough
That moving moves the nest and nestling, swayed
The cradle, while she sang this baby song.

"What does little birdie say
In her nest at peep of day?
Let me fly, says little birdie,
Mother, let me fly away.
Birdie, rest a little longer,
Till the little wings are stronger.
So she rests a little longer,
Then she flies away.

"What does little baby say,
In her bed at peep of day?
Baby says, like little birdie,
Let me rise and fly away.
Baby, sleep a little longer,
Till the little limbs are stronger.
If she sleeps a little longer,
Baby too shall fly away.

"She sleeps: let us too, let all evil, sleep.
He also sleeps,—another sleep than ours.
He can do no more wrong: forgive him, dear,
And I shall sleep the sounder!"

Then the man,
"His deeds yet live, the worst is yet to come.
Yet let your sleep for this one night be sound:
I do forgive him!"

"Thanks, my love," she said,
"Your own will be the sweeter," and they slept.

In the next poem, yet more full of tenderest home feeling, an old grandmother speaks upon hearing that her eldest boy Willy is dead. He died at the age of sixty-five, but to his daughter, from whom while under her roof she has just received the news, she babbles tearless of the past. The dead man is again a babe in her young arms. "Willy, my beauty, my eldest born, the flower of the flock."

"Strong of his hands, and strong on his legs, but still of his tongue,
I ought to have gone before him; I wonder he went so young.

I cannot cry for him, Annie; I have not long to stay;
Perhaps I shall see him the sooner, for he lived far away.

"Why do you look at me, Annie? you think I am hard and cold;
But all my children have gone before me, I am so old;
I cannot weep for Willy, nor can I weep for the rest;
Only at your age, Annie, I could have wept with the best.

"For I remember a quarrel I had with your father, my dear,
All for a slanderous story, that cost me many a tear.
I mean your grandfather, Annie; it cost me a world of woe,
Seventy years ago, my darling, seventy years ago."

And from her vivid memory of days when love was new, she turns to the long bygone joys and sorrows of her married life:

"So Willy and I were wedded; I wore a lilac gown;
And the ringers rang with a will, and he gave the ringers a crown.
But the first that ever I bare was dead before he was born,
Shadow and shine is life, little Annie, flower and thorn.

"That was the first time, too, that ever I thought of death.
There lay the sweet little body that never had drawn a breath.
I had not wept, little Annie, not since I had been a wife;
But I wept like a child that day, for the babe had fought for his life.

"His dear little face was troubled, as if with anger or pain;
I looked at the still little body—his trouble had all been in vain.
For Willy I cannot weep, I shall see him another morn;
But I wept like a child for the child that was dead before he was born.

"But he cheered me, my good man, for he seldom said me nay;
Kind, like a man, was he; like a man, too, would have his way;
Never jealous—not he: we had many a happy year;
And he died, and I could not weep—my own time seemed so near.

"But I wished it had been God's will that I, too, then could have died:
I began to be tired a little, and fain had slept at his side.
And that was ten years back, or more, if I don't forget;
But as to the children, Annie, they're all about me yet.

"Pattering over the boards, my Annie who left me at two,
Patter she goes, my own little Annie, an Annie like you;
Pattering over the boards, she comes and goes at her will,
While Harry is in the five-acre and Charlie ploughing the hill.

"And Harry and Charlie, I hear them, too,—they sing to their team;
Often they come to the door in a pleasant kind of a dream.
They come and sit by my chair, they hover about my bed—
I am not always certain if they be alive or dead.

"And yet I know for a truth, there's none of them left alive;
For Harry went at sixty, your father at sixty-five:
And Willy, my eldest born, at nigh three-score and ten;
I knew them all as babies, and now they're elderlier men.

"For mine is a time of peace, it is not often I grieve;
I am oftener sitting at home in my father's farm at eve:
And the neighbors come and laugh and gossip, and so do I;
I find myself often laughing at things that have long gone by.

"To be sure the preacher says, our sins should make us sad:
But mine is a time of peace, and there is grace to be had;
And God, not man, is the Judge of us all when life shall cease,
And in this Book, little Annie, the message is one of Peace.

"And age is a time of peace, so it be free from pain,
And happy has been my life; but I would not live it again.
I seem to be tired a little, that's all, and long for rest;
Only at your age, Annie, I could have wept with the best.

"So Willy has gone, my beauty, my eldest-born, my flower;
But how can I weep for Willy, he has but gone for an hour,—
Gone for a minute, my son, from this room into the next:
I, too, shall go in a minute. What time have I to be vexed?

"And Willy's wife has written, she never was overwise.
Get me my glasses, Annie: thank God that I keep my eyes.
There is but a trifle left you, when I shall have past away.
But stay with the old woman now: you cannot have long to stay."

In the next poem, "The Northern Farmer," Mr. Tennyson uses rustic dialect, not for the poor fancy of doing something new, but with the clear poetical intent of representing an untaught rustic who lags behind his age even in use of his mother tongue, and who on his deathbed must drink the quart of ale he has drunk every market night for forty years, whatever the doctor may say of the consequences, for he "beant a fool," and "doctors they knaws nowt," and the parson has been to him, "Larn'd a ma' beä. I "'annot so mooch to larn." The Northern Farmer is a poet's type of many a man of many a degree within the narrow circle of sight whereof he is himself the centre. It puzzles him that he should be taken and others left, *he* who has stubbed the waste where there hadn't been feed for a cow,—

"Warnt worth nowt a hacre, an' now theer's lots o' fead,
Fourscore yows upon it an' some on it doon in sead.

"Nobbut a bit on it's left, an' I mean'd to 'a stubb'd it at fall,
Done it ta-year I mean'd, an' runn'd plow thruff it an' all,
If godamoughty an' parson ud' nobbut let ma aloan,
Mea, wi' haante oonderd haacre o' Squoire's an' lond o' my oan.

"Do godamoughty know what a's doing a-taakin' o' mea?
I beant woun as saws 'ere a bean an' yonder a pea;
An' Squoire 'ull besa mad an' all—a' dear a' dear!
And I 'a monaged for Squoire come Michaelmas thirty year.

"A mowt 'a taaken Joanes, as 'ant a 'aapoth o' sense,
Or a mowt 'a taaken Robins—a niver mended a fence:

But godamoighty a moost taake mea an' taake
ma now

Wi 'auf the cows to cauve an' Thornaby holms
to plow !

" Look 'ow quolty smoiles when they sees ma a
passin' by,

Says to thessén naw doot ' what a mon a bea
sewer-ly !

For they knows what I bean to Squoire sin fust
a comed to the 'All ;

I done my duty by Squoire an' I done my duty
by all.

" Squoire's in Lunnon, an' summun I reckons
'ull 'a to write,

For who's to howd the lond ater mea thot mud-
dles ma quoit ;

Sartin-sewer I bea, thot a weant niver give it to
Joanes,

Noither a moant to Robins—a niver rembles the
stoans.

" But summun 'ull come ater mea mayhap wi'
'is kittle o' steam

Huzzin' an' maazin, the blessed fealds wi' the
Divil's oan team.

Gin I mün doy I mun doy, an' loife they says is
sweet,

But gin I mun doy I mun doy, for I couldn abear
to see it.

" What atta stannin' theer for, an' doesn bring
ma the yaale ?

Doctor's a 'tottler, lass, an a's hallus i' the owd
taale ;

I weant break rules for Doctor, a knows naw
moor nor a floy ;

Git ma my yaale I tell tha, an' gin I mun doy I
mun doy.

The piece is to be read as a poem, not as
a study of Lancashire or any other dialect.
Its broadened language is a poetical general-
ization not a recreation in philology. Lan-
cashire dialect is enshrined in our literature
by Tim Bobbin's "Tummus and Meary,"
who like good Lancashire peasants say "aw,"
where Mr. Tennyson's farmer says "I," say
"an" for "and," and do not pronounce
been beän, but bin. Lancashire "heavn"
means not been, but "on the point of going."
These are not notes on Mr. Tennyson's poem,
but only warnings against a very possible
misreading which will lead men away from
the spirit of the work into a frivolous side is-
sue. Mr. Tennyson could only deal, and he
has dealt most happily, with the broad-vow-
elled Northern English as a poet writing for
all England what must be clear without the
aid of a provincial interpreter. For the
amusement of any one who would like to
compare Mr. Tennyson's rhymes in a rustic
English with the genuine Lancashire of Tim

Bobbin, we quote a scrap from the dialogue
of "Tummus and Meary." Justice's justice
is the topic on which Thomas is speaking :

" Boh yet, Meary, aw think imeh heart at
teers meawse neezes* among sum on um, as
weel as among other foke, or why shud tis
same clark o' his, when he thought aw'r in-
nocent, proffert' bring meh off for hawve a
ginney ? Hadno that a strung savor o' fair
chettin, nay deawn reet nippin' o' poor foke ?
An dus teaw think at tees justices dunno'
know when thoose tikes playn a hundert wur
trieks than this in a yer ? Beside, Meary,
aw yerd that fawse selley, Dick o' Yeins, o'
owd Harry's say at he knew some on em at
wentn snips wi thees catterpillars, theer
elarks ; an iv so, shudno they beh hugg'd
o'th same back, and scuteht with same rod
as ther elarks ? Yerstomeh ? †

M. Nawe, nawe, not tey marry ? for iv
sitch things munt beh done greadly, an aste
oughten to beh dun, th' bigger rascot shud-
ha th' bigger smaeks an moor onem yo known,
Tummus. Boh great foke oft dun whottewin
wi littleuns, reet or rank ; ‡ whot earn they ?
So let's lyev sitch to mend when they con hit
ont ; an new tell meh heaw yo wentn on wi
yor mester.

T. Eigh by the miss, Meary ; I'd fryetn
that. Why theaw mun know, isitch o' case
as tat awd no skuse to may ; so aw towd
him heaw th' kawve wur kilt i'th lone, an
at awd sowd th' hoyde § for throdden pence ;
an then aw cud tell him no moor, for he nipt
op th' deashon at stood ot'h harstone, an
whirlt it at meh ; boh instid o' hittin meh it
hit th' ryem || mug at stoode o'th hob, an
keyvt o' ryem intoth foyer."

With the Northern Farmer end the chief
poems in Mr. Tennyson's new volume. Then
follow some shorter miscellaneous pieces.
First of them is that in which Tithonus, be-
loved of the Dawn who prayed for him im-
mortal life and forgot to pray also, that he
might ever remain young, bewails the end-
lessness of his decrepitude.

" A white-haired shadow roaming like a dream
The ever silent spaces of the East
Far folded mists and gleaming halls of morn.

The reader needs not to be told, that this,
and one or two other, of the shorter pieces
in the book, have been printed before, in the
Cornhill Magazine, *Macmillan's*, and Miss
Faithfull's Christmas book, the *Victoria Ra-
gia*.

* There's mouse sneezes.

† Hear'st thou me ?

‡ Right or wrong.

§ I'd sold the hide.

|| Cream.

After "Tithonis," in a poem called "The Voyage," man's endless pursuit of that which he can never grasp, is figured in the song of a ship, that sails evermore over the round world, in circles that return ever upon themselves.

Next follows this tender little poem :

IN THE VALLEY OF CAUTERETZ.

All along the valley, stream that flashest white,
Deepening thy voice with the deepening of the night,

All along the valley, where thy waters flow,
I walked with one I loved two-and-thirty years ago.

All along the valley while I walked to-day,
The two-and-thirty years were a mist that rolls away ;

For all along the valley, down thy rocky bed,
Thy living voice to me was as the voice of the dead ;

And all along the valley, by rock and cave and tree,

The voice of the dead was a living voice to me.

The next poem, "The Flower," is an allegory of the gifts of genius. The original mind produces something new, it is despised as a weed, it grows to its indisputable glory. Men steal its seed and sow it far and wide, till all admire its splendor. It becomes common, thrives fairly well or ill according to the soil in which they plant it, and by its very familiarity and frequent poverty of growth passes again for a weed.

Then follow two stanzas, "Resquiescat" on the passing life of a fair girl. Next is "The Sailor Boy," a gleam from the young English soul that loves the sea. "The Islet" might be read as a rebuke to sentiment of the school of Thomas Moore, a song of the weariness and peril of a luxury of selfish ease. The happiest may not find happiness together in an Islet parting them from the great commonwealth of their fellows in which they are born to live and labor. "The Ringlet" supplies tuneful lines for music, with changes and depths of feeling that would make it worth the setting of a musician with a genius kindred to the poet's. Then follows, immediately preceding the closing dedication to one "dear, near, and true," the well-known "Welcome to Alexandra," which, though good among occasional pieces of this kind, is not to be ranked with the poet's happiest efforts.

Mr. Tennyson has been a laureate not simply chary of flattery but absolutely avoiding all untruthful compliment. None of his predecessors in the office have excelled and

few have equalled him in the sincerity of loyal and personal affection to the sovereign. In words of undying because truthful praise, he has enshrined the memory of the Prince Consort. But he has held aloof from every trivial occasion for the mechanical exercise of the office of laureate. He has been in this of one mind with Cremona's Vida, to whom Pope gave no undeserved eulogy as one who wreathed the critic's ivy with the poet's bays.

"Nec jussa canas, nisi forte coactus
Magnum imperio regum, siquis tamen usquam est

Primores inter nostros qui talia curret.
Omnia sponte sua, quæ nos elegimus ipsi,
Proveniunt, duro assequimur vix jussa labore."

There are none thank Heaven, "primores inter nostros" who in these days demand a parasitic song ; and if there were, that song could not be had from Alfred Tennyson. Observe the manly simplicity of those few lines of "Welcome to the Princess Alexandra," which do not pass a syllable beyond poetical embodiment of the enthusiastic welcome she received. She came among us a young girl, heartily welcomed, but of character unknown, to a happy lot ; and while less earnest writers were joining to their outpourings of sentiment a fulsome adulation, which declared her out of hand to be all that an angel can ever hope to be, our laureate said not a word beyond the truth, that she had enthusiastic welcome, and was "as happy as fair." And he looked as simply and faithfully from the thought of her present bliss to the duty before her.

"Oh, joy to the people and joy to the throne,
Come to us, love us, and make us your own."

This sterling truth is indeed as the very backbone of the genius of Mr. Tennyson. Through it he allies himself to all that is noblest in the English character. His most exquisite subtleties of true perception or refined and perfect sympathy, expressed with a rare clearness in the purest English. And his English is always clearest where the stream of its thought runs deepest, so that his best and wisest thoughts are always those that come the straightest home. Of that we shall have illustration presently when we return to the poem, "Enoch Arden," which we have left untouched while sketching the other contents of the book.

And we may return to them at once when we have said a word or two of the remaining ten pages of "Experiments" in smaller print.

So grieving held his will, and bore it through.

"For Enoch parted with his old sea friend,
Bought Annie goods and stores, and set his hand
To fit their little streetward sitting-room
With shelf and corner for the goods and stores.
So all day long, till Enoch's last at home,
Shaking their pretty cabin, hammer and axe,
Anger and saw, while Annie seemed to hear
Her own death-scaffold rising, shrilled and rang,
Till this was ended, and his careful hand,—
The space was narrow,—having ordered all
Almost as neat and close as Nature packs
Her blossom or her seedling, paused; and he,
Who needs would work for Annie to the last,
Ascending tired, heavily slept till morn."

Then came the sad parting, when the sailor
cheered his wife with hope, and—

"Turned

The current of his talk to graver things,
In sailor fashion roughly sermonizing
On Providence and trust in heaven, she heard,
Heard and not heard him; as the village girl,
Who sets her pitcher underneath the spring,
Musing on him that used to fill it for her,
Hears and not hears, and lets it overflow.

"At length she spoke, 'O Enoch, you are
wise;

And yet for all your wisdom well know I
That I shall look upon your face no more."

"Well, then," said Enoch, "I shall look on
yours."

Annie, the ship I sail in passes here
(He named the day); get you a seaman's glass,
Spy out my face, and laugh at all your fears."

"But when the last of those last moments
came,

'Annie, my girl, cheer up, be comforted,
Look to the babes, and till I come again,
Keep everything shipshape, for I must go.
And fear no more for me: or if you fear
Cast all your cares on God; that anchor holds.
Is he not yonder in those uttermost
Parts of the morning? if I flee to these,
Can I go from him? and the sea is his,
The sea is his: He made it.'

"Enoch rose,
Cast his strong arms about his drooping wife,
And kissed his wonder-stricken little ones;
But for the third, the sickly one, who slept
After a night of feverous wakefulness,
When Annie would have raised him, Enoch said
'Wake him not: let him sleep; how should the
child

Remember this?' and kissed him in his cot.
But Annie from her baby's forehead clipt
A tiny curl, and gave it: this he kept
Through all his future; but now hastily caught
His bundle, waved his hand, and went his way."

The sickly child died: and the little store
that Enoch's love had left failed to fulfil its
end, for Annie was a bad shopkeeper. But

Philip prospered at the mill, and with a love
loyal to each of his old playfellows saw An-
nie's failing struggle. Then he went to her:

"I have ever said

You chose the best among us,—a strong man:
For where he fixt his heart he set his hand
To do the thing he willed, and bore it through.
And wherefore did he go this weary way,
And leave you lonely? not to see the world—
For pleasure?—nay, but for the wherewithal
To give his babes a better bringing-up
Than his had been, or yours: that was his wish.
And if he come again, next will he be
To find the precious morning hours were lost.
And it would vex him even in his grave;
If he could know his babes were running wild
Like colts about the waste. So, Annie, now—
Have we not known each other all our lives?
I do beseech you by the love you bear
Him and his children not to say me nay—
For, if you will, when Enoch comes again
Why then he shall repay me—if you will,
Annie—for I am rich and well-to-do.
Now let me put the boy and girl to school:
This is the favor that I came to ask."

"Then Annie with her brows against the wall
Answered, 'I cannot look you in the face:
I seem so foolish and so broken down.

When you came in, my sorrow broke me down;
And now I think your kindness breaks me down;
But Enoch lives; that is borne in on me:
He will repay you: money can be repaid;
Not kindness such as yours."

"And Philip asked

'Then you will let me, Annie?'

"There she turned,

She rose, and fixt her swimming eyes upon him,
And dwelt a moment on his kindly face,
Then calling down a blessing on his head,
Caught at his hand, and wrung it passionately,
And past into the little garth beyond.
So lifted up in spirit he moved away."

So Enoch's children looked on Philip as a
father, and he was for ten years a loyal friend
to Enoch's wife; ten years after the wreck
of Enoch's ship was known, and when there
were none who doubted Enoch's death. At
last, with generous reserves and tender doubts,
and many interposed delays, expressed in the
poem with a subtle delicacy, nature had her
own way with Philip and Annie:—

"So these were wed and merrily rang the bells,
Merrily rang the bells and they were wed.
But never merrily beat Annie's heart.
A footstep seemed to fall beside her path,
She knew not whence; a whisper on her ear,
She knew not what; nor loved she to be left
Alone at home, nor ventured out alone.
What ailed her then, that ere she entered, often
Her hand dwelt lingeringly on the latch,
Fearing to enter: Philip thought he knew;

Such doubts and fears were common to her state,
Being with child, but when her child was born,
Then her new child was as herself renewed,
Then the new mother came about her heart,
Then her good Philip was her all-in-all,
And that mysterious instinct wholly died."

But Enoch had been cast upon a sunny, fruitful island, far out of the common track of ships, where he and two others, saved also from the wreck, were the only men. These died, and left him in his solitude.

"There often as he watched or seemed to watch,
So still, the golden lizard on him passed,
A phantom made of many phantoms moved
Before him haunting him, or he himself
Moved haunting people, things and places, known
Far in a darker isle beyond the line ;
The babes, their babble, Annie, the small house,
The climbing street, the mill, the leafy lanes,
The peacock-yewtree and the lonely hall,
The horse he drove, the boat he sold, the chill
November dawns and dewy-gloaming dawns,
The gentle shower, the smell of dying leaves,
And the low moan of leaden-colored seas.

At last there came a ship, driven as his had been by baffling winds out of her course, that touched for water at this island. So he was brought home, and—

"Moving up the coast, they landed him,
Even in that harbor whence he sailed before.

"There Enoch spoke no word to any one,
But homeward—home—what home? had he a home?

His home, he walked. Bright was that afternoon,
Sunny but chill ; till drawn thro' either chasm,
Where either haven opened on the deeps,
Rolled a sea-haze and whelmed the world in gray ;
Out off the length of highway on before,
And left but narrow breadth to left and right
Of withered holt or tilth or pasturage.
On the nigh-naked tree the Robin piped
Disconsolate, and through the dripping haze
The dead weight of the dead leaf bore it down ;
Thicker the drizzle grew, deeper the gloom ;
Last, as it seemed, a great mist-blotted light
Flared on him, and he came upon the place.

"Then down the long street having slowly
stolen,
His heart foreshadowing all calamity,
His eyes upon the stones, he reached the home
Where Annie lived and loved him, and his babes
In those far-off seven happy years were born ;
But finding neither light nor murmur there
(A bill of sale gleamed thro' the drizzle) crept
Still downward thinking 'dead or dead to me!'"

He shrank unknown into an old tavern by the pool, where the garrulous hostess—

"Told him, with other annals of the port,
Not knowing—Enoch was so brown, so bowed,

So broken—all the story of his house :
His baby's death, her growing poverty,
How Philip put her little ones to school,
And kept them in it, his long wooing her,
Her slow consent, and marriage, and the birth
Of Philip's child ; and o'er his countenance
No shadow past, nor motion ; any one,
Regarding, well had deemed he felt the tale
Less than the teller ; only when she closed
'Enoch, poor man, was cast away and lost,'
He, shaking his gray head pathetically,
Repeated muttering 'cast away and lost ;'
Again in deeper inward whispers 'lost !'

"But Enoch yearned to see her face again ;
'If I might look on her sweet face again
And know that she is happy.' So the thought
Haunted and harassed him, and drove him forth,
At evening, when the dull November day
Was growing duller twilight, to the hill.
There he sat down gazing on all below ;
There did a thousand memories roll upon him,
Unspeakable for sadness. By and by
The ruddy square of comfortable light,
Far-blazing from the rear of Philip's house,
Allured him, as the beacon-blaze allures
The bird of passage, till he madly strikes
Against it, and beats out his weary life.

"For Philip's dwelling fronted on the street
The latest house to landward ; but behind,
With one small gate that opened on the waste,
Flourished a little garden square and walled ;
And in it throve an ancient evergreen,
A yew-tree, and all round it ran a walk
Of shingle, and a walk divided it :
But Enoch shunned the middle walk and stole
Up by the wall, behind the yew ; and thence
That which he better might have shunned, if
griefs
Like his have worse or better, Enoch saw.

"For cups and silver on the burnished board
Sparkled and shone ; so genial was the hearth
And on the right hand of the hearth he saw
Philip the slighted suitor of old times,
Stout, rosy, with his babe across his knees ;
And o'er her second father stooped a girl,
A later but a loftier Annie Lee,
Fair-haired and tall, and from her lifted hand
Dangled a length of ribbon and a ring
To tempt the babe, who reared his cressy arms,
Caught at and ever missed it, and they laughed :
And on the left hand of the hearth he saw
The mother glancing often toward her babe,
But turning now and then to speak with him,
Her son, who stood beside her tall and strong,
And saying that which pleased him, for he smiled.

"Now when the dead man come to life beheld
His wife his wife no more, and saw the babe
Hers, yet not his, upon the father's knee,
And all the warmth, the peace, the happiness,
And his own children tall and beautiful,
And him, that other, reigning in his place,
Lord of his rights and of his children's love,—
Then he, though Miriam Lane had told him all,
Because things seen are mightier than things
heard,

Staggered and shook, holding the branch, and
feared
To send abroad a shrill and terrible cry,
Which in one moment, like the blast of doom,
Would shatter all the happiness of the hearth.

"He therefore turning softly like a thief,
Best the harsh shingle should grate underfoot
And feeling all along the garden-wall,
Best he should swoon and tumble and be found,
Crept to the gate, and opened it, and closed,
As lightly as a sick man's chamber-door,
Behind him, and came out upon the waste.

"And there he would have knelt, but that his
knees
Were feeble, so that falling prone, he dug
His fingers into the wet earth, and prayed.

"Too hard to bear! why did they take me
hence?
(O God Almighty, blessed Saviour, thou
That didst uphold me on my lonely isle,
Uphold me, father, in my loneliness
A little longer! aid me, give me strength
Not to tell her, never to let her know.
Help me not to break in upon her peace.
My children too! must I not speak to these?
They know me not. I should betray myself,
Never: no father's kiss for me—the girl
So like her mother, and the boy, my son."

We have quoted much of this heroic tale,
and must yet quote the close. Enoch kept
his secret during the succeeding days of sick-
ness; but when death was near, that he might
send his Annie future comfort in a certain
token of his death, and of his perfect sym-
pathy of love in perfect knowledge of her life's
history, he told his secret to the mistress of
the inn, sworn to keep it inviolate until he
died.

"I charge you now,

When you shall see her, tell her that I died
Blessing her, praying for her, loving her;
Save for the bar between us, loving her
As when she laid her head beside my own.
And tell my daughter Annie, whom I saw
So like her mother, that my latest breath
Was spent in blessing her and praying for her.
And tell my son that I died blessing him,
And say to Philip that I blest him too;

He never meant us any thing but good.
But if my children care to see me dead,
Who hardly knew me living, let them come,
I am their father; but she must not come,
For my dead face would vex her after-life.
And now there is but one of all my blood,
Who will embrace me in the world-to-be:
This hair is his: she cut it off and gave it,
And I have borne it with me all these years,
And thought to bear it with me to my grave;
But now my mind is changed, for I shall see him,
My babe in bliss, wherefore, when I am gone,
Take, give her this, for it may comfort her:
It will moreover be a token to her,
That I am he."

"He ceased; and Miriam Lane
Made such a voluble answer promising all,
That once again he rolled his eyes upon her
Repeating all he wished, and once again
She promised.

"Then the third night after this,
While Enoch slumbered motionless and pale,
And Miriam watched and dozed at intervals,
There came so loud a calling of the sea,
That all the houses in the haven rang.
He woke, he rose, he spread his arms abroad
Crying with a loud voice 'a sail! a sail!
I am saved;' and so fell back and spoke no more."

"So past the strong heroic soul away.
And when they buried him, the little port
Had seldom seen a costlier funeral."

Extracts, however full, cannot convey a full
sense of the beauty of this poem, for so per-
fect is the accord of every note with its pure
harmony, that every part of it is life of its
life, flesh of its flesh.

We must not quote from the next poem,
"Aylmer's Field," though we are tempted
sorely into echo of its noble scorn of scorn,
of the warineth of Christian sympathy for all
that is good and true in life that dashes aside
with a strong hand the gilded dust of pride.
Enough for its purpose has been said and
cited. Clearly, a book like this is one that
maintains the place of its author, not only as
chief among the English poets of his time,
but among those chief poets of all times who
have been most closely in accord with what-
ever gives worth to their country.

THE CLEVER WOMAN OF THE FAMILY.

CHAPTER I.

IN SEARCH OF A MISSION.

"Thou didst refuse the daily round
Of useful, patient love,
And longedst for some great emprise
Thy spirit high to prove."—C. M. N.

"Che mi sedea con l'antica Rachele."—DANTE.

"It is very kind in the dear mother."

"But what, Rachel? Don't you like it?
She so enjoyed choosing it for you."

"Oh, yes, it is a perfect thing in its way.
Don't say a word to her; but if you are con-
sulted for my next birthday present, Grace,
couldn't you suggest that one does cease to
be a girl?"

"Only try it on, Rachel dear, she will be
pleased to see you in it."

"Oh, yes, I will bedizen myself to oblige
her. I do assure you I am not ungrateful.
It is beautiful in itself, and shows how well
nature can be imitated; but it is meant for
a mere girl, and this is the very day I had
fixed for hauling down the flag of youth."

"Oh, Rachel!"

"Ah, ha! If Rachel be an old maid, what
is Grace? Come, my dear, resign yourself!
There is nothing more unbecoming than want
of perception of the close of young-ladyhood."

"Of course, I know we are not quite young
girls now," said Grace, half perplexed, half
annoyed.

"Exactly. From this moment we are es-
tablished as the maiden sisters of Avonmouth,
husband and wife to one another, as maiden
pairs always are."

"Then thus let me crown our bridal,"
quoth Grace, placing on her sister's head the
wreath of white roses.

"Treacherous child!" cried Rachel, put-

ting up her hands and tossing her head, but
her sister held her still.

"You know brides always take liberties.
Please, dear, let it stay till the mother has
been in, and pray don't talk before her of be-
ing so very old."

"No, I'll not be a shock to her. We will
silently assume our immunities, and she will
acquiesce if they come upon her gradually."

Grace looked somewhat alarmed, being per-
haps in some dread of immunities, and aware
that Rachel's silence would in any one else
have been talkativeness.

"Ah, mother dear, good morning," as a
pleasant placid-looking lady entered, dressed
in black, with an air of feeble health, but of
comely middle age.

Birthday greetings, congratulations, and
thanks followed, and the mother looked crit-
ically at the position of the wreath, and Ra-
chel for the first time turned to the glass and
met a set of features of an irregular, charac-
teristic cast, brow low and broad, nose *re-
troussé*, with large singularly sensitive nostrils
quivering like those of a high-bred horse at
any emotion, full pouting lips, round cheeks
glowing with the freshest red, eyes widely
opened, dark, deep gray and decidedly prom-
inent, though curtained with thick black
lashes. The glossy chestnut hair partook of
the redundancy and vigor of the whole being,
and the roses hung on it gracefully, though
not in congruity with the thick winter dress
of blue and black tartan, still looped up over
the dark petticoat and hose, and stout, high-
heeled boots, that like the gray cloak and felt
hat bore witness to the early walk. Grace's
countenance and figure were in the same style,
though without so much of mark or anima-

tion; and her dress was of like description, but less severely plain.

"Yes, my dear, it looks very well; and now you will oblige me by not wearing that black lace thing, that looks fit for your grandmother."

"Poor Lovedy Kelland's aunt made it, mother, and it was very expensive, and wouldn't sell."

"No wonder, I am sure, and it was very kind in you to take it off their hands; but now it is paid for, it can't make much difference whether you disfigure yourself with it or not."

"Oh, yes, dear mother, I'll bind my hair when you bid me do it, and really these buds do credit to the makers. I wonder whether they cost them as dear in health as lace does," she added, taking off the flowers and examining them with a grave, sad look.

"I chose white roses," proceeded the well-pleased mother, "because I thought they would suit either of the silks you have now, though I own I should like to see you in another white muslin."

"I have done with white muslin," said Rachel, rousing from her reverie. "It is an affectation of girlish simplicity not becoming at our age."

"Oh, Rachel!" thought Grace, in despair; but to her great relief, in at that moment filed the five maids, the coachman, and butler; and the mother began to read prayers.

Breakfast over, Rachel gathered up her various gifts, and betook herself to a room on the ground-floor, with all the appliances of an ancient schoolroom. Rather dreamily she took out a number of copy-books, and began to write copies in them in large, text hand.

"And this is all I am doing for my fellow-creatures," she muttered, half-aloud. "One class of half-grown lads, and those grudging to me! Here is the world around one mass of misery and evil! Not a paper do I take up but I see something about wretchedness and crime; and here I sit with health, strength, and knowledge, and able to do nothing, *nothing*,—at the risk of breaking my mother's heart! I have potted about cottages, and taught at schools in the *dilettante* way of the young lady who thinks it her duty to be charitable; and I am told that is my duty, and that I may be satisfied. Satisfied, when I see children cramped in soul, destroyed in body, that fine ladies may wear lace trimmings!

Satisfied with the blight of the most promising buds! Satisfied, when I know that every alley and lane of town or country reeks with vice and corruption, and that there is one cry for workers with brains and with purses! And here am I, able and willing, only longing to task myself to the uttermost, yet tethered down to the merest mockery of usefulness by conventionalities. I am a young lady, forsooth!—I must not be out late; I must not put forth my views; I must not choose my acquaintance; I must be a mere helpless, useless being, growing old in a ridiculous fiction of prolonged childhood, affecting those graces of so-called sweet seventeen that I never had—because, because why? Is it for any better reason than because no mother can bear to believe her daughter no longer on the lists for matrimony? Our dear mother does not tell herself that this is the reason; but she is unconsciously actuated by it. And I have hitherto given way to her wish. I mean to give way still, in a measure; but I am five-and-twenty, and I will no longer be withheld from some path of usefulness! I will judge for myself, and when my mission has declared itself, I will not be withheld from it by any scruple that does not approve itself to my reason and conscience. If it be only a domestic mission,—say, the care of Fanny, poor, dear helpless Fanny; I would that I knew she was safe,—I would not despise it; I would throw myself into it, and regard the training her and forming her boys as a most sacred office. It would not be too homely for me. But I had far rather become the founder of some establishment that might relieve women from the oppressive task-work thrown on them in all their branches of labor. Oh, what a worthy ambition!"

"Rachel!" called Grace. "Come, there's a letter, a letter from Fanny herself for you. Make haste, mamma is so nervous till you read it."

No exhortation was needed to make Rachel hurry to the drawing-room, and tear open the black-edged letter with the Australian stamp.

"All is right, mamma. She has been very ill, but is fast recovering, and was to sail by the *Voluta*. Why, she may be here any day."

"Any day! My dear Grace, see that the nurseries are well aired."

"No, mother; she says her party is too

large, and wants us to take a furnished house for her to come into at once,—Myrtlewood, if possible. Is it let, Grace?"

"I think I saw the notice in the window yesterday."

"Then, I'll go and see about it at once."

"But, my dear, you don't really mean that poor, dear Fanny thinks of coming anywhere but to us," said her mother, anxiously.

"It is very considerate of her," said Grace, "with so many little children. You would find them too much for you, dear mother. It is just like Fanny to have thought of it. How many are there, Rachel?"

"Oh! I can't tell. They got past my reckoning long ago. I only know they are all boys, and that this baby is a girl."

"Baby! Ah, poor Fanny, I feared that was the reason she did not come sooner."

"Yes, and she has been very ill; she always is, I believe; but there is very little about it. Fanny never could write letters; she only just says, 'I have not been able to attempt a letter sooner, though my dear little girl is five weeks old to-day. Think of the daughter coming at last, too late for her dear father, who had so wished for one. She is very healthy, I am thankful to say; and I am now so much better that the doctor says I may sail next week. Major Keith has taken our cabins in the *Voluta*, and soon after you receive this, I hope to be showing you my dear boys. They are such good, affectionate fellows; but I am afraid they would be too much for my dear aunt, and our party is so large; so the major and I both think it will be the best way for you to take a house for me for six months. I should like Myrtlewood best, if it is to be had. I have told Conrade all about it, and how pretty it is; and it is so near you that I think there I can be as happy as ever I can be again in this world, and have your advice for the dear children.'"

"Poor darling! she seems but a child herself."

"My age,—five and twenty," returned Rachel. "Well, I shall go and ask about the house. Remember, mother, this influx is to bring no trouble or care on you; Fanny Temple is my charge from henceforth. My mission has come to seek me," she added, as she quitted the room in eager excitement of affection, emotion, and importance; for Fanny had been more like a sister than a cousin.

Grace and Rachel Curtis were the daugh-

ters of the squire of the Homestead; Fanny, of his brother, an officer in the army. Left at home for education, the little girl had spent her life, from her seventh to her sixteenth year, as absolutely one with her cousins, until she was summoned to meet her father at the Cape, under the escort of his old friend, General Sir Stephen Temple. She found Colonel Curtis sinking under fatal disease, and while his relations were preparing to receive, almost to maintain, his widow and daughter, they were electrified by the tidings that the gentle little Fanny, at sixteen, had become the wife of Sir Stephen Temple at sixty.

From that time little had been known about her; her mother had continued with her, but the two Mrs. Curtises had never been congenial or intimate; and Fanny was never a full nor willing correspondent, feeling perhaps the difficulty of writing under changed circumstances. Her husband had been in various commands in the colonies, without returning to England; and all that was known of her was a general impression that she had much ill-health and numerous children, and was tended like an infant by her bustling mother and doting husband. More than half a year back, tidings had come of the almost sudden death of her mother; and about three months subsequently, one of the officers of Sir Stephen's staff had written to announce that the good old general had been killed by a fall from his horse, while on a round of inspection at a distance from home. The widow was then completely prostrated by the shock, but promised to write as soon as she was able; and this was the fulfilment of that promise, bringing the assurance that Fanny was coming back with her little ones to the home of her childhood.

Of that home, Grace and Rachel were the joint-heiresses, though it was owned by the mother for her life. It was a pretty little estate of some three or four thousand a year, and the house was perched on a beautiful promontory, running out into the sea, and enclosing one side of a bay, where a small fishing-village had recently expanded into a quiet watering-place, esteemed by some for its remoteness from railways, and for the calm and simplicity that were yearly diminished by its increasing popularity. It was the family fashion to look down from their crag at the straight esplanade with pity and contempt for the ruined loneliness of the pebbly beach;

and as Mrs. Curtis had not health to go often into society, she had been the more careful where she trusted her daughters. They belonged to the county by birth and tradition, and were not to be mixed up with the fleeting residents of the watering-place, on whom they never called, unless by special recommendation from a mutual friend; and the few permanent inhabitants chanced to be such that a visit to them was in some degree a condescension. Perhaps there was more of timidity and caution than of pride in the mother's exclusiveness, and Grace had always acquiesced in it as the natural and established state of affairs, without any sense of superiority, but rather of being protected. She had a few alarms as to the results of Rachel's new immunities of age, and though never questioning the wisdom of her clever sister's conclusions, dreaded the effect on the mother, whom she had been forbidden to call mamma. "At their age it was affecting an interesting childishness."

Rachel had had the palm of cleverness conceded to her ever since she could recollect, when she read better at three years old than her sister at five, and ever after, through the days of education, had enjoyed, and exceeded in, the studies that were a toil to Grace. Subsequently, while Grace had contented herself with the ordinary course of unambitious feminine life, Rachel had thrown herself into the process of self-education with all her natural energy, and carried on her favorite studies by every means within her reach, until she considerably surpassed in acquirements and reflection all the persons with whom she came in frequent contact. It was a homely neighborhood, a society well born, but of circumscribed interests and habits, and little connected with the great progressive world, where, however, Rachel's sympathies all lay, necessarily fed, however, by periodical literature, instead of by conversation or commerce with living minds.

She began by being stranded on the ignorance of those who surrounded her, and found herself isolated as a sort of pedant; and as time went on, the narrowness of interests chafed her, and in like manner left her alone. As she grew past girlhood, the *cui bono* question had come to interfere with her ardor in study for its own sake, and she felt the influence of an age eminently practical and sifting, but with small powers of acting. The

quiet Lady Bountiful duties that had sufficed her mother and sister were too small and easy to satisfy a soul burning at the report of the great cry going up to heaven from a world of sin and woe. The examples of successful workers stimulated her longings to be up and doing, and yet the ever difficult question between charitable works and filial deference necessarily detained her, and perhaps all the more because it was not so much the fear of her mother's authority as of her horror and despair, that withheld her from the decisive and eccentric steps that she was always feeling impelled to take. Gentle Mrs. Curtis had never been a visible power in her house, and it was through their desire to avoid paining her that her government had been exercised over her two daughters ever since their father's death, which had taken place in Grace's seventeenth year. Both she and Grace implicitly accepted Rachel's superiority as an unquestionable fact, and the mother, when traversing any of her clever daughter's schemes, never disputed either her opinions or principles, only entreated that these particular developments might be conceded to her own weakness; and Rachel generally did concede. She could not act; but she could talk uncontradicted, and she hated herself for the enforced submission to a state of things that she despised.

This twenty fifth birthday had long been anticipated as the turning point when this submissive girlhood ought to close, and the privileges of acting as well as thinking for herself ought to be assumed. Something to do was her cry, and on this very day that something seemed to be cast in her way. It was not ameliorating the condition of the masses, but it was educating those who might ameliorate them; and Rachel gladly hailed the prospect of a vocation, that might be conducted without pain to her mother.

Young children of her own class, were not exactly what her dream of usefulness had devised; but she had a decided theory of education already, and began to read up with all her might, whilst taking the lead in all the details of house-taking, servant-hiring, etc.; to which her regular occupations of night school in the evening, and reading to the lace-makers by day, became almost secondary. In due time the arrival of the ship was telegraphed, a hurried and affectionate note followed, and, on a bright east-windy afternoon,

Rachel Curtis set forth to take up her mission. A telegram had announced the arrival of the "Voluta," and the train which would bring the travellers to Avonchester. The Homestead carriage was sent to meet them, and Rachel in it, to give her helpless cousin assistance in this beginning of English habits. A roomy fly had been engaged for nurses and children, and Mrs. Curtis had put under the coachman's charge a parcel of sandwiches, and instructed him to offer all the appliances for making her own into an invalid carriage.

Full of warm tenderness to those who were to be dependent on her exertions, led by her good sense, Rachel paced the platform till the engine rushed up, and she looked along the line of windows, suddenly bewildered. Doors opened, but gentlemen alone met her disappointed eye, until close to her a soft voice said, "Rachel!" and she saw a figure in deep black close to her; but her hand had been hardly grasped, before the face was turned eagerly to a tall, bearded man, who was lifting out little boy after little boy, apparently in an endless stream, till at last a sleeping baby was brought out in the arms of a nurse.

"Good-by. Thank you, oh, thank you. You will come soon. Oh, do come on now."

"Do come on now," was echoed by many voices.

"I leave you in good hands. Good-by."

"Good-by. Conrade dear, see what Cyril is doing; never mind Wilfred, the Major will come and see us; run on with Coombe." This last was a respectable military-looking servant, who picked up a small child in one hand, and a dressing-case in the other, and awaited orders.

There was a clinging to the major by all the children, only ended by his finally precipitating himself into the carriage, and being borne off. Then came a chorus: "Mamma, let me go with you;" "I'll go with mamma;" "Me go with mamma;" according to the gradations of age.

While Coombe and mamma decided the question by lifting the lesser ones into the fly, Rachel counted heads. Her mission exceeded her expectations. Here was a pair of boys in knickerbockers, a pair in petticoats, a pair in pelisses, besides the thing in arms. When the fly had been nearly crammed, the two knickerbockers and one pelisse remained

for the carriage, quite against Rachel's opinion; but "Little Wilfred can sit on my lap, he has not been well, poor little man," was quite conclusive; and when Rachel suggested lying back to rest, there was a sweet low laugh, and, "Oh, no, thank you, Wilfred never tires me."

Rachel's first satisfaction was in seeing the veil disclose the face of eight years back; the same soft, clear, olive skin; delicate, oval, and pretty light-brown eyes, with the same imploring, earnest sweetness; no signs of having grown older; no sign of wear and tear, climate, or exertion; only the widow's dress and the presence of the great boys enhancing her soft youthfulness. The smile was certainly changed; it was graver, sadder, tenderer, and only conjured up by maternal affection or in grateful reply; and the blitheness of the young brow had changed to quiet pensiveness, but more than ever there was an air of dependence almost beseeching protection; and Rachel's heart throbbed with Britomart's devotion to her Amoret.

"Why wouldn't the Major come, mamma?"

"He will soon come, I hope, my dear."

Those few words gave Rachel a strong antipathy to the Major.

Then began a conversation under difficulties, Fanny trying to inquire after her aunt, and Rachel to detail the arrangements made for her at Myrtlewood, while the two boys were each accommodated with a window; but each moment they were claiming their mother's attention, or rushing across the ladies' feet to each other's window, treating Rachel's knees as a pivot, and vouchsafing not the slightest heed to her attempts at intelligent pointing out of the new scenes.

And Fanny made no apology, but seemed pleased, ready with answers, and with eyes, apparently ignorant that Rachel's toes were less insensible than her own, and her heavy three-years-old Wilfred asleep on her lap all the time.

"She, feeble, helpless, sickly!" thought Rachel, "I should have been less tired, had I walked the twenty miles!"

She gave up talking in despair, and by the time the young gentlemen had tired themselves into quiescence, and began to eat the provisions, both ladies were glad to be allowed a little silence.

Coming over the last hill, Conrade roused

at his mother's summons to look out at "home," and every word between them showed how fondly Avonmouth had been remembered far away.

"The sea!" said Fanny, leaning forwards to catch sight of the long gray line; "it is hard to believe we have been on it so long, this seems so much more my own."

"Yes," cried Rachel, "you are come to your own home, for us to take care of you."

"I take care of mamma! Major Keith said so," indignantly exclaimed Conrade.

"There's plenty of care for you both to take," said Fanny, half-smiling, half-sobbing. "The major says I need not be a poor creature, and I will try. But I am afraid I shall be on all your hands."

Both boys drummed on her knee in wrath at her presuming to call herself a poor creature, —Conrade glaring at Rachel as if to accuse her of the calumny.

"See the church," said Lady Temple, glad to divert the storm, and eagerly looking at the slender spire surmounting the bell-turret of a small building in early-decorated style, new, but somewhat stained by sea-wind, without having as yet acquired the tender tints of time. "How beautiful!" was her cry. "You were beginning the collection for it when I went away! How we used to wish for it."

"Yes, we did," said Rachel, with a significant sigh; but her cousin had no time to attend, for they were turning in a pepper-box lodge. The boys were told that they were arrived, and they were at the door of a sort of overgrown Swiss cottage, where Mrs. Curtis and Grace stood ready to receive them.

There was a confusion of embraces, fondlings, and tears, as Fanny clung to the aunt, who had been a mother to her,—perhaps a more tender one than the ruling, managing spirit, whom she hardly had known in her childhood; but it was only for a moment, for Wilfred shrieked out in an access of shyness at Grace's attempt to make acquaintance with him; Francis was demanding, "Where's the orderly?" and Conrade looking brimful of wrath at any one who made his mother cry. Moreover, the fly had arrived, and the remainder had to be produced, named, and kissed,—Conrade and Francis, Leoline and Hubert, Wilfred and Cyril, and little Stephana, the baby. Really the names were a study in

themselves, and the cousins felt as if it would be hopeless to endeavour to apply them.

Servants had been engaged conditionally, and the house was fully ready, but the young mother could hardly listen to her aunt's explanations in her anxiety that the little ones should be rested and fed, and she responded with semi-comprehending thanks, while moving on with her youngest in her arms, and as many hanging to her dress as could get hold of it. Her thanks grew more emphatic at the sight of cribs in inviting order, and all things ready for a meal.

"I don't drink tea with nurse," was Conrade's cry, the signal for another general outcry, untranquilized by soothing and persuasions, till the door was shut on the younger half of the family, and those who could not open it remained to be comforted by nurse, a soldier's widow, who had been with them from the birth of Conrade.

The Temple form of shyness seemed to consist in ignoring strangers; but being neither abashed nor silenced, only resenting or avoiding all attempts at intercourse; and as the boys rushed in and out of the rooms, exploring, exclaiming, and calling mamma, to the interruption of all that was going on, only checked for a few minutes by her uplifted hand, and gentle hush, Grace saw her mother so stunned and bewildered that she rejoiced in the fear of cold that had decided that Rachel alone should spend the evening there. Fanny made some excuses; she longed to see more of her aunt; but when they were a little more settled, and as a fresh shout broke out, she was afraid they were rather unruly; she must come and talk to her at the dear homestead. So kind of Rachel to stay—not that the boys seemed to think so, as they went racing in and out, stretching their ship-bound legs, and taking possession of the minute shrubbery, which they scorned for the want of gum-trees and parrots.

"You wont mind, Rachel, dear. I must first see about baby;" and Rachel was left to reflect on her mission, while the boy's feet cantered up and down the house, and one or other of them would look in, and burst away in search of mamma.

Little more satisfactory was the rest of the evening, for the boys took a great deal of waiting on at tea, and then some of the party would not go to sleep in strange beds

without long persuasions and comfortings, till Fanny looked so weary that it was plain that no conversation could have been hoped from her, even if the baby had been less vociferous. All that could be done for her was to wish her good-night, and promise to come down early.

Come early! Yes, Rachel might come, but what was the use of that when Fanny was at the mercy of so many claimants? She looked much better than the day before, and her sweet, soft, welcome was most cordial and clinging. "Dear Rachel, it is like a dream to have you so near. I felt like the old life come back again to hear the surge of the sea all night, and know I should see you all so soon again."

"Yes, it is a great satisfaction to have you back in your old home, under our wing. I have a great deal to tell you about the arrangements."

"Oh yes; thank you"—

"Mamma!" roared two or three voices.

"I wanted to explain to you"—But Fanny's eye was roaming, and just then in burst two boys. "Mamma, nurse won't undo the tin box, and my ship is in it that the major gave me."

"Yes, and my stuffed duck-bill, and I want it, mamma."

"My dear Con, the major would not let you shout so loud about it, and you have not spoken to Aunt Rachel."

The boys did present their hands, and then returned to the charge. "Please order nurse to unpack it, mamma, and then Coombe will help us to sail it."

"Excuse me, dear Rachel," said Fanny, "I will first see about this."

And a very long seeing it was, probably meaning that she unpacked the box herself, whilst Rachel was deciding on the terrible spoiling of the children, and preparing a remonstrance.

"Dear Rachel, you have been left a long time."

"Oh, never mind that: but, Fanny, you must not give way to those children too much; they will be always—Hark! was that the door-bell?"

It was, and the visitor was announced as "Mr. Touchett;" a small, dark, thin young clergyman he was, of a nervous manner, which, growing more nervous as he shook

hands with Rachel, became abrupt and hesitating.

"My call is—is early, Lady Temple; but I always pay my respects at once to any new parishioner—resident, I mean—in case I can be of any service."

"Thank you, I am very much obliged," said Fanny, with a sweet, gracious smile and manner that would have made him more at ease at once, if Rachel had not added, "My cousin is quite at home here, Mr. Touchett."

"Oh yes," he said, "so—so I understood."

"I know no place in England so well; it is quite a home to me, so beautiful it is," continued Fanny.

"And you see great changes here."

"Changes so much for the better," said Fanny, smiling her winning smile again.

"One always expects more from improvements than they effect," put in Rachel, severely.

"You have a large young party," said Mr. Touchett, looking uneasily towards Lady Temple.

"Yes, I have half a dozen boys and one little girl."

"Seven!" Mr. Touchett looked up half incredulous at the girlish contour of the gentle face, then cast down his eyes as if afraid he had been rude. "Seven! It is—it is a great charge."

"Yes, indeed it is," she said, earnestly; "and I am sure you will be kind enough to give your influence to help me with them—poor boys."

"Oh! oh!" he exclaimed, anything I can do"—in such a transport of eager helpfulness that Rachel coldly said, "We are all anxious to assist in the care of the children." He colored up, and with a sort of effort at self-assertion, blurted out, "As the clergyman of the parish,"—and there halted, and was beginning to look foolish, when Lady Temple took him up in her soft, persuasive way. "Of course we shall look to you so much, and you will be so kind as to let me know if there is any one I can send any broth to at any time."

"Thank you: you are very good;" and he was quite himself again. "I shall have the pleasure of sending you down a few names."

"I never did approve the broken victual-system," began Rachel; "it creates dependence."

"Come here, Hubert," said Fanny, beckoning a boy she saw at a distance, "come and shake hands with Mr. Touchett." It was from instipect rather than reason; there was a fencing between Rachel and the curate that made her uncomfortable, and led her to break it off by any means in her power; and though Mr. Touchett was not much at his ease with the little boy, this discussion was staved off. But again Mr. Touchett made bold to say that in case Lady Temple wished for a daily governess, he knew of a very desirable young person, a most admirable pair of sisters, who had met with great reverses; but Rachel snapped him off shorter than ever. "We can decide nothing yet; I have made up my mind to teach the little boys at present."

"Oh, indeed!"

"It is very kind," said the perplexed Lady Temple.

"I beg your pardon; I only thought, in case you were wishing for some one, that Miss Williams will be at liberty shortly."

"I do not image Miss Williams is the person to deal with little boys," said Rachel. "In fact, I think that home teaching is always better than hired."

"I am so much obliged," said Fanny, as Mr. Touchett, after this defeat, rose up to take leave, and she held out her hand, smiled, thanked, and sent him away so much sweetened and gratified that Rachel would have instantly begun dissecting him, but that a whole rush of boys broke in, and again engrossed their mother; and in the next lull, the uppermost necessity was of explaining about the servants who had been hired for the time, one of whom was a young woman whose health had given way over her lace pillow, and Rachel was eloquent over the crying evils of the system (everything was a system with Rachel), that chained girls to an unhealthy occupation in their early childhood, and made an overstocked market and underpaid workers—holding Fanny fast to listen by a sort of fascination in her overpowering earnestness, and great fixed eyes, which, when once their grasp was taken, would not release the victim; and this was a matter of daily occurrence on which Rachel felt keenly, and spoke strongly.

"It is very sad. If you want to help the poor things, I will give anything I can."

"Oh, yes, thank you; but it is doleful merely to help them to linger out the remnant of a life consumed upon these cobwebs of vanity. It is the fountain-head that must be reached,—the root of the system!"

Fanny saw, or rather felt, a boy making signs at the window, but durst not withdraw her eyes from the fascination of those eager ones. "Lace and lacemakers are facts," continued Rachel; "but if the middle men were exploded, and the excess of workers drafted off by some wholesome outlet, the price would rise, so that the remainder would be at leisure to fulfil the domestic offices of womanhood."

There was a great uproar above.

"I beg your pardon, dear Rachel," and away went Fanny.

"I do declare," cried Rachel, when Grace, having despatched her home cares, entered the room a quarter of an hour after; "poor Fanny's a perfect slave. One can't get in a word edgeways."

Fanny at last returned, but with her baby; and there was no chance for even Rachel to assert herself while this small queen was in presence. Grace was devoted to infants, and there was a whole court of brothers vying with one another in picking up her constantly dropped toys, and in performing antics for her amusement. Rachel, desirous to be gracious and resigned, attempted conversation with one of the eldest pair, but the baby had but to look toward him, and he was at her feet.

On her departure, Rachel resumed the needful details of the arrangements respecting the house and servants, and found Lady Temple as grateful and submissive as ever, except that, when advised to take Myrtlewood for a term of seven years, she replied, that the major had advised her not to bind herself down at once.

"Did you let him think we should quarrel?"

"Oh, no, my dear; but it might not agree with the children."

"Avonmouth! Grace, do you hear what heresy Fanny has been learning? Why, the proportion of ozone in the air here has been calculated to be five times that of even Avon!"

"Yes, dearest," said poor Fanny, very

humble, and rather scared, "there is no place like Avonmouth, and I am sure the major will think so when he has seen it."

"But what has he to do with your movements?"

"Sir Stephen wished"—murmured Fanny.

"The major is military secretary, and always settles our headquarters, and no one interferes with him," shouted Conrade.

Rachel, suspicious and jealous of her rival, was obliged to let Fanny pass on to the next item, where her eager acceptance of all that was prescribed to her was evidently meant as compensation for her refractoriness about the house.

Grace had meanwhile applied herself to keeping off the boys, and was making some progress in their good graces, and in distinguishing between their sallow faces, dark eyes, and crisp, black heads. Conrade was individualized, not only by superior height, but by soldierly bearing, bright pride glancing in his eyes, his quick gestures, bold decided words, and imperious tone toward all, save his mother—and whatever he was doing, his keen, black eye was always turning in search of her, he was ever ready to spring to her side to wait on her, to maintain her cause in rough championship, or to claim her attention to himself. Francis was thick-set, round-shouldered, bullet-headed and dull-eyed, in comparison, not aggressive, but holding his own, and not very approachable; Leoline, thin, white-cheeked, large-eyed and fretful-lipped, was ready to whine at Conrade's tyranny, and Francis's appropriations; but was grateful for Grace's protection, and more easy of access than his elders; and Hubert was a handsome, placid child, the good boy, as well as the beauty of the family. The pair in the nursery hardly came on the stage, and the two elders would be quite sufficient for Mrs. Curtis, with whom the afternoon was to be spent.

The mother, evidently, considered it a very long absence, but she was anxious to see both her aunt and her own home, and set out, leaning on Rachel's arm, and smiling pleased, though sad, recognition of the esplanade, the pebbly beach, bathing machines and fishing boats, and pointing them out to her sons who, on their side, would only talk of the much greater extent of Melbourne.

Within the gates of the Homestead, there was a steep, sharp bit of road, cut out in the

red sandstone rock; and after a few paces, she paused to rest with a sigh that brought Conrade to her side, when she put her arm round his neck, and leant on his shoulder; but even her two supporters could not prevent her from looking pale and exhausted.

"Never mind," she said, "this salt wind is delightful. How like old times it is!" and she stood gazing across the little steep lawn at the gray sea, the line of houses following the curve of the bay, and straggling up the valley in the rear, and the purple headlands projecting point beyond point, showing them to her boys, and telling their names.

"It is all ugly and cold," said Francis, with an ungracious shiver. "I shall go home to Melbourne, when I'm a man."

"And you will come, mamma?" added Conrade.

He had no answer, for Fanny was in her aunt's arms; and, like mother and daughter, they clung to each other—more able to sympathize—more truly one together, than the young widow could be, with either of the girls.

As soon as Fanny had rested and enjoyed the home atmosphere down-stairs, she begged to visit the dear old rooms, and carried Conrade through a course of recognitions through the scarcely altered apartments. Only one had been much changed, namely, the school-room, which had been stripped of the kindly old shabby furniture, that Fanny tenderly recollected, and was decidedly bare; but a mahogany box stood on a stand, on one side; there was a great accession of books, and writing implements occupied the plain deal table in the centre.

"What have you done to the dear old room—do you not use it still?" asked Fanny.

"Yes, I work here," said Rachel.

Vainly did Lady Temple look for that which women call work.

"I have hitherto ground on, at after-education and self-improvement," said Rachel; now I trust to make my preparation available for others. I will undertake any of your boys if you wish it."

"Thank you; but what is that box?"—in obedience to a curious push and pull from Conrade.

"It is her dispensary," said Grace.

"Yes," said Rachel, "you are weak and nervous, and I have just the thing for you."

"Is it homœopathy?"

"Yes, here is my book. I have done great things in my district, and should do more, but for prejudice. There, this globule is the very thing for your case; I made it out last night, in my book. That is right, and I wanted to ask you some questions about little Wilfred."

Fanny had obediently swallowed her own globule, but little Wilfred was a different matter, and she retreated from the large eyes and open book, saying that he was better, and that Mr. Frampton should look at him; but Rachel was not to be eluded, and was in full career of elucidation to the meanest capacity, when a sharp skirmish between the boys ended the conversation, and it appeared that Conrade had caught Francis just commencing an onslaught on the globules, taking them for English sweetmeats, of a minute description.

The afternoon passed with the strange heaviness well known to those who find it hard to resume broken threads, after long parting. There was much affection, but not full certainty what to talk about, and the presence of the boys would have hindered confidence, even had they not incessantly occupied their mother. Conrade, indeed, betook himself to a book, but Francis was only kept out of mischief by his constantly turning over pictures with him; however, at dark, Coombe came to convey them home, and the ladies of the Homestead experienced a sense of relief. Rachel immediately began to talk of an excellent preparatory school.

"I was thinking of asking you," said Fanny, "if there is any one here who could come as a daily governess."

"Oh!" cried Rachel, "these two would be much better at school, and I would form the little ones, who are still manageable."

"Conrade is not eight years old yet," said his mother in an imploring tone, "and the major said I need not part with him till he has grown a little more used to English ways."

"He can read, I see," said Grace, "and he told me he had done some Latin with the major."

"Yes, he has picked up a vast deal of information, and on the voyage the major used to teach him out of a little pocket Virgil. The major said it would not be of much use at school, as there was no dictionary; but that the discipline and occupation would be

useful, and so they were. Conrade would do anything for the major, and indeed so will they all."

Three majors in one speech, thought Rachel; and by way of counteraction, she enunciated, "I could undertake the next pair of boys easily, but these two are evidently wanting school discipline."

Lady Temple feathered up like a mother dove over her nest.

"You do not know Conrade. He is so trustworthy, and affectionate, dear boy, and they are both always good with me. The major said it often hurts boys to send them too young."

"They are very young, poor little fellows," said Mrs. Curtis.

"And if they are forward in some things, they are backward in others," said Fanny. "What Major Keith recommended was a governess, who would know what is generally expected of little boys."

"I don't like half measures," muttered Rachel. "I do not approve of encouraging young women to crowd the over-stocked profession of governesses."

Fanny opened her brown eyes, and awaited the words of wisdom.

"Is it not a flagrant abuse," continued Rachel, "that whether she have a vocation, or not, every woman of a certain rank, who wishes to gain her own livelihood, must needs become a governess? A nursery maid must have a vocation, but an educated or half-educated woman, has no choice; and educator she must become, to her own detriment, and that of her victims."

"I always did think governesses often much to be pitied," said Fanny, finding something was expected of her.

"What's the use of pity, if one runs on in the old groove? We must prevent the market from being drugged, by diverting the supply into new lines."

"Are there any new lines?" asked Fanny, surprised at the progress of society in her absence.

"Homœopathic doctresses," whispered Grace; who, dutiful as she was, sometimes indulged in a little fun, which Rachel would affably receive, unless she took it in earnest, as in the present instance.

"Why not—I ask why not? Some women have broken through prejudice, and why should not others? Do you not agree with

me, Fanny, that female medical men—I mean medical women—would be an infinite boon?”

“It would be very nice if they would never be nervous.”

“Nerves are merely a matter of training. Think of the numbers that might be removed from the responsibility of incompetently educating! I declare that to tempt a person into the office of governess, instead of opening a new field to her, is the most short-sighted indolence.”

“I don’t want to tempt any one,” said Fanny. “She ought to have been out before and be experienced, only she must be kind to the poor boys. I wanted the major to inquire in London; but he said perhaps I might hear of some one here.”

“That was right, my dear,” returned her aunt. “A gentleman, an officer, could not do much in such a matter.”

“He always does manage whatever one wants.”

At which speech Rachel cast a glance toward her mother, and saw her looking questioning and perplexed.

“I was thinking,” said Grace, “that I believe the people at the Cliff Cottages are going away, and that Miss Williams might be at liberty.”

“Didn’t I know that Grace would come out with Miss Williams?” exclaimed Rachel. “A regular eruption of the Touchettomania. We have had him already advertising her.”

“Miss Williams!” said Mrs. Curtis. “Yes, she might suit you very well. I believe they are very respectable young women, poor things! I have always wished that we could do more for them.”

“Who?” asked Fanny.

“Certain pets of Mr. Touchett’s,” said Rachel; “some of the numerous ladies whose mission is that curatolatriy into which Grace would lapse, but for my strenuous efforts.”

“I don’t quite know why you call them his pets,” said Grace, “except that he knew their antecedents, and told us about them.”

“Exactly, that was enough for me. I perfectly understand the meaning of Mr. Touchett’s recommendations; and if what Fanny wants is a commonplace sort of upper nursemaid, I dare say it would do.” And Rachel leaned back, applied herself to her wood carving, and virtually retired from the discussion.

“One sister is a great invalid,” said Grace, “quite a cripple, and the other goes out as a daily governess. They are a clergyman’s daughters, and once were very well off; but they lost everything through some speculation of their brother. I believe he fled the country under some terrible suspicion of dishonesty; and though no one thought they had anything to do with it, their friends dropped them because they would not give him up, nor believe him guilty; and a little girl of his lives with them.”

“Poor things!” exclaimed Lady Temple. “I should very much like to employ this one. How very sad!”

“Mrs. Grey told me that her children had never done so well with any one,” said Mrs. Curtis. “She wanted to engage Miss Williams permanently; but could not induce her to leave her sister, or even to remove her to London, on account of her health.”

“Do you know her, Grace?” asked Fanny.

“I have called once or twice, and have been very much pleased with the sick sister; but Rachel does not fancy that set, you see. I meet the other at the Sunday school; I like her looks and manner very much; and she is always at the early service before her work.”

“Just like a little mauve book!” muttered Rachel.

Fanny absolutely stared. “You go, don’t you, Rachel? How we used to wish for it!”

“You have wished, and we have tried,” said Rachel, with a sigh.

“Yes, Rachel,” said Grace; “but with all drawbacks, all disappointments in ourselves, it is a great blessing. We would not be without it.”

“I could not be satisfied in relinquishing it voluntarily,” said Rachel; “but I am necessarily one of the idle. Were I one of the occupied, *laborare est orare* would satisfy me, and that poor governess ought to feel the same. Think of the physical reaction of body on mind, and tell me if you could have the barbarity of depriving that poor jaded thing of an hour’s sleep, giving her an additional walk, fasting, in all weathers, and preparing her to be savage with the children.”

“Perhaps it refreshes her, and hinders her from being cross.”

“Maybe she thinks so; but if she have either sense or ear, nothing would so predis-

pose her to be cross as the squeaking of Mr. Touchett's penny whistle choir."

"Poor Mr. Touchett," sighed Mrs. Curtis; "I wish he would not make such ambitious attempts."

"But you like the choral service," said Fanny, feeling as if everything had turned round. "When all the men of a regiment chant together, you cannot think how grand it is, almost finer than the cathedral."

"Yes, where you can do it," said Rachel, "but not where you can't."

"I wish you would not talk about it," said Grace.

"I must, or Fanny will not understand the state of parties at Avonmouth."

"Parties! Oh, I hope not."

"My dear child, party spirit is another word for vitality. So you thought the church we sighed for had made the place all we sighed to see it, and ourselves too. Oh! Fanny, is this what you have been across the world for?"

"What is wrong?" asked Fanny, alarmed.

"Do you remember our axiom? Build your church, and the rest will take care of itself. You remember our scraping and begging, and how that good Mr. Davison helped us out and brought the endowment up to the needful point for consecration, on condition the incumbency was given to him. He held it just a year, and was rich, and could help out his bad health with a curate. But first he went to Madeira, and then he died, and there we are, a perpetual curacy of £70 a year, no resident gentry but ourselves, a fluctuating population mostly sick, our poor demoralized by them, and either crazed by dissent, or heathenized by their former distance from church. Who would take us? No more Mr. Davisons! There was no more novelty, and too much smartness to invite self-devotion. So we were driven from pillar to post till we settled down into this Mr. Touchett, as good a being as ever lived, working as hard as any two, and sparing neither himself nor any one else."

Fanny looked up prepared to admire.

"But he has two misfortunes. He was not born a gentleman, and his mind does not measure an inch across."

"Rachel, my dear, it is not fair to prejudice Fanny; I am sure the poor man is very well behaved."

"Mother! would you be calling the ideal Anglican priest, poor man?"

"I thought he was quite gentlemanlike," added Fanny.

"Gentlemanlike! ay, that's it," said Rachel, "just so like as to delight the born curatolattress like Grace and Miss Williams."

"Would it hurt the children?" asked Fanny, hardly comprehending the tremendous term.

"Yes, if it infected you," said Rachel, intending some playfulness. "A mother of contracted mind forfeits the allegiance of her sons."

"Oh, Rachel, I know I am weak and silly," said the gentle young widow, terrified, "but the major said if I only tried to do my duty by them, I should be helped."

"And I will help you, Fanny," said Rachel. "All that is requisite is good sense and firmness, and a thorough sense of responsibility."

"That is what is so dreadful. The responsibility of all those dear fatherless boys, and if—I should do wrong by them."

Poor Fanny fell into an uncontrollable fit of weeping at the sense of her own desolation and helplessness, and Mrs. Curtis came to comfort her, and tell her affectionately of having gone through the like feelings, and of the repeated but most comfortable words of promise to the fatherless and the widow,—words that had constantly come before the sufferer, but which had by no means lost their virtue by repetition, and Fanny was soothed with hearing instances of the special Providence over orphaned sons, and their love and deference for their mother. Rachel, shocked and distressed at the effect of her sense, retired out of the conversation, till at the announcement of the carriage for Lady Temple, her gentle cousin cheered up, and feeling herself to blame for having grieved one who only meant aid and kindness, came to her and fondly kissed her forehead, saying, "I am not vexed, dear Rachel, I know you are right. I am not clever enough to bring them up properly, but if I try hard, and pray for them, it may be made up to them. And you will help me, Rachel dear," she added, as her readiest peace-offering for her tears, and it was the most effectual, for Rachel was perfectly contented as long as Fanny was dependent on her, and allowed her to assume her

mission, provided only that the counter influence could be averted, and this major, this universal referee, be eradicated from her foolish clinging habits of reliance before her spirits were enough recovered to lay her heart open to danger.

But the more Rachel saw of her cousin, the more she realized this peril. When she went down on Monday morning to complete the matters of business that had been slurred over on the Saturday, she found that Fanny had not the slightest notion what her own income was to be. All she knew was that her general had left everything unreservedly to herself, except £100 and one of his swords to Major Keith, who was executor to the will, and had gone to London to "see about it," by which word poor Fanny expressed all the business that her maintenance depended on. If an old general wished to put a major into temptation, could he have found a better means of doing so? Rachel even thought that Fanny's incapacity to understand business had made her mistake the terms of the bequest, and that Sir Stephen must have secured his property to his children; but Fanny was absolutely certain that this was not the case, for she said the major had made her at once sign a will dividing the property among them, and appointing himself and her Aunt Curtis their guardians. "I did not like putting such a charge on my dear aunt," said Fanny, "but the major said I ought to appoint a relation, and I had no one else! And I knew you would all be good to them, if they had lost me too, when baby was born."

"We would have tried," said Rachel, a little humbly; "but, oh! I am glad you are here, Fanny!"

Nothing could of course be fixed till the Major had "seen about it." After which he was to come to let Lady Temple know the result; but she believed he would first go to Scotland to see his brother. He and his brother were the only survivors of a large family, and he had been on foreign service for twelve years, so that it would be very selfish to wish him not to take full time at home. "Selfish," thought Rachel, "if he will only stay away long enough, you shall learn, my dear, how well you can do without him!"

The boy had interrupted the conversation less than the previous one, because the lesser ones were asleep, or walking out, and the el-

der ones, having learnt that a new week was to be begun steadily with lessons, thought it advisable to bring themselves as little into notice as possible; but fate was sure to pursue them sooner or later, for Rachel had come down resolved on testing their acquirements, and deciding on the method to be pursued with them; and though their mamma, with a certain instinctive shrinking both for them and for herself, had put off the ordeal to the utmost by listening to all the counsel about her affairs, it was not to be averted.

"Now, Fanny, since it seems that more cannot be done at present, let us see about the children's education. Where are their books?"

"We have very few books," said Fanny, hesitating; "we had not much choice where we were."

"You should have written to me for a selection."

"Why—so we would; but there was always a talk of sending Conrade and Francis home. I am afraid you will think them very backward, dear Rachel, especially Francis; but it is not their fault, dear children, and they are not used to strangers," added Fanny, nervously.

"I do not mean to be a stranger," said Rachel.

And while Fanny, in confusion, made loving protestations about not meaning *that*, Rachel stepped out upon the lawn, and in her clear voice called "Conrade, Francis." No answer. She called "Conrade" again, and louder, then turned round with "Where can they be,—not gone down on the beach?"

"Oh, dear, no, I trust not," said the little mother, flurried, and coming to the window with a call that seemed to Rachel's ears like the roar of a sucking dove.

But from behind the bushes forth came the two young gentlemen, their black garments considerably streaked with the green marks of laurel climbing.

"Oh, my dears, what figures you are. Go to Coombe and get yourselves brushed, and wash your hands, and then come down, and bring your lesson-books."

Rachel prognosticated that these preparations would be made the occasion of much waste of time; but she was answered, and with rather surprised eyes, that they had never been allowed to come into the drawing-room without looking like little gentlemen.

"But you are not living in state here," said Rachel; "I never could enter into the cult some people, mamma especially, pay to their drawing-room."

"The major used to be very particular about their not coming to sit down untidy," said Fanny. "He said it was not good for anybody."

Martinet! thought Rachel, nearly ready to advocate the boys making no toilet at any time; and the present was made to consume so much time that, urged by her, Fanny once more was obliged to summon her boys and their books.

It was not an extensive school library,—a Latin grammar, an extremely dilapidated spelling-book, and the fourth volume of Mrs. Marcet's "Little Willie." The other three—one was unaccounted for, but Cyril had torn up the second, and Francis had thrown the first overboard in a passion. Rachel looked in dismay. "I don't know what can be done with these!" she said.

"Oh, then we'll have holidays till we have got books, mamma," said Conrade, putting his hands on the sofa, and imitating a kicking horse.

"It is very necessary to see what kind of books you ought to have," returned Rachel. "How far have you gone in this?"

"I say, mamma," reiterated Conrade, "we can't do lessons without books."

"Attend to what your Aunt Rachel says, my dear; she wants to find out what books you should have."

"Yes, let me examine you."

Conrade came most inconveniently close to her; she pushed her chair back; he came after her. His mother uttered a remonstrating, "My dear."

"I thought she wanted to examine me," quoth Conrade. "When Dr. MacVicar examines a thing, he puts it under a microscope."

It was said gravely, and whether it were malice or simplicity, Rachel was perfectly unable to divine, but she thought anyway that Fanny had no business to laugh, and explaining the species of examination that she intended, she went to work. In her younger days she had worked much at schools, and was really an able and spirited teacher, liking the occupation; and laying hold of the first book in her way, she requested Conrade to read. He obeyed, but in such a detestable gabble that she looked up appealingly to Fan-

ny, who suggested, "My dear, you can read better than that." He read four lines, not badly, but then broke off, "Mamma, are not we to have ponies? Coombe heard of a pony this morning; it is to be seen at the 'Jolly Mariner,' and he will take us to look at it."

"The 'Jolly Mariner!' It is a dreadful place, Fanny; you never will let them go there?"

"My dear, the major will see about your ponies when he comes."

"We will send the coachman down to inquire," added Rachel.

"He is only a civilian, and the major always chooses our horses," said Conrade.

"And I am to have one, too, mamma," added Francis. "You know I have been out four times with the staff, and the major said I could ride as well as Con!"

"Reading is what is wanted now, my dear; go on."

"Five lines more; but Francis and his mother were whispering together, and of course Conrade stopped to listen. Rachel saw there was no hope but in getting him alone, and at his mother's reluctant desire, he followed her to the dining-room; but there he turned dogged and indifferent, made a sort of feint of doing what he was told, but whether she tried him in arithmetic, Latin, or dictation, he made such ludicrous blunders as to leave her in perplexity whether they arose from ignorance or impertinence. His spelling was phonetic to the highest degree, and though he owned to having done sums, he would not, or did not answer the simplest question in mental arithmetic. "Five apples and eight apples, come, Conrade, what will they make?"

"A pie."

That was the hopeful way in which the examination proceeded, and when Rachel attempted to say that his mother would be much displeased, he proceeded to tumble head over heels all around the room, as if he knew better; which performance broke up the *séance*, with a resolve on her part that when she had the books she would not be so beaten. She tried Francis, but he really did know next to nothing, and whenever he came to a word above five letters long, stopped short, and when told to spell it, said "mamma never made him spell;" also muttering something depreciating about civilians.

Rachel was a woman of perseverance. She

went to the bookseller's, and obtained a fair amount of books, which she ordered to be sent to Lady Temple's. But when she came down the next morning, the parcel was nowhere to be found. There was a grand interrogation, and at last it turned out to have been safely deposited in an empty dog-kennel in the back-yard. It was very hard on Rachel that Fanny giggled like a school-girl, and even though ashamed of herself and her sons, could not find voice to scold them respectably. No wonder, after such encouragement, that Rachel found her mission no sinecure, and felt at the end of her morning's work much as if she had been driving pigs to market, though the repetition was imposing on the boys a sort of sense of fate and obedience, and there was less active resistance, though learning it was not, only letting teaching be thrown at them. All the rest of the day, except those two hours, they ran wild about the house, garden, and beach,—the latter place under the inspection of Coombe, whom, since the "Jolly Mariner" proposal, Rachel did not in the least trust; all the less when she heard that Major Keith, whose soldier-servant he had originally been, thought very highly of him. A call at Myrtlewood was formidable from the bear-garden sounds, and delicate as Lady Temple was

considered to be, unable to walk or bear fatigue, she never appeared to be incommoded by the uproar in which she lived, and had even been seen careering about the nursery, or running about the garden, in a way that Grace and Rachel thought would tire a strong woman. As to a *tête-à-tête* with her, it was never secured by anything short of Rachel's strong will, for the children were always with her, and she went to bed, or at any rate to her own room, when they did, and she was so perfectly able to play and laugh with them that her cousins scarcely thought her sufficiently depressed, and comparing her with what their own mother had been after ten months' widowhood, agreed that after all "she had been very young, and Sir Stephen, very old, and perhaps too much must not be expected of her."

"The grand passion of her life is yet to come," said Rachel.

"I hope not," said Grace.

"You may be certain of that," said Rachel. "Feminine women always have it one time or other in their lives; only superior ones are exempt. But I hope I may have influence enough to carry her past it, and prevent her taking any step that might be injurious to the children."

SANTIAGO AND VALPARAISO RAILWAY.—A valuable account of the Santiago and Valparaiso Railway has been given before the Institute of Civil Engineers by Mr. Lloyd, the engineer who has constructed that line. The original proposition for the railway was made by Mr. Wheelwright, an American, in 1850; and in 1852 an Act of Congress was obtained by a company of Chilean capitalists. The line on leaving Valparaiso follows the coast northeasterly for three miles, cutting through projections of syenitic rock; it then diverges to the east, up the valley of La Vina del Mar, and crosses the ravine of Paso Hondo, thence along the Quilpere River, involving deep cuttings, heavy embankments, and considerable wrought-iron viaducts, the gradients in some places being as high as 1 in 50. Continued onward, the line crosses the Limache and ascends the San Pedro, passing

through a space of the Andes by a tunnel of 1,600 feet, mainly through granite and trap. Beyond the San Pedro tunnel the line descends the river Way, and passes Quillota on the Aconcagua, up the valley of which the railway runs for twenty miles, and then, diverging into that of the Tabon, a decline commences at Llaillay, having a maximum gradient of 1 in 44½ for a distance of 3½, and with eighteen curves in an aggregate length of a mile and a half, the railway running along the abrupt and rugged sides of the mountains at an elevation of 300 feet, with the rocky cliffs towering above it to the height of nearly 1,000 feet. The descent into Santiago is effected through the deep and tortuous valley of San Ramon, and across the Batauco Lake, and the Mapocho River, the total length of the railway being 114 miles.

From the Saturday Review.

UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF MARIE ANTOINETTE. *

THE letters contained in this volume begin in 1770, on the eve of Marie Antoinette's marriage, and go down to July, 1792. They are addressed, with a few exceptions, to members of her family,—to her mother, to her sister Maria Christina, and to her two brothers, Joseph and Leopold. Of the remaining letters, most are to the Austrian Ambassador at Paris, Comte de Mercy. They are obviously of the most intimate and confidential character, and a reader naturally wishes to know where they come from. The answer to this, in the preface to the volume, is that all the papers contained in it have been "copied and compared most carefully with the originals, belonging to M. le Comte d'Hunolstein," and that, with a few orthographical corrections, the letters are printed as they are written. But it would be interesting to know how such letters found their way into the keeping of the Count d'Hunolstein, and on this point no information is given us. The editor merely remarks that the queen "used to make two or even three copies, not only of her own letters, but also of letters and papers addressed to her, in order to be able to intrust them to different persons, and thus to insure their reaching the members of her family and her friends, especially at a time when, a close prisoner, she could no longer do as she pleased, and could not trust those around her." This multiplication of copies accounts in a general way for documents of great secrecy and importance being found in the hands of persons for whom they were not originally meant; but we may observe, in the first place, that it would have been satisfactory to have some knowledge of the channel through which these particular letters passed into the collection of their present possessor, and, in the next place that the remark applies only to the letters written after 1789, which fill about half the volume. The other half consists of letters which have little to do with political matters,—letters full of harmless gossip or family confidences or expressions of affection, such as a homesick daughter writes to her mother or a sister to a

sister. It seems unlikely that Marie Antoinette should have preserved "two or even three" copies of familiar notes like these; nor does the editor say so. But if not, the "originals" of which the editor speaks must have come to him from the most private family archives of the House of Austria. If this has been the case, it would have been well to satisfy a natural curiosity as to the way in which so remarkable a communication was made to him. A book which, like this, gives, in reality, no adequate account of itself, necessarily awakens a degree of mistrust; and there is nothing, as far as we can see, in the letters themselves which carries us beyond the ordinary knowledge of the events of the queen's life, or the ordinary conceptions of her character. It has been thought worth while before now, though it seems a strange piece of trouble to take, to compose imaginary letters of remarkable people, or to eke out what is imperfect in a collection, by imitations modelled on the genuine remains. Such a suspicion may be perfectly groundless in the present instance; but it is entirely the editor's fault if it arises in the minds of readers whom he has left without the slightest clew to the origin of the papers; and the letters themselves are not enough to negative the supposition of a biography in an epistolary form.

Taking the book, however, for what it claims to be, we find Marie Antoinette quitting Austria, her mother, and her sister, Maria Christina, the Duchess of Saxe-Teschen, with the fears and sorrows of a young girl leaving a home which she loved, for distant and unfamiliar greatness. The letters are such as a clever and spirited woman in Marie Antoinette's position would have written, and they do credit to her good feeling and self-command, as well as to her judgment and powers of observation. Her first impressions of France and the court were not favorable, though she makes it her duty to take everything on its best side. She is overwhelmed with ceremonies: then there is the storm at Versailles, on her wedding-day, and the terrible accident at Paris, which distress her; "she cannot sleep, and she has always before her eyes that crowd of victims, of which she has been the occasion;" and she dreads the entry into Paris. She speaks with quiet respect of her husband: "M. le Dauphin says little; he is shy and undemonstrative, but he

* Correspondence Inédite de Marie Antoinette publiée sur les Documents Originaux. Par le Comte Paul Vogt d'Hunolstein, Ancien Député de la Moselle. Paris: Dentu. 1864.

is good to every one." She represents him as being, for the most part, in a "state of calm," broken at rare intervals by uncontrollable fits of what his brother, M. de Provence, called "un rire homérique." The old king's circle, in spite of his "bonté" for her, weighs on her spirits: "In the family circle he is more frequently sober and quiet than lively; yet there are days when the king talks as agreeably as any one I ever heard; but in general he is silent." She contrasts the French stiffness and dulness with the freedom of Vienna and Schönbrunn: "Family life here is always a stage performance, and it is impossible to be unconstrained and merry; but I am resolved to conform to everything." She tells with pride how cleverly she has acquitted herself of the little tricks of royal courtesy:—

"I wished to follow the advice of the emperor, and I charged the abbé to procure me information concerning the families of the country, in order to speak appropriately to each one; I had a proof of the advantage of such a precaution two days ago; I was to receive the congratulations of the Duke de Villequier, I provided myself with good memoirs of his family, and talked to him accordingly; he was flattered in the highest degree, and had tears in his eyes. The king was pleased with this, as he has a fancy for the duke."

But there is a severe self-constraint upon her all the while: "May my kind mother pardon me if I confess to her that I have moments of depression which I find it hard to shake off; I am vexed at myself for this, and am getting the better of it;" but she almost breaks down under the load of dulness and etiquette, and the utter want of sympathy round her, when she thinks of her old ways, and the time when she could come to her mother, and hear her words, "which seem to-day like gospel." The principal people about the court are touched off. Madame de Noailles, who has the direction of the dauphiness's little balls, is "in her strictness on minor points, exemplary to a wearisome degree." Her Aunt Adelaide frightens her a little; but fortunately, she is a favorite with Aunt Victoire. Yet she cannot quite make them out; they are "sometimes affectionate, sometimes cold, and sharp,—perhaps I judge them ill." The Madame Elizabeth of after days appears first as a little girl not easy to manage, "the

wild, little Elizabeth, who will be very well behaved one of these days, and who does not leave my hand." A year later, she is described to Maria Theresa:—

"Elizabeth's disposition is not bad, but rather headstrong and rebellious; she is seven years old, and improves every day, and we discover in her traits of sensibility which are charming."

And she continued to be intractable and troublesome till, after her sister's marriage, her thoughts turned toward a religious life, and she wanted to enter the Carmelite order. Later, when the dauphin had become king, Marie Antoinette thus explains the family difficulties to Maria Theresa:—

"On my arrival in France, I found her a little savage whom nothing could tame: rude, rough, passionate, and wilful to an alarming degree, and regardless of all remonstrance; a mother alone could have softened such a character in early youth; it was in vain to give the entire authority to governesses,—this could not be the same thing, if she had ever known her mother. However, she was good at heart, and, which was hopeful, had much sensibility; good management alone was wanting. Her obstinacy might become firmness, and her pride a good means of influencing her, and as she was affectionate, she could be made to understand the advantage and the happiness of being loved."

And the end is that Madame Elizabeth becomes a great favorite. "Elizabeth," she writes a year or two later, "is now charming in character and much grown."

As long as the old king lived, she had a hard time of it. Under her respectful language about her husband, a complete want of interest in his dull self-satisfied impassive honesty shows itself. He is no help to her in her troubles and mortifications—"il est fort poli pour moi, et fort attentif;" more than that:—

"M. le Dauphin is not less kind, he is religious, attached beyond example to his religious duties; but he is firm by nature, and is not a man who would consent to enter into this kind of detail to make for himself a rule of conduct,—he goes straight forward on his way without troubling himself about the rest; confidence cannot be compelled, it must be voluntary."

Do not speak of this to our dear, good mother; she would think me unhappy, and grieve herself unnecessarily. I should like

to blot what I have just written, but what is said is said. Burn my letter."

The brothers she disliked, and made little secret of it; she does not much mind in what company she classes them:—

"Monsieur is a man who is seldom open and who keeps himself in his cravat; I dare not speak before him since I heard him in company reprove, for a little slip of the tongue, poor Clotilda, who did not know where to hide herself. The Count d'Arbois is as gay as a page and troubles himself less about grammar or anything else. There remains Madame du B. of whom I have never spoken to you. I have behaved myself in the presence of frailty with all the reserve which you recommended,—I was invited to sup with her, and she took with me a tone half respectful and embarrassed, and half patronizing. I did not disregard your advice of which I have not even spoken to M. le Dauphin, who cannot endure her, but who shows nothing of it out of respect for the king;—she has an assiduous court, ambassadors come there, and all foreigners of distinction ask to be presented; I have, without appearing to listen, heard some curious things about this court,—they crowd there as to a princess,—every one rushes to her receptions and she says a word to each;—she queens it: it is raining while I write,—probably by her permission; she is a good creature at heart."

Then comes the illness of the old king, the progress of which is described in letters to Maria Theresa. The whole court is horror-struck with surprise and fear. "M. le Dauphin is paralyzed with fear." When all is over, she writes in alarm and anxiety: "I have just passed four happy years," she says, "but a new future opens upon me, full of dangers; pray for me and help me." She is distressed at her husband's inexperience and uncommunicative temper. The task before him was "the more alarming, because the old king had kept him an entire stranger to business, and never spoke to him about it." Louis XV. had been kind to herself personally:—

"But I will tell you alone, dear mamma, that he was very distrustful and treated us too much as children; he was personally very kind to me, but at the court fêtes it was easy to be seen that it was not for us they were given."

His husband was like a man "fallen from the clouds;" "the king," she writes of him, "who does not speak, has said not a

word on the choice of a minister." He was not well inclined to D'Aiguillon, the "âme damnée" of the late mistress, but it was doubtful whether he would have Choiseul, the favorite at Vienna:—

"I know not what is on his mind, he does not speak of it quite freely, and he is much agitated. I cannot say that he treats me with disdain, and as a child, and that he distrusts me; on the contrary, he uttered a long speech the other day before me, and as if talking to himself upon the improvements to be introduced into the finances and into law, he said that I was to help him, and that I was to represent the beneficence of the throne and make it beloved,—that he wished to be beloved. . . .

He is in truth a man who is self-contained, who seems to be anxious concerning the task which has suddenly devolved upon him, who wishes to govern as a father. As I do not wish to wound him, I do not question him too much. He does as well in not consulting me; I am more embarrassed than he."

The letters of the period between the accession of Louis XVI. and 1789 dwell on the prejudice against her in France, and the scandalous stories about her sent home to Vienna. She is very indignant at the "obstinacy of a set of people to represent her as still a foreigner, and a Frenchwoman against the grain." "I am French," she protests, "to my finger-ends." She feels rebellious against the etiquette which pursues her inexorably at every turn, but declares that she submits to it with dutiful patience:—

"They think it an easy thing to play the queen; they are wrong, the constraints are numberless, as if nature were a crime; but the king who lets me do as I please generally, will not authorize reforms; a ribbon here, bows and feathers there rather than elsewhere, and the monarchy would be lost for some people; I am greatly cramped with all these restrictions."

In 1777 the emperor Joseph, her brother, visited Paris, and discussed politics with his shy and calm brother-in-law. The queen writes to her sister about the contrast between the two men:—

"He is always the same, he makes very just observations in all that he sees, and gives advice as no one else can; sometimes, it must be confessed, he gives it in rather a brusque manners, which spoils the effect of his fine ideas. My dear mother will not think it amiss that I speak thus to her: she,

better than any one else, knows my brother and myself, and she knows all the admiration which I have for him and my earnest desire that he may meet with that complete success at court which he deserves. The King's feeling towards him is friendly, and as he is very shy and not much of a talker, he is glad to listen to him; but when my brother becomes critical, he contents himself with a smile and says nothing: the other day, when he could not keep silence upon certain principles of government inimical to the clergy, the king answered his arguments one by one with a precision, a firmness, and a coolness, which astonished us all, and made it impossible to continue the subject. Each country has its customs and its wants, said he finally; it is possible, but I doubt it, that your system may be applicable to other States but we are in France, where imported ideas on the subject of government do not appear to succeed."

Then the affair of the "Diamond Necklace" fills the letters with indignation and pain, till the Assembly of the Notables and the meeting of the states-general began to bring even more serious subjects before the world. Here we begin to have the "Marie Antoinette" of the revolutionary time, as she is generally conceived of, and represented, vainly urging the king to greater self-assertion and decision, seeing, from the first, the frightful magnitude of the crisis, the real intentions of the revolutionary leaders, and the deadly nature of the struggle, wrathful and contemptuous at the new notions of popular liberty, and popular control over the government, conquering her disgust in order to gain over Mirabeau, scornfully despairing at the weakness and worthlessness of all classes in France, and bitterly conscious of her personal unpopularity. In the letters she is seen, first, preparing a vigorous armed counter-revolution, but with as little of foreign interference as possible, and impatiently combating the advice from Vienna to wait and let things take their course; and at last, after the vain attempt to escape, resigning herself to a policy of dissimulation with the revolutionary chiefs at home, and throwing all her efforts into the attempt to organize a great European coalition,—an "armed Congress"—which should refuse to recognize any government in France but the monarchy, and which should prevent both foreign and civil war, by arresting the violence of the emigrants, and frightening the French nation into submission. The letters, which are ad-

dressed to the Comte de Mercy or to the Emperor, set forth, with great force and vividness, the miserable straits to which the royal cause was reduced. The king himself was without counsel or resource, tamely and phlegmatically keeping himself calm, whatever might be passing, incredulous of the queen's quickness of sight and soundness of judgment, and jealous of her vigor and decision. The princes only did mischief by their violence and folly; and after Mirabeau's death, there was no Frenchman on whose character or capacity any dependence could be placed. Marie Antoinette could see no other course than to stoop to the ignoble policy of accepting the constitution, in the hope of bringing about its speedier downfall, and in the mean time, to rouse the courts of Europe, not to attack, but to threaten, France. She had persuaded herself, that such a demonstration on the part of foreign governments, accompanied with a disclaimer of interference in the internal affairs of France, would actually avert war, by encouraging the *honnêtes gens* at home, to throw off the revolutionary yoke and restore the freedom and authority of the monarchy. The whole of the correspondence of 1791 is more or less directed to this end, and she complains bitterly of the slowness and reluctance of the emperor to act, and of the ill-will and selfish jealousy, which prevented governments like those of Prussia and England from joining in the plan. The strange thing is, that she does not seem to see that a refusal, on the part of foreign powers, to acknowledge any government in France but the old monarchial one, with which they had made treaties and framed alliances, was an interference with the domestic affairs of a nation; and that, recognizing, as she distinctly does, the growing warlike spirit and power, of democratic France, and pointing out its formidable character to neighboring powers she should have brought herself to think that a nation, in the enthusiastic madness of its first liberty, would be cowed into unresisting submission, by such a challenge. She shrank from what appeared like double-dealing; yet it is plain that there was, even to her, some pleasure, in the thought of outwitting the hated constitutionalists. "There are moments," she writes, "when one must be able to dissimulate; and my position is so peculiar that it is really necessary to change my frank and independent character." But

there was nothing else to be done :—" We must do all that is required of us, and must even appear to lead where we are compelled to follow. It is perhaps one way and the only way to lull their suspicions and save our lives." It was necessary, she wrote, that the king should ostensibly accept the Constitution : " Our only hope is to lull their suspicions and to give them confidence in us. . . Believe that this must be true since it is I that say it, for you know me well enough to believe that I should be naturally inclined to a more dignified and courageous part." Yet it was a consolation to her to think that the Constitution had only to be frankly accepted by the king, in order to work out its own self-destruction. All that was wanted was—what was not to be had—ministers to assist it on its way :—

" But if we adopt this plan, we must abide by it, and above all, avoid anything that can awaken suspicion, and to act always, as it were, with the law in our hand. I assure you this is the best way to disgust them with it speedily. The trouble is that we need for this a faithful and skilful minister who would at the same time be willing to be detested by the court and the aristocracy, in order the better to serve them afterwards ; for it is certain they never will again become what they have been, certainly not by themselves."

Nothing can be more pointed and vigorous than her criticisms on the absurdities of the revolutionary changes, or her arguments against the policy and intentions of the emigrants at Coblenz. Yet, with these sound views, she thought that such a declaration as the following on the part of the courts of Europe was the way to restore confidence and order to France ; and she was even willing, in order to bring England into the scheme, or merely to purchase its neutrality, that the commercial interests of France, and even its territorial possessions in India or the Antilles, should be sacrificed :—

" The united powers should declare :—First, that they claim the binding nature of the treaties, and of the capitulations made with France at different times, and insist upon their faithful execution. Second, that they mutually promise to deliver up any Frenchman imbued with these maxims of revolt and sedition, who should have endeavored to disseminate them in one country, and then taken refuge in another, that he may meet with such punishment as the law awards. Third, that they should not recognize the tri-colored

flag of France, while it is only the emblem of troubles and seditions engendered by these maxims subversive of all governments.

" Such are the intentions which the united powers might announce, and whose performance they should claim."

Supposing these letters to be genuine,—and in the latter portions of the volume there can be no doubt that they accurately represent the queen's views and feelings,—they certainly must be held to justify the opinion of the revolutionary leaders that in her the new order of things had its most dangerous and implacable enemy. The cruelty and execrable brutality of those who were at the end her destroyers have long brought down on their memory its everlasting and well-deserved shame. Yet their instinct or their knowledge was not at fault when it told them that she would never rest till she had brought back France to the despotism of Louis XV. We cannot wonder that she should have shrunk with horror and disgust from a revolution which began with that outbreak at Versailles by which, as she says, she was brought face to face with death and assassination. " J'ai eu la mort de près, on s'y fait, Monsieur le Comte," she writes to Mercy. " Quand on a subi les horreurs du 5 et 6 octobre, on peut s'attendre a tout : l'assassinat est a nos portes," she writes to her brother. But the way in which she tried to arrest and check the revolution was by throwing herself into a series of dark and equivocal intrigues, by back-stairs interviews with malcontent revolutionists, by working upon men's selfishness and treachery, by trying to play against her enemies a game of deeper cunning and faithlessness than their own, by bargaining away the honor and self-respect of the nation for the re-establishment by foreign armies of a worn-out and helpless despotism. If she had perished in openly attempting to take the lead in governing France, it would have been a more worthy fate for the daughter of the empress-queen ; and it is, perhaps, barely possible that she might have succeeded. But it must be remembered that her enmity to the revolution was not that of a statesman and an open and declared enemy, but of a secret and unscrupulous conspirator, who thought it monstrous that any understanding or engagement should be binding on kings towards revolutionists and democrats. All that can be said is, that she was nobler, and also wiser and more large-minded, than her party. But she was as ignorant and as indifferent as they about the real grounds and meaning of the political struggle in which she took so keen a part, which she was not behind any in inflaming and making more deadly, and of which she was, no doubt, the most illustrious victim.

From The Leisure Hour.

JEEMS, THE DOORKEEPER.*

WHEN my father was in Broughton Place Church, we had a doorkeeper called "Jeems," and a formidable little man and doorkeeper he was; of unknown age and name; for he existed to us, and indeed still exists to me,—though he has been in his grave these sixteen years,—as Jeems, absolute and *per se*, no more needing a surname than did or do Abraham or Isaac, Samson or Nebuchadnezzar. We young people of the congregation believed that he was out in the '45, and had his drum shot through and quenched at Culloden; and as for any indication, on his huge and gray visage, of his ever having been young, he might safely have been *Bottom* the weaver in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," or that excellent, ingenious, and "wise-hearted" Bezaleel, the son of Uri, whom Jeems regarded as one of the greatest of men and of weavers, and whose "ten curtains of fine twined linen, and blue and purple and scarlet," each of them with fifty loops on the edge of the selvage in the coupling, with their fifty taches of gold, he in confidential moments gave it to be understood were the sacred triumphs of his craft; for, as you may infer, my friend was a man of the treadles and the shuttle, as well as the more renowned grandson of Hur.

Jeems's face was so extensive, and met you so formidably and at once, that it mainly composed his whole; and such a face! Sydney Smith used to say of a certain quarrelsome man, "His very face is a breach of the peace." Had he seen our friend's, he would have said he was the imperative mood on two (very small) legs, out on business in a blue great-coat. It was in the nose and the keen small eye that his strength lay. Such a nose of power, so undeniable, I never saw, except in what was said to be a bust from the antique, of Rhadamanthus, the well-known Justice-Clerk of the Pagan Court of Session! Indeed, when I was in the rector's class, and watched Jeems turning interlopers out of the church seats by merely presenting before them this tremendous organ, it struck me that if Rhadamanthus had still been here, and out of employment, he would have taken kindly to Jeems's work, and that, possibly, he was that potentate in a U.P. disguise.

Nature having fashioned the huge face, and

* By John Brown, M.D., author of "Rab and his Friends." Edmonston and Douglas, Edinburgh.

laid out much material and idea upon it, had finished off the rest of Jeems somewhat scripply, as if she had run out of means. His legs especially were of the shortest, and, as his usual dress was a very long, blue great-coat, made for a much taller man, its tails resting upon the ground, and its large hind buttons in a totally preposterous position, gave him the look of being planted, or rather, after the manner of Milton's beasts at the creation, in the act of emerging painfully from his mother earth.

Now, you may think this was a very ludicrous old object. If you had seen him, you would not have said so; and not only was he a man of weight and authority, he was likewise a genuine, indeed a deeply spiritual, Christian, well read in his Bible, in his own heart, and in human nature and life, knowing both its warp and woof; more peremptory in making himself obey his Master than in getting himself obeyed, and this is saying a good deal; and, like all complete men, he had a genuine love and gift of humor,* kindly and uncouth, lurking in those small, deep-set gray eyes, shrewd and keen, which, like two sharpest of shooters, enflamed that massive and redoubtable bulwark, the nose.

One day two strangers made themselves over to Jeems to be furnished with seats. Motioning them to follow, he walked majestically to the farthest in the corner, where he had decreed they should sit. The couple found seats near the door, and stepped into them, leaving Jeems to march through the passages alone, the whole congregation watching him with some relish and alarm. He gets to his destination, opens the door, and stands aside; nobody appears. He looks sharply round, and then gives a look of general wrath "at lairge." No one doubted his victory. His nose and eye fell, or seemed to fall on the two culprits, and pulled them out instantly, hurrying them to their appointed place. Jeems snibbed them slowly in, and gave them a parting look they were not likely to misunderstand or forget.

At that time the crowds and the imperfect ventilation made fainting a common occur-

* On one occasion a descendant of Nabal having put a crown piece into "the plate" instead of a penny, and starting at its white and precious face, asked to have it back, and was refused. "In once, in forever." "A weel, a weel," grunted he, "I'll get credit for it in heaven." "Na, na," said Jeems, "ye'll get credit only for the penny!"

rence in Broughton Place, especially among "thae young hizzies," as Jeems called the servant-girls. He generally came to me, "the young doctor," on these occasions, with a look of great relish. I had indoctrinated him in the philosophy of *syncope*s, especially as to the propriety of laying the "hizzies" quite flat on the floor of the lobby, with the head as low as the rest of the body; and as many of these cases were owing to what Jeems called "that bitter yerkin" of their bodices, he and I had much satisfaction in relieving them, and giving them a moral lesson, by cutting their stay-laces, which ran before the knife, and cracked "like a bowstring," as my coadjutor said. One day a young lady was our care. She was lying out, and slowly coming to. Jeems, with that huge, terrific visage, came round to me with his open "gully" in his hand, whispering, "Wull oo ripp'er up noo?" It happened not to be a case for ripping up. The gully was a great sanitary institution, and made a decided inroad upon the "yerking" system; Jeems having, thanks to this and Dr. Combe, every year fewer opportunities of displaying and enjoying its powers.

He was sober in other things besides drink, could be generous on occasion, but was careful of his siller; sensitive to fierceness ("We're uncommon 'zeelyous' the day" was a favorite phrase when any church matter was stirring) for the honor of his church and minister, and to his too often worthless neighbors a perpetual moral protest and lesson,—a living epistle. He dwelt at the head of Big Lochend's Close in the Canongate, at the top of a long stair,—ninety-six steps, as I well know,—where he had dwelt, all by himself, for five-and-thirty years, and where, in the midst of all sorts of flittings and changes, not a day opened or closed without the well-known sound of Jeems at his prayers,—his "exercise" at "the books." His clear, fearless, honest voice, in psalm and chapter, and strong prayer, came sounding through that wide "land," like that of one crying in the wilderness.

Jeems and I got great friends; he called me John, as if he were my grandfather; and though as plain in speech as in feature, he was never rude. I owe him much in many ways. His absolute downrightness and "yae-fauldness;" his energetic, unflinching fulfilment of his work; his rugged, sudden tenderness;

his look of sturdy age, as the thick, silver-white hair lay on his serious and weatherworn face, like moonlight on a stout old tower; his quaint Old Testament exegetics, his lonely and contented life, his simple godliness,—it was no small privilege to see much of all this.

But I must stop. I forget that you didn't know him, that he is not your Jeems. If it had been so, you would not soon have wearied of telling or of being told of the life and conversation of this "fell body." He was not communicative about his early life. He would sometimes speak to me about "her," as if I knew who and where she was, and always with a gentleness and solemnity unlike his usual gruff ways. I found out that he had been married when young, and that "she" (he never named her) and their child died on the same day, the day of its birth. The only indication of married life in his room was an old and strong cradle, which he had cut down so as to rock no more, and which he made the depository of his books,—a queer collection.

I have said that he had what he called with a grave smile, "family" worship; morning and evening, never failing. He not only sung his psalm, but gave out or chanted "the line" in great style; and on seeing me one morning surprised at this, he said, "Ye see, John, oo," meaning himself and his wife, "began that way." He had a firm, true voice, and a genuine, though roughish gift of singing; and being methodical in all things, he did what I never heard of in any one else: he had seven fixed tunes, one of which he sung on its own set day.

Sabbath morning it was *Frenth*, which he went through with great "burr;" Monday, *Scarborough*, which, he said, was like my father cantering; Tuesday, *Coleshill*, that soft, exquisite air,—monotonous and melancholy, soothing and vague, like the sea. This day, Tuesday, was the day of the week on which his wife and child died, and he always sung more verses then than on any other. Wednesday was *Irish*; Thursday, *Old Hundred*; Friday, *Bangor*, and Saturday, *Blackburn*, that humdrummost of tunes, "as long and lank and lean as is the ribbed sea-sand." He could not defend it, but had some secret reason for sticking to it. As to the evenings, they were just the same tunes in reversed order, only that on Tuesday night he sung *Coles-*

hill again, thus dropping *Blackburn* for evening work. The children could tell the day of the week by Jeems's tune, and would have been as much astonished at hearing *Bangor* on Monday, as at finding St. Giles's half-way down the Canongate.

I frequently breakfasted with him. He made capital porridge, and I wish I could get such buttermilk, or at least have such a relish for it, as in those days. Jeems is away, gone over to the majority; and I hope I may never forget to be grateful to the dear and queer old man. I think I see and hear him saying his grace over our bickers with their "brats" on, then taking his two books out of the cradle, and reading, not without a certain homely majesty, the first verse of the 99th Psalm—

"The eternal Lord doth reign as king;
Let all the people quake
He sits between the cherubim;
Let the earth be moved and shake" —

then launching out into the noble depths of *Irish*. His chapters were long, and his prayers short, very scriptural, but by no means stereotyped, and wonderfully real, "immediate," as if he were near Him whom he addressed. Any one hearing the sound, and not the words, would say, "that man is speaking to some one who is with him, who is present;" as he often said to me, "There's nae gude dune, John, till ye get to 'close groups.'"

From The Spectator.

THE LIFE OF GENERAL WOLFE.*

THE life of the military Nelson of England has at length been written, and, on the whole, well written, by Mr. Wright, who has successfully carried through the task commenced only to relinquish it by Gleig, and subsequently by Southey. Mr. Wright has not only possessed the advantage of access to the entire family correspondence of his hero, but has also been enabled to introduce a considerable number of letters written by Wolfe to various private friends, whose descendants have consented to thus aid the undertaking. It is now for more than a century that Wolfe's correspondence has been kept back from the world, and it turns out to be so complete and

so minute that the biographer's task is in reality reduced to that of furnishing a running commentary explanatory of allusions and descriptive of contemporaneous events. This duty has been performed by Mr. Wright most efficiently. The circumstances to which we are indebted for this long wished-for biography, and the curious vicissitudes which have led to the preservation of the principal portion of the correspondence, are recorded by Mr. Wright in his preface. The letters addressed by Wolfe to his father and mother were carefully preserved by them, and after the death of the latter, by her executor, General Warde, and his son, also General Warde. After having been placed for some time in the hands of Mr. Gleig for use in his "Lives of Military Commanders," they were borrowed by Mr. Turner on behalf of Southey. Southey, on abandoning his project, returned the letters to Mr. Turner; but they never reached their real owner, for at the sale of the library of the late Mr. Dawson Turner, of Yarmouth, the whole of the materials thus obtained were offered for sale, but were ultimately withdrawn, and after a friendly investigation of his claim, made over to Admiral Warde, grandson of the executor of Mrs. Wolfe's will. Mr. Wright, who during a residence in Canada had become thoroughly acquainted with the scene of Wolfe's crowning triumph, collected by degrees all the information within his reach relating to Wolfe's career, and ultimately conceived the idea of compiling a memoir of him which should at once be more complete and more accurate than the numerous crude and fugitive sketches of his life which had previously appeared. Besides the fortunate recovery of Wolfe's home correspondence, the still more remarkable discovery, only fifteen years ago, of a packet of letters addressed by Wolfe to his intimate friend, Colonel Rickson, has materially contributed to the completeness of Mr. Wright's work. Hitherto, owing to the inaccessibility of Wolfe's correspondence, even the leading events of his career have been but little understood.

The Wolfes were an English family, who seem to have settled "beyond the pale" at a period not exactly determined. In 1651, Captain George Woulfe was one of twenty of the defenders of Limerick who were specially excluded by Ireton from the privileges of capitulation. He ultimately escaped, however,

* "The Life of Major General James Wolfe." By Robert Wright. London: Chapman and Hall. 1864.

came to England, and married. His grandson, General Edward Wolfe, had served with distinction in the Low Countries under Marlborough, and in Scotland under Wade, before his marriage and settlement at Westerham, in Kent, where in 1727, the future hero of Quebec was born. The first characteristic step of his life was his volunteering at the age of thirteen to accompany his father in the expedition to the West Indies under Lord Cathcart. But ardent as the boy's determination to see service was, even at that age, he had to yield to the weakness of constitution against which his whole life was a struggle, and a violent illness prevented him from joining an expedition of which the ignominious failure was the natural result of the two great vices of English military and naval administration at that time,—the utter disregard of the officers for the health, comfort, and consequent efficiency of their men, and a jealousy between the two services which frequently brought affairs to a dead lock at a most important crisis. In the following year, however, the longed-for commission was obtained, and Wolfe commenced active life at the age of fifteen as a second lieutenant in the Marines, exchanging a few months later into the 12th, or Colonel Duroure's, Regiment of Foot. After a couple of years' inaction in the Low Countries, we find Wolfe first shadowing forth all the elements of his future character; he acted as adjutant throughout the battle of Dettingen with great credit, and a few days later wrote to his father a masterly report of the military bearings of the engagement, as well as a graphic description of its general features. After serving through the disastrous campaign of the ensuing year, though not present at Fontenoy, Wolfe joined the forces under Wade at Newcastle, and subsequently fought at Falkirk and Culloden. Mr. Wright quotes, in order to discredit the story, from the "Anti-Jacobin," of Wolfe having forfeited his favor with the Duke of Cumberland by refusing to shoot a wounded Highlander at Culloden whose defiant glance irritated the latter to fury. It is difficult to believe that the popular idol of the day could have been the monster of this story. There was plenty of fighting going on in those days, and after a short stay in London, Wolfe was again in Flanders, and taking a share in the battle of Laffeldt, for which he was publicly thanked by the commander-in-chief. After a couple

of years spent in Scotland, during which the development in his character from a daring but raw youth to a man of the world, mixing freely in the society of men of rank, and writing with ease and force on all passing subjects, may be distinctly traced in his letters, still as numerous as ever. The next phase in his life is his short residence at Paris, under the patronage of our Ambassador, Lord Albemarle, in the years 1752-3. It was a strange time then, even for Paris, and Wolfe had full opportunities of mixing in society. Madame de Pompadour was in the zenith of her power, and Paris, regardless of wars and rumors of wars, was a prolonged carnival of gaiety. Lord Chesterfield was writing letters to his degenerate son, an attache at the British Embassy, in which he prophesied that before the end of the century, "the trade of both king and priest will not be half so good a one as it has been." Wolfe saw Philip Stanhope, and though he "could not give any judgment on the offspring of so great a man," he "fancies, not without some grounds, that he is infinitely inferior to his father." He seems to have entered fully into French gaiety, though he is not a little severe in his remarks on French love for it occasionally, and was much struck with their attention to external matters, such as manner and dress, and amongst other things by the affected custom of carrying umbrellas then coming into vogue. During the next four years Wolfe was quartered in different parts of England, devoting his time and energies to the improvement of the condition of all troops within his influence. Notwithstanding the popular impression as to his awkwardness and shyness in society, it is clear, from the number of men of station who were now rapidly becoming his firm friends, that he must have possessed no ordinary powers of fascination for those who really knew him. It is difficult to realize in these days the chronic fear of invasion which then kept the southern counties in a perpetual state of panic, and the anxiety and excitement amongst our scattered and scanty garrisons, of which Wolfe's letters during this period give striking illustrations. In 1756 a desperate effort was at length made by England to restore her military *prestige*, in face of the daily fear of an invasion, the loss of Minorea, losses in Canada, and the tragedy of the Black Hole in Calcutta. Additional battalions were raised

everywhere, and Highlanders enlisted for service in America. In the following year General Wolfe acted as quartermaster-general to the expedition against Rochefort, and gave advice amidst the feeble and divided counsels of the commanders which if accepted would most probably have ended in the capture of Rochefort,—a blow which, according to Louis XV., would have cost him thirty million francs to repair. In the mean time, affairs were even worse in America. Our forces were under Lord Loudoun, who, “like St. George, was always on horseback, but never rode on,” and General Hopwood, whom, according to Walpole, “a child might outwit or terrify with a pop-gun,” while a fleet of nineteen sail of the line, under Holborne, was shattered by a storm without dealing a stroke. In 1758, however, a different era commenced. The siege of Louisburg was commenced under General Amherst, Wolfe chiefly directing the siege operations by land, and Boscawen by sea,—two worthy companions in arms. Lord Chatham once said to Boscawen, “When other officers always raise difficulties, you always find expedients.” After a short interval of rest in England, Wolfe started in the following year for the glorious last scene of his life, practically as commander-in-chief of the expedition, but according to theory only as major-general, and only receiving pay as such; it was with difficulty that he even obtained a warrant for £500 for his immediate expenses. This period of his life is a household word amongst us, and welcome as all the correspondence connected with it is both to military men and Englishmen in general, it cannot heighten the colors, of the picture of heroism, genius, and duty familiar to every Englishman. But every Englishman will read with the deepest interest the details of the weary months that preceded the triumph, the discouragements, the struggling against physical weakness and illness, and the difficulties which only the genius of a Wolfe could have overcome. Wolfe’s memory would never have been forgotten; but this collection of his correspondence was alike due to him and to his country. With his private character, as far as it appears in these letters, we have little to do. It seems to have been far from agreeable, and not faultless. But as illustrating the public character of the hero of the heights of Abraham, the only military genius England pos-

sessed at a time of great difficulties, and one who took an elevated view of his profession in all its relations, in an age when that profession had in England too generally reached an inconceivable state of degradation, this publication is a national acquisition.

From The Economist.

MR. NASSAU SENIOR.

A MAN has just passed from among us, who, though scarcely to be described as a prominent political or social character, rendered in his day and generation, more important and various services to his country than many whose names are far more widely known, and will, by the public at large, be much longer remembered. Mr. Senior was for the chief part of his life, a busy and successful lawyer in his own special department, and he was made one of the Masters in Chancery before that body of men were decided to be unnecessary, and were made redundant. But it is not as a conveyancer, nor as a Chancery official, that he was either eminent or important. Our interest in him and England’s concern with him were as a sound political economist and a very sagacious and persistent social reformer. He was an early and zealous member of the Political Economy Club, indeed its oldest elected member;—and this, at a time when that science had still its battle to fight, and its spurs to win, as far, at least, as regards reputation and practical influence, and when his associates were among the most eminent of those who had made themselves great names in that literature,—as Whately, J. S. Mill, and Malthus. His reputation for thorough comprehension of this class of subjects led to his nomination to the Chair of Political Economy at Oxford, and the lectures he delivered there fully justified the choice. Ever since the topic of National Education became a prominent and practical one, Mr. Senior has been not only deeply interested, but actively engaged, in furthering its progress. He served on more than one Commission of Inquiry connected with it, and his last appearance in public was as president of the Educational Section of the Social Science Association, which met last autumn at Edinburgh, where in his seventy-second year, he delivered an elaborate address, which gave no sign of decaying intellectual powers.

For years, he was an active and voluminous writer on nearly all questions which could interest a cultivated mind,—on literature, politics, law, reform, and social progress. His contributions to the "Edinburgh Review" and to the "London Review," during its short, but very creditable, existence, were numerous and constant; and two volumes of them have recently been collected and republished. They are distinguished, as was everything he ever wrote, by singular lucidity of statement, clearness and force of logic, and manly simplicity of style,—by taste uniformly correct, and a tone of feeling and principle always moderate and almost always just.

But the great service which Mr. Senior rendered to his country was in reference to the New Poor Law in 1834. We have almost forgotten now the deplorable and alarming state into which everything connected with the management of pauperism had been suffered to fall, and the dangerous position of the rural population and property which was the consequence of our mismanagement. The rates in many districts were eating up the rental of the landholders, and demoralizing the peasantry at the same time. The whole system of poor law administration was at once vicious in principle and incredibly clumsy and foolish in practice. The government of the day saw that the evil was great, and the peril imminent; but they neither understood the subject nor had any but the vaguest conception of the remedy. Under these circumstances, they took the wisest step they could: they appointed a commission to investigate the whole matter; and on this commission Lord Althorp (who knew his men and was himself a sagacious economist), nominated Archbishop Whately, Bishop Bloomfield, Mr. Senior, Mr. Chadwick, and others. All did their work well; but it was no secret at the time, and need be none now, that the two last-named gentlemen were the real soul and mainspring of the machine. It was Mr. Senior who drew up the report which produced such a wonderful effect upon the public mind; and it was Mr. Senior principally who, when the ministers shrunk aghast from the completeness and consistently logical principle of the measure recommended,—as is the wont of ministers to do,—gradually screwed their courage to the sticking point, and by his pertinacity and persuasiveness, succeeded

at once in convincing their loose understandings, and encouraging their timid nerves. They were for something moderate and half-and-half,—some poor palliation,—some unobnoxious and pacifying patch. He insisted that if a cure in so deep-seated and eating a social malady was to be effected, it must be by the establishment of a system which would go to the root of the evil, and would be certain to justify itself in a very short time by its results. His pertinacity succeeded; and the agricultural population were rescued from the slough into which they were fast sinking; while at the same time a great step was taken toward the establishment of sound doctrines on the subject of charity in general. It rarely falls to the lot of any individual to do so much permanent good to his country by the labors of a whole life as Mr. Senior effected on this occasion by the well-directed exertion of a few brief years.

In his later life Mr. Senior occupied himself chiefly in what may be termed the social part of politics,—in observing what was going on in this and other countries closely and nearly,—in holding constant and intimate intercourse with those who, whether as statesmen or men of letters, directed and influenced public affairs,—and in acting as a channel of communication between those who otherwise might have remained in ignorance of each other's characters and views. His journals of his conversations and observations have long been, to those who were permitted to read them, among the most interesting and informing productions of the day,—though, from their frequently confidential and unreserved nature they were necessarily precluded from publication. His skill in extracting and concentrating and recording whatever was valuable in the conversation of every one with whom he had intercourse amounted to a special gift,—almost to an unique one.

We do not think that any one would describe Mr. Senior exactly as a philanthropist,—he was too cynical for that; yet he was always doing philanthropic work in the most practical and sagacious fashion. We do not know that we should class him as a moralist,—yet he was always spreading and maintaining sound doctrine on questions vitally affecting the moral welfare of mankind. He was no melting or enthusiastic lover of his species,—yet he was more ceaselessly occupied than most men in serving them and doing

them good :—and he served them better than many who professed to love them far more. We are not sure that we should speak of him as specially devoted to truth in the abstract, but he was more than most men we have known devoted to the prevalence of what was sensible and right in the concrete. He hated to see things *go wrong*,—to watch ignorance, clumsiness, or blunders. He hated folly, nonsense, and humbug. Without being precisely

a genial man, he was eminently a kindly-natured man; those who lived with him and knew him intimately loved him much; he had no disturbing or unfriendly passions of any sort or towards any one; and no prejudices to pervert an intellect singularly cool and clear. Few men have ever made more out of life. Not many are in the habit of turning it to better purpose.

THE CIRCASSIAN EXODUS.—We have seen how, on our own soil, in the midst of a highly-organized society, practical, wealthy, and benevolent to a degree unsurpassed, every energy had to be taxed to save the population of a large district from starving. But suppose organization and wealth wanting, and a sudden and continuous influx of scores of thousands of a strange people almost destitute, what would be the result? We can form some idea of it in the report of M. Barozzi to the Board of Health of the Ottoman Empire, dated the 20th ult. :—

"I arrived," he writes, "at Samsun six days ago. No words are adequate to describe the situation in which I found the town and the unfortunate immigrants. Besides the Circassians (from 8,000 to 10,000), heaped up in the khans, the ruinous buildings, and stables of the city, upwards of 30,000 individuals, coming from the encampment at Irmak and Dervend, encumber the squares, obstruct the streets, invade enclosed grounds, penetrate everywhere, remain stationed there during the whole day, and retire only late after sunset. Everywhere you meet with the sick, the dying, and the dead; on the threshold of gates, in front of shops, in the middle of streets, in the squares, in the gardens, at the foot of trees. Every dwelling, every corner of the streets, every spot occupied by the immigrants, has become a hot-bed of infection. A warehouse on the sea-side, a few steps distant from the quarantine-office, hardly affording space enough for thirty persons, enclosed till the day before yesterday 207 individuals, all sick or dying. I undertook to empty this hot-bed of pestilence. Even the porters refused to venture in the interior of this horrible hole, out of which, assisted by my worthy colleague, Aly Effendi, I drew several corpses in a state of putrefaction. This fact may convey a faint idea of the deplorable state of the immi-

grants whom they have allowed to take up their abode in town. What I saw at Trebizond will not admit of comparison with the frightful spectacle which the town of Samsun exhibits."

In the encampments from 40,000 to 50,000 individuals lay—the living without shelter or bread, the dead without sepulture—no one to take care of the immigrants, "no service organized for the burial of the dead, no horses, no carts, no boats, nothing." Between 70,000 and 80,000 immigrants at Samsun were in this fearful plight. Many had been as long as four days without rations; and of course they were rapidly dying off. Let us add that the Circassian Aid Committee are sending what money they can obtain to relieve this brave people,—the embodiment of all that we admire in patriotism and independence of spirit,—and that Messrs. Ransom and Bouverie are the channel through which subscriptions can be paid to the committee's credit.

—*London Review*, 18th June.

IRISH AND SCOTCH LOYALTY.—When George the Fourth went to Ireland, one of the "pishintry," delighted with his affability to the crowd on landing, said to the toll-keeper, as the king passed through, "Och, now! an' his majesty, God bless him, never paid the turnpike, an' how's that?" "Oh! kings never does; we lets 'em go free," was the answer. "Then there's the dirty money for ye," says Pat; "it shall never be said that the king came here, and found nobody to pay the turnpike for him." Tom Moore, on his visit to Abbotsford, told this story to Sir Walter Scott, when they were comparing notes as to the two royal visits. "Now, Moore," replied Scott, "there ye have just the advantage of us: there was no want of enthusiasm here; the Scotch folk would have done anything in the world for his majesty, except *pay the turnpike*."

NINEVEH.

WE stood at evening on the Asian plain
And looked across the waste where Nineveh
Stood glorified amid her rivers once,
And pondered o'er the peoples of the land,
Long fallen amid the shadows of the past,
Long faded from the memory of time.

Around us stretched the plain,—a grassy disk,
Spotted with lowly hills and shapeless mounds,
That held entombed the dust of centuries.
Along the river side in dusky groups
The Arab tents were huddled, whence arose
The smoke of evening fires, and on the wind
Came the low neigh of horses feeding near ;
But other sound was none. Ages had fled
Since aught save the wild cry of wandering horde,
Or eagle, type of victory in old time,
Started the sullen solitude. At length,
Wearied with fancies born of the dim scene,
We laid us on the matted floor to sleep ;
While swooned anear the tent the low night wind,
As though it murmured tongueless legends o'er,
Waiting but an interpreter to fill
The soul with wonders. Ere we sunk to rest,
We gazed upon the setting orb, whose light
Shone slantly o'er the blackness of the place ;
She only was unchanged of all that gave
Their glories to the plain ; vanished were all
The golden-vaulted chambers of the kings,
The temples full of incense and of song,
The stirring incidents of ages, when
The shawled Assyrian, charioted and armed,
Dashed through the dust of battle—all was dust,
And spirit-like she only hovered near,
Watching the world from her eternity.

Then, ere the soul was dipped in sleep, there
rose
The wish, to view the splendors of the past ;
And looking on that sphere immutable—
“ Oh, Moon,” we said, “ that gazest o’er the
waste,

Shine through our dream and light the vanished
years !

Which thou hast looked upon along this land,
 Since the dusk tribes, wandering the desert o'er,
 Reared their rude tents beneath the azure air
 Lured by the freshness of the streams ; and then,
 As years rolled on and temples rose with them,
 To many a god, and many an armed tower
 Looked o'er dominion widening more and more,
 The wondering nations flocked from distant
 climes.

And through the east and deep into the south,
As from some golden gong at sunrise swung,
Sounded the name of Nineveh."

Our spirit, lost to earth, floated along,
Enveloped in the folds of phantom clouds,
And sightless in the hollow life of night;
But soon the distance cleared as with a dawn,
And wonder light sudden before us glowed
The mighty orient capital. It stood
High in the sunset heavens, a gloried pile,
With massy walls and mighty gateway towers.

And broad courts open to the fiery sun,
Gardens and shrines and skye pyramids.
Upon the marble terraces, that looked
High o'er the river floating to the west,
Lay many a group in festal attitude,
Lulled by the tonings breathed from harp and
lute :

And every soul seemed steeped in luxury,
Effeminate as the gentle summer air
That breathed around the bowers where they
reposed ;

Warrior and minstrel, prince and potentate
In revel joined, forgetting state, and lapsed
In pleasaunce enervate, as though the clime
Infused with magic elements transformed
The soldier, once the terror of the van,
Into the smooth and ringleted Sybarite.
The trees drooped heavy with perfume, and anear
A fountain playing in the rising moon,
A dusk-faced lyrist shook from out the strings
Of a small lute a shower of melody.

Forward we passed amid the shadowing streets,
And saw the people tread the round of life
'Mid sacred ceremonials, luxuries

That steeped the soul in sense—charioted trains
With conquest crowned and sacrificial pomp.
The hour seemed one of victory ; from afar,
A vanquished host moved slow with downcast
brows

And shoulders bent with many a treasure vase
Toward a great temple door that gleamed afar;
And followed crowds of cattle, dumbly driven,
And throngs of women, huddled in despair,
With garments torn and flying, hurrying on,
Moaning in many a tongue their piteous fate.
Around the king, upon his chariot throned,
Gathered his captains and his councillors:
The booted warrior and the sandalled priest,
And many a long emasculated train,
Cunning and cold; while troops, bearded and
armed

With shield and spear and ponderous battle-axe,
In brassy glitter, followed the victor's wheels.

Still moving with the moving cavalcade,
Upon a templed height we stood, and viewed
The gloried space around. Across the land
A river floated, like a stream from the sun,
And branched afar its golden tributaries
By breadths of summer gardens and by bowers.
Along the marble quays that flanked its sides
Full many a fountain spouted, amid heaps
Of colored fruits and bales of merchandise ;
While painted barges floated on its wave,
Heavy with riches from Arabian shores,
And islands in the sumptuous Indian seas.
Beneath us all the city seemed alive,
As with the impulse of one joy, that spread
Like light around it, and the brazen trump
Stormed triumphing around its skyey towers,
As we approached a mighty temple porch,
Whose walls colossal crowned a height ; it stood
Armed with twin effigies of power, huge forms,
Wide-winged and lion-headed, but which looked
Upon the crowd from man's immortal brow.
Before them bent the passing multitude,—
Then entered filling the vast halls that yawned

With chambers like the caverned western clouds,
 Around the walls that soared to roofs of gold,
 The mystic learning of the ancient time
 Was graven, as with the gloomy hand of death,
 Prophetic type, symbol inscrutable
 And legend long traditioned, though the learned,
 From hours when man and angel trod the earth,
 Lay in the silence of unspoken tongues ;
 Far off, the altar shone amid the priests,
 While high above them in mid-air looked down
 Dark idols with a star upon each brow.
 Beneath an opening in the cedared roof,
 Whence fell a burst of sunlight, the great King
 Stood with unsheathed sword ; the altars flamed
 With incense and the chants of victory rose
 From white-robed trains of priests and choristers ;

Around them spread the trophies of the war,
 And by the portals, scribes with reed and scroll
 Sat numbering the slaves and spoils of fight.
 Thus for a space in sacred sacrifice
 And ceremonial gorgeous passed the hours
 Till night grew radiant with the summer stars ,
 While o'er the city's tracts, by shrine and bower,
 In scattered tent and pleasance chamber,
 pealed

One rich voluptuous song of revelry,

—*Dublin University Magazine.*

NO PEACE FOR THE WICKED.

PEACE with the serpent's nest ?
 Peace with the traitor race,
 Who have stabbed their mother's breast,
 And brought our land disgrace ?
 Whose feet were on our necks,
 Whose bravos swarm our decks,
 Who have drenched with blood our sod ?
 There is no peace ! saith our God.

Come on ! ye sunburnt men,
 From hay-field and from plough !
 Spring up from desk and pen !
 Forward ! if ever now !
 Come faces dusk and pale !
 Shall whips or thews prevail ?
 Come storm across the land,
 And win peace, hand to hand !

Remember all our dead ;
 Have they, then, died in vain ?
 The blood that they have shed
 Calls from the ground again !
 Clasp ! noble hands and true !
 Those hearts that bled for you—
 Is *this* the peace they sought ?
 The liberty they bought ?

No peace while breathes a slave !
 No peace while lurks a stain !
 No peace with brute or knave !
 No peace with love of gain !
 O patient land, endure !
 When chastened, strong, and pure,
 Like dew upon thy sod,
 Shall fall the peace of God.

—*From Harper's Weekly.*

TWILIGHT IN THE NORTH.

"UNTIL THE DAY BREAK, AND THE SHADOWS
 FLEE AWAY."

Oh the long northern twilight between the day
 and the night,
 When the heat and the weariness of the world
 are ended quite ;
 When the hills grow dim as dreams, and the
 crystal river seems
 Like that River of Life from out the Throne
 where the blessed walk in white.

Oh the weird northern twilight, which is neither
 night nor day,
 When the amber wake of the long-set sun still
 marks his western way ;
 And but one great golden star in the deep blue
 east afar
 Warns of sleep and dark and midnight,—of ob-
 livion and decay.

Oh the calm northern twilight, when labor is all
 done,
 And the birds in drowsy twitter have dropped
 silent one by one ;
 And nothing stirs or sighs in mountains, waters,
 skies,—
 Earth sleeps—but her heart waketh, till the ris-
 ing of the sun.

Oh the sweet, sweet twilight, just before the time
 of rest,
 When the black clouds are driven away, and the
 stormy winds suppressed :
 And the dead day smiles so bright, filling earth
 and heaven with light,—
 You would think 'twas dawn come back again—
 but the light is in the west.

Oh the grand solemn twilight, spreading peace
 from pole to pole !—
 Ere the rains sweep o'er the hill-sides, and the
 waters rise and roll,
 In the lull and the calm, come, O angel with the
 palm—
 In the still northern twilight, Azrael, take my
 soul.

—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

HOME AND HEAVEN.

BY JONES VERY.

WITH the same letter Heaven and Home begin,
 And the words dwell together in the mind ;
 For they who would a home in heaven win
 Must first a heaven in home begin to find.
 Be happy here, yet with a humble soul
 That looks for perfect happiness in heaven ;
 For what thou hast is earnest of the whole
 Which to the faithful shall at last be given,
 As once the patriarch, in vision blest,
 Saw the swift angels hastening to and fro,
 And the lone spot whereon he lay to rest
 Became to him the gate of heaven below ;
 So may to thee, when life itself is done,
 Thy home on earth and heaven above be one.



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